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THE BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

Of Hamlet.

"So Ecstasy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rapture
Of mere Imagination, differ partly
From MELANCHOLY, which is briefly thus:
A mere commotion of the Mind — overcharged
With Fear and Sorrow, first began i' th' brain,
The seat of Reason; and from thence derived
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affections." — FORD'S *Lovers*.

SIR, SHAKESPEARE has written plays, and these plays were acted; and they succeeded; and by their popularity the author achieved a competency, in which he was enabled to retire from the turmoils of a theatrical life to the enjoyment of a friendly society and his own thoughts. I am well convinced, it is impossible that any one of Shakespeare's dramatic works — and especially of his tragedies, touching one of which I mean to speak — ever could be satisfactorily represented upon the stage. Laying aside all other reasons, it would be, in the first place, necessary to have a company such as was never yet assembled and no money could at any time have procured — a company, namely, in which every actor should be a man of mind and feeling: for in these dramas every part is a character, fashioned by the touch of Genius; and, therefore, every part is important. But of no play is this more strictly true than it is of that strange, and subtle, and weird-work, *Hamlet*.

VOL. XIV. NO. LXXIX.

"The heartach,
And the thousand natural shocks the flesh
is heir to;"

human infirmities, human afflictions, and supernatural agency, are so blended — questions and considerations of Melancholy, of Pathology, Metaphysics, and Demonology, are so intertangled — the powers of man's Will, which are well nigh almighty, and the dictates of inexorable Fate, are brought into such an appalling yet dim collision, that to wring a meaning from a work whose inscrutable requires the exercise of every faculty, and renders it necessary that not an incident should escape the observation, that not a word should be passed over, without being scanned curiously.

Hamlet is, even more peculiarly than *Lear*, or *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, a play for the study. And not this alone; for it is, in good sooth, a work for the high student, who, through the earnestness of his Love, the intensity of his Thoughts, the pervading purity of his

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Reason, and the sweep and grasp of his Imagination, is, the while he reads, always thrilled by kindred inspirations — sometimes visited by dreams, and not left unblest by visions. To speak in Coleridge's words, *Hamlet* is essentially a work for the student of Genius. And Genius, I consider with Coleridge, to be the action of Imagination and Reason — the highest faculty of intellectual man, as contradistinguished from Understanding, that interprets for us the various phenomena of the world in which we live, giving to each its objectivity. But Coleridge does not go far enough in this his description of Genius. It is the action of Reason and Imagination, tempered, and regulated, and controlled, and affected by the Understanding for the instinct of Reason is to contradict the Understanding, and to strip what we call substances, and our sensations with respect to them, of their fantasies, and this action of Reason and Imagination obviously must become, with reference to the rest of mankind, madness — if it be not cognisant of conventional realisms — if it be not operated upon by worldly circumstances, which exercise an attractive power to prevent it from wandering from the sphere in which we move, or are, haply, "crawling 'twixt earth and heaven." This, I fancy, will reconcile all the notions that have been wisely uttered with respect to Genius — notions which are severally true — but none in themselves wholly true. Coleridge declares, "Genius must have Talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner Imagination must have Fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

Now Talent, he himself tells us, lies in the Understanding, and, therefore, may be inherited, by which he must mean, an apt organic conformation, and a happy mental disposition to a particular talent — such as that for painting, or singing, or play-acting, or any fantastic mechanical art — may be inherited, of the which, the most extraordinary instances are recorded. But this is beside the subject. To proceed. If Talent, which lieth in the Understanding, be essential to Genius, it follows that Experience and Time, and the sane use of the physical organs with respect to the external world, are necessary to Genius, and thus it

is we can concur with Johnson in the opinion, not that Genius is "a knowledge of the use of instruments," but that this divine knowledge is one of its noblest attributes: and we can assent to the proposition, that "Genius is the philosophy of human life." So it is, but it is much more also. The very first step of real philosophy is the passing from without mere self — the annihilation, so to speak, of the self-interest. And thus can I, without going beyond the limits of my description, assent to these downright practical views of it, and yet, at the same time, agree with Coleridge, that "all Genius is metaphysical, because the ultimate end of Genius is ideal, however it may be actualised by incidental and accidental circumstances."

After this explanation, I may go on to repeat that *Hamlet* is essentially a work for the student of Genius, who, as a necessary consequence of his diviner intellect, is devoted to those sad and solemn themes of Research and Labour that encumber and enwrap our mortal existence, and whose mysteries (vain though it be!) he must, with a fond despair, to the last struggle to unveil. Such are the phenomena of our own being, our "fearful and wonderful" construction — Birth, Life, Death — the secrets of the Grave — the dread Hereafter, and the dreams that it may bring — the powers of our own Will — the "are they not limitless, and ought they not to be omnipotent?" our own minds and faculties viewed, dissected, pored over pathologically, considered in every state, from health to disease in its most dire form, God, Destiny, Free-will, Duty — the obstinate questionings of the spirit, touching the realism and the phantasmal forms of things — and all such other matters of fearful and forlorn speculation, and together with these, moreover, all arts and sciences that minister thereunto, that flatter us with the possibility of elevating ourselves above the conditions of our humanity, and achieving a satisfactory solution of the doubts that torture us, and that, by sublimating our thoughts, by spiritualising our minds, by accustoming them to wander free from all corporeal considerations and volitions, by drawing us so constantly into a world of shadows, do actually make us sceptical of every thing in this world wherein we have our being. These

are the studies that make bloodless the face and plough the deep wrinkle into the brow of youth; these are the studies that make sad the heart of man with the vanity of vast knowledge, with bootless aspirations, with fond longings; these are the studies

"That cloud the mind, that fire the brain,"

that are withering to mortals — *αὐτὸν βροχάζει*.

Now this leads me to observe, that the student of Genius finds in *Hamlet* the man a kindred spirit—in *Hamlet* the play, a subject for study, analogous to those others whereof I have spoken, and with which he is familiar; and when, with reverential Love, which is the first faculty of men and angels (for the seraphim, angels of Love, are declared to be the highest in the Celestial Hierarchy—and here on Earth, be it remembered, that for the Love which beat in Mary Magdalen's bosom all her sins were forgiven her by the Saviour), and with earnest knowledge, that student has studied that *Hamlet*, he will yet find himself at the end, as after those other labours, afflicted with the sickness of Desire ungratified—with the hollow-heartedness of Doubt—with the sensation of having been acted upon by an inscrutable power.

Consider *Hamlet* in whatsoever light you will, it stands quite alone—most peculiarly apart, from every other play of Shakespeare's. A vast deal has been written upon the subject, and by a great number of commentators—by men born in different countries—educated after different fashions—moving in different grades of society—bred to the pursuit of different professions, avocations, occupations, from necessity or choice—gifted with different intellectual powers—possessing learning of different species, and in different degrees—and, finally, born in different ages of the world, yet it requires no very earnest examination and reflection to satisfy one's mind that, up to the present moment, little indeed has been written to the purpose. At first, this seemed strange. Contemplating the labours of a miscellaneous multitude, I was surprised that the several deficiencies of the one individual had not been successively supplied by the others—that each had not, after his lights and information, been enabled to furnish some valuable contribution

to the general stock, which, by the agency of some plastic hand, might have ere now been moulded into a mass, well proportioned, clearly developed, available and satisfactory to the ordinary student: and for this last work the inspiration of Genius would not have been required. But upon thinking more deeply, and in a wiser spirit, because with a more reverential consideration of the author, I became conscious that a true comment on *Hamlet* could no more be the product of labour by a number of minds, than could the astounding drama itself be born as it is, a harmonious and complete creation, otherwise than by the throes of one all-sufficing Intelligence. As a single soul inspired the work, so should a single soul be breathed through the comment; and it should be, moreover, of a kindred order. The partial labours of a number of commentators produce merely bundles of sentences—sand without lime—things incongruous and worthless, because they are interpenetrated by no binding and dominant spirit. When we perceive and acknowledge this, as we needs must, the marvel ceases: the failure of the multitude was inevitable. We might hope to see a second Shakespeare, if the world had ever produced a commentator worthy of *Hamlet*. The qualities and faculties such a man should possess would be, indeed, "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination." Such a man as Shakespeare imagined in him to whom his hero bequeathed the task of

"Reporting him and his cause aright
To the unsatisfied,"—

such a man as Horatio, the profound scholar and the perfect gentleman, might have done it; but where in the actual world, that holds nothing of unmixed purity, can be found a man possessing a heart so bold and gentle—the feelings so exquisitely refined—the deep knowledge of man, and of all human learning—the proud exemption from the weaknesses and passions of frail mortals, that should qualify him for such a task? Alas! nowhere. But although we may not hope to see such a paragon upon earth, yet is it a gracious and a pleasing labour to add to the heap of materials already piled for his use; and, therefore, even I, an humble worshipper of Shakespeare's genius, now venture to put forth some

remarks upon this *Hamlet*, his most subtle and difficult work. They are feeble indications of ideas that have flashed across, or possessed my mind, the while I surrendered myself to the melancholy delight of poring over the play. All I can hope is, that peradventure they, in some sort, may possibly serve as hints of theories, capable of being wrought into things really and convincingly true and good, by men of learning and ability.

And now, without further preface, I address myself to my task.

I have said, that amongst Shakespeare's plays *Hamlet* stands quite alone! True, there is a class to which it may be appropriately referred; but, even here, I conceive it essentially and esoterically preserves its separateness: in other words, it is of the same order, but not of the same essence, with its fellows. These are, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Cymbeline*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*. Were I to venture upon designating them as a class, I would borrow an epithet from Wordsworth, without applying it precisely in the same manner, and style them "Dramas of the Imagination."

They are obviously distinct from all the other plays; they are of a higher and subtler quality, a more sublime and universal character, than the classical or the historical plays (I, of course, make no reference to the comedies); they are dramas that relate to *man*, and not to *men* — to the Lord of the Creation, considered abstractedly from all accessories and circumstances which would individualise him quite, give him not alone a personal but a local idiosyncrasy — and not to the demigod or demon of one particular age, or climate, or country, or caste of human beings. They are psychological dramas; their theme is the Mind of Man, his Reason, Understanding, Will, Powers, Passions. The narration of certain circumstances of the external world upon these serve to actualise and display them, and so create the drama. To effect this metaphysical exhibition, the agency of some brief, dry, cold, and, in other hands, incapable story of human life, or fragment of a story — some

"Tale of Love and Sorrow,
Of faithful Love, enduring Truth,"

or the opposite, or some quaint legend of supernatural agency, or snatch of an

old ballad on one driven distraught by filial cruelty, is enough for Shakespeare. Little cares he for the intrinsic value or congruity of the scanty materials that he seizes: he has seen that they be sufficiently vague to leave him unembarrassed by details of the earth earthy, and is sure to make them potent for the one great object he has in view, and to which every thing else is but subsidiary. The probability of the story is to him a matter of no consideration; nay, he seems rather to delight in choosing subjects on which the improbable march of the physical events shall contrast strangely with the now exquisite, now appalling truth, of the mental developments. In other tragedies in which he assumed the fetters of history, his fidelity to character and costume, in its wisest sense, of men who flourished, and the circumstances in which they lived, and moved, and had their being, is right marvellous. But in these dramas of the Imagination, the stories of three — *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*, are impossible; the stories of the remaining three improbable, to an extent which renders them all but impossible. And yet, why attempt to draw distinctions amongst things wherein there can be, in truth, no difference? — all are alike physically and morally impossible. This must be obvious to every body who may contemplate them, even invested as they are with all the witchery of divinest poesy, and rendered earnest, and awful, and soul-searching, by the interfusion of all of appropriate passion and power which the world we live in and the world of spirits could supply. It is rather difficult, then, to conceive that the fact escaped the observation of the Magician who picked up the dry, bare materials, to work his spell withal, or that he selected them such as they visibly, essentially, and unalterably were, without some special object. Ay, certainly it is difficult: but commentators delight in difficulties; and infinitely more, I do believe, in difficulties they create, than in those they overcome. The first flatter them with the show of originality; the second could only confer on them the notoriety of singularity. They have, accordingly, exhausted a vast deal of research in accusing, and now convicting, and again acquitting Shakespeare, of mistating things which he, in sooth, invented — of failing to work out a

moral which he never meant to draw, or intimate an intention to convey—of committing (to borrow the language of the old sentence-juggler, Johnson) “faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation,” when these faults lay inherent in the story, and were in no sort to be avoided—of being guilty of inaccuracies, anachronisms, and blunders, which could not be, since all such are relative; and here they had nothing accurate, or fixed, or determined, to which they could refer. The very selection of the subject-matter of the Plots ought to have guarded the Poet against such criticisms: they are most disgustingly absurd—worse even than the comments on the *Institutes*, which Pantagruel characterised with a coarse but quaint felicity, that would make one stop the nostrils in deference to the learned giant’s judgment, could he do so the while he enjoyed a hearty laugh. In four of the tragedies, Shakespeare adopts antique and isolate fables, which bring him back to a period so remote that every thing is phantasmal—even Time is a shadow. In another, he takes some snatches of a wild and barbaresque tale—that is *Othello*; and in *Romeo and Juliet*, he finds his exquisite drama of Love and Fate upon the catastrophe of an old and fond tradition. From the very circumstances, then, of his choice, I maintain that he set himself free from all the ordinary observances with respect to climate, country, manners, costume, and so forth—he passed into the land of Dream, far beyond all standards for such matters—he dealt with the heart and brain of man, with “the seat of our reason and the seat of our affections.” The only practical commentators, then, upon these, the most august of his creations, should be the Metaphysician and the Pathologist.

Flinging aside for the present your carping critics, I would now proceed

to call attention to consequences that must necessarily follow from the choice of the materials. First to the scholar’s eye that penetrates the outward show of things, and can perceive and comprehend the one idea which forms the initiative of the method* pursued with respect to them, there must be a genial similarity between these plays and the ancient Greek drama. In either case, the theme of the story is purely mythic—a homeless fable, or a legend haunting some spot like the spirit of its dream; the subject of the poet is the soul and passions of man, stripped of the idiosyncrasy they might derive from the peculiar conformation of the mass of clay which was their instrument or their victim. Being both creations psychological, they treat of the mind, healthy and diseased—of the passions, urgent for good or evil—of the will, weakly, or potent to a miracle amongst the children of earth—of faculties, perverted, or devoted to the noblest uses. The Good and Evil which concurrently exist in every thing, like the *plus* and *minus* in a quadratic radical, are as calmly and as irrefragably displayed as they severally would be in an equation, after the manner in which you worked it. Impulses and motives are exhibited, as acting upon the mind according to their proper powers; and there, consequently, cannot be, in any case, what the commentators would regard as a moral. For, if we consider of it, how could there? It would go to prove there was no mixed nature, no freedom of Will: some beings should be all perfect; and Good in the world

“Should hold its icy current and compulsive course,
And keep due on.”

There would then, too, be no Fate, no Fortune—yet we ourselves sometimes make, sometimes mar both, as they do

* The word Method (*μῆθοδος*) being of Grecian origin, first formed and applied by that acute, ingenious, and accurate people, to the purposes of Scientific arrangement, it is in the Greek language that we must seek for its primary and fundamental signification. Now, in Greek, it literally means a way, or path of transit. Hence, the first idea of Method is a progressive transition from one step, in any course, to another; and where the word Method is applied with reference to many such transitions in continuity, it necessarily implies a Principle of Unity with Progression. But that which unites and makes many things one in the mind of man, must be an act of the mind itself—a manifestation of intellect, and not a spontaneous and uncertain production of circumstances. This act of the Mind, then—this leading thought—this “my note” of the harmony—this “subtile, cementing, subterraneous” power (borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation), we may not inaptly call the Initiative of all Method.

us. They are, in sooth, with us, and in us, and of us. Yet we fall by them; not (to speak in the tone of forlorn merriment, which, peradventure, for the wise man best befits such subjects) by any suicidal operation or spontaneous combustion, but by the conflict with others, in which the weaker spirit must always be quelled, or by the crash of circumstances, which, physical in their origin, and partly physical in their quality, do yet act like a moral earthquake, laying all things prone — the auspices and the intellect of an Alexander, and the congenital baseness of a Thiersites. In every great character, in every great event, there is a tinge of Fatalism; and it is a dominant tinge, colouring all. This is most especially to be observed in the stories of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, the Earth's true demigods — in the men whom Nature, in the labour of centuries, produced with its dearest throes, and could not suffer to expire without a convulsion. And as in every great character and in every great event, so is there in every great work, a tinge of Fatalism. The plays of Shakespeare, whereof I speak, are the greatest works the world has yet known.

We know the misty sketches of dreams upon which the Englishman has written: they might be, in the modern vulgar parlance, styled Gothic. The pirms whereon the Greeks wind their weird-story are classic, small in number, inflected after the fancy of the poet, but that only — the glorious imagination of Prometheus, the first champion and martyr of Liberty — “the tale of Troy divine” — the fated House of the Labdacidæ; — these are the themes of all the Greek Dramatists. I shall have little to do practically save with the first of them, in every sense — Æschylus.

We have a complete trilogy from Æschylus. Now, it is a fancy of mine, that Shakespeare's psychological dramas and the ancient Greek dramas do alike severally resolve themselves into *tableaux* — (I regret being obliged to use the spurious word, but I fear there is none in our native English adequate to convey the same meaning). This *tableau*, whether partaking of the qualities of Painting or of severer Sculpture, is, to my mind, a sort of embodiment of the moral resolution of the Drama: it is “the be-all and the end-all,” up from which and down to

which every thing can be traced. It is the result of the dominant human passion, or mental aberration, or supernatural agency, actualised by circumstances. It is the expressed result in a particular case of the idea (using idea as the correlative of law, and, therefore, as a rule laid down) — of the idea upon which the drama was constructed, which creates its unity, and regulates its progression through the throng of circumstances up to its fulfilment. It is the practical subject-matter of the play, as it would meet the outward eye. There is the murder, or the sacrifice, with its character, actors, and victims displayed: *that* existed in the physical world — it is a thing to be seen; the poet saw it with the visionary eye, the whilst, most probably in childhood, he heard the mythic legend of the primal gods, or of the doomed demigods of his race, or lay thrilled with a pleasurable awe as his nurse whispered him the witch-story of “Macbeth with the bloody hand;” or he read of Lear or Othello at his mother's knee; or, probably enough, a sculptured group may have furnished forth immediately the theme of an Æschylean Drama. The how, and why, and wherefore this so-depicted event came to pass, it is the province of the play to detail and explain. We have, as I observe, a complete trilogy from Æschylus; and thence I take my illustration. The Dramas, in their order, are the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoræ*, the *Eumenides*. The murder of the triumphant “King of Men” under his own roof-tree, the sacrifice of Clytemnestra, the purification of the Ayenger from blood-guiltiness in its most appalling form, and the compact between the venerable Goddesses and the tutelar Divinities of Athens, are the themes of the trilogy; and each of these is embodied in its own *tableau*. At the close of the first (v. 245), by means of the *eccyclema* — ἐκκύματα, or ἐκκυλισμα — the interior of the fatal bathing apartment was displayed; and there lay Agamemnon a corpse, and over him stood Clytemnestra the Murderess, and her Paramour. In the *Choëphoræ*, Orestes is seen, in like manner, standing over the corpses of his mother and Ægisthus (v. 946). These are subjects purely for sculptured groups; as, indeed, were always the *tableaux* presented by means of the *eccyclema*: as, for ex-

ample again, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, wherein Creon appears with dead Eurydice in his arms; and the *Ajax*, wherein the body of the distracted hero, surrounded by slaughtered sheep, was exhibited. There were never more than three or four figures. But in the *Eumenides* we have an exception; there is a large group—too large for the *eccyclema* a hundred-fold—and yet, properly, were it at all embodied by art, a sculptured group: Orestes, the blood-stained suppliant—the Goddess of Wisdom presiding—the Eternal Furies—and “the God of Life, and Poesy, and Light,” as advocate for the Avenger. Into these *tableaux* severally, the plays of the trilogy (and into the last the three plays—but that is beside my purpose) resolve themselves. The psychological dramas of Shakespeare invariably include, at the last, a *tableau* “terminating all;” and to which, and from which, every thing can be traced. Fate, the Inexorable, has been satisfied: the theorem has been worked out for good or evil. The *tableau* is the expressed solution of the theorem, and the Drama is its proof. In *Hamlet*, “the quarry that cries, on, havoc!”—in *Othello*, “the tragic loading of the bed”—in *Romeo and Juliet*, the bloody sepulchre gorged with the brave and beautiful, the young and lovely—in *Cymbeline*, the gentle reunion, after many and sore trials, of lovers and kinsfolk long parted—in *Lear*, the apparition of the father with his murdered darling—in *Macbeth*, the ghastly head, the grinning mockery of fiend-fostered Ambition—these, with their accessories, do severally form the *tableaux*; and they are to the Greek *tableaux* as pictures would be to sculptured groups: for there be not a few personages, all of which are essentially important to express the story of the event, but there be many, and of these the greater number are sketches. The Greek *tableaux* have all the stern, cold realism, of chiselled marble—the Shakespearean, much of the glow of painting, and something of the phantasmal character of its groups; both, however, we apprehend, must have been objects of great care and interest in the original representations. We know that this was the case on the Athenian stage; I believe it must have been so upon the early English, when “Masques and Triumphs” were held in high repute by

the wise and great, as we have abundant reason to know they were in “Eliza’s golden reign.” Shakespeare’s plays, too, are replete with *tableaux*, which might be made highly effective. Many of the very short dialogues, in scenes that shift presently, were obviously introduced only to explain—to serve as posies to *tableaux*. The reader of Shakespeare will understand this, the mere play-goer can know nothing about it; he rarely sees more than two-thirds of the characters and of the scenes in a drama: in fact, he enjoys little more than the mouthing of certain extracts, selected by incompetent persons.

It is by embodying and expressing *tableaux* such as these, or the incarnation of a Feeling, or a Passion, or a legendary Spirit, from its attributes, that the arts of Sculpture and Painting become united with Poesy. Unless they can effect this, and be capable, after the manner Dick Tinto wished—or, I should say, imagined—his sketch to be, they are nothing worth; and those who made them, no better than fantastic stone-cutters, or painters and glaziers, misemploying their craft in making idle daubings upon canvass. It is, of all affectation of useless knowledge, the most paltry; though, from its very paltriness, it be little, if at all mischievous, to prate about difficulties overcome, of handicraft achievements in these matters—“the delicate chiselling of the stone, the fine classic flow of the drapery, the exquisite colouring, the masterly handling, the grand drawing, the mighty genius displayed upon bits,” together with the rest of the anthology of cant phrases in which your chimpanzee critic puffs out his article, with “an empty noddle and a brow severe.” Pah! “it smells in the nostrils.” Unless a picture or a piece of sculpture be capable and tell a story, and a heart-home story, it is but coloured canvass or a chiselled stone.

Next, I would draw attention to the fact, that in dramas like unto these of which I have spoken, that are founded upon a *tableau*, there is (I care not how wild may be the story) a realism, which the physical nature of the *tableau*, whether expressed, or capable of being embodied by any man at the instant, might seem to lend to them. Moreover, they are necessarily of a homogeneous character, and, therefore, are

calculated to convey to the mind the impression of a perfect work, and, to leave it quite satisfied with the conclusion, be it for the parties wherein the tale in its progress has interested you fortunate or miserable.

The mind of him who composed the work, and of him who reads it, must be alike impressed with a sense of fatalism; which, though it be awful, is yet wholesome and pleasurable to the Imagination. In illustration of these doctrines I have been propounding, permit me to refer to single examples, taken from the numerous works of writers who each enjoy a mighty reputation, not alone in their own countries, but throughout Europe—I mean, Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo. The examples I take are not dramas in form—they are not divided into acts and scenes—but they are, nevertheless, in the essence, dramatic: they are what dramas might be, if addressed to the mind of a man struck blind. The physical show of the several characters is described; the scenery is painted in “words that have hues”—words rich in the magic of associations and memories, instead of being shadowed forth by a cold art upon canvass; actions and events, in like manner, are described with a poet’s illimitable powers, and so conjured up before the visionary eye, instead of being represented on a narrow stage by poor creatures with painted faces and fantastic garments. And this is the difference: in one case, the drama is addressed to the mind and to the outward eye; in the other, it is addressed to the mind alone.

The romances I speak of are the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Notre Dame de Paris*. The first is, in my judgment, pre-eminently the most Shakespearean of Sir W. Scott’s works. I do not think I can give it higher or more appropriate praise. And this, it will be remembered, was constructed upon a *tableau* of four figures—a *tableau* that might have been represented by the *eccyclema*. There is the Master of Ravenswood, the brave, the true, the noble-hearted, who loves with all the overweening, the desperate, world-defying fondness, of one who has chosen very waywardly, and taken for his mate a gentle creature merely, whom he may cherish, protect, and elevate—who loves with all the fervour of the intellectual man, whose Will is in-

domitable, whose spirit never knew the chilling touch of fear. There is Lucy, who has felt the glory of that purest and most ennobling love, and returns it with the intensest worship of the heart. You dote upon her as you read her story, even as the Master might; for the whole business of her existence, apart from her persecutors, is grateful love! There is the representation of cold, blind, inapplicable Duty, in the person of the Presbyterian Minister; and in the Mother there is an embodiment of that spirit of Evil so constantly to be encountered upon Earth, which cannot endure the pure unconventional happiness of others, and that is ever in its restless malignity disposed to be miserable itself, that it may make others miserable.

Now, mark the effect produced upon this particular work of Scott’s, by the origin and mode of its construction. Is it not, as a whole, the most harmonious in its parts, the most complete in its structure, of any one of the novels? It is a most deep tragedy. You have, however, from the first, been prepared for a catastrophe of Death and Doom; and you rise from its perusal with satisfaction, with a calmed mind, because you feel that the worst is over, that the Master and his spirit’s mate “sleep well”—“nothing can touch them further;” and you know that your soul has been chastened and purified by that heavenly sorrow in which there is no selfishness. Of all the other novels, I cannot remember one at the close of which you are under the influence of the same feelings. In many, abounding, too, with passages of the intensest interest—such as *Old Mortality*—you rise from the conclusion, which is slovenly, and abrupt, and unsatisfactory, like the breaking of a dream, with a sensation of uneasiness, if not of positive annoyance. Sir Walter Scott’s mind was essentially illogical; he could not reason. His attempt to write Napoleon’s history, and his miserable book on *Demonology and Witchcraft*, make this but too evident. He had a rich but discursive imagination. He saw every thing as he oftentimes might the beloved scenery of his native land, through a mist which at one time rendered the features indistinct, and at another lent them a fairy beauty. He was irregularly educated; he had little classical knowledge, and less

of classic taste or feeling: indeed, he had little accurate knowledge upon any subject. He never read upon a system; his studies were never made to converge or concentrate upon one great object. He loved reading, not for the powers it confers upon man struggling to overtop the fellow-men of his generation in this world, but because it enabled him to conjure up a world of his own: he was the minion of Romance, the ranger of the mountain and the heather; and they had from his infancy for him the choicest impulses. He had a fine and happy sense of the beauties and the grandeur of external nature, a noble feeling of chivalry, and a power of pathos scarcely surpassed by that of Shakespeare or of Homer. But all this was in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and there never was any thing more since, in any one of his works, excepting only the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Scott had talent in the highest degree, but not much of absolute Genius; whereof, as Coleridge observes, it is a good gauge, or criterion, to observe whether it progresses and evolves, or merely spins upon itself.

The germ of every thing Scott has invented may be found in the Ballads. The sketches of all the characters he has created may be seen there; and they are few: he proceeded in an inverted order from that of Shakespeare. The writer of *Othello* and *Hamlet* went from causes to results; he took Passions, Faculties, and Feelings, and from these he made his man and fashioned his life; he worked from the abstract, as the Creator of all might do; he possessed the almighty intelligence, and a portion of this, as he listed, he inspired into the mass of clay he took, or declared in his imagination. Scott, on the other hand, worked from the concrete; he went back from results to causes; he availed himself of an impersonation made from an actual man and circumstances of his life, with certain accessories furnished from the personalities, moral and physical, of other men, and mark-worthy events of their story; and thence he came to shadow forth original and dominant Passions, Faculties, Feelings. It will be easily perceived, accordingly, why it was that Shakespeare excelled, even in reference to his own works, in the characters which he created purely; and that Scott was most successful in the characters he de-

scribed. Let me be understood to mean by the characters described, the characters he has taken from history, dressed out in their attributes and memories, and made movers in a scene; or the characters he had himself received his instructions for (to borrow a lawyer's phrase), from personal observation in the circle of his acquaintance and in humbler life. These the romancer might easily form to the purposes of his story. But Shakespeare drew his *Othello* and *Hamlet* from no living model, from no traditional sketch; he wrought them forth from his own brain. It may be observed, too, that Scott's works are severally in the nature of collections of importraitures of passages in the external world, and in human life; they are not interpenetrated by one great principle which concentrates them upon an object, the which being once attained, the mind is satisfied with the whole. They are like an opera, in which there are many exquisite melodies and concerted pieces, but which has no pervading theme where, with the senses and imagination should be always possessed, and on the successive development of which the interest should be continuously increasing (as in *Fidelio*), until it ends with communicating that excitement which, for the moment, has raised you above the ordinary conditions of humanity; and on which, therefore, your memory loves to repose. Hence it is, I should presume, that all the attempts to dramatise Scott's novels have proved such lamentable failures. The only one which might have made a tragedy has, I believe, never been profaned by the scissors of the playwright. Yet I am not surprised at it: nobody but a man of high ability and delicate feeling could have done it; and with equal facility, and more honour, might such a person write a tragedy, which should be acknowledged all his own. The *Bride of Lammermoor* is, I do say, a grand fusion of a Shakespearean Tragedy. The dead spirit of the *tableau* on which it is founded is inter-fused throughout; the Fatalism, the Supernatural Agency, the Mental Aberration, which necessarily occur in all the psychological works of Shakespeare, are in it — the lore of the heart as to mankind in all stations of life — the sense and relish of fun, which is electrically potent upon the reader — the wild admixture of humour and the

most afflicting tragedy, as at the grave of Ophelia, are all there ! It is, if we will only consider it curiously, a marvellous work for Scott ; and mind, it is the only one made upon a *tableau*. The author of the second romance to which I would refer has, in a preface, well explained how and under what state of feeling and inspiration a drama, or romance, should be composed. The one which he so introduces has been put forth in the right spirit :

“ Un roman selon lui naît, d'une façon en quelque sorte nécessaire, avec tous ses chapitres ; un drame naît avec toutes ses scènes. Ne croyez pas qu'il y ait rien d'arbitraire dans le nombre de parties dont se compose ce tout, ce mystérieux microcosme que vous appelez drame, ou roman. La greffe et la soudure prennent mal sur des œuvres de cette nature, qui doivent jaillir d'un seul jet et rester telles quelles. Une fois la chose faite, ne vous ravisez pas, n'y touchez plus. Une fois que le livre est publié—une fois que le sexe de l'œuvre, virile ou non, a été reconnu et proclamé—une fois que l'enfant a poussé son premier cri, il est né, la voila, il est ainsi fait, père ni mère n'y peuvent plus rien, il appartient à l'air et au soleil laissez le vivre ou mourir comme il est. Votre livre, est-il manqué ? Tant pis. N'ajoutez pas de chapitres à un livre manqué. Il est incomplet. Il fallait le compléter en l'engendrant. Votre arbre est noué ? Vous ne le redresserez pas. Votre roman est phthisique, votre roman n'est pas viable ? Vous le nuierez pas le souffle qui lui manque. Votre drame est né boiteux ? Croyez moi, ne lui mettez pas de jambes de bois.”

These are Victor Hugo's opinions respecting the mode after which a romance should be sent forth, and he certainly has acted upon his own fair ideal with respect to *Notre Dame de Paris*. And it is, in the essence, as complete a dramatic work as any wrought forth by a Greek tragedian. He says himself, he made it upon the word, 'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ — Fate. Of course, every great work of Fiction has been founded upon Fate : but he also made it upon another word, from whence it took its peculiar form and colour ; and that word, also inscribed upon the wall of the dark student's cell, is 'Αναγνία, whose causality upon the lives and fortunes of all the leading characters is the minister of Fate. I say, leading characters, to distinguish them from characters which, in the *Bride of Lammermoor* and

Notre Dame de Paris, are rather ancillary than belong to the dramatic working-out of the composition, and, in some sort, discharge the functions of the Chorus in a Greek Play. The leading characters are few, and upon all these the stern decrees of Fate are executed, through the agency and impulses of 'Αναγνία — of Uncleanliness, Lust, or, let us mitigate the expression, animal Passion. The Romance, too, is formed upon a *tableau* ; and a most fearful one. The dark towers of the mystic cathedral frown upon the scene, which is inspired by its terrible spirit, inscrutable, but everywhere felt. Its own familiars, too, the familiars of that dread Gothic pile, are the prominent figures. It is prefigured and explained in the following passages. It is fulfilled at the last, when the poor little dancer of the *Parvis* is suspended from the gallows, with the executioner on her shoulders, and the devoted children of the cathedral—all three the victims of animal Passion—are contemplating the fearful group, “ *ce groupe épouvantable de l'homme et de la jeune fille—de l'araignée et de la mouche.*”

“ Dom Claude abimé en lui-même, ne l'écoutait plus. Charmolue, en suivant la direction de son regard, vit qu'il s'était fixé machinalement à la grande toile d'araignée qui tapissait la lucarne. En ce moment une mouche, étourdie que cherchait le soleil de Mars, vint se jeter à travers ce filet et s'y englua. 4, l'ébranlement de sa toile, l'énorme araignée fit un mouvement brusque hors de sa cellule centrale, puis d'un bond elle se précipita sur la mouche, qu'elle pla en deux avec ses antennes de devant, tandis que sa trompe hideuse lui fouillait la tête. Pauvre mouche ! dit le procureur du roi, en cour d'église ; et il leva la main pour la sauver. L'archidiacre, comme réveillé en sursaut lui, retint le bras avec une violence convulsive.

“ ‘Maître Jacques,’ s'écria-t-il, ‘laissez faire la fatalité.’

“ Le procureur se retourna effaré ; il lui semblait qu'une pince de fer lui avait pris le bras. L'œil du prêtre était fixé, hagard, flamboyant, et restait attaché au petit groupe horrible de la mouche et de l'araignée.

“ ‘Oh ! oui,’ continua le prêtre, avec une voix qu'on eût dit venir de ses entrailles, ‘voilà un symbole de tout. Elle vole : elle est joyeuse, elle vient de naître, elle cherche le printemps, le grand air, la liberté ; oh, oui ! mais qu'elle se heurte à la rosace fatale, l'araignée

en sort, l'araignée hideuse. Pauvre danseuse ! pauvre mouche prédestinée ! Maître Jacques, laissez faire ; c'est la fatalité ! Hélas ! Claude, tu es l'araignée ! Tu es la mouche aussi ! Tu volais à la science, à la lumière, au soleil, tu n'avais souci que d'arriver au grand air, au grand jour de la vérité éternelle ; mais en te précipitant vers la lucarne éblouissante, qui donne sur l'autre monde, sur le monde de la clarté, de l'intelligence, et de la science, mouche aveugle ! docteur insensé ! tu n'avais pas vu cette subtile toile d'araignée tendue par le destin entre la lumière et toi ! tu, t'y es jeté à corps perdu, misérable fou ! et maintenant tu le débats, la tête brisée, et les ailes arrachées, entre les antennes de fer de la fatalité ! Maître Jacques, maître Jacques, laissez faire d'araignée !”

Victor Hugo has written several dramas, and other novels, but nothing like *Notre Dame de Paris* ; which is decidedly a noble and an august composition. A romance of the middle ages—it is in force, power, variety—gracefulness in the multifarious outline—grotesqueness occasionally wild yet harmonious—beauty, quaint and delicate beauty, in the details—and magnificence and massiveness in the whole—like unto one of those grand cathedrals in which these ages expressed their intellect, imbodyed their genius. Formed upon the principle *ἀναγνιν*, the agent *ἀναγνισία*, and the *tableau* into which they resolve themselves to conclude the tale, nothing can be more perfect, and, consequently, more simple, than the structure of the plot. Fancy and Imagination, and the powers of gorgeous illustrations, which in his other works run wild, are herein controlled to their appropriate purposes, and rendered most efficient. All his knowledge, all his personal experience, all his learning, have been heaped upon the *tableau* of this romance ; and, strictly guided by the Principle and the Agent I have mentioned, they have in no sort encumbered it. But it is the one and only work of the man's life : his whole soul is there. Were we to estimate his capabilities by the gauge of any other of his compositions, we should say that for him, and for a man of his time of life moreover, the work was miraculous. He is yet young. In the filling up of *Notre Dame de Paris* the faults are glaring, the plagiarisms innumerable, and annoying because useless, the author being always best when he depends

upon himself ; yet the unity of the design, and the circumstance of his quaint knowledge—architectural, and antiquarian, and historical—his magic powers of expression, and his powers of delineating, in the spirit of a metaphysician and pathologist, the workings of the inward Mind, as well as marshalling before the eye the features of external Nature, being all rendered ancillary to that design, even the characters he takes (which are in no sort original) compels you to forget every thing respecting the materials and the mere process of construction, and to regard only the whole structure and its result, as you must do, with unmixed admiration. The simple earnestness of the Design, the soul of his *tableau*, reconciles to probability, under the aspect and by the medium through which you are compelled to view them, the traditional exaggerations of Romance—the magician, the monster, and the angel in woman's flesh. There be, moreover, in the formation of Claude Frollo, Quasimodo, and La Esmeralda, recollections of Faust, Manfred, Lewis's monk, De Bois Guilbert ; of all the man-monsters of Hugo's own menagerie ; of La Preciosa, Rebecca, and a host of other lovely and most exquisite damsels of despised castes—Jews, gipsies, and the like—at whose birth there was a social miracle—Art, and Circumstance, and Education, having been dispensed with in the creation of a Charmer. All was left to Nature—

“ And Nature said, I'll make
A ladye of my own.”

But *Notre Dame* has made them, one and all, her own. The archdeacon—the gentleman, the scholar, the noble specimen in every respect, mental and physical, of the “paragon of animals”—the beloved child, into whom the mystic soul of the dread edifice of grammar has been inspired—and the brutal bell-ringer—the Foundling—the creature whose very humanity is doubtful from his savage appearance, and whose intellect is smothered from the lack of conduits, whose communion is only with the rude and grotesque materials of the structure, apart as they (Claude and Quasimodo) would seem, are yet together as familiars of the cathedral. They are like the *plus* and *minus* in a quadratic radical. The *ἀναγνιν* of *Notre Dame de Paris* is over both, as it is over the poor little

flutterer of the *Parvis*; the instant *avaynia* is instilled into the soul and senses of the three, it impels them to their fate: they severally become each the other's destiny, and the dramatic Romance gushes forth to its fulfilment in the *tableau*, over which Fate hovers satisfied. You feel that nothing touching the victims has been overstrained—that all has terminated as it necessarily should.

I shall make no apology for instituting a comparison between the Greek dramatic works and things so different in outward form and show, because upon reflection it must be evident, that true likeness depends upon the intrinsic qualities, and not upon the apparent qualities, of such matters. I have not hesitated, then, to predicate, that there is an analogy between the two Romances and the Greek Drama, and an essential resemblance between the Greek Drama and the psychological plays of Shakespeare. The form of the structure was departed from, and, doubtless, with advantage, considering the different circumstances and climate under which the scenic representation was to take place. But, to speak figuratively, the spirit of the old Greek drama, when its august fane was in all its exquisite and harmonised proportions laid prostrate, came to furnish forth the living soul of a Gothic temple, which, though irregular on occasions even to grotesqueness, is nevertheless grand and enduring—better suited to the climate in which it has been reared, and the genius of the people who are to be its worshippers. Here Shakespeare was the Hierophant, and in himself he united the several excellences of the ancient Masters—the lyric flow of Euripides, the wise tenderness of Sophocles, together with all the vigour of Æschylus, and his power of dealing with the dim supernatural—of intimating it darkly, and yet weaving it as the fatal thread into the woof of his story.

Now, if we were to inquire why it was, and how it was, that this intrinsic similarity was brought about, I think it would appear to have resulted from the circumstance of Madness and Supernatural Agency—family legends and popular superstitions—together with Fatalism, of course, being the dominant intrinsic qualities, and being used as the most potent materials in

the construction of the Shakespearean as well as the ancient Greek Dramas.

It has been long since, and very frequently, observed, that Madness, especially in the milder and least declared forms (such as *mania mitis*, *monomania*, and every thing coming under the head Melancholy), has been prevalent in England. Humourists have always abounded in every walk of society, even in the persons of those whose sanity was allowed. Pinel, the greatest writer upon Insanity of the present day, remarks the melancholy richness of the English tongue in epithets to describe and characterise every form and variety of Madness. And certainly we bear, with good humour, allusion to the prevalence of mental disorder amongst us. Nobody, however patriotic, is offended when the Grave-digger tells the Prince of Denmark that young Hamlet, being mad, was sent into England, or at the reasons he assigns for it.

“*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?”

1st Clown. Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?”

1st Clown. “’Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.”

It has at all times, moreover, been the fashion to introduce mad people in our Dramas. It was done freely enough in the ancient drama, sometimes with great effect, by learned men; and the practice has been continued to the present time, though not with the same good results. It is a dangerous matter for mere playwrights to handle: the only genuine mania you can perceive is in the overweening presumption of the writer; there is none in his character. Yet, notwithstanding the many notable instances of absurd failure, and the pleasant objurgations of Sheridan's Puff, the heroine of our modern tragedies continues to go punctually mad in white muslin, and the hero to rant, and roar, and attitudinise, after a manner not very common amongst Bedlamites.

The introduction, too, visibly as well as by dread intimation of supernatural agency, is common in our drama. The character of the people, so sombre and so superstitious as it really is, and as Mirabeau saw it was; so intensely

earnest, and, in the healthiest of such morbid activity,—the character of the constitution—that free constitution, capable of elasticity, and controllable by resistance, without absolute and irreparable injury, have led in no small degree to this. Our stage, I do believe, has, like our country, enjoyed greater freedom than any other. Certainly, even in the old monkish times at least, at high solemnities, great latitude was allowed; and, since the Reformation, there has been no vexatious meddling with the Drama here upon religious grounds. Indeed, if there were, it would have been impossible that matters of abstract and occult Philosophy could have been so freely discussed, or the vagaries of the mind diseased so faithfully depicted. But in England there has well nigh, at all times, been the freedom to represent the madman from actual observation: and the existing superstitions of the country, and its story, which had a vague and dim but yet thrilling touch of reality about them for spectators of every class, were interwoven with the play. In other countries it was different—whilst retaining the form, they quite lost the spirit of the old Greek drama; which, be it remembered, was represented under free institutions (that is, free for citizens, I think not of slaves), and without a grinding censorship. In that old Greek Drama, “the noble mind o’erthrown” was, in tragedy, exhibited as a fitting subject for contemplation; and the freaks and foibles of mania, in any mitigated form, as a proper theme for laughter in comedy. Personal peculiarities, moreover, were held up to ridicule; and the characters, even when not portraits, were drawn from Nature. In Greece, too, great latitude was allowed upon the stage, with respect to the doctrines and dogmas of Religion. The “happy gods, living listlessly at their ease”—*μακάρες θεοὶ εἰς ἑὸν εὖρος*—were treated with that indifference they were supposed to entertain. Prosecutions for blasphemy were always political, or deadly personal. But in countries wherein, contrariwise, from its free condition in England, the Drama was subjected to the screw of a censorship, religious and political, it took the classic shape, which, in my opinion, is fitting for no scenic representation except the lyric drama; and I have some degree of belief, that the old Greek plays were performances in

which music and spectacle bore a large part, were, in a word, what operas at the Académie Royale ought to be, at the best you could conceive them. The unities, be it observed, are embarrassing only when you come to give a drama as a recited poem, and as the French did in their tragedies, in one measure; without the transition to the metre of the ode, without any relief from variety. None of the intrinsic qualities, however, of the ancient Drama remained; and it is curious to remember that disquisitions touching supernatural agency and the art magical held by mimic characters on the English stage, were actually, at the same time, debated solemnly in the Sorbonne and the convents. Thus questions, which in the one kingdom were matters of perilous doubt to learned Doctors and Christian Prelates, were in the other, at the Poet’s inspiration, bandied about upon a stage, from mouth to mouth, by excommunicated persons—the offscouring of society—with painted faces and an antic dress. Ay, and after Macbeth and Hamlet, with all their forlorn metaphysical reasoning and supernatural terrors, had long been exhibited to the gaping English million, the curate Grandier, under the courtly reign of Louis XIV. and intellectual rule of Cardinal Richelieu, by the immediate agency of Dignitaries Ecclesiastical and Legal, was condemned to death, and burnt at Loudun, for sorcery, upon the testimony of some lewd nuns and perjured friars.

But in Shakespeare’s time, peculiarly of all others in England, there was a vast deal of profound learning upon almost all subjects, and men of the mightiest intellect flourished. It was a great age. The English of that day possessed all the noble qualities of their Norman forefathers, the unconquerable warriors by sea and land—refined by courtesy and sublimed by learning—the same wild spirit of adventure—the same enterprise—the same endurance; and, with these, the greatest genius which has ever yet been displayed in any era of the world’s story. The monuments of the famed Augustan age cannot, in truth, compete with those of the Elizabethan: it can boast two minds that, in Lord Byron’s words, “might furnish forth the universe.” Bacon might dispute the palm of Genius, and its particular imbodiment, Poesy, with Shakespeare

himself: Bacon understood and exemplified Philosophy; Shakespeare understood and illustrated it: Bacon, in his explanations, delighted us with the qualities and graces of Poesy; Shakespeare, in his poetry, gives us the results and operations of all philosophy, as it bears upon human life. Now, naturally enough, from the deep and sterling learning which prevailed, the age was addicted greatly to metaphysical disquisitions, and, therefore, to psychological inquiry, and to investigation and observation with respect to all mental derangement. Likewise, all scholars were curious touching Demenology and Witchcraft—themes of study always intensely interesting, but which James I., on his accession, had, whilst Shakespeare was yet writing, rendered fashionable.

In Shakespeare's psychological works, we find the concentrated essence of all the learning of the time upon both these forlorn and fearful themes of study.

With regard to Madness—as, indeed, with regard to all other subjects dilated on—Shakespeare appears not alone to have exhausted for his results (and they are invariably correct) all the learning of those who went before him, but to have anticipated all that has since been heaped together. All our subsequent discoveries and conclusions wrung from study and observation, up to this moment—even to the remarks which I am about to suggest, only tend to prove the perfect accuracy of Shakespeare's delineations, and to establish the existence of that degree of knowledge in him which would seem properly to be that of a creator. Sir Henry Hallford, in an ingenious and highly interesting essay on the Homeric wounds, shewed how strangely accurate the old Greek was in his description of injuries to the human frame, and the consequences that were the result, physiologically and anatomically. The same might be proved of Shakespeare, in reference to the human body and its ills; and we find the knowledge extended also to the mind diseased. He produces a mad person "before you, and without explaining why or wherefore, or reasoning upon the course to be pursued, or making the slightest discernible effort at effect, he just makes that madman say and do precisely what he ought to have said and done, labouring under a par-

ticular species of Insanity, acted upon by particular feelings and passions, and surrounded by particular circumstances. There is, meanwhile, an intuitive action of the Understanding, which tells you that the thing has been done, the individual man has been made, and Reason sees "that it is good." In this there is exhibited; at the same time, a consciousness of power and a conviction of success. At all times, too, we may remark in Shakespeare that abhorrence of exaggeration, with the view to produce effect, which is common to all gentlemanly natures. It has been styled, happily enough, by painters, in reference to the figures of Velasquez and Murillo, "quiet power." It is pre-eminent in Shakespeare; and in no respect is it more wonderfully exhibited to the thoughtful eye, than in his delineation of madmen. The best institutions for the cure of madness, the best writers on the subject, the most successful practitioners in cases of insanity (such as Pinel and Esquirol), are now-a-days to be found in France; knowledge has accumulated: the theme of mental derangement, connecting itself with so many diseases, has, of course, become common amongst French playwrights, who have set about dramatising the Nosology; and they have introduced mad people in abundance in their plays, "and yet never a good one," though they have striven hard for it. Shakespeare, on the contrary, has never once swerved in the accuracy of his delineations. He has, in his plays, introduced persons suffering under insanity in various forms, and so drawn the disease in various types. These, one and all, may, with a single exception, be referred forthwith to their proper head in the Nosology.

In several of his plays, too, Shakespeare has introduced supernatural agency; and a boding strain may be observed to pervade all his tragic works of the highest order. In these, the greatest monuments of human genius illustrative of the puzzle called human life, the indication of superhuman influence is always to the student so solemnly awful, if not absolutely appalling. The actual production of visitants from another world on the stage is made effective (I speak not of the closet, or the visionary eye). It is not in the power of mock realism—of the paltry show of actors and of a stage,

to mark the power of the witches in *Macbeth*, or the ghost of Hamlet's father. With the exception of *Hamlet*, all the plays of Shakespeare, whether supernatural agency or insanity enter into their composition and the current of events, are straightforward plays. The heroes and heroines are men and women; you may like them or dislike them; and in doing either you have, according to your own lights, intelligible grounds whereon to proceed, because you can understand them: you can perceive and appreciate, to a sufficient extent, their motives, and so satisfy yourself as to the reasons and circumstances which conducted to the catastrophe of the play. A man, though scant well learned in the Nosology, can refer the insanity of each individual to its particular head, and each and every of his actions and words to the peculiar form of malady. The object, too, of the demoniac influence is apparent, and regularly worked out to its natural and appointed conclusion; so is the operation and resolution of the dominant passion—Love, Ambition, Jealousy—fully set forth, thoroughly explained. Take *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*. In the first, there is little more than an intimation of the oracles of Fate; yet they are not, from the very commencement, in the least doubtful. The "ill-starred wench" must have been miserable in her unnatural match: the noble Moor appears before us a predestined sacrifice. The conclusion quite satisfies you. There should not, and there could not, have been any other. "King Lear" you can perfectly understand. It is a grand pathological study for the medical reader, and would seem to have been, in some sort, a pathological exercise for the poet; for almost every incident of terror or pathos is made to bear directly upon some distinct point in the gradual and clearly defined progress of the malady. In *Macbeth* it is plain-sailing enough; the demoniac agency only ministered to his cherished wishes. The end may be divined, the conclusion was inevitable.

Incidentally, too, I may remark, that, in the comedies, Mania is always brought in judiciously and pleasantly from its mildest form, in the outrageous lying of the "starved Justice Shallow," to the gentle melancholy of Jacques, and the inordinate vanity of Malvolio.

But nothing of all this can be predicated of *Hamlet*; and though, as I have already observed, standing in the same class with the psychological dramas, it is nevertheless apart from them one and all. Yet, peradventure, doth it more nearly in the spirit resemble a play of Æschylus than any of the others: it might have been represented on an Athenian stage with as much facility as the *Eumenides*. Like the *Eumenides*, moreover, it is a ghastly play; and this without its solemn and religious conclusion, heart-awing to the people of Theseus, as a memory and an omen. Oh! *Hamlet* is a ghastly play—cold as a philosophical experiment; cold, I should rather say, as a demonstration, the subject being the mind diseased. "The Spirit of Love is most potent throughout all the other tragedies of the Passions and Imagination—Love, which springs in its purity from the Reason, and to which the Senses only minister—Love, which, as the highest faculty of Reason, distinguishes Man from Brute (for brutes have Understanding as well as we, but they have not Reason, nor, therefore, have they Love)—Love, which, I repeat, distinguishes man from brute; and Angels, as we are taught, in its degree from one another.

It is "stronger than death" in Juliet and her Romeo, in Desdemona and the Moor, in the poor mad father, Lear. It sheds a melancholy glory upon the blood-polluted victims of Ambition; it assumes an incarnation of Divinity in the true wife, in sweetest Imogene. At the end of these tragedies, Love, bursting from the elements of destruction, hovers over all, invincible and triumphant; and this is balm to the soul. It is better medicine than Hope, the false stimulant which remained to console Pandora: for what is Hope but anticipated Joy, the disturber of the Present, the plunderer of the Future! This, on the contrary, makes sorrow heavenly for that gone by, and leaves no care for that which is to come. Hereby the great end of Tragedy has been fulfilled, which Aristotle, or some other ancient sage, did well declare to be *Katharsis tṓn pathṓn*—a purification of the passions.

And tragedy has been described to be "an exhibition tending, by the operation of pity and fear, to purify these and similar passions." This is

052
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not done by *Hamlet*; and for this reason, also, *Hamlet* stands quite alone amongst Shakespeare's plays. The Spirit of Love is weakest in *Hamlet*, and, therefore, it commands but little human sympathy. Ophelia does love, and she dies. There is a majesty in her gentleness, which you worship with a rush of feeling in her earlier scenes of the play; the painful nature of her appearances, whilst mad, makes you feel that death is a release; and that release comes in an appropriate form—the gentle, uncomplaining, sorrow-stricken lady, dies gently, and without a murmur of bitterness or reproach.

"Queen. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O! where?"

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt
the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she
come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and
long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser
name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers
call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet
weeds
Clambling to hang, an envious sliver
broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook: her clothes
spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore
her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old
tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could
not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their
drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious
lay
To muddy death."

The meek lady is no more, but the tragedy proceeds. As for all the other characters, they are of a very mixed nature indeed, with two exceptions. Of *Hamlet*, as a personage in the drama, I do not now speak (and character, which, in its proper sense, is a completely fashioned Will, he had none), and the exceptions I make are *Fortinbras* and *Horatio*; of whom, the first is a magnificent sketch of a chivalrous prince—a youthful Alexander; the second, the noblest gentleman ever

drawn. As for the remaining characters, you cannot esteem any, you cannot respect some; some you must laugh at, some you must despise; and even *Horatio* and *Fortinbras* have little sympathy from us, albeit they have the while entire admiration,—they are so secure, so perfect in themselves, so elevated by the force of their own Will above the ordinary conditions of humanity. I may here, too, avail myself of the opportunity to observe, that, for a play so bloody for the English vulgar, and in itself so morally tragic for the scholar and the gentleman, *Hamlet* is for both, in its performance on the stage, strangely beholden to spectacle, and to its comic scenes, or snatches of scenes: the visible show of the ghost—the processions—funeral—squabble at Ophelia's grave—fencing-match—and, at the last, the "quarry that cries, on, havoc!" have much power over the common spectator. I doubt if he could abide it without these, and without having *Polonius* buffooned for him, and, to no small extent, *Hamlet* himself; as he always was, whenever I saw the part played, and as the great critic, Dr. Johnson, would seem to think he ought to be. For he says, "the pretended madness of *Hamlet* causes much mirth!!!" And this he follows up by adding, in grandiloquent maudlin, "the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended; from the apparition that, in the first act, chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affection to just contempt." So that, in defiance of poor Ophelia's eloquent lamentation over

"Th' expectancy and rose of the fair
state,"

we may, upon the authority of the doctor, conclude, that to cause much mirth by pretended madness was an effect intended to be produced by the personage, *Hamlet*. But, throwing aside this grave folly, let me observe, that even the man who really can feel, if not quite understand the play, which Johnson did not understand and could not feel—the man who can perceive, if he cannot quite comprehend its idea, must perceive how essential to the conduct of the plot, and the development of character, is the forlorn merriment which pervades the drama; and how different this is from the

comedy introduced in the other psychological dramas, which to some may seem impertinent and wearisome, and to none useful, save as a strong contrast, like a coarse dash of paint in a picture upon some one part, to bring out an effect elsewhere upon the canvass. But in *Hamlet* the intermixture is a very marvel of art. In that astounding scene at Ophelia's grave, the coarse "quips, and cranks, and gibes" of the grave-diggers, come in like discords in one of the most sublime and weird of Beethoven's compositions.

The praise of variety has been challenged for *Hamlet*, and with great justice, both as respects the incidents, the characters, and the nature of the scenes. As a consequence of this, we find that all those matters, severally difficult of treatment in other plays—as insanity, supernatural agency, subtle passion—are introduced in a still more difficult form in *Hamlet*. The causes and description of Ophelia's madness are plain enough. But Hamlet's madness, if he be mad, or his conduct, if not mad, as well as the management of the ghost and his powers, have as yet been riddles; and neither is the progress of events clear, nor do they indicate the catastrophe to which they lead—nor, being thereat arrived, are you content they should have done so under the circumstances—nor is the conclusion in any sort or sense whatsoever satisfactory, but dreadfully the reverse.

In a word, *Hamlet*, to my mind, is essentially a psychological exercise and study. The hero, from whose acts and feelings every thing in the drama takes its colour and pursues its course, is doubtless insane, as I shall prove hereafter. But the species of intellectual disturbance, the peculiar form of mental malady, under which he suffers, is of the subtlest character. The hero of another of these dramas, King Lear, is also mad; and his malady is traced from the outbreak, when it became visible to all, down to the agony of his death. But we were prepared for this malady—the predisposing causes existed always; it only wanted circumstance to call it forth. Shakespeare divined and wrote upon the knowledge of the fact, which has since been proclaimed formally by the physician, that it is with the mind as with the body: there can be no local affection without a constitutional disturbance—there can be no constitutional disturbance without a local

affection. Thus, there can be no constitutional disturbance of the mind, without that which is analogous to a local affection of the body, namely, disease, or injury affecting the nervous system and the mental organs—some previous irregularity in their functions, or intellectual faculties, or in the operation of their affections and passions; and, again, general intellectual disturbance will always be accompanied by some particular affection. But I am using wellnigh the words of Esquiroi. He says, "Presque tous," (and by this qualification he only intends to exclude those in whom he had not the means of ascertaining the fact)—"Presque tous les aliénés confiés à mes soins avoient offert quelques irrégularités dans leur fonctions, dans leur facultés intellectuelles, dans leur affections, avant d'être malades, et souvent de la première enfance. Les uns avoient été d'un orgueil excessif, les autres très colérés; ceux-ci souvent tristes, ceux-là d'une gaieté ridicule; quelques-uns d'une instabilité désolante pour leur instruction, quelques autres d'une application opiniâtre à ce qu'ils entreprennoient, mais sans fixité; plusieurs vétuleux, minutieux, craintifs, timides, irresolus; presque tous avoient eu une grande activité de facultés intellectuelles et morales qui avoient redoublés d'énergie quelque temps avant l'accès; la plupart avoient eu des maux des nerfs; les femmes avoient éprouvées des convulsions ou de spasmes hystériques; les hommes avoient été sujets à des crampes, des palpitations, des paralysies. Avec ces dispositions primitives ou acquises, il ne manque plus qu'une affection morale pour déterminer l'explosion de la fureur ou l'accablement de la mélancolie."

Now, in all Shakespeare's insane characters, however slight may be the mental malady, with the exception only of Hamlet, we have accurately described to us the temperament on which madness is ingrafted. Thus of Malvolio, who, on his introduction to us, shews the intolerant vulgarity and impertinence of the upstart, combined with the wisdom of the menial—with cunning, at least—and the chattering of proverbs, gravely on occasion, we hear from Maria: "The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser—an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded

of himself—so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him do love him : and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work." And from this we can well see how little provocation it required to drive him beside himself, and into that most contemptible alienation of mind which springs from inordinate vanity and sordid selfishness. Of Jacques we learn that he had been a debauchee, "as sensual as the brutish sting itself." He is satiated quite—is now naturally enough stricken with a gentle melancholy—"with a most humorous sadness." Gonriil, too, prepares us for Lear's madness : "The best and soundest of his time has been but rash ; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them." But

of Hamlet alone we have no account of any positive predisposing cause to mania, or faulty temperament ; nor can we catch from the lips of any third person any thing which might lead us to question his sanity before the commencement of the play. All is to his praise. He is the esteemed of Fortinbras, the friend of Horatio, the beloved of Ophelia. We are abruptly brought to contemplate the noble nature warped, the lofty mind overthrown, the gentleman "in his blown youth blasted with ecstasy." To comprehend and account for this, we must study the drama with the same pervading sweep of thought that we would passages in human life, occurring within our observation, from which we wished to wring a meaning, and by which we hoped to solve a mystery. There is nothing beyond to look to. We must judge Hamlet by what he said and did : I open the volume in which this is recorded.

HEBREW IDYLS.

No. XII.

JUDITH.

Is woman but a plaything for soft hours?
 A pretty toy for intervals of leisure?
 A thing to dally with on beds of flowers?
 A soul-less shape that to a Lydian measure
 Moves wantonly, when, canopied with bowers,
 Man steeps his soul in enervating pleasure?
 An idol made a life-like form to don?
 A mere voluptuous automaton!
 Or else a paragon? an incarnation
 Of archetypal Beauty? soul o' the Light,
 That flashed into the dreary desolation
 Of Chaos and the stagnant depths of Night,
 When spake the Voice, and by the Word Creation
 Proceeded? did the dreamer see aright,
 When he beheld her of the sea-foam born,
 The primogenial angel of the Morn?
 Man was not of empyreal substance made,
 But from the clay of earth, and from his side
 Was woman taken for his help and aid—
 Subject, as to the Bridegroom is the Bride—
 In somewhat less of majesty attayed,
 But with sweet graces of her own supplied;
 Differing so far, that he was from the clod,
 And she from him then breathed into by God.
 Love is her province, and whate'er the tie
 That claims affection, true to love is she:
 Yet can she, sometimes, lay her softness by,
 Stern in resolve, unconquerably free,

Suffer for conscience, for her country die,
 Or for her loved a willing victim be.
 Such virtues as the stars of Memory shine—
 My song is of a Hebrew heroine.

Ecbatana was now no more : afar
 Gleamed the fierce terrors of the Assyrian throne :
 The Monarch rode in Conquest's cruel car ;
 From black and crimson clouds his glory shone,
 And prostrate Nations owned him god of war :
 But of the Infinite Essential One
 The Jewish remnant had a wholesome thought—
 Whene'er there was a battle to be fought.

Danger hung o'er them : their Assyrian Lord
 Sent his lieutenant to chastise their pride.
 Him as a god his other thralls adored,
 But those rebellious scatterlings denied
 Faith to his banner, homage to his sword.
 Most of all gods the mortal deified,
 The tyrant to his own religion true,
 Exacts the homage which he deems his due.

Perched in the pride of place, a silly gander
 Is taken for an eagle. Power transmutes
 Man into superhuman—the Commander
 Of all the Faithful is whatever it suits
 His majesty to be—an Alexander,
 Or his step-father Ammon : men are brutes,
 And with the flattery of well-bred apes
 Worship the Serpent in a thousand shapes.

But Holofernes, at the king's command,
 Remorselessly and with an iron rod
 Was bruising the revolts : his ruthless band
 On the defenceless as on reptiles trod ;
 And those, who bravely fought them hand to hand,
 Lay weltering on or underneath the sod.
 Now in the holy land their tents were pight—
 Who could resist their overwhelming might ?

O Earth ! O Heaven ! that hateful War should be
 Without a gag—permitted to run riot,
 Finding in groans his merriment and glee,
 Polluting Innocence, and strangling Quiet ;
 Carnage his banquet, and his drink a sea
 Of blood—a mammoth let loose at the “ fiat ”
 Of a man-god, who by a word, a breath,
 Scatters abroad crime, desolation, death !

The mighty Holofernes heard with blended
 Anger and scorn that armed men the defile
 Guarded : the gloom upon his brow portended
 A shower of blood, and with the wintry smile
 That Greatness shews whenever 'tis offended,
 Or suffers from an overflow of bile,
 Or from a lack of it, he bade them call
 The chiefs of Chanaan, and addressed them all :—

“ Ye sons of Chanaan, tell me now, who be
 This people the hill country occupying,
 Who yield them not, nor from my presence flee,
 But keep the passages, my might defying ?
 What makes them thus bold in resisting me,
 What king obeying, on what force relying ?

Their cities, strong holds, their munition, strength
Of men for battle,—tell me at full length.”

The chief of Ammon's sons then made reply,
Wise Achior: “Mighty lord, be not offended,
But hear thy servant; I will tell no lie:

The people of this country are descended
From the Chaldeans, but were forced to fly
From Ur to Charran, for they never bended
Knee to their father's gods, faithful and true
Unto the God of heaven, the God they knew.

There dwelt they for a time, till His command
Brought them to Chanaan where they long had rest,
Until a famine came upon the land,
From which they found, when grievously distressed,
Refuge in Egypt: there the little band
Grew to a multitude, but were distressed
With bitter slavery, until at last
That grinding tyranny was overpast.

Their God smote Egypt, when to Him they cried,
With plagues incurable; and the Red Sea,
The way of their escape, for them He dried;
And in the wilderness of Sinai He
Was with them, strengthened them on every side,
And made before them in confusion flee
The tribes of Chanaan, and on them bestowed
This happy region for a sure abode.

While they were loyal, all with them was well;
But when disloyal, all with them was ill;
With Him they prospered, but without Him fell—
Bruised, broken, scattered. Following His will,
All opposites they could resist, smite, quell,
Destroy,—not doing so; their holy hill
Was taken, marred, and smoking on the ground
The wrecks of city and temple lay around.

Themselves were made, perforce, unwilling rangers
Into far lands of which they nothing knew,
And for a time were captive held of strangers:
But now restored, they do again renew
Trust in their God, and will outdare all dangers.
Consider this now, good my lord, and do
Accordingly; for if they now rely
On their God's help, 'twere wise to pass them by.

With Him they are invincible, without Him
Their strength is nothing.” Then, with wild outcry,
Enraged with Achior, all the men about him
Shouted that he was false and ought to die,
And eagerly bade Holofernes doubt him,
And his vain words. From few should many fly?
Against so great an army could it be
That Israel's God could Israel save? not he!

Then Holofernes said: “What hast thou spoken,
Hireling of Ammon? tell me, who is God
But Nabuchodonosor? lo! the token—

His power shall crush them, and his heavy rod
Destroy them. Shall his royal word be broken?
Not so—their corpses shall make fat the clod,
Their mountains shall be drunken with their blood;
Is not the king's wrath a devouring flood?

It shall devour alike both them and thee :

But if their God will now indeed befriend them,
Hold up thy countenance—for thou shalt be
Safe with them ; should he haply not defend them,
Then shall the swords of them that follow me
Pierce thee, too, in the day that I shall end them."

His servants, as he bade them, to the mountains
Led Achior, even to Bethulia's fountains.

And at the hill's foot, where the fountains flowed,
They bound and left him : but the Watchers came,
And led him to their mountainous abode,
And took him to their Elders. They his name
Inquired, and why he was so bound. He shewed
The matter to them, and they thought it shame
That the flagitious heathen should defy
With vile comparisons their Lord on high.

Then all the people fell down in prostration,
And prayed : " Lord God of heaven, behold their pride,
Pity the low condition of our nation,
And look in mercy on thy sanctified."
And when they thus had made their supplication,
They cheered and lauded Achior : by his side
Ozias placed him, and he made a feast—
That softens trouble, for a time at least.

But Holofernes drew out in the plain
His mighty army, cavalry and foot :
Near twenty myriads were his martial train,
With thousands of camp-followers to boot.
And they like locusts, all the country's bane,
Marched from Esdraelon to the pleasant root
Of hills, which like a collar stood around
The lofty peak with fair Bethulia crowned.

The Assyrian Captain like an eager lover—
In haste and cruelty means my comparison—
Like hawk for heron or a silly plover,
Burns, maddens for his quarry ; nor he tarries on
His lines, but reconnoitres under cover
Of all his horse their heights, and sets a garrison
At every fountain in the grassy glades,
O'erlooked by crags and umbered with their shades.

Still the Bethulians had a single fountain,
On which they much relied in all their trouble,
That trickled from the shin of their tall mountain,
And crept along its foot with many a bubble
Of soft refreshing sweetness ; on this counting,
They feared not to be dried up like the stubble
Left by the reaper—perched upon their rock
With food and water they a siege might mock.

The sons of Moab and of Esau, whom,
Detested by them, Israel's sons detested,
Surprised this fountain, bringing thickest gloom
O'er the besieged ; nor Holofernes rested
Till he insnared them in the trap of doom
(For so he thought he snared them), and invested
The circuit of their towers : thus spiders get
Poor flies, that fall into their close-spun net.

The booby lives and fattens, who no grist earns
For his vile maw ; dull princes have their diet ;

While bards and heroes starve, who had not missed urns
 And laurels, had there been a bloody riot
 To sing or to enact. Bethulia's cisterns
 Were dry, and how can thirsty souls be quiet?
 'Twas very hard that patriots, wanting water,
 Should have to offer their bold throats to slaughter..

Fainted their women and young men from thirst—
 The pining mother could not still the cry
 Of the dear babe, which late she fondly nursed,—
 Alack! her bosom's milky springs were dry—
 The pious prayed—the hopeful said the worst
 Was nearly passed, and that relief was nigh,—
 The bravest lost their courage, and the old
 Only remained still confident and bold.

But round their chief, Ozias, thronged the crowd,
 And round their Elders, and reviled them all,
 And called on them by name, and cried aloud :
 “ God judge 'twixt us and you ! now send and call
 And make our peace with Assur—we are bowed
 Down in the dust from thirst, and needs must fall
 Into their hands : we hope not for release,
 Escape, nor succour,—send and make us peace.

“ We have no helper ; only death is nigh ;
 And ye on us have this destruction brought ;
 We will not see our wives and children die,
 And miserably perish here from drought.
 'Tis better to become their spoil than lie
 Helpless and perishing.” Their bitter thought
 They thus expressed ; and then with tears and cries
 They prayed, “ Oh God ! pity our agonies !”

To them Ozias : “ Sirs ! be not dismayed,
 Endure it yet five days ; for it may be
 That in that space our God may send us aid :
 If no help come, then will I do as ye
 Demand.” Nor they his counsel disobeyed,
 But to the walls and towers went readily.
 The women and the children, sad and slow,
 Returned unto their homes—their thirst and woe.

Now what Ozias said was told a woman,
 A widow woman in Bethulia dwelling :
 At the good deeds of feminine let no man,
 With vain conceit and fastuous humour swelling,
 Sneer idly ; in that sex 'tis not uncommon
 To find a lovely specimen, excelling
 In virtue as in beauty—though in *his*
 True worth is very rarely found, I wis.

A widow three years and a quarter she ;
 One of those true ones, mentioned by the Apostle :
 Such women, even reprobates agree,
 By their sweet looks and good example cost hell
 The loss of sundry subjects—as for me,
 Whene'er I go where knaves or wittols jostle
 For place or mastery, I wish them wives
 Of Ephesus—to mend or end their lives.

Our widow's husband from a sun-stroke died
 In barley harvest, says the Chronicle,
 While seeing how his men the full sheaves tied :
 And on her house-top she was pleased to dwell

Thereafter in a tent—at least she hied
Thither for prayer or sleep, as to his cell
A hermit would, when hermits were—but now
Wild beasts your only hermits are, I trow.

Judith was young, and beautiful, and good,
And rich—and, hearing what Ozias said,
And how his contract with the people stood,
She sent for him, and those who with him led
The counsels of the city Widowhood,
That enters not another marriage-bed,
Chaste, rich, and pious, may such license take
With reverend Age. They came, and thus she spake

“Ye rulers of Bethulia † who are ye
That tempted God this day? ye cannot find
The secret thoughts that in a man’s heart be :
Can ye discover God, and know his mind,
Or comprehend his purpose? list to me—
Why should ye to five days his mercy bind?
Can he not, when and how he will, arise
In our defence, and quench our enemies?”

“He wavers not like man, and his decrees
Go forth immutable. There is not now
A worshipper of stone or stocks of trees
Among us, nor doth this our people bow
To graven images, and if he please .
He will deliver us, and any-how
Will not forsake us, though to try he send us
Trouble and woe: he doth chastise to mend us”

To her Ozias: “Goodly from the first
Hast thou been ever, and in this art wise
The people bear impatiently their thirst;
The oath we made them on our conscience lies
Therefore, pray God for us that rain may burst,
To fill our cisterns, from the long-shut skies,
And Him to be our Saviour and defender
Within five days—or else we must surrender.”

“Hear me,” said Judith, “I will do a thing
Whose memory shall live in our dear land,
Of which our women shall hereafter sing:
Ye, rulers, in the gate this night shall stand,
While with my handmaid I go forth to bring
Back safety with me: by my feeble hand
The Lord will, in the time, deliver those,
Whom ye would yield, not *to* but *from* the foes

“But ask me not, for I will not declare
My purpose till ’tis done.” With blessing meet
The rulers left the widow wise and fair
Holy was Judith’s solitude, and sweet
Her self-communion—for her thought was prayer
And holy thought is incense best, I weet,
Derived from heaven for heaven it ever yearns,
And thither, cradled on a sigh, returns

She prayed unto the God of the fœmorn—
The Saviour of the hopeless; and besought
That swiftest execution should be born
Out of the purpose gendered by the thought
He had inspired—to quench the Assyrian’s scorn,
And shew the nations who for Israel wrought

Salvation—e'en the God of power and might,
Who kept watch over them by day and night.

She then put off the weeds of widowhood,
Bathed, and with precious ointment glistening shone;
No brighter beauty lover ever wooed
Than Judith seemed, when she again put on
Her robes of gladness, which in her sad mood
She would not wear—as worn in times by-gone,
When her Manasses lived; her pomp of hair
She combed, and braided, and adorned with care.

A splendid turban, pied with many a streak
Of richest colours, on her head she set:
And round her neck's marmorean whiteness, sleek
As cygnet's down, she wore a carcanet
Of precious stones; sparkled her sunny cheek
In her rich frontlet's sheen; the glowing jet
Of her arched eye-brows, and the raven fringe
Of her sweet eye-lids had a golden tinge.

Rings in her ears, with drops like rose-buds, gleamed;
And bracelets glittered on her wrists and arms;
And sparkles from her brilliant girdle beamed
With soft light under *that* which draws, wins, warms
The fancy most—a bosom that beseeemed
Her exquisite proportions, and the charms
Of Syria's brightest beauty: to complete
Her dress, she put rich sandals on her feet.

A bottle of good wine and cruse of oil
Her maid took in a bag, besides provision
Of fine bread and of figs: some make a coil
About our nature's urgent requisition
For food and drink; but with or without toil
Our grosser nature faints from inanition,
And the soul droops as from a venomous sting—
Like a chained eagle with a broken wing.

Their watch, attending her, the rulers kept
E'en at the city gate, and, having blessed her,
They bade the warders let her pass. She stepped
Boldly into the night: no fear distressed her;
No phantom of misgiving o'er her crept;
No dread of *what the world would say* possessed her:
She meant to snare the heathen with her beauty;
And *to do that* she knew to be her duty.

O, waly! love is bonny for a while—
Oh! love is exquisite, when it is new;
But (as the minstrel sang in tender style)
When auld 'tis cauld, and wears away like dew.
The heart must miss the comfort of a smile,
That *was* its light—a bloom of rosy hue;
But the soul's inner light of love divine
Fades not into a dream of auld lang syne.

This light was in her soul as on she went,
Cheered by the thoughts of that indwelling Love:
In the gaunt rock's bleak, black, and blasted rent,
In peace dwells, loves, and broods the tender dove;
And she within the bold Assyrian's tent
Would be as safe—Love watched her from above.
With this assurance (they love least who doubt most)
She walked unto the first Assyrian out-post.

Seen by the glare of fire-brands in the night,
 That vision scared the watch: in awe they bowed
 As to a visitant for earth too bright;
 But when their fear a longer gaze allowed,
 They looked upon her form with keen delight,
 And questioned her. She then her wish avowed
 To see the mighty Captain of the host
 On matters which concerned his office most.

A hundred chosen men, their guards and guides,
 Conducted the two women to the tent
 Where Holofernes lay. How Rumour rides,
 Post-haste, with any new or strange event!
 Nor spares the spur, but ever pricks the sides
 Of Wonder, her fleet steed. As Judith went
 Through the vast camp, where'er she passed, a throng
 Was there to see the Jewess pass along.

Nor frightened was she by the heavy tramp
 Of rushing feet, nor by the torches flaring
 In every lane and alley of the camp,
 That shewed the soldiery with keen eyes glaring
 On her bright loveliness. Lo! many a lamp
 Shone in an open space, where none were staring,
 And all was hushed, before a rich pavilion
 Festooned with purple curtains and vermilion.

And there they stopped—a whisper at the door—
 A pause—and then a page came forth and told
 The women to go in. He went before,
 They followed, and were shut within the fold
 Of those rich hangings—and their quest was o'er.
 Under a canopy of cloth of gold,
 With emeralds and precious stones inwrought,
 Lay stretched at ease the man that Judith sought.

Then on her face she fell before the Chief,
 And did him homage, with her beauty ta'en,
 He raised and questioned her: "What is thy grief,
 And wherefore art thou come? None trust in vain
 In Nabuchodonosor. Let belief
 Assure thy hope that thou shalt safely gain
 Under his banner. All who serve him own
 A safe-guard in the shadow of his throne.

"The people of the hills set light by me,
 Or I would not have lifted up my spear
 Against them: tell me, what is it drew thee
 From them to us, to seek for refuge here?"
 Then Judith said: "My lord, accept my plea,
 And to thy handmaid let thy grace appear,
 That I may freely in thy presence speak
 Why I from *them* with *thee* a refuge seek.

"As Nabuchodonosor lives, the might
 And king of earth, if thou wilt only heed
 Thy handmaid's words which I am come this night
 To speak, thy war and counsel shall succeed;
 For God, our God, in whose unwavering sight,
 As Achior truly told my lord indeed,
 Our people lives, will give them as a prey
 Into thy hands, to hunt, and snare, and slay.

"Thy mastery in war, thy policies,
 Wise in the council! daring in the field!

Who has not heard of? Earth and all that is
 On earth shall to the despot homage yield.
 All power and all dominion shall be his
 By thee, his feudary—his arm to wield
 The sword of justice, and his soul of state,
 Organ of mercy, instrument of fate!

“ My people sin against the God of heaven,
 And break his laws : and they without his power
 To keep them up are broken, crushed, and riven—
 Thy sword shall mow them, and thy wrath devour !
 Therefore I fled ; and furthermore 'tis given
 To me to know when it shall come, the hour
 Of their destruction : now 'tis very near ;
 To tell thee when it cometh I am here.

“ Into the valley must I nightly go—
 My God will tell me there when I shall call
 To thee—‘ the hour is come ! behold the foe !’
 As sheep without a shepherd shall they fall,
 Smitten before thee : I, thy guide, will shew
 Thee through Judea to the capital,
 The great Jerusalem ! there is thy throne !
 And what I say has been to me fore-shewn.”

She spake, and he believed, and thus replied :
 “ Thy features with the light of beauty shine,
 Thy sweet breath utters wisdom. Be my guide,
 As thou hast said : thy God shall then be mine ;
 And in the king's own house shalt thou reside ;
 No name of womankind shall equal thine.”
 That night he dreamed the Jewess stood before him,
 And crowned, and poured the oil of gladness o'er him.

She lodged securely in a guarded tent,
 But would not taste the Assyrian's meat and wine :
 And pleased him, telling him that ere was spent
 The food she brought of her own corn and vine,
 His time would come : and every night she went
 Into the valley to receive the sign,
 As she told him ; but in the fountain there
 She bathed, and then returned with conscience clear :

For heathen camp to her was place unclean ;
 And every where, but in hot countries most,
 Strict cleanliness is godliness, I ween.
 She bathed, and prayed, then to the godless host
 Fearless returned. Few Captains have there been
 Who could of chastity and honour boast ;
 And Holofernes thought 'twould be a shame
 Not to make merry with the Hebrew dame.

And on the fourth day, wishing to assay her,
 He bade his steward prepare a feast, and find
 The Hebrew woman, and from him to pray her
 To grace the banquet. It was in his mind,
 From the first day he saw her, to betray her.
 Judith consented, and as if to bind
 The Assyrian faster, and enchant his eye,
 She dressed herself in all her bravery.

Love holds his empire with deceitful wiles,
 Laughs at the crafty, and enchains the free ;
 He makes the lovely lovelier ; and his smiles,
 Frowns, tears, entreaties, whims resistless be ;

His universal power tames or beguiles
 The countless tribes of air, and earth, and sea :
 Those whom he touches he makes glad, or saddens,
 And all his subjects for a time he maddens.

Thrice hapless they who only feel and know
 The brutal love that sways the bestial herd !
 Soldiers will, sometimes, spare a fallen foe,
 But not to hit one's game were quite absurd.
 At least our hero viewed the matter so,
 And to his soul his meanest sense preferred.
 He chuckled in his heart, and deemed his own
 The queen-like beauty, and the promised throng.

Proud as his dainty mother when she bore him,
 For women *are proud* of the punishment
 Entailed on them by Eve ; a vallance o'er him
 With which his master might have been content ;
 A splendid feast and richest wines before him,
 And his rapt eyes on rarest beauty bent !
 The wine-cup made him fonder than before—
 The more he gazed on her he drank the more.

Fair Judith blenched not at the Captain's look,
 Nor trembled as his tide of mirth grew higher ;
 Nor, modest as she was, disdained to brook
 His tongue's quick fervour, and his glance of fire ,
 But only of the food and wine partook
 Which her maid brought. But ever his desire
 Grew as he drank, fed by his wanton gaze—
 He never was so drunk in all his days.

The night was come : the servants had their clue,
 The wrecks and remnants of the feast removed,
 And then discreetly from the tent withdrew.
 But the great Captain saw not, nor improved
 His opportunity. He could not woo
 Nor e'en admire the beauty which he loved.
 Like the gorged boa lay the man of might—
 The spirit of the grape had tamed him quite.

Like a mere log he lay upon his bed,
 And Judith in his tent with him alone !
 The servants left her with their master dread,
 And no reluctance on her part was shewn.
 They thought him happy, and perchance one said,
 He wished the Captain's fortune was his own.
 She bade her handmaid wait without the door,
 As she would go to prayer as heretofore.

No light o' love was she to trim his bower—
 But on that body still she fixed her eyes ;
 And in her heart she prayed : “ O God of power !
 Look on me, steel me to mine enterprise ;
 Deliver Israel now ; this is the hour—
 Behold ! he speechless, senseless, helpless lies ! ”
 Then to the pillar of his bed she stepped,
 And took the falchion down which there he kept.

She took hold of his hair, and softly said :
 “ Now, now, Lord God of Israel, strengthen me.”
 Twice on his neck she smote, and took his head
 Away from him ; nor paused in terror she,
 But tumbled down the body from the bed,
 And from the pillars tore the canopy.

So perish every tyrant ! let the night
Wither his strength — the grave devour his night !

Tremble, ye tyrants ! tremble on the throne,
Ye beasts of rapine, and ye men of blood !
Suspect your guards, and tremble when alone —
Ha ! see ye not the yawning fiery flood
That gapes for you ? tremble, ye fools ! and groan,
Ye gods of clay ! Evil, your only good,
Shall be your portion, and the Dragon's den
Your home, ye trampers on your fellow-men !

Nor Judith feared, to look upon the dead,
But quietly remained until she thought
It was her time to go ; then without dread
She called her handmaid, told what she had wrought,
And bringing forth the grim and ghastly head,
She bade her put it in the bag she brought.
And then walked forth with calm and stately air,
As going to her place of nightly prayer.

Nor sank her heart, nor was her visage bleached
With terror, while with wonted pace she went
Through the broad camp : no sentinel impeached
Her by the way, — for orders had been sent
To let her pass the twain the valley reached,
Thence onward to their own Bethulia bent
Their eager steps, and when they reached the gates,
She cried aloud : “ Open ! 'tis Judith waits.”

They heard and knew her voice, and soon made slide
The bars and bolts — her accents cheered them all
A fire some kindled ; others quickly lied
To tell her coming, and then Elders call.
When they were come, before them all she cried,
“ Behold how Assur by my hand doth fall !
Praise God, praise God, praise only God, I say,
Who hath this night removed our foes away.”

Then took the head, and shewed it them, and smiled,
And said : “ The head of Holofernes see !
Him by my beauty truly I beguiled,
But in return he brought no shame on me ;
For as I went I come back — undefiled.”
Ozias said : “ Our God hath blessed thee,
Thy blessing be for evermore !” and then
The people loudly cried, “ Amen ! amen !”

But none with greater joy the news received,
And saw the head, than Achior ; by the death
Of Holofernes was his life reprieved :
He saw and swooned, but with recovered breath
To her did homage, and in God believed.
Mercy the hard heart oft o'ermastereth —
And Achior, grateful for his life preserved,
Turned Jew — nor from the truth ever swerved.

By Judith's counsel, when the morning rose,
They hanged the Assyrian's head upon the wall :
And they, as if intent against their foes,
Marched out in arms and battle order all.
The Assyrian sentries, looking out for blows,
Ran to their officers, who sent to call
The chief of their division, who was most
Anxious to wake the captain of the host.

His no-~~lex~~ favourite was much annoyed
 At thought of calling him from Judith's arms ;
 But then the slaves would sooner be destroyed ;
 To leave was not to lose her bloom of charms.
 His master would be likewise overjoyed —
 Some men think musical rude war's alarms.
 True to his function still he paused — the staff
 Smiled, whispered, winked — they were afraid to laugh

At last with much unwillingness he knocked,
 And, when none answered, entered by the door.
 What hideous spectacle his eye-sight mocked !
 Is that a headless body on the door ?
 The trunk of Holofernes ? Startled, shocked,
 He rent his garments, and with loud uproar
 He cried : “ My lord is slain ! fallen from his bed ;
 Lo ! Holofernes lies without a head ! ”

Swift through the camp the dreadful tidings ran :
 Amazed, confounded, lost in awe and wonder,
 Prince, leader, tribune, soldier, serving man,
 Raised, as though fell among them bolts of thunder,
 The cry of panic — “ Save himself who can ! ”
 Rather than fight they chose to perish under
 The blows of their pursuers “ Ha ! they fly ! ”
 The Hebrews cried, “ destroy them utterly ”

They chased ! they slew them ! of the mighty band
 But few escaped . ha ! not with perfumed oil
 They glistened ; nor they revelled in the land
 With Syrian paramours ! His martial toil
 Ended abruptly, by a woman's hand
 The slayer slain, the spoiler made a spoil,
 When the chief fell, where was the spear, the car
 Of Nabuchodonosor, god of war ?

Then from Jerusalem the high priest came,
 And with him all the ancients, to behold
 The Assyrian camp and that exalted dame
 By God, the Giver of all good, made bold,
 And beautiful, and wise, with power to tame
 The beast that came to ramp amid their fold :
 And they all blessed her as the exaltation
 Of Israel — joy and glory of their nation.

The women of her people thronged around her
 To see and bless her ; called her daughter best
 Of Israel ; with a wreath of olive crowned her,
 And eke her handmaid , and their joy expressed
 By song and dance : the men, too, did surround her,
 Adorned with garlands, and in armour dressed.
 Then Judith and her maid with dance and song
 Devoutly led the holy pomp along.

*LE REVENANT.

WHEN the news of the ex-emperor Napoleon's death reached France, it was received, throughout the provinces, with that sort of incredulity which we have most of us experienced when a near relative or friend hath been suddenly snatched away. The awful truth, which we could not deny, seemed yet too darkly mysterious and dreamlike to be believed.

Time, however, and authentic documents, gradually established the fact in the minds of the many; while a few stubbornly persevered in affirming that the emperor still lived, and that the report of his death was a political feint, emanating from the allied powers. These determined sceptics were, generally, men who "had served" under him, whom they styled, *par excellence*, "*L'Homme*"—the man: and it was long their wont to speak of his reappearance in France, with as much confidence as formerly, when he had retired for awhile to the island of Elba.

Years have since rolled away; but, strange as it may appear to the English reader, there are yet, in divers parts of the Continent, individuals who continue to expect his coming. And, besides these, there are many ignorant and superstitious persons who, admitting the fact of his death, give ear greedily to prophecies, of a sufficiently ridiculous nature; but of which our limits will permit us to give only one specimen.

In the southern part of the district called the Morven (a wild forest country, from which Paris draws its chief supply of wood for fuel*), there is a well, or spring, dedicated to St. Lazarus. It is situated in a gorge, about half way up the side of a mountain; on the summit of which, as tradition states, the Druids were wont to dwell, and to perform their sacrifices and other mysteries.

The basin into which the water falls, when first issuing from the rock, has been, from time immemorial, covered over by a cavernlike building of solid masonry, formed by rough hewn stones, of such magnitude as might suffice, without the aid of legends, to strike the country people with awe. A small iron door, which is always kept shut,

forms the only inlet to this dark vaulted chamber, wherein are ever to be heard confused sounds, arising from the hidden falling of the waters into the reservoir, and its bubbling and rushing to escape through two outlets beneath.

The noises are, doubtless, much augmented and changed in their nature by réverbération, and vary constantly with the impetus of the spring, which is very irregular in its supply, though always sufficient to furnish two plentiful streams, one for the wants of a village below, and the other appropriated, as it rushes, in an artificial bed, diagonally along the mountain's side, to the use of the good wives and "*blanchisseuses*" of the neighbourhood. But the lavatory operations are carried on far below the well of St. Lazarus, which stands in gloomy solitude, an object of superstitious dread; being, according to general belief, the sole entrance to an underground world, or rather a world beneath the Pagan mountain, on which human sacrifices have been offered.

According to the fears and fancies of those who have ventured to listen at the iron portal, the sounds within are represented as the voices of spirits—sometimes moaning, and then in bursts of laughter. Many are willing to swear that they have heard the clapping of hands; and others are equally positive that they have distinguished the cadences of instrumental music rising from below.

An antique sculpture over the door, representing St. Lazarus coming forth from the tomb, has probably not been without its effect: but, as it would be out of our way to trace the existing prophecy to its source, we shall simply relate its purport, as it was recited to us, on the spot, in the summer of 1833.

Thus, then, it runs. The time shall come when the allies shall again combine to invade France; and they shall approach in various directions, and be successful in their march, even against the French who shall go out of the country to meet them: but, when the enemy pass the frontiers, the sounds of martial music will be heard to issue from the well of St. Lazarus. It will at first be indistinct, as if from a band

at a distance—then it will become louder and clearer, and proceed underground, round the mountain, for three days: and, in its progress, it will be joined by other military bands of music; and then the trampling and neighing of horses, and loud shoutings, will be heard, as of reinforcements joining a large army in its march. And thus the martial tumult below will continue to increase till sunset on the third day, when Napoleon will ride forth from the well of St. Lazarus, on a white charger, wearing his little cocked hat and gray surcoat (*"la redingote grise"*). He will be followed by all his *"marechals"* and generals, and (some aver) by all those veteran troops which he left in Russia, "buried beneath the eternal snows." But in this part of the prophecy there is some discrepancy among the narrators, as others say, that the host from underground will be composed solely of those who have fallen in battle under his immediate command. All, however, agree in the brilliant sequel. From the moment of his reappearance, victory will attend his path. "His eagles will scatter the invaders like sparrows;" and continue to pursue them, without intermission, till France shall be elevated to a pitch of glory far beyond that which she had attained in the brightest days of "the empire." Wild and strange as all this may appear, more than one gray head have we seen shaken in serious, scornful reproof, when symptoms of incredulity have been shewn by a listener.

Leaving these ultra-believers in the marvellous, we have to speak of one, who, though not free from superstitious influence, expected not that the grave should yield up its dead, even for so important a purpose as that of reviving the past and faded glory of his country. Bertrand Grégoire had been a soldier from his youth. He had followed him whom he always delighted to call *"le petit caporal"* through his most brilliant campaigns, till the astounding day of Mont St. Jean, at the termination of which he lay wounded, upon the bloody causeway, a sergeant of the old guard. He was then somewhat more than fifty years of age; and, a few months afterwards, found himself in possession of a pension, divers honourable scars, and a wooden leg. With these he gained permission to retire into Switzerland, where, for a mere trifle, he obtained a lease, for life,

of a cottage and garden, half way up a small mountain, on the northern side of the Valais. The situation was beautiful and romantic, and his little spot of earth had been rendered luxuriantly fertile by the industry of his predecessor: but Bertrand's reasons for selecting his abode were of a very different nature. It commanded a view of the magnificent pass of the Simplon—the high road to that Italy, wherein lay the once nameless, but now immortal fields, in which his idol first strode forward before his fellow-men to the gathering of his unfading laurels.

For hours the old man was wont to sit, gazing upon the high and mighty hills, listlessly watching the ever-varying hues of sunlight and shade, and listening to the dark, rolling, distant storm-clouds, growling along the mountains' sides, as though they were huge animals irritated by their imprisonment and fruitless efforts to o'ertop or penetrate the barriers of their stupendous prison. Dreamlike visions of the past would then come over him; but he had yet stranger dreams respecting the future. He was one of the number who would not credit the report of "the emperor's" death; and, having been employed upon the great military road over the Simplon, had, with many of his comrades, fixed upon a house at the foot of the mountain as the spot where the *"petit caporal"* was to make his appearance. There is nothing imposing in the aspect of this wide-fronted stone building, though it is sufficiently conspicuous, standing alone, on the south side of the Valais, near Viège. It was used for barracks by the engineers and military during the progress of the great work; but now is (or recently was) designated by the country people, *"La Maison du Revenant."*

On this object, which lay beneath him, on the opposite side of the valley, Bertrand kept a lynx-like eye; and when, after successive years, his vision became somewhat decayed, he purchased a telescope, and fixed it in his window, ever pointing to that one spot. Thus his life would have been one of hermit-like monotony, but for his little daughter Annette. She was his only child, and, for her sake, he spared not his labour, but kept his garden and little platform of land in a state of cultivation which might have reflected credit on any of his industrious neighbours.

So time glided calmly on. Annette went daily, with her little basket of books, needlework, and provender, to school in the valley; and each night they supped together, and slept in peace. But when her school education was finished, Annette soon began to feel herself mistress of the house, and was not slow in learning lessons of thrift and economy from more experienced housewives. The consequences were gradually perceptible, to the increase of Bertrand's comfort at his hitherto somewhat ill-cooked meals. Live stock, of various kinds, accumulated; and Annette's visits to the markets of Brieg and Tourtemagne soon became frequent and profitable. She was a pretty, lively, black-eyed brunette—gay at heart; for her household cares were no cares to her. All seemed pleasure; and when the toils of the day were at an end, she would, in sweet and mellow tones, warble the songs of his native land, while the old man sate by her side, his heart thrilling with delight and a tear glistening in his eye.

Then the time came when she, no longer a child, received many pressing invitations to the little festive rural parties, in which dancing was the chief amusement: yet she invariably and decidedly declined them, for her father's sake. But when one of his elderly neighbours told the veteran of his daughter's self-denial, he gave vent to a volley of military ejaculations, and pretended to be very angry, though, in truth, he felt that he loved her, if possible, a little more than usual. However, from that period, they both entered more into the festivities of the rustic circle around them, and both soon became especial favourites; for he was a kind-hearted old man, and had many tales to tell to those who would listen; and her face, figure, and good-humoured vivacity were attractions which might have ensured her an ample choice of partners among beaux more fastidious than the youths of the village and the hamlet.

Of course, their little cottage was, in its turn, the scene of hospitality. The greensward in front was their ball-room; and, at first, the gray-headed host volunteered to perform as musician; but somehow it happened that, when his eyes settled upon "*La Maison du Revenant*," the merry jigg-

tune of his violin lost its impetus, and at length assumed the character of a military slow march. Nobody laughed more heartily than the veteran, when roused from his reverie. "*Ma foi!*" said he, "I can't help it. It is just the same as when he was in Elba. We all *knew* he would come back, though we could not exactly say how, when, or why. *Allons!* Dance again, my young friends! You will most of you live to see strange things. For my part, if I do but see *him* once more—but, alas! alas! I am become horribly, frightfully old, old, old!" And, even as he uttered these words, in a tone of deep grief, approaching to despair, his elbow was already upon the alert, and again right merrily proceeded the dance.

The first annoyances in Annette's path of life were such as ever befall pretty girls, whether residing in town or village, valley or mountain. She was first compelled to listen to a great deal of nonsense from forward and conceited swains; but, to do her justice, contrived to endure such inflictions without murmuring, and was, not unfrequently, somewhat "*piquante*" in her rejoinders. Then she was beset by too many avowed suitors at a time, and that was very perplexing; for, as she told them, "It is impossible for me to marry you all, even if I were inclined to marry, which I am not. So, pray, let us continue to be good friends, as we were before, and not fall out, as I'm sure we shall if you go on teasing me so."

Nothing could be clearer or better meant; but deaf are the ears and blind the eyes of those who will not hear or see. They continued to pester her. Some were ecstatic, some sighed, and others talked about dying. Whenever she went to market, loving spies watched her movements and threw themselves in her way, offering her their hearts and arms, and insisting upon carrying her basket. These evolutions were not unobserved by the veteran, who thereupon thought, with a half-repentant sigh, on certain passages of his youthful experience. His "*Longvue*" (or telescope) was therefore brought from its accustomed stand to "bear upon" Annette's path, like a piece of artillery; so that he became an unsuspected witness, though not a heaver, of divers scenes in which the actors conceived themselves to be un-

observed. Nothing, however, occurred to alarm him for some months. Then he was surprised to observe her regularly, on her return from market, enter a small cave, wherein was placed an image of the Virgin, and remain there a sufficient time to utter some half dozen *aves*. "Bah!" said he, "I hope she is not going to turn devotee at her age. Humph! she has certainly been more demure and serious lately than she used to be. I must speak to her."

Accordingly, on her return, he gave her some very soldierlike admonition concerning the folly of being over-religious, and giving way to melancholy, and so forth. And thereupon Annette looked exceedingly confused, and blushed so deeply that the old man blamed himself for his severity, and said, "Well, well, my child, I see you are ashamed of it, so I've done; only don't go kneeling on the damp ground, when you've got such a capital wax Virgin, and all the rest, in your own chamber."

But Annette could not immediately get rid of her blushes or her trepidation, although she was convinced that her father had not the remotest suspicion of their real cause. However, she went only once more to say her *aves* in the grotto; and from that time all went on as before, save that she was observed to have occasional fits of absence.

And thus, unmarked by any important event, two whole years glided quietly along, and brought them to the latter end of the month of July, 1830. In that month, as all the world knows, the French soldiers conquered the infidels and took possession of Algiers, and the French people conquered the French soldiers and took possession of Paris. But only vague rumours of the first event had reached our veteran, and the latter was yet to be achieved.

It was drawing towards evening on the 27th, when Annette returned home (after executing some little commissions at Brieg) with an unusual flush upon her countenance, and a certain trepidation in her manner; but the expression of her mouth, and the joyous light in her eyes, shewed clearly that nothing very terrible had happened to her. The old man was sitting in his favourite shady bower, with the riband of "The Legion" in his button-hole, and his two clasped hands resting on a stout walking-stick, which supported them as a cushion, whereon reposed

his hirsute chin and "moustaches;" the latter, in their sturdy and abundant growth, forming a strong contrast with the few silky "blossoms of the grave" straggling about his temples. Perhaps he might have been dreaming, after his old fashion, for his daughter was at his side ere he was aware of her approach. "Eh, eh!—how's this, ma'amselle?" he exclaimed: "I promised neighbour Rigaud, that you would assist at his little party this evening; and, as the moon begins to be good for something now, I didn't expect you till late. Young people should enjoy—" Here Annette playfully put her hand before his lips, and said, "Make yourself easy, my dear father. I can go now, if you wish it—only, only I thought you'd like to hear—I met Madame Colard, and she has a son in the French army; and he has sent her a letter; all about the taking of a great town beyond the sea: and so she thought—perhaps—I—that is—you might like to see it; and so I thought I would ask her just to—Well, well, now—don't be in such a hurry!—I know I've got it somewhere—I put it in my basket, I'm pretty certain." And she fumbled and rummaged awhile therein to no purpose, till, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Oh, how giddy! Now I remember!" And, forthwith, she took a letter from her bosom and handed it to her father, who seized the prize with too much avidity to notice the blush that mantled in her cheeks. "My spectacles!" he cried; and, swift as the chamois, she bounded away to the cottage, and returned panting, gave them into his hand, and then left him to his reading, as she happened to have previously looked into the letter.

Long after the sunbeams had left the valley, after that "grim and sultry" day, the changes wrought by their influence upon the far off and lofty summits of the eternal snow were as various and as beautiful as ever. And while their glorious tints of purple, and red, and gold, were reflected from heights which seem to claim kindred with "the spacious firmament on high," dark and heavy clouds came forth from their fastnesses amid the everlasting hills below.

But Annette sat alone, gazing, almost unconscious of the wondrous scene, yet deeply and gratefully sensible that it was long since she had been so happy,

although a sigh would now and then escape through her half open lips.

In the meanwhile the old man toiled at the contents of the letter, which was indited by one less used to practise with his pen than with more formidable, though, perhaps, not more mischievous weapons. "Bah!" cried Bertrand, after he had spelt through the first page; "very good son, I dare say. Hopes his mother is better. Bah! what's that to me? Wish 'em both well; but *why* give *me* the plague of reading their letter? But, *allons!* perhaps there *may* be something about the *service* in the rest of it. *Allons!*"

So, after wiping his spectacles leisurely, he recommenced his task, and had not read far ere he came to matters which interested him deeply; but his progress was slow, as daylight faded rapidly. Still he persevered, till, as though electrified, he started from his seat, let fall the paper, and, with divers uncouth military oaths in addition, exclaimed, "*Est il possible? Is it possible? Can it be? Yes!—I knew it would.*" Then, snatching up the letter, he held it close to his eyes, and with difficulty re-read what had so moved him. "*Victoire! victoire!*" he shouted, and, forgetting his wooden leg, attempted to strut triumphantly; but, finding that "*manœuvre*" as inconvenient as ungraceful, he shouldered his crutchlike supporter, and, with it, went hastily through the motions of presenting arms—then, using it as a sword, he performed the salute—then flourished it triumphantly round his head, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!*"—and then, with all his might, hurled it away from him into the valley.

In this state of excitement he continued till the ever brightening moon had quietly assumed her queenlike pre-eminence for the night. Then a fresh "change came over the spirit of his dreams." He threw himself into his seat, placed his finger upon his lips, fixed his eyes upon the "*Maison du Revenant*," and sat apparently lost in meditation. And thus he was found by Annette, who disturbed his reverie by the unromantic announcement that supper was ready. "Let the d—l eat it," said the veteran, demurely; "I'm not hungry." His daughter smiled at the whimsicality of the permission, and sat down by his side with the intent of coaxing him to comply with her sum-

mons: but, for the first time, his ears were deaf to her blandishments; and, after a while, he took her hand, and with much solemnity inquired if she knew the contents of the letter. Her reply was that she had read the greater part of it, but could not say that she clearly understood the military details, any more than Dame Colard herself.

"No, no—how should you?" observed Bertrand, in a lighter tone: "I wonder he should have written to *her* about *such* matters."

"Why, then," Annette asked, hesitatingly, "you have not read the *whole*?"

"No," replied her father, "I have not *quite*; but I have found that—Ehem! umph! ough!" and he interrupted himself by a simulated fit of coughing.

"Well, my dear father, if you *had*," stammered Annette, "you would have found—by the postscript—that he—that is—Henri—the writer—meant—he says—that—the rest—that is—the particulars of the—I don't know what—soldiering affairs—was meant to be sent to—that is—shewn to *you*."

"*Me!*" shouted the veteran: "why, I never saw him—I don't know him from Adam."

"But he has often heard of you, my dear father," said Annette. "You know how kind you were to his mother when she was ill, and you were always telling me to take something to her."

"Bah, bah! all your own doing, you little puss!" exclaimed Bertrand. "No thanks to me—not a bit! I don't stand in the way of your kind actions, that's all. Why should I? Thank God, we can afford to do something for our neighbours now. And how's that? All *your* doing again *there*. I should never have got more than a few cabbages, and so on, out of our land—not I. But come, my dear child, let us be serious. Tell me, did you not find something of *very* great importance in that letter?"

"No, *indeed*," replied Annette; "nothing farther than that they took a large town: and, surely, *that* is nothing so *very* extraordinary for a French army."

"*Parbleu!* I should think not," said the veteran, gaily. "Come, give me a kiss. Let us go to supper. I hope I shall live to see you married to a French soldier."

"I'm sure I have no objections,"

said Annette, laughing. "But where is your stick?"

"I've sent it to the —," muttered Bertrand.

"Supper and all!" cried the merry lass. "Come, lean on me, then."

But the veteran was too proud that night to lean on any one, for strange matters seemed to be revealed to him.

On the morrow (the 28th) he several times perused the important letter, and wondered how it was that the women had not caught at a fact so plainly expressed therein. To be sure, it was only mentioned *once*. So they had, perhaps, "skipped," as people are apt, when either too little or too deeply interested in what they read. However, to make all sure, he went down to Brieg, to pay a visit of congratulation to Madame Colard, and make her swear to secrecy, if necessary.

There was a grave air of importance in the veteran's whole deportment as he entered the little town, mounted upon a mule; and his "*croix d'honneur*," wooden leg, grey locks, "*chapeau à cornes*," and military surtout, would have attracted general notice, had he been even a stranger. But his person was well known; and, therefore, the gossips were exceedingly busy in guessing why he, who came to town so seldom, should choose such "a dreadful holiday" for his ride. Some said it was very foolish, and that his daughter ought not to have suffered him to come out; and others winked and looked knowing, and observed that he was an old moustache, and that, no doubt, there was more in the wind than most people dreamt of.

"The sensation" was very soon greatly increased, when, after visiting Madame Colard, he repaired to the principal "*café*," hastily looked over the papers, pronounced the editors to be a set of ignoramuses, and ordered the extravagant and extraordinary compound called a glass of "*véritable rhum ponche*." Scarcely was it placed upon the table, ere he rose up, took off his hat, cast his eyes towards heaven, and muttering to himself, appeared to be most fervently and respectfully drinking to the success of somebody or something. The inquisitive idlers present, of course, gathered round and endeavoured to worm out his secret; but nothing could they extract, till they hit upon the expedient of more "*ponche*," and then he condescended to answer

their inquiries for news in brief oracular sentences; such as, "You'll soon have plenty!"—"Charles X. will soon follow the example of Louis XVIII."—"Paris will be too hot for the Bourbons soon, if it isn't already!"—"Pan! Pan! *Le tri-color en avant!*"—"It will come like a clap of thunder." But nothing more explicit could be obtained from him; so some thought he was childish, and others said that he was "*fou*"—and the style in which he rode, singing, home up the mountain's side, was well calculated to confirm either opinion.

Night came again, and the old man, overcome by unusual fatigue, &c., lay dreaming confusedly of many a bygone scene, when Annette stole gently into his room, and placing herself at the window, continued long to gaze steadfastly through the telescope, still pointed towards the "*Maison du Revenant*." The moon shone brightly on its broad white front, but no welcome shadow moved there. So, when the midnight hour was past, she retired, sighing, "My expectations are like my father's: *Le revenant ne revient pas!*"

Another fierce and burning day was the memorable 29th of July. Near the parched earth the atmosphere appeared agonised into that tremulous, spiral motion, indicative of extreme heat. Even the working beasts were, for prudential reasons, excused from a portion of their labours: but it was a busy day with old Bertrand; and, before sunset, he had cleaned, brushed, pipe-clayed, blacked and burnished, every article appertaining to his military equipment. A neighbour or two called in, and inquired why he was so hard at work in such weather, and were answered either by a mysterious nod, or, briefly, that he had his reasons. So his odd conduct became the topic of conversation among them, as well as in the little town below. Then, though his cottage was all neatness and cleanliness, he hinted to Annette that he wished to see every thing in the best order. And at this she also was much surprised, as she knew that she somehow had been a *little* more particular that day than usual; and he had, on previous occasions, often told her that she gave herself needless pains about household matters. But it was pleasant to her to do aught that pleased him; therefore, she culled her choicest flowers, and disposed them tastefully

around their little room. So their peaceful dwelling had never looked more invitingly gay than on that eventful night.

The air was cool, and clear, and refreshing all around, though a sea of vapours floated along the valley below, concealing the course of "the arrowy Rhone," but unable to stifle its hoarse murmurings, which rose, not unmusical, into the upper air; and "softly the moonlight slept" on bank, and rock, and hill, and mountain-side. All was still and calm; and Annette was kneeling in her chamber, offering up the thanksgivings and prayers of a virgin heart, when her father rushed suddenly out of the cottage, with the telescope in his hand, and something bearing the appearance of a fantastically coloured garment thrown over his arm. His aspect was wild, hurried, and almost ferocious with joy—with joy like unto the joy of battle at the crowning moment of victory. He reached his favourite bower, and, for a few moments, remained motionless and breathless, as he levelled his glass at the "*Maison du Revenant*," which stood in bold relief upon the opposite shore of the sea of vapours. Strange would it have seemed, had any witness been present, that that old man, whose constant habit was ejaculation, now uttered not a word. His lips quivered from intense feeling, and his whole frame shook as he laid down the glass, and proceeded to fasten the flag, which he had brought with him, to the string of a signal staff, by means of which he was accustomed to announce Annette's gala days to the select but scattered few. Up went the colours, and, even as they mounted, a sudden gust of wind swept by, and they fluttered above the veteran's head, as though rejoicing at their release from long years of darkness. Bertrand looked proudly up, and the big tear-drop was in his eye. But in a moment he dashed it away, and, kneeling, placed his "*longvue*" on the stone parapet, pointing as before. Then first he spake, incoherently: "Ha!—he sees! Is it possible? What eyes! Oh, this is too much!" And, starting up, he hurried to the signal-staff, and lowered and raised the flag three times in succession, and, the next instant, was again kneeling at his post. "Oh!" he convulsively murmured, "one! two!—I shall die of joy! Three! How dim the glass is!

Bête que je suis! Where's my handkerchief? Oh, yes!—I see! Hand—finger on the mouth—yes—silence! Oh! I swear! What's that? Hat off! *Bon soir!* Arms folded—*redingotte!* Gone, gone! Oh, yes! I swear, swear, swear—Ha, ha, ha!" and, laughing and crying hysterically, down fell the old man upon the greensward.

Now, as all this happened in much less time than is occupied by the narration, Annette had not yet finished her devotions; so our enthusiastic veteran contrived, ere they met, to quell somewhat of the excessive exuberance of his feelings. Nevertheless, his conduct and words sadly perplexed the wondering, bewildered maiden. Instead of conversing in his accustomed good-humoured, lively style, he seemed utterly unconscious of what she said to him; though, now and then, he would check himself for his rudeness, and take her hand affectionately, and press it, and call her his dear, dear girl. Therefore, whatever might be the matter, she was assured that *she* had not offended him; and so she gaily sang one of his favourite songs, while engaged in the usual preparations for their evening meal.

"Don't let us sup quite so early to-night," said Bertrand; "indeed, I don't care how late—as—perhaps—bah! I should like to have a good dish of young French beans"—(*haricots verts*)—"for I remember"—

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Annette; "and so do I: it was a favourite dish of the emperor's."

"Umph! who told you that?" inquired the veteran. "How came he into your head *just now*? I'm sure I said nothing about *him*"—(here he raised his hat from his head respectfully)—"not I—did I?"

"No, indeed," replied Annette; "but I often think of him. How can I help it, after all that I have heard, and recollect that I am *une Française*?"

"That's my own dear girl!" cried Bertrand. "Come, embrace me! Another kiss—God bless you! You never shall marry any one but a French *militaire*—a brave man—an officer, I hope."

"Very well," said Annette, as she sat on his knee; "I promise you I never will. There!—now that's settled. And now," she continued, coaxingly, "you must tell me what's the reason of all your preparations, and putting

off supper, and so on, for it is of no use to think of hiding it, and I know you are expecting somebody very particular."

The "*vieux guerrier*" smiled at the idea of having his secret wormed out of him by "*une jolie petite*;" but, nevertheless, coughed a little ere he replied. "Yes, yes—you deserve it; so I'll tell you. The fact is, that I expect—that is, I have an idea that an old comrade—or, perhaps, more likely the friend of an old comrade—may give us a look in; and so"—

"Oh, yes! I'm glad you have told me," cried Annette; "I should have been so sorry if we had not had every thing proper. But how will he find his way here at night? The mountain paths are very awkward for a stranger; and then, if he has to cross that frightful river!"

"Rivers and mountains!" exclaimed the veteran—"Ha, ha, ha! So you call our little Rhone here a river! You should see it at Avignon or Arles; or see the Rhine at Cologne; or the Gironde, or the Scheldt, or the Danube. Our mountains are something, to be sure; but we don't live at the top, or under the glaciers. So, remember Mont St. Bernard, when our whole army, cannon, cavalry, and all—bah! You can find us some mutton-chops, I hope. He doesn't care for lux—bah! I'll go and gather some *haricots* myself."

Scarcely had her father gone upon his most unusual service, when Annette tripped hastily across the lawn, and finding the telescope lying upon the stone-wall, took it up, exclaiming, "He must have seen something with this. Let me see. No; dreary as ever. Heigho! I see nothing but the dismal walls. Who can my father expect? Ah! I have it—he came back very merry from Brieg yesterday; he found some old *moustaches* there, I dare say. And yet—I wish he would tell me *all*. Well, we shall see. At all events, his friend shall not complain of his fare. And yet I should like to sit here and watch, for it is a lovely night. I'll just look *once* more. No, all is quiet; and now—how spiteful!—the odious fog! There!—it has covered the house; and so, if even—Pooh! I'll think no more about *le revenant*. Let him come or stay, it's all the same." And, murmuring other words incoherently, she returned slowly to the cottage.

When two hours had elapsed, and our pretty housewife began to feel uneasy for the credit of her "*cuisine*," the veteran, who had frequently been to "look out," entered the cottage, exclaiming, "He comes! Shall I go and meet him? He is in the right track for the Virgin's grotto."

Annette thought he had better go a little way, as there were paths, leading in divers directions, in their immediate vicinity.

"But if I should miss him?" inquired Bertrand.

"Oh, that's impossible," said Annette, "all is so silent; you have but to call out to him."

"And silent must all remain," observed the old man, gravely: "I will stay here and wait his pleasure."

But his mind was too much agitated to allow of his remaining where he was. So, taking his glass, he hid himself in a cluster of young trees, and with feverish impatience watched the progress of the stranger, who ascended with an extraordinary degree of alacrity, till he reached a level spot within forty yards of the cottage. There he suddenly paused and looked round; and then began slowly to walk to and fro, as though expecting some one to join him.

"Eh!—how's this?" murmured Bertrand: "cautious—and yet those colours. Bah! old fool that I am, he can't see them where he stands. He waits for me—that's clear. So, *courage! allons!*" And, forthwith, he issued from his retreat, and advanced toward the stranger, who at first seemed inclined to retire; but, finding that he was observed, stepped forward and saluted our veteran in a most respectful and military style.

"Welcome, camarade! welcome, Monsieur le Chevalier!" said Bertrand, adding the latter title as he caught a glimpse of the well-known insignia at the stranger's button-hole: "I have been expecting you some time."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Yes, monsieur," whispered the veteran, mysteriously, "I know on whose account you come here, and beg to assure you that you are heartily welcome."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the unknown; "my dear monsieur!" and, grasping the old man's hand, he pressed it fervently, and they forthwith embraced each other as old friends.

"I really don't know how to express"—gasped the stranger, evidently overpowered by his feelings.

"Bah, bah!" said Bertrand, "what else could you expect from an old *moustache*—one who has served under him? I love *fidelity*. But, come! walk in; and, pray, consider my house, and all belonging to me, entirely at your disposal: and if you have any comrades, let them come, and my daughter and I will do all in our power to make them comfortable."

Completely overwhelmed by such unexpected hospitality, the guest suffered himself to be conducted to the cottage-door, which his host threw open as he exclaimed, "Annette, my love, now for supper!—our expected guest has arrived."

"I am about preparing it," replied his daughter, from the inner apartment, *or cuisine*.

Bertrand then repeated his welcome to the stranger, with even additional warmth; excited, perhaps, by the fine open, manly countenance, which he now first beheld clearly, and which he was obliged to acknowledge he was looking up at. Indeed, a finer young fellow, altogether, had seldom met his long-practised eye. "*Allons!* Make yourself at home, Monsieur le Chevalier," he continued; "you have travelled far, perhaps? You must be fatigued."

"I confess that I did feel fatigued," replied his guest; "but the unexpected and cordial reception which you have given me, my dear monsieur, is more than sufficient to"—

"Bah, bah!" exclaimed Bertrand, "say nothing about that—how could I act otherwise? Besides, you know, it is not for your *own* sake alone."

"My dear monsieur," said his guest, warmly, "I feel that I may appear not to have acted candidly with you hitherto; but, considering all circumstances, how could I do better than first to place myself in a position"—

"Gently," whispered the veteran; "we may be overheard. My daughter is a good girl, and a prudent girl, and, with all her apparent *étourderie*, has more discretion than belongs to many older heads; but we need not let her hear all."

Hereupon the stranger looked embarrassed, and replied, "As you please, my dear monsieur. But as I certainly owe you a full explanation, and mean to inform you, without reserve, of

every particular, I thought it better at once"—

"No, no," said Bertrand, again whispering, "you may depend upon her—I know that; but, hist! I do think the little rogue is listening, she is so quiet. So—another time—when we are *alone*. Hem! I have no idle curiosity. I can wait. 'Hem!' But his looks belied his words; and, after a few moments' pause, he added, with a very significant look, "Allow me to ask *one* question: your—comrade,—is he well?"

"Perfectly, I thank you," replied the guest. "He was much fatigued by our long journey; but I left him sound asleep at the house of a friend at Brieg."

"I am content!" exclaimed Bertrand; and, as the words passed his lips, Annette appeared with the soup.

Here it is necessary to say that the fair "*cuisinière*" had certainly been guilty of both listening and peeping, being unable to restrain her curiosity after hearing the first few words uttered by the stranger.

"Make Monsieur le Chevalier welcome, *ma chère!*" exclaimed Bertrand, gaily. "Come, monsieur, salute her! *Comme en France!* and then to table."

Annette blushed as she underwent the ceremony; which, to say the truth, was performed with a degree of warmth so very extraordinary in an utter stranger, that her father must have noticed it, had he not been busily engaged in buttoning a white napkin over his waistcoat, and adjusting it so as to leave his "decoration" visible. Then the social meal proceeded right merrily, and without interruption, as Annette entrusted the "waiting department" to a more athletic damsel, whose voice was well-known to all the animals about the little farm; for she could call them all by their names, and, "when she called, they would come to her."

"This is strange news from Paris," observed the stranger: "perhaps you have not heard it though, as it was telegraphed to Lyons only just as I passed through, the night before last. The populace are all up in arms, and have hoisted the *tri-color*."

"Eh! *Diable!* What?" shouted Bertrand, throwing down his knife and fork, "*Le tri-color!* *Mais, Monsieur le Chevalier!* What! How! *Diable!* *Le tri-color!* Give me the wine!" And filling his glass to the brim, he

gasped, "*Le tri-color*!" and swallowed the whole contents.

Hereupon an angry flush overspread the stranger's cheeks, and he looked sternly at the old man; who did not immediately perceive the change, as, what with his unusual draught and sudden excitation, there came a superabundant moisture before his eyes, through which present objects glistened floatingly and indistinct. But when he saw the change in his guest's countenance, which, albeit, in the brief interval, had considerably relaxed in severity, he looked aghast—then repentant—and then, while the tears again mounted to his eyes, he seized the young man's hand, and exclaimed, "Forgive me, Monsieur le Chevalier! I am an old fool—I know it—I am not fit to be trusted. But I am an old *moustache*—and those colours! Oh, oh! when I hear of them, and think that they are again up in Paris—and—and—will be—*sacré*! I don't know what I do, nor where I am." And, after wringing the hand of his guest with a warmth which he felt was returned, the old man covered his face with his napkin, and, laying his head upon the table, wept like a child.

When partially recovered from this paroxysm, the veteran seemed much crest-fallen, and spake but little during the remainder of the repast; after which he murmured something about not being so young as he was. And thereupon his guest begged that he would not be ceremonious, hinting, moreover, that it must be late; and then Annette said that he must be very much fatigued with the exertions of the day. So at last the veteran, feeling certain symptoms which he apprehended to be the effects of wine, and fearful of lowering himself in the estimation of his guest if he took more, agreed to retire, provided the said guest would give him a proof that he did not doubt his welcome, by allowing Annette to perform the duties of hospitality, in his place, for half an hour or so. "*Mu foi!*" said he, "when I was at your age, I always took my *bottle*, at least, after a hard day's march. And our wine is pure, Monsieur le Chevalier, though not Burgundy. It is genuine Asti, sent to me, from over the mountains, by a "*propriétaire*" near Cantagara, whom I was able to serve when *le petit*—ah! you understand—Marengo—that's enough! I shall get into some long story if I go on—so, good night! God bless you!"

His guest returned the valediction, with many expressions of gratitude for his unexpected kindness, and added that, on the morrow, he hoped to relate every particular concerning that which lay nearest to his heart, and was the immediate object of his visit. And thereat the veteran's eyes glistened, as he replied, with a significant smile, "When you please. Tell me as much or as little as you will; but, old as I am, my *heart* is in your cause. Honour and *fidelity* is my maxim; and, for the sake of *we* know who, I'll do every thing you require of me."

In spite of his entreaties, Annette persisted in fulfilling her duty of chambermaid to her father; and the last words he said to her, when she was quitting his room, were, "Entertain our guest as well as you can, my dear. He is a fine young fellow. Make him take more wine; he has not had enough to quench his thirst. Don't be shy with him. Sing him a song, if he asks you. Make him comfortable. Heigho! I should like you to marry just such a fine young fellow, cross and all."

After promising to do just as he liked, the little lively brunette descended the stairs with a palpitating heart, and had scarcely entered the "*salon*" ere she found herself in the arms of her guest, who pressed her fondly to his bosom, and, amid many symptoms of warm affection, exclaimed, "My dear, dear Annette! how is this? I thought myself prepared to remove all obstacles; but to be *thus* welcomed by your father is beyond"—

"All my comprehension, Monsieur le Chevalier," said Annette. "Now do, pray, let me be quiet—just for a minute! and tell me how he came to expect you, and what brought you here at *this* time of night?"

"Why he expected me is beyond my power to guess," replied the young soldier; "but, for the *cause* of my coming, you know that, my charming little signalist."

"Signalist!" exclaimed Annette; "what does that mean? Some new sort of compliment, I suppose."

"Nay, dearest! don't plead ignorance," said her guest: "I knew you recognised me when you first hoisted the flag; and then, afterwards, when you saluted, what else could I understand but that you meant me to come?"

"I hoist a flag!" exclaimed Annette; "no, indeed, Henri; I never did any

thing of the kind. What can you mean?"

"I was walking, as we had agreed, in front of '*La Maison du Revenant*,'" said her lover.

"Ah! I see it all now," cried Annette. "My father was on the watch, as usual. Tell me what happened."

Henri Colard then related the particulars which have been given of the veteran's salute, which served, in some degree, to explain the singularity of his subsequent conduct; but why he had previously been "so much upon the alert" remained yet a mystery. "It is wonderful that he should persevere in this strange unbelief," sighed Annette. "You must go, Henri. He will be sadly mortified to-morrow, when he is told of his mistake. He will not like to see you. You will be no longer welcome."

"No," said Henri, firmly: "I shall keep my ground. Listen, dear Annette. I have something to tell you that will make up for this little misunderstanding. I did not mention it before, because my heart was so full of joy, and it was so delightful to feel that you could love the humble non-commissioned officer; but now, dear Annette, you see this riband, and"—Here he hesitated, and smiling, fixed his eyes upon her with an expression which lovers only can understand.

"And what, dear Henri?" gasped Annette; "don't tantalise me. What else?"

"Why, nothing *very* particular," replied her lover, playfully; "only you recollect telling me what sort of a person your father used to say it was his greatest ambition to see you married to. And so, Mademoiselle Annette, if you please, you may, to-morrow morning, or as soon as you think fit, be the wife of a French officer."

Annette would doubtless have congratulated him, but for a choking sensation in her throat: so she threw her arms round his neck, and clasped them so tightly as though determined to punish him with a similar infliction.

And now, having brought them to this point, it is but meet that we give a brief account of their previous acquaintance, which commenced when he was visiting his mother in her illness. Being a favourite with his superiors, he had been promised an extension of his furlough, should he have occasion to apply for it; and, his mother's recovery being doubtful, he consequently

made the application. But, instead of the official permission, he received a letter, telling him to make his mind easy, as his request would be granted, and the needful document should be forwarded in a post or two. So he remained where he was till the period of his first furlough was expired. But the expected renewal arrived not; and, therefore, his position became that of a deserter, just at the time when his honour was more especially dear to him. For, with the wonted perverseness of human nature, he had chosen that inauspicious season to fall in love with the pretty Annette: and though she told him that she was too young, and could not listen to such nonsense, it somehow came to pass that the subject was often renewed, and he scrupled not to confide to her the awkward situation in which he stood. And thereupon he asked her advice; and she pitied him exceedingly, but was unable to give him any other advice than not to think any more about her, on account of her father's strict notions of military honour. But this advice he would not follow, feeling, as he said, that he had committed no intentional breach of duty. Then, after consulting her pillow, Annette came to the heroic resolution of breaking off an intimacy which she felt could be only productive of pain to both parties; and she communicated her determination to him as well as she was able. And thereupon he waxed desperate, and vowed that he would enter into the Sardinian service, and so forth; all which she told him he might do if he pleased, but, if ever she married, she would have a French *militaire*.

After this, in spite of her professed reluctance, he contrived to throw himself often in her way; and they had divers friendly consultations, in which she at length succeeded in persuading him to return to his regiment. "All I can do," said she, at parting, "is to pray for you; I cannot make you any other promise. My father would spurn a deserter from his presence. Forget me if you can, and I will try to forget you; but oh, Henri, I'm afraid I cannot! Oh, why did I say so? Go, go! Leave me! Indeed, this is very wrong."

"You shall never see me again, unless I return worthy of you," replied Henri: and he added other lover-like asseverations, not needful to be repeated.

So, after his departure, Annette was wont to turn aside into the grotto of the

Virgin; and, as if in answer to her supplications, ere long there came a letter to the house of Mad. Colard, directed to her son. It had been missent to Brieg, in Germany, and contained the furlough, extended to a period, before the expiration of which he would have rejoined his regiment. Annette was very thankful that his honour was thus saved; but still, as they were separated, resolved to think as little of him as possible. How far she succeeded may be guessed by the event. Henri, on arriving at head-quarters, was agreeably surprised at his reception; and from that time, excited by the joint and all-powerful incentives of love and glory, performed his duties with an alacrity and steadiness which could not fail to win him favour. And thus all went on well till the siege of Algiers, where he headed a storming party, in the attack of a particular fort, and distinguished himself in such a manner as to gain a "decoration" and a commission.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, during the interval, he sometimes wrote to his mother, and, now and then, ventured to inclose a few lines to Annette; who, however, prudently declined entering into a regular correspondence, though she might occasionally have written a short postscript to Madame Colard's replies. The result of this juvenile style of prudence was, that, with the resolution of keeping herself perfectly free, she became more deeply entangled; and his last communication, very plainly hinted at his speedy return, with the intention of claiming her as his own. This was written in an inclosure, sent with the details of the siege, to his mother; and which he requested her to shew to old Bertrand, little dreaming of the effects thereby to be produced. Annette tried to feel angry at his assurance; but read and re-read all he had written, till she could repeat it by heart: and one passage ran thus, "As I shall arrive in the evening, perhaps it may not please your father if I come up directly; so, after I have seen my mother, I will go to the '*Maison du Revenant*,' where I know you can see me, and can, if you please, give me a signal. If you knew how much I have to tell you, I am sure you would." Other amatory matters, of course, followed, with indications of the spot where they might meet. "Monsieur le Revenant may walk about till he's tired," said Annette.

"What excessive assurance! Really, these *militaires* think they've only to ask and have. I give him a signal, indeed!—not I! I don't know what I won't give him. I wonder if he's much altered. Phoo! I dare say he won't come at all. Well, let him stay away—it's all the same to me." But, as we have seen before, she could not avoid taking a peep by moonlight into the valley; though it was reserved for her father to catch the first glimpse of "*le revenant*."

So much for the "true lovers' course." Let us return to the supper-room.—It would seem that the pretty little brunette did most dutifully obey her father's commands, to make their guest as comfortable as possible; for they were still sitting together, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Henri, look!—what light is that in the sky? Ah, it is the sun on Mont Rose! Look how the snow changes, and seems all on fire. It is morning; we must part."

Of course, the lover was positive that it *could* not be so late, till other Alpine summits caught the solar beams, and spreading out, united in long meteor-like lines of every hue. "My sweet girl, how could I be so thoughtless!" exclaimed Henri: "I am quite ashamed of myself."

"As for that," said Annette, laughing, "I'm sure I've quite as much reason to be ashamed of myself as you have. There, there—no more! You know your room. Pleasant dreams to you!" And, after a little faint struggling about a parting salute, she tripped gaily away.

Our limits will not admit of all the whimsical particulars of the veteran's conduct under his disappointment. It came out, in the course of explanation, that he had been first led astray, on the 27th, by a passage in the young officer's letter, which mentioned the capture of the emperor, meaning thereby the strong fort called "*l'Empereur*." Exceedingly indistinct was Bertrand's knowledge of geography "beyond the sea," which he understood his idol had crossed to go to his place of exile; so he found no difficulty in supposing the great man might have been in captivity at Algiers, as he knew the expedition had crossed the sea to get there. This fact once admitted, the "*émule*" at Paris and the flight of Charles X. followed, in the mind of the old partisan, as a matter of course, and led him to say things at the *café*, which

were long after spoken of as a proof that he was in the secret of the conspirators of the three days' revolution. And, as though his words were not sufficiently explicit, when the good people of the town and the valley began to look about them on the 29th, they beheld, on a signal-staff half way up the mountain, the too well-known tri-coloured flag, fluttering dauntless in the breeze. There was a meeting of the municipality, of course; but ere they had decided on what steps should be taken, the portentous colours were lowered, for reasons with which the reader is acquainted.

It has been already hinted that Bertrand possessed much of the happy volatility of disposition so common among his countrymen; therefore, it will not seem surprising that, after being alternately plunged in mortification, grief, and despair, he was persuaded to listen to Monsieur le Chevalier's tale of long and tried affection. "Bah!" cried he, at its conclusion, "what else could I expect? I charged her very particularly not to fall in love with any body but a French soldier, and you and I are the only two she has seen—so—bah, *mon brave*! somehow the belles will take a fancy to us. I remember it always was so, whenever we marched out of a town." And he sang:

" ' Toutes les femmes à la file,
Se lamenter à qui mieux, mieux,
C'étoit une rivière que leurs yeux.
Reviens t'en bien vite!
Oui dà, ma petite.

Ah, quel bel état! que d'être—que d'être soldat! "

"Heigho, *mon cher*!" he continued, "I'm now frightfully old, and have, moreover, made a great fool of myself in this last business, which, *entre nous*, I should like to keep to ourselves; for, if the *bavards* below get hold of it, I shall never hear the end. Ah, that will do—I have it! You shall give me your '*parole d'honneur*' that you will never mention it, and then you and *la petite* may make as great fools of each other as you please."

The promise was immediately given; and from that moment Henri continued to tease poor little Annette so incessantly, that at length she said she could not bear it any longer. So, one fine morning, she went down to Brieg to breakfast with his mother; and her father accompanied her. But, although the repast was very splendid, she ate

very little—probably because they had persuaded her to enter the church and "assist" at a brief ceremony, performed before the altar; and she was dressed in white; and the folks all seemed to be looking at her; and some of the guests called her "Madame Henri Colard." All the rest of the party appeared to enjoy themselves excessively during the whole of that day; but, although there were many pretty faces among them, none wore a smile so sweet, and calm, and joyously content, as that which graced the features of the young bride a few days afterward, when sitting in their pleasant alcove, between her husband and her father.

But, anon, the cry of "To arms for our country!" arose in France, and Henri was summoned to join his regiment, which had been ordered home from Algiers. "Bah!" exclaimed old Bertrand, "why should I stay here? I long to see the *tri-color* again! *Allons!* I'll sell my lease—that's settled. *Vive la France!*"

Accordingly, to France they all went; and, in a few months, the veteran obtained admission into the hospital of invalids at Paris, where he yet may be seen, when the weather is fine, sitting with his ancient comrades, telling or listening to "long yarns" of love or glory. Moreover, by way of variety, he has got up one story of a different description, which, somehow, has gradually lengthened, by frequent repetition, into a very mysterious piece of business. It relates to certain presentiments which came over him when dwelling in the Valais, and which, as it were, compelled him to be constantly on the watch, till, on the memorable day when the *tri-color* gained the ascendant in Paris, he likewise hoisted it in Switzerland. That such was the fact, he produced written vouchers from Brieg; but the reason why he had so done formed the great attraction of his mystic recitation. "I saw," he would say, "a figure. Humph! it was moonlight. I had my glass. I could not be mistaken. *La redingote grise*. I hoisted the *tri-color*. I saluted. The figure returned the salute, and then waved its hand, as if well pleased, and—mark!—you most of, you know the spot where it was walking to and fro, with folded arms,—it was '*La Maison du Revenant*.' "

NEW ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

WITH VARIATIONS.

WHEN Music, maid of Grease, was young,
 While yet in streets she ballads sung, •
 The Passions, sturdy butcher-boys,
 Made with bones and cleavers noise —
 Blaspheming, jumping, clattering, bawling,
 Some perpendicular, some sprawling.
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 By GIN, great spirit ! raised, refined,
 Till at his fount, to frenzy fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 Music they dragged, through mud and mire
 (Herself brimful of liquid fire),
 To Thompson's fane on Holborn Hill,
 Which, Night, thy votaries visit still ;
 When all (for Madness ruled the hour)
 Seized on that famed and fragrant bower.

First, Fear approach'd, but instant caught
 The dreaded *Peeler's* searching eye ;
 He back recoil'd, and straight was brought,
 Trembling, to Hatton Garden nigh.

Next, Anger rush'd, his throat all flame —
 Hot thirst urged on his reckless hand ;
 He struck a priestess of pure fame, •
 And took on shining vat his stand :

Whilst upward look'd amaz'd Despair,
 And saw him quaff a brimming flask ;
 In vain he sues the lush to share ;
 In vain may look, in vain may ask !

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
 And a wink of fun and pleasure,
 Snatch'd away the brimming measure,
 And call'd on Echo (sister in thy trade —
 Both oysters sold at Billingsgate) ;
 And she, a brisk and strapping maid,
 Soon gleeful twigg'd, in his forlorn estate,
 The little, wretched, wrinkled man,
 And plunged him headlong straight into a spirit-can ;
 While Hope obstreperous laugh'd, and waved her carrot hair.

And longer had she laugh'd, but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose ;
 He threw his butcher's tray and cleaver down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The spiggot from *Old Tom* he took.
 —Within the fane was wild uproar !
 Who shall record the scramblings, oaths, and blows ?
 Revenge no whining plaint would heed ;
 Yon crippled dame in vain must plead,
 Although but for a drop — a single drop.
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her moaning voice in vain applied ;
 But with a curse he kick'd her round the shop,
 And, stumbling o'er her skirt, fell with her on the floor.
 At this his wife — and Jealousy her name —
 Her ten commandments in his face,
 Inscribed, with bristling hair and eyes of flame,
 Calling him shocking names that would this ode disgrace.

Apart sat Melancholy, sad, retired —
 Some thought her mad, and some inspired ;
 And from her dark, sequester'd seat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 She chanted forth the rapture of her soul ;
 With aged eyes, and hands upraised,
 Gin, great spirit ! wildly praised —
 A hymn that might the fiercest rage control.

Anon, the Passions caught her tuneful song, •
 Through the vaults a chorus ringing :—
 Music, madden'd at their singing,
 Kept bawling that their time was wrong.

The hymn still echoed all the vaults about ;
 Till Cheerfulness, a nymph of damask hue,
 Flung at the crone a marrow-bone ;
 One eye turn'd black, and one turn'd blue.
 “ No bother here ! ” she cried, with right Hibernian tone —
 A *rale* St. Giles's or Milesian shout ;
 “ We are not here for *singing*, I'll be thinking :
 Hand round the can, there's fun in drinking —
 Far better than in *tink-a-tinking*.”
 “ My darling ! right ! ” cried Paddy Joy ;
 Her sweetheart, Ted, a tall and sprightly boy,
 Just arrived from Groves of Blarney,
 With hat without a crown advancing,
 Then tipped them the true Tipperary brogue :
 “ Come, Mirth, strike up the tune of ‘ Kate Killarney,’
 My jewel ! honey ! Och, you grinning rogue !
 Soon all shall hear the native strain :
 Come, let us foot it merrily :
 I've brought my fiddle, jig with me !
 Come, for we'll all be after dancing —
 We'll dance all night, we'll dance till peep of day.”
 Young Love, delighted, fill'd each cup and can
 With Thompson's best — glad was each nymph and man :
 All Holborn with its boys and maids,
 From stables, alleys, yards, and courts, and shades,
 Came reeling in, with “ Tailors ! let's be gay.”

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, didst thou leave thy home,
 Thus through the streets at night to roam ;
 Thus quit thy fair Athenian bower,
 Adorn'd with each ambrosial flower,
 To hold consort with butcher-boys,
 And their vile clattering and noise ?
 Wherefore left'st thou Castalian springs,
 Where still the ringdove plumes her wings,
 Where once the fawns and dryads stray'd,
 Or reposed in verdant shade ?
 Wherefore forsake the chaste sublime,
 The innocence of early time,
 To worship at the shrine of Gin ;
 With rabble-rout to enter in
 The temple of that Wizard foul,
 Where fiends and furies nightly prow !
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 You once drank only wholesome ale ;
 And no one ever saw you pop
 Your nose into a spirit-shop :
 Return to that more pure estate,
 And I thy glory will relate.

MORE "JUSTICE TO IRELAND."

IN our last, we touched upon some of the incumbrances of which Ireland must be rid, before any thing like ample justice can be done to her. We now proceed, under the impression that O'Connell's demand is a righteous demand, when understood and explained in the pages of FRASER, and mercifully rescued from the commentary of the Agitator, to lay before our readers some additional items of that justice to Ireland of which so few instalments have as yet been made. It is but justice to that island to state, that she has a soil from which the granaries of Europe might be replenished—a climate of genial and exquisite temperature—mines that need only to be opened and worked, and resources as vast as they are valuable. Ireland has harbours and rivers in which the navies of Britain might ride, and a people as capable of great and good things as they are now mighty to do evil and mischief; but, with Nature most kind, she is wretched and miserable. The system and doctrines of men have debased and deteriorated her whole condition to such an extent, that it seems a question whether she is likely ever to regain a position proportionate to her advantages. A bluff and blunder-minded naval officer was once asked, by a member of the cabinet, "What must we do with Ireland?"—a perplexing question at that time, and not less so now. "SCUTTLE HER!" was the prompt and pithy reply. This would be justice, if the agitator of its miseries went with the Emerald Isle to the domains of Neptune at the same moment; but as we are willing to try more lenient measures, and as the cry for justice is so loud and so long, we must, in the true spirit of practical philosophy, and on the principles of impartiality, respectfully suggest a few gentler instalments.

Our first prescription, then—and it is a very mild and a very submissive one—is, *that no greater partiality be shewn to Popery than is shewn to Protestantism by his majesty's Whig government.* We cannot help their entertaining those feelings of preference which little care about any religion may engender, or which the powerful aid administered to their continuance in office by the "tail" may foster; we

cannot help our discerning cabinet seeing in Popery just a little more than there is in Protestantism—we know how kindly most men are disposed to think of their warmest allies and thorough thick-and-thin supporters;—all we want in such circumstances is, that fair play be given to the Protestants of Ireland, and that our ministers, in rushing to the rescue of its Popery, do not trample down its Protestantism. The government have driven the Protestant religion from the national schools, and they are doing their utmost to expel its influence from the municipal corporations, of Ireland. They have endeavoured to overthrow the Protestantism of the English, and are at this moment planning the destruction of the Protestantism of the Scottish Universities; and, in the case of the London University, they have succeeded to their hearts' content. We may deprecate the conduct by public protest and by private prayer; yet we can see a consistency in this course when we bear in mind that Atheism is the parent of it. But we must be utterly amazed when we find, that the expulsion of the *Protestant faith* from its congenial and its ancient homes is intended to make way for the introduction of *Popery*. That this is the fact, the history of the last ten years, and the rapidly evolving drama of the day in which we live, abundantly testify. As soon as the national schools were erected in Ireland, and every avenue to the accession of true Christianity to their children carefully blocked up, so soon the priests and principles of the Church of Rome began to find a welcome admission. If it should be found that these schools are wholly for the benefit of Roman Catholics and the maintenance of Popery, then it cannot be asserted that this is "justice," or that the cry of O'Connell is really uncalled for. The Bishop of Exeter found, that within a rural deanery in Munster there were ten national schools, containing 1964 children; all of whom, without one exception, were Roman Catholics.

According to the Report of the Commissioners, government-schools were, in twenty-four instances, kept in nunneries; and we can furnish twenty-four more. According to the findings

of men of first respectability and character, one school-room was used for an O'Connell dinner; in another stood a Popish altar, and the commissioners never objected to it; in a third case, one hundred pounds had been taken from the treasury by a Popish bishop, and 'appropriated to the erection of a Popish chapel. But we will specify:

Baldoye, near Dublin; two schools, one on each side of the Popish chapel.

Clondalkin; a government-school in the friary.

• *Bullymakenny*; Latin prayers every day by the master.

• *Phibsborough*, near Dublin; school under the chapel.

O'Connell's School, Richmond Street (quære, Might not this name be given to all the schools, as the name of their patron saint?); monks are the masters.

Parish of Clonbrony, near Longford; in the Popish chapel.

Galway—Lambert Street National School; head-master is Connor, a monk. Close by, a college of priests.

Galway; school in presentation convent, to which the board gives 40*l.* per annum.

Loughrea; two schools, under the nuns, for boys and girls. Board gives 20*l.* to the master, and 40*l.* to the two nuns.

Carlow; the boys' school, which is attached to the college, is under the direction of the president. The Popish catechism of Dr. Doyle is used in the school. The head-master, a violent Popish partisan.

Kildare; the school-house is in the chapel-yard: the board gave a grant of money toward the erection of it, and allow 10*l.* per annum to the master. On the walls of the school-room there are pictures of the Virgin, the saints, &c. The priest and friars read prayers.

It cannot be asserted that Popery is not amply and efficiently patronised in these schools. We do not now complain of this; but as "justice" is the

demand of O'Connell, we do complain that its boons are all on one side. Why are not the Protestant Scriptures admitted, as well as the Popish? Why is the Protestant minister forbidden to instil the lessons of his holy faith, while the priest is encouraged to inculcate the abominations of his? Why are one hundred pounds allowed to a Popish bishop for the building of a Popish chapel, and, instead of a grant being made to the Protestant church, her surplus (?) revenues taken away from her? Mr. O'Connell demands "justice for Ireland;" let this slight instalment of it be instantly given.

The Royal Dublin Society is another institution that reminds us of the grounds that exist for an immediate answer being given to the O'Connell cry. This institution has the right of electing its members, and has had the advantage of 5000*l.* a-year from government. Now, not many months ago, the name of Dr. Daniel Murray, the president of the conferences of Dublin—the patron of Dens, and the disclaimer of all knowledge of his existence—the supporter of the persecuting dogmas of a vile superstition, and the writer of the endearing address to the Protestants of Britain, beginning with "Beloved fellow-Christians," was black-balled, as it richly deserved, and the Society perpetuated, untainted by the introduction of so questionable a member. Lord Morpeth* immediately intimated to the Society that he could not apply to parliament for the usual grant, unless the rules of the Society were altered; which, being interpreted, means, unless O'Connell be allowed to suppress every free sentiment in its meetings, to introduce any number of the vertebræ of the tail he is pleased to select, and to make its chambers rooms for containing, and its members cats'-paws for collecting, the "rint." We do not find fault with the lord-lieutenant, or any other of his majesty's

* His lordship's speech, in his place in parliament, is in perfect unison with his whole deportment in this matter. We extract the following sentences:—"He (Lord Morpeth) would not deny the fact—he had no wish to conceal it—that his desire to bring the consideration of the grant before parliament was accelerated by the exclusion of Dr. Murray (*Cheers from O'Connell*). He would repeat, that the exclusion of such a man from a society endowed by a grant of public money—a man so gifted by natural acquirements, and filling the high station he did, could not be otherwise considered by the great body of the people than an insult; but, above all, the exclusion of a person so distinguished by his own personal qualifications, by unaffected piety, and evangelical grace, and Christian virtue—before whom strife stood abashed, could only be intended as an insult to the great body of the people."

Sic loquitur Morpeth, concerning the patron of Dens.

ministers, being indignant at the offence given to a powerful ally, or the reaction it might occasion in the mind of the master, "*cujus addicti jurare in verba magistri*:" their ire indicates how thorough is the sympathy between Murray's conclave and Melbourne's cabinet—between Derrynane and the Treasury; all we complain of is, that in this, as in every other case, the justice is all on one side. The desecration of the national schools, the seditious conduct of the priests educated at Maynooth, have not induced our government to withdraw sixpence from the grant to the one or from the endowment to the other; while the rejection of a Popish doctor compels them to threaten the withdrawal of 5000*l.* a-year from the Royal Society of Dublin. The priests may preach treason from their altars, their people may murder Protestant ministers by hundreds, and O'Connell bless the former and goad on the latter, and not one sympathy is felt—not one determination to put down the violence is wrung from the liberal, equal-justice Radicals; but if a little finger is laid on Popery—if the patron of an infamous confessional and a cruel theology is excluded from the society of honourable men—if a drunken priest falls from his horse, and knocks his brains out, a cry is raised that reaches St. Stephen's, and is re-echoed in sympathy and sighs for the people of Ireland, and in broad hints that they shall soon be rid of their "nuisance," the Church. Now, if the demand be "justice for Ireland," let justice be done; and, if nothing more can be given, let the wings of this justice shelter the Protestant altar as well as the Popish mass-house.

But we must hasten to the examination of another important grant which our government must make, before justice can be done to Ireland. It is not, surely, stepping beyond the bounds of equity, when we call upon the executive of our country to reply to the demand of O'Connell, by enforcing the laws of the land in that country, and asserting thereby the supremacy of order over rebellion and seditious impunity. There are laws against the encouragement of sturdy beggars; these would be enforced with great propriety, were it not that they would remove to the treadmill a powerful ally: but we do not insist upon this at present. We

must, however, call the attention of our readers to the following selections from the speeches of O'Connell, and bid them seriously ponder if the aggregate does not constitute a gross and an unwarranted libel, of which too immediate cognisance cannot be taken.

The illustrious Wellington, the hero of a hundred victories, is called a "stunted corporal," a "chance conqueror;" our ablest and most distinguished men are called "mighty big liars;" "the House of Lords must be reformed;" "the union must be dissolved;" "Lord Lyndhurst's bill must be kicked out;" "the Irish parliament in College Green;" "I am the sworn enemy of tithes."

We cannot give all the rancorous and libellous expressions of the Agitator: he has, besides, a nomenclature peculiarly his own. We beg to state, nevertheless, that never did Justice lay hold of a more appropriate victim than the author of these calumnies. The greatest miracle that Popery has worked in the nineteenth century is, that this man should traverse the country, demanding "Justice to Ireland," and no one hand HIM over to her sentence as an instalment of it.

At Cork, and in the year 1824, D. O'Connell, Esq., M.P., uttered deliberately, what he has deliberately denied in 1836, the following libel. We extract from the *Cork Southern Reporter*, a newspaper under the control and in the interest of the "Big Beggarman," at that time, the following illustration of what depravity can invent, and falsehood, with its "vow registered in heaven," can utter:

"At a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Munster Hibernian Society, held at the county of Cork Court-house, on September 9, 1824, J. D. Treeman, Esq., in the chair, Mr. O'Connell spoke in reply to one of the missionaries from the parent society, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Noel. Captain Gordon, R.N., was another member of the deputation. O'Connell commenced by ridiculing the idea of English morality, and referred to the details of frightful atrocity in the English trials at the assizes, and, above all, to the parliamentary reports. 'These gentlemen,' said O'Connell, 'came to educate the Irish women, but let them look to their own. Nineteen English women out of twenty were mothers a month after their marriages, and the marriage-baked meats coldly furnished forth the christening tables.'"

O'Connell demands "justice for Ireland;" let himself have the full benefit in the administration of it, and sure we are that, if his demand be conceded, Ireland will indeed be free from her greatest curse and her sorest grievance.

Our next essential element of this long-delayed "justice," and under this head, is the enforcing of the rightful claims of the clergy of Ireland. The tithes, whether direct or in the shape of composition, belong to the clergy. Dr. McHale, O'Connell's "accomplished gentleman, and able scholar, and meek Christian," in his letter to the Bishop of Exeter, calls the destruction of ten Protestant bishoprics the "laying low of ten lofty plants, that poisoned, by their narcotic influence, wholesome vegetation;" meaning, no doubt, the confessional, the fruits of Dens, and the persecutions of Achill. "He hoped, also, that not a vestige of the mighty nuisance, the Church, would remain."

Dr. Doyle also uttered, repeatedly, a favourite sentiment; viz., "he hoped the hatred of Irishmen to tithes would be as lasting as their love of justice." Soon after these and similar incentives, still more dishonest and ferocious, this portion of property was placed in perpetual jeopardy. The thunders of the Vatican were hurled against tithes—armed mobs were organised to resist—the collectors were murdered—and the property so long withheld, that the cries of a starving clergy awoke, at length, the charities of happier Britain. A clergyman, in writing an official account of the state of these matters in Ireland, observes, that he had ascertained that upwards of seven hundred peaceful and laborious Protestant ministers had not received for years any of their usual support, and that nearly three hundred of these "were reduced to galling dependence on the voluntary bounty of friends." He mentions, also, the following facts:

"The Rev. —, late a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, with an income of 90*l.* per annum, and a congregation of sixty Protestants, has had his income withheld for two years. He has a glebe of ten acres under a rent of 40*l.* per annum, which is more than double the value of the land. He has been compelled to part with the produce of the land to satisfy his landlord, who would not pay the tithe; and has been thereby

reduced to such extremity of want as to have deprived him of his reason.

"A son of the celebrated Dr. —, the incumbent of a parish in the archdiocese of Dublin, where there is a good congregation of Protestants, and a new church built for their accommodation, was driven, three years ago, from the lodgings he had taken in the village, after night-fall, in the depth of winter. His wife, with an infant in her arms, was compelled to walk, in darkness and in rain, a distance of four miles, to seek shelter in a farm-house belonging to a Protestant. He has since built a glebe-house, on the faith of certain acts of parliament enabling him to charge his successors with a proportion of the costs. This has exhausted his private resources, and he, together with his wife and family, have been reduced to live on potatoes, and find it difficult to procure fuel to cook even that coarse food.

"The Rev. Mr. —, aged seventy, incumbent of a parish in the county of Carlow, was found by the wife of Mr. —, the police-magistrate of the district, in the deepest distress. An anonymous and benevolent English friend to the clergy having, at such a meeting as you propose attending, sent me five pounds for the use of a gentleman whose letter he had heard read, I wrote to the clergyman, to ask to whom I should hand the money for his use. He wrote me word his wants were not so pressing as others in his neighbourhood, and sent me a letter from Mr. —, the police-magistrate, giving a sad detail of the aged gentleman's sufferings—that, with six hundred pounds owed to him, he was actually dependent on an occasional pound which the police-magistrate's wife conveyed to him secretly. That he persevered in the faithful discharge of his duties, although afflicted with bad sore eyes, the consequence of broken windows. The reverend gentleman, for whose use the money had originally been intended, wrote, naming the distress of Mr. —, a brother-clergyman in the diocese of Leighlin, and Mr. —, another neighbour of his, who were both equally objects deserving of assistance, with large families and good incomes, if paid, but preferring the old gentleman on account of his age.

"The Rev. —, another aged clergyman, for thirty years had served curacies in the dioceses of Tuam and Clonfert; into which he had been introduced by the learned and celebrated Dr. Young, a short time the Bishop of Clonfert, into his diocese, to provide for him as a college-friend, whose piety and learning he was well acquainted with. Presented in his old age to a small benefice by the

kindness of the Archbishop of Tuam, I visited him lately, and found him, and a large family around him, without food, raiment, or fuel, superior to the commonest peasant in the village. His sons had tilled a small piece of potato ground, which afforded sustenance to the family. He had himself prepared them for college, but, with near 400*l.* due to him, could not muster funds to send them there. He is upwards of seventy years old.

"In the diocess of Cork, the Rev. Mr. — and the Rev. — are, with large families, suffering extremely."

Here, surely, is necessity for an answer to the demand of O'Connell. Let property iniquitously withheld be restored to its owners, and let the dishonest priests and their dishonest serfs be punished as law and mercy call for, and thereby another instalment of long-withheld justice will be given to Ireland.

The hearts of our readers would sicken at the rehearsal of the murders and the martyrdoms, the incendiaries and the free-booters, of the southern and western provinces of Ireland. Suffice it to say, that so strong is the universal persuasion of the danger of Protestant ministers, warranted by the murders of some of the holiest of their number, that several of the leading insurance-offices of London have refused to insure the lives of Irish Protestant ministers, unless with a proviso that is stronger to our present purpose than a thousand arguments. We give an instance. The Rev. W. Frazer, rector of Killene, diocess of Waterford, lately applied to insure his life, and received the following answer from the office with which he communicated :

"*Asylum Foreign and Domestic Life Office, 70 Cornhill, and 5 Waterloo Place, London, Dec. 31, 1835.*

"Dear Sir,

"Rev. W. Frazer, 300*l.*

"This proposal may be completed : the payment will be 1*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* premium, and 1*l.* stamp. The policy will except death by popular violence or assassination ; a clause which the company now always introduce in policies on the lives of the Protestant clergy in Ireland.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEO. FARREN, Resident Director.

"To M. MORTIMER, Esq., Waterford."

The above document is the clearest and the most conclusive evidence of
VOL. XIV. NO. LXXIX.

the state of Protestantism and its professors in Ireland. Now, we do not bid the Whigs sympathise with the ministers of the Irish Church—we expect no such tribute—but we do bid them listen to the demand of that man who has among their number so many manageable automata, and grant "justice to Ireland." Let the murderer be brought to the gibbet, and the roll of martyrs receive no more accessions ; let the Popish assassin be awed into quiet by the fear of capital punishment ; and let the Protestant minister no longer anticipate every night a transition, before he awakes from his pillow, to his grave. We join with O'Connell, and we cry "Justice to Ireland !" Bleeding humanity, and weeping widows, and sorrowing orphans, and famished families, appeal for "justice to Ireland."

One other instance of the necessity there is for a practical reply to the Agitator's demand, and we pass from this head to another. To shew that this desired and demanded justice must include the most unflinching execution of the law, we give the following extract from the *Clonmel Advertiser* :—

"In the course of six months just ended there have been perpetrated in this county—a county not larger than Kent, in England—the following, among other crimes : 59 murders, 15 attempts to murder, 11 rapes, 12 grievous assaults, 13 attacks on houses by armed men, 9 robberies of finances, 11 sheep-stealings, 11 robberies of the person and burglaries, 5 threats to shoot, 9 arson : we cannot enumerate all. There have been, in six months, in one county, upwards of 200 crimes ; 59 of these murders, and two-thirds of the remainder capital crimes."

These are the finest *panantry* ; these are the fruits of patronised and pitied Popery ; these are the progeny of agitation, and the *lucus a non lucendo* reason for demolishing ten Protestant sees, and lessening the number of Protestant ministers ! Does not justice to Ireland demand a vigorous execution of the law, less and fewer concessions made to Popery, and, instead of a diminution, an increase of faithful Protestant ministers.

Our next prescription for helping on an effective and final answer to the demand of O'Connell is, that his agitatorship, and the rest of the tail, be respectfully reminded of their oaths, and

be enjoined diligently to keep them. Our readers must not be surprised that we make mention of the tail so often. It is in this case as in most other venomous creatures, the poison is in the tail; and the dismemberment of this organ, or the "repale" of the union that subsists between its joints is a necessary preliminary to the attainment of any thing like efficient justice. As we have taken up the subject of oaths, we cannot but congratulate our country on the opportunity occurring in the Agitator's translation from Dublin to Kilkenny, of his hearing, and professing, and pledging the practice involved in the Roman Catholic's oath. Conceive the member for Kilkenny, with a wry face, and a tingling internal monitor, repeating the oath, amid sundry sounds and incidents, as follow:—I, D. O'Connell, do sincerely promise and swear, that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to his majesty King William the Fourth, and will defend him to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever which shall be made against his person, crown, or dignity (*hear, hear!*); and I will do my utmost endeavour, to disclose and make known to his majesty, his heirs, and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies [*Symptoms in the house of unexpected delight, with occasional groans and bahs from Joe and his tribe*], which may be formed against him or them. And I do faithfully promise, to maintain, support, and defend to the utmost of my power the succession of the crown [A Jesuit priest might here be imagined standing by with an absolution from the pope]; which succession, by an act entitled "An act for the further limitation of the crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject," is, and stands limited to, the Princess Sophia, electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants [*Cries of heretics and quotations from Den's Theology, extermination, exile, imprisonment, and death, proceeding from the tail, but drowned by the cheers of Sir Robert Peel, Sir H. Inglis, Stanley, Finch, &c.*]; hereby renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of this realm. And I do further declare, that it is not an article of my faith, and that I do reject, renounce, and abjure the opinion that princes ex-

communicated or deprived by the pope, or any other authority of the see of Rome, may be deprived or murdered by their subjects, or by any persons whatsoever [*Strong convulsive feelings evident in the countenance of the honourable member*]. And I do declare, that I do not believe that the pope of Rome, or any other foreign prince, prelate, person, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or preeminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm [*The honourable member seemed here to derive great comfort from the whisper of one Dens, in the gallery, who was instantly taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms. As far as we could gather the words of interruption, they were, "A lie for the good of the church is a virtue; oaths with heretics need not be kept"*]. I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power the settlement of property within this realm [*Here, for the first time since 1829, a blush coloured the honourable gentleman's cheek; sundry whispers about anti-tithe speeches were heard, concluded with cheers from the Protestant senators at apparent repentance, and a promise of being a good Kilkenny boy for the future*]. And I do solemnly swear, that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become, entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the united kingdom [*Here the confusion was indescribable. Some young members, unaccustomed to the forms of the house, called out, "Swear that you never have exercised such privileges for such purposes;" others cheered the hon. member, thinking that his agitated manner was symptomatic of a reaction; others prayed that he might have grace to keep his oath; a few rude exclamations from the tail, "mighty nuisance," "down with the church, and up with the pope," drowned with reiterated Protestant cheers from the body of the house*]. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever [*A gurgling noise from the honourable gentleman's throat, as if he were attempting to swallow something too large for the orifice; relief from a glass of water, after strong efforts*].

The tail congratulated their leader at his safe transit through the ordeal ; and one or two recommended a strong dose of the confessional, to purge out the indigestible receipts of that day.

But justice to Ireland is the subject. It is essential to the attainment of this that this oath be made the text of the leading article in every magazine, and that the observance of its wise provisions be insisted on. If we can get this oath *bonâ fide* observed, there will be no more of that agitation in Ireland which consists of throwing oil on the burning flames, and which would have drawn down the strong arm of law forty years ago ; there will be no more anti-tithe declamations amid an exasperated populace, and no more anti-church letters from Derrinane ; there will be no more seditious harangues from chapel altars, and no more reverend demagogues turning the very Sabbaths of the land into opportunities of breaking down the fear of God, and the means of teaching it, and making the terrors of superstition and the holy name of injured Heaven minister to the will and evil purposes of an abandoned apostasy ; there will be no more armed mobs to oppose and murder the men that are employed to collect the legal dues, and no more assassination of the men whose only crime has been preaching the Gospel to the poor, and ministering to their wants in the days of famine. The keeping of this oath would be a *panacea* for these grievances, the precursor of social improvement and political importance, and thereby another instalment of justice would be conferred on Ireland. When O'Connell calls for justice to Ireland, let the audience cry aloud, "The oath and the observance thereof." When the same person speaks of Rathcormac, Carrickshock, and the Widow Ryan,—of blood-stained tithes,—of poverty and crime, and the causes that lead to these, let his auditors call out, "The oath, and the violation thereof." And if we can but succeed in familiarising the man's mind with this oath,—if we can only impress him with the duty of observing its clauses, and thereby lead to the universal recognition of its obligations on the Popish members, we shall soon see justice done to Ireland.

Our next prescription for the attainment of this consummation most devoutly to be wished for is, that the

BIBLE, which has long been enfranchised in England, and entitled to the immunities of a free Christian land, be invested with the same privileges and guaranteed the same protection in Ireland. It may appear incredible, but it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, that the Bible is the most obnoxious intruder that can enter Munster, Leinster, and Connaught : it no sooner makes its appearance than, like the stamp of Rhoderick Dhu, it covers the hills with inveterate and armed opponents. It breathes nothing but mercy and peace ; it is the precursor of civilisation and social refinement ; it tells no lies, and tampers with no truth ; yet is it regarded by the priests of Ireland as a more obnoxious disturber of their peace than M'Ghee or O'Sullivan. Now, we do not call upon the government to insist that the Bible be admitted into Popish chapels, and be read from Popish altars, instead of treason-speeches ; because this would be to destroy the influence of Rome, and thereby to lessen the "rint" that supports the ally and the advocate of our obedient cabinet. But we may hold it to be at least an instalment of justice to Ireland, the demand of O'Connell, when the Bible shall enjoy what the Koran or the Shaster enjoy—free and full toleration in that island. Let our government patronise the Breviary, that depository of lying legends and outrageous absurdities ; let them cherish the Missal, that mass of idolatry and superstition ; and let them, if they feel so disposed, extend no countenance, and give no currency, to the Bible ; but let them, at least, *tolerate* it ; let them allow those who are inclined, to keep, and read, and cherish it. Though nothing short of positive patronage of the Bible, and the endowment of its teachers, would be ample justice ; yet the toleration of the book will be an approximation toward it so valuable, that we cannot but concur with the demand of the arch-agitator, and repeat, "Justice to Ireland." To demonstrate that the Bible is not tolerated in Ireland, we may refer our readers to the celebrated bull *Unigenitus*. Dr. Doyle and Dr. Murray were asked, in the course of their examination before the parliament of Britain, if the bull *Unigenitus* was a law of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Both these right rev. teachers of that communion declared that it was. This

was only eight years ago. We go to this celebrated bull, and we extract from its pages the following propositions of Quesnel, and append to them the opinion of the church of Rome, which is, of course, the opinion of Drs. Doyle and Murray,^a and of all the papal priesthood:—

"Prop. 80.—The reading of the Scripture is the right of all men.

"84.—To take away the New Testament from the hands of Christians is to shut the mouth of Christ.

"85.—To interdict the reading of the Scriptures to Christians is to interdict light to the sons of light.

"79.—It is useful and necessary, at every time and in every place, for all sorts of persons to study the spirit, and piety, and mysteries of sacred writ."

To these most true and most Christian propositions Clement XI., and Drs. Doyle and Murray, and all the priests of Ireland, distinctly and deliberately append the following words:—

"All and single of these propositions we condemn and reprobate, as false and captious, scandalous, pernicious, impious, blasphemous, savouring of heresy, and heretical; and we command the archbishops, and bishops, and the inquisitors, to restrain and interdict by canonical censures, and, if need be, by CALLING IN THE AID OF THE SECULAR OR CIVIL POWER."

No man who knows what is a historical fact, that these sentiments are cherished and held by the priests of the Popish church in Ireland, can declare that the Bible is tolerated in that country. But it will be said, the law is obsolete; its harsh denunciations have fallen into desuetude. This question is satisfactorily answered in the following facts. A complaint was transmitted to Dr. Doyle, that one of his people, with the cognisance and sanction of the priest, had taken up the Bible in a pair of tongs, and deliberately burned it. We should have anticipated the strongest reprobation of this unholy act on the part of the bishop; but, instead of this, Dr. Doyle publicly declared, that, if he should meet with the man that did the deed, *he would reward him handsomely*.

The curate of a Romish priest living near Ballinamallard, Fermanagh, was sent for lately to baptise the child of a poor man, named M'Quade. On going into the house, the priest refused to perform the service unless

M'Quade would burn a Protestant Bible which he had in the house. The poor man remonstrated, and stated that he felt great comfort in reading it, and that he would not part with it. The priest first threatened to horsewhip the man; and secondly, after refusing to baptise the child, pelted the parent with stones. The Rev. Mr. Irwin, the Protestant clergyman, baptised the child next day.

A Bible Society was recently formed in Clifden, in the county of Galway, and in the diocese of Dr. M'Hale, and was immediately denounced from the chapel-altars, and the benighted people forbidden to receive the Bibles. One of the Protestant clergy of the place has one New Testament, which the priest took from a poor family, and sent to the society with this inscription—"With the Rev. L. O'Connor's compliments."

In September last, and at an assize-town in the north of Ireland, a number of convicts, sentenced to be transported, were visited by the Protestant chaplain of the gaol, and presented each with a Bible. But the priest, hearing of the gift, interposed his authority, and prohibited them from accepting of the word of God; and, to shew how anxious he was for their everlasting welfare, he substituted for the oracles of truth a *string of beads*.

We might multiply instances of this kind, till our present Number was full. We think these, however, abundantly sufficient to our purpose. The Bible is not tolerated in the Popish provinces of Ireland. Is this justice? Behold, then, O'Connell, the Bible, and Justice, with one voice bidding the Christian, the philanthropist, and the patriot join together in demanding this small "instalment," this little portion of justice to Ireland.

Our next prescription, and our last, is, that the Church of Ireland be no more misrepresented in parliament, and its income exaggerated in speeches, while it is diminished in fact. No church has been so misrepresented: its clergy have been branded as indolent sinecurists and cumberers of the ground; its revenues have been held out as exorbitant beyond all conception; and its very existence the greatest grievance of Ireland. About twelve years ago, that shrewd Greek and wily arithmetician, Mr. Joseph Hume, stated the property of the Irish Church to be

3,200,000*l.*; and Lord Stanley, in reply, presumed that it did not exceed 1,000,000*l.* Mr. Ward assumed that the property of the Irish Church was about 937,000*l.* Lord Althorpe, when he brought forward the Church Temporalities Bill, observed, "that a great exaggeration prevailed on this subject, more than on any other political topic. I think I am justified in stating, that the revenue of the Church of Ireland applicable to the support of its ministers does not exceed 800,000*l.*" There are, in these estimates, no considerable inequalities. But how will our readers marvel when we now tell them, that the utmost amount of income arising to the Church of Ireland from tithe, from glebes, from ministers' money, and under the operation either of Lord Morpeth's or Sir Henry Hardinge's bill, is 435,371*l.*: thus yielding, when equally divided among two thousand rectors and curates, about 220*l.* per annum to each—a sum, surely, not more than adequate.

Nothing could be more triumphant than the speech of Lord Stanley on the Tithe-bill. The exact and conclusive arithmetic which exposed the absurdity of the ministerial measure, was not more admirable than the glowing eloquence which denounced the avowed objects of it, and the influence under the pressure of which it sprung into existence. We complain not of principle violated in the contemplated measure—we complain not of the very essence of an ecclesiastical establishment discarded—we say nothing of Christianity in its purest form trampled down, and concessions made to Popery calculated to elevate its superstitions on the overturned pillars and broken fanes of Protestantism. These are subjects not unworthy of the sacred orator and the holiest pulpit. We allude to the torturing inflicted on pounds, shillings, and pence—the blunders for which a schoolboy would be whipped—and the unstatesmanlike appearance of the whole measure. Lord John Russell enjoys the fruits of the appropriation of church property to other than ecclesiastical purposes, and can, therefore, sympathise with those in Ireland who are hungry for a share. His reply to Stanley was a very nice foil for setting off the speech of his opponent. The contrast produced a wonderful effect. A few more such speeches from Lord John after Lord Stanley, and more

effect will be produced than the most sanguine Conservatives ever anticipated.

Henceforth, let this calumniated church have justice done to her; let her laborious and suffering clergy have justice done to them; let her confiscated sees have justice done to them, by receiving their bishops again; let her threatened spoliation have justice done to it, by being rejected, and spurned, and quashed; and let the demand of O'Connell be speedily granted—really and substantially granted—"Justice to Ireland."

Our next advice is, that the Whigs of 1836, from the unstamped of the unwashed to the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Globe*, and from the plebeian patronage of the former to the aristocratic worship of the latter, look at O'Connell in his real character, and in the honest light of truth. This man has been in the habit, from his earliest *début* in public to the present moment, of threatening the parliament of Britain, when he clamoured for some concession as the mouth-piece of the priests, and of cajoling and supporting for a season the ministry that gave what he wanted, until a fresh demand came to be called for. He has cursed the Whigs and blessed the Tories to-day, and made the blessing and the curse change places on the morrow. He stamps, and threatens with a visit from his seven millions of wretched Papists, till he wrings from a wavering ministry the demand he agitates for. He fawns upon them, flatters them, and smothers them with promises, as they proceed hesitatingly to comply; and, when the law has sanctioned a reply to his clamours satisfactory to himself, he laughs aloud at the imbecility of the men that listened to him—declares it was the might of the people that extorted, not the hearts of the ministry that gave—and agitates again for fresh and still more sweeping innovations. He has lately been on a missionary tour, inculcating the necessity of organic changes in the House of Lords—so truly organic, that, if granted, that illustrious house will cease to be what it now is, a check on the outgoings of the democracy, and will become the mere tool of the worshippers of O'Connell. By reforming the House of Lords, the man means introducing Dr. M'Hale, Dr. Murray, and a score of abbots, among the high-minded

peers of Britain, and thereby precipitating that worst disaster that can befall his unhappy country—the establishment of Popery on the ruins of Protestantism. The end that the man has in view—the end he expects heaven for accomplishing—is the aggrandisement and endowment of Popery in Ireland, preliminary to her exterminating progress in England. A series of questions, recently put to O'Connell by a confidential writer in the *Times*, lets the cat out of the bag.

1. "1st. Did not you, Daniel O'Connell, on the organisation of the New York Catholic Society, say, that money and men must be found to push home the principles of Catholicism against the 'damned heretics,' with whom no terms could be made while there remained in their hands an acre of glebe-land, in England or Ireland, belonging to the Church?"

"2d. Did not you, Daniel O'Connell, in your correspondence with certain absconded traitors, who ought to have been hung at Vinegar Hill, say, that unless Catholic emancipation were granted, the only inroad on the 'damned heretics' in England and Ireland would be through the credit of the country?"

"3d. Did not you, on the granting of Catholic emancipation, write to the president of the Catholic Association of New York, and say, 'Hurrah now for Catholic ascendancy!'"

"I pause for a reply."

In this document there are traces of the policy of the Jesuits, as well as the principles of Dens; and justice to Ireland, and justice to the Agitator himself, demand a reply, Yes, or No, to these queries. What steps may follow, *nous verrons*.

We implore Lord Melbourne and his associates to regard O'Connell in the same light in which they regarded

him in the king's speech, at the commencement of a session not too remote to be remembered. The O'Connell of that session was, if comparison may be instituted, not half so obnoxious as the O'Connell of the present; but in the panegyrics of the ministry, in the pages of ministerial papers, the Agitator has undergone a complete change. His fierce and inflammatory agitation is now constitutional practice; his "peasants' brass," raised from a starving people, has lost its once odious flavour; the *bags* of the sturdy beggar have been transformed into the *wings* on which he rises high in the favour of ministers; the acclamations of the Voluntaries, who find in him a patron, and the plaudits of the Whigs, who *feel* in him a buttress, have invested the libeller of female chastity—the reproachful insulter of our nation's ornaments—the able-bodied beggar from a half-starved populace—the minion of the pope—the organ of the priests—the emissary of Popery, with a political glory that is the brand of England and the boast of Rome, the humiliation of the ministers of 1836, and the elevation, to an ominous height, of the Papal power in this Protestant country. These prescriptions which we have enumerated, faithfully admitted and applied, will do much to introduce the reign of justice in all the institutions of Ireland, and among the persons connected with it; and the government that will enforce the application of them, will signalise itself in the records of our country. "Justice to Ireland!" most unquestionably, Daniel O'Connell. "Justice to Ireland!" most certainly, reader! But remember, both of you, what are in truth, and what must be in fact, the constituent elements of that Justice.

ON ANGLO-NORMAN POETRY.*

THE Normans were a northern tribe, and originally spoke a northern tongue; but at an early period they seem to have adopted that corrupt form of the Latin language which was, from its origin, called *Romane*, and which has, in the course of time, been changed into modern French. From the language which they spoke, and the country which they inhabited, by the Saxons they were themselves generally designated as *Frenchmen*.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers appear to have been a people extremely jealous of all foreign influence or interference. A weak prince, Edward the Confessor, first introduced into England Norman manners and the Norman (French) language. The national jealousy of his subjects was soon roused; the nobles, who were disinherited to make way for foreigners, took up arms; and the Saxon parliament passed a decree, which banished from the kingdom the numerous Normans whom the king had introduced into the offices of church and state. But the bad policy of one king, though not exercised long, worked great and lasting evils. The partiality which Edward had shewn towards foreigners led eventually, after a very brief period, to the conquest of his kingdom.

At the time of William's entrance, it is more than probable that the *Romane* tongue was commonly understood by the higher ranks in England: from an incident in his life, it appears that Hereward, so long the opposer of Norman influence after it had become supreme, was well acquainted with it. From that period the Saxon language began to be broken up; and even the form in which the Saxons had been

accustomed to write the Roman letters was exchanged for another, introduced, with their language and literature, by the intruders.

Early in the fourteenth century, the influence of the Norman tongue in England began to lose ground; its best, or, at least, its most popular literary productions, were translated into English; the use of the language itself was by degrees restricted to the courts of law, and at last rejected even from thence; and the English language threw away more and more its adventitious words, and became more native in its character, till that character was fixed by the host of luminaries who gave to the seventeenth century so brilliant a place in our literary annals. The Norman literature shared the fate of the language, and, after going through many transformations, the romances and fabliaux which had amused and delighted the nobles of the thirteenth century, became the ballads and chap-books which were hawked about the streets, for the entertainment of the labourer and the peasant, in the seventeenth. In France, also, as the *Romane* tongue was gradually moulded down to its present form, the literature which it contained passed through somewhat similar transformations. One of these transformations, the translating of the older metrical romances into more modern prose, and the consequent neglect of the originals, were the cause of the loss of much of the earlier French poetry.

After the *Romane* language and literature were no longer popular, they were long neglected both in England and in France. In the latter country, the revival of a taste for their early

* *Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs, et les Trouvères Normands et Anglo-Normands, &c.* Par M. l'Abbé de la Rue, &c. 3 tom. 8vo. Caen, 1834.

Tristan: Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs à ses Aventures, composés en François, en Anglo-Normand, et en Grec, dans les xii et xiii siècles. Publié par Francisque Michel. 2 tom. 12mo. Londres, 1835. Pickering.

Charlemagne's Travels to Constantinople and Jerusalem; a Norman-French Poem of the Twelfth Century, now first printed from the original manuscript in the British Museum. Edited by Francisque Michel. 12mo. London, 1835. Pickering.

Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland by Henry II. Edited by Francisque Michel. London, Pickering. *Nearly ready.*

As the French editions of their early literature are printed at small numbers, and are not generally advertised, it has been hitherto impossible to get them from the London booksellers. We believe, however, that Pickering has lately made arrangements with the Parisian booksellers who publish these books, which will enable him to supply them in England without delay or difficulty.

poetry began at a comparatively modern date. Some of the older poems had, indeed, long retained a share of reputation—like those of Chaucer in England; and we have editions of the *Roman de la Rose* of Jehan de Meun before and in 1529, and again in 1735, 1737, and 1799. In 1756, Barbazan first published his selection of early metrical tales and fabliaux; and in 1779, Le Grand d'Aussy published his work on the same subject. The latter writer furnished several papers on the early Norman and French poetry to the volumes of the *Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits*. Among those who first made this subject their study, was the Abbé de la Rue, who visited England during the latter part of the last century, and who communicated several papers to the *Transactions* of our Society of Antiquaries. He has now, in his old age—and that not his “green old age”—published the result of the labours of his life, in the three volumes whose title we have placed at the head of our present paper. The abbé gathered his knowledge in the infancy of the study; his mind, like that of many of his countrymen, is not very philological; and his book is filled with inaccuracies and ungrounded hypotheses. Early in the present century, a more decided taste for their older literature began to appear in France; and from that time to the present a number of persons have come forward as editors of the romances and fabliaux of their forefathers. Roquefort made a glossary of the language, and edited the works of Marie; Pluquet edited the *Roman de Rou*; Méon gave to the public a new edition of the older publication of Barbazan—two additional volumes of early metrical tales, of which one is restricted to religious stories—a new edition of the *Roman de la Rose*—and one of the lengthy roman of Renard. They all committed errors without number, because they were deficient in an accurate philological knowledge of the language which they published. When, however, we censure our neighbours for their want of philological talent, we must make, at least, one exception—that of the now venerable Raynouard, who was the first that discovered that the *Romane* language, like all others, must have been governed in its formation and inflexion by fixed grammatical principles. He is now publishing

the result of the labours of his life—his magnificent dictionary of the Provençal tongues.

Of late, the French government, or, at least, some members of it, have manifested an inclination to encourage literature; and in 1833, M. Guizot, the minister of public instruction, sent to England M. Frantisque Michel, who was already a voluminous editor, and who in every respect excels, in knowledge and accuracy, his predecessors in the same line, for the purpose of transcribing from a manuscript in the British Museum the metrical chronicle of Benoît de Sainte-More, with the intention of printing it at the royal press. During his stay in this country, M. Michel has edited at London three works, which are important to our own national literature and history:—a collection of the Norman and French metrical romances of Tristram and Isonde—an early Norman poem on the fabulous voyage of Charlemagne to the East, which was apparently written in England—and a Norman metrical history of the conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second; of which we have lately had reason to speak more at large.

If the Normans ever had a literature of northern origin peculiar to themselves, it seems to have been nearly forgotten before their entrance into England, where their literary productions were formed upon the models that were presented to them by the language which they had then adopted in place of their own. Their first romances were those of Charlemagne and Arthur. The class of poetry, however, which was first popular among the Normans in England, consisted chiefly of chronicles and saints' legends. Our libraries are full of early Anglo-Norman metrical lives of the saints, which, though the subject is not very inviting, are often valuable to the philologist for their language; and are sometimes extremely curious in affording us not only incidents which illustrate the manners and modes of thinking of our forefathers of the twelfth century, but also much historical information. Few of them have been printed, and it is neither probable nor desirable that many of them ever should be printed. M. Monmerqué, however, a distinguished patron of these studies in France, has lately edited for the Société des Bibliophiles, or French Roxburgh Club,

the life of St. Nicholas, by the celebrated chronicler Wace, the author of the *Roman de Rou*, an interesting metrical history of the dukes of Normandy, from the first expedition of the Normans, and their settlement in Neustria, to the reign of Henry I. of England. Another chronicle of the dukes of Normandy, in the same language and equally in metre, but long and tedious, was written by Wace's contemporary and rival, Benoît de Sainte-More; of which one copy is preserved. It extends to nearly forty-six thousand verses. Wace also composed, under the title of *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, an enlarged metrical version of the celebrated history of the British kings, which had been composed in Latin, in the same century, by Geoffry of Monmouth. An edition of this poem is now in the press at Rouen, of which the first volume has been recently published. One of the manuscripts of Wace's *Brut*, which is preserved in the British Museum, contains a metrical Norman history of the Anglo-Saxon kings, by Geoffry Gaimar, a chronicler, also, of the twelfth century, which fills up the period of English history from the fall of the British dynasty to the beginning of the twelfth century. It has been supposed that Gaimar's poem, also, in its original state, contained the whole of the history which had been written by Geoffry of Monmouth; of whose book there is another metrical version, by an unknown Norman poet, preserved among the manuscripts of the British Museum.

A metrical chronicle does not seem to promise much occasion for the exercise of poetic skill. Yet the poets who composed them were generally such as, from the fame which they had gained by other works, had been selected by kings or nobles to perform the task; and they took every opportunity of introducing the same descriptions and the same embellishments with which they habitually adorned their romances, and which, it must be confessed, are sometimes not unpleasant. Thus, when his Latin chronicle informed him that an event occurred in the spring, Benoît will tell us that it was

"Quant vint el tens qu'ivers derive
Que l'erbe vers point en la rive,
Lorsque florissent li ramel,
E dulcement chantent oisel,
Merle, mauvis, e loriol,
E estornel, e rossignol,

La blanche flor pent en l'espine,
E reverdoie la gaudine,
Quant li tens est dulz et souez."

"What time chill winter hides his head,
And verdant herbage clothes the mead,
When every tree puts forth its bud,
And gaily chants the feather'd brood
Of thrush, and lark, and nightingale,
In varied note, through wood and dale,
And white-thorn shews its bloom between
The copse's robe of new-born green,
And sweet and softly breathes the air."

It is not, however, by the introduction of such descriptions that a chronicle could be transformed into a poem; and, if they were frequently used, they would only appear as interruptions in the dull, slow stream of the narration of events. But it happened, fortunately for the writers of the twelfth century, that the chronicles on which they had to work partook much more of the poetic than of the historical; that the materials on which they were founded were generally fable—often poetry, but of a much older formation. There was, moreover, one class of romances, which was never looked upon as fabulous; and as the monks embellished their prose Latin chronicles with saints' legends and miracles, so the poets in their rhymes made no scruple of inserting the romances of Havelok, of Guy of Warwick, of Bevis, and of the whole cycle of the Round Table. The result was natural—the character of the poetry was extremely unequal, sometimes breathing the light style of the romances themselves—at others, labouring under all the heaviness of prose.

Wace possessed, indeed, not much of that scepticism which now seems to be the necessary characteristic of a historian. He had heard much of the legends connected with the forest of Brecheliant, in Bretagne, and of the enchanted fountain of Berenton within its confines, where, by a certain process, the inhabitants were accustomed to procure rain whenever they wanted it. Moreover, he had been assured that one might see *fairies* there:

"There they see the fairies play,
If we trust what Bretons say."

"Là s'olt l'en li fées veïr,
Se li Bretunz disent veïr."
Le Roman de Rou, v. 11,528.

Wace's curiosity was exceedingly moved: he travelled to Brecheliant to seek the fairies; there he found the

forest, and hunted well every corner and every bush, but not a single fairy could he discover, and nothing even deserving the name of a "marvel." The poet returned, mortified at his own credulity; and in his account of the gathering of the Norman troops before the invasion of England and the battle of Hastings, he has taken the occasion of telling his story, and has made a candid confession of his own folly. "I went there," says he, "to seek marvels; I saw the forest, and I saw the country; I sought marvels, but, alas! I found none; I was a fool when I went, and a fool when I returned: I sought folly, and I confess my fault."

"Là alai jo merveilles querre,
Vis la forest e vis la terre;
Merveilles quis, maiz ne's trovai;
Fol m'en revins, fol i alai,
Fol i alai, fol m'en revins,
Folie quis, por fol me tins."

Ib. v. 11,534.

It is by no means improbable, that the groundwork of the cycles of Charlemagne and of Arthur were prose Latin histories, such as those of Turpin and Geoffry, whose foundations had been traditions of a still older date. The fabulous story attributed to the former was, perhaps, the groundwork of the romances of the "douze pairs," in giving the subject of that of Roncevaux; and, when once the emperor became a hero of romance, it was natural enough to give his name to the tales and stories which were at that time floating about: such as that of the "gabs" of the twelve peers at the court of King Hugo, which is just published under the title of the *Voyage of Charlemagne to Constantinople*. It is probable that the noble romance of Roncevaux, as it exists in a manuscript at Oxford, is a work of the middle or latter part of the twelfth century. The *Voyage of Charlemagne* was evidently written a little later. The former is attributed to a *trouvère* named Turold; its subject is alluded to in the latter, and they are both written in the same style of verse.

The subject of the *Voyage* is one of those jests which seem to have amused the Norman nobles at their cups. Irritated at an imprudent observation of the empress, Charles goes to seek King Hugo at Constantinople, and, in his way, passes by Jerusalem and Jericho. He found Hugo, with his court, amusing themselves in the green fields near

his capital; was hospitably received; and, at the supper, Oliver became enamoured of the beautiful daughter of the King of Constantinople, who is afterwards the subject of his "gab." It seems to have been the custom of the barons in the middle ages to make jokes while at their wine. Charlemagne and his twelve peers retired to their chamber, to drink their wine together; and there, without any feeling of restraint, they began each to make his "gab," or joke, which consisted in an extravagant gasconade. The emperor himself began. He said, that if Hugo placed one of his "bachelors," armed with helm and hauberk, on his steed, with his sword he would strike him on the head—would, at one blow, cut through his body, and through the saddle and horse; and, if he let the sword enter the ground—

"Jà n'en ert mès receuz par nul hume
charnel,
Tresque il seit pleine haunste de terre
desteret."—V. 463.

Roland declared that he could blow down the city by a puff of his breath; and Oliver boasted of his great powers which he could exercise upon the king's daughter. Even Turpin, the archbishop, gabbed; and his boast was of his surpassing skill in performing mountebank tricks upon horses. After they had all gabbed, a spy, who had concealed himself in the room, hastened to King Hugo, and told him all that they had said. Many of the gabs seemed derogatory to the dignity of the king; he was enraged beyond measure, and he swore that he would behead them all if they did not accomplish their boasts. The Franks were terrified at the consequence which seemed likely to result from their imprudence, and their emperor, reproaching Hugo for his treachery in placing a spy in their private chamber, where they talked over their wine, brought forth, as his last resource, the relics which had been given him at Jerusalem. It so happened, that Oliver was first called upon. He was shut up all night in a chamber with the princess: she was kind; and, though he fell far short of his boast, she gave her testimony in his favour. The king was astounded, declared he must be an enchanter, and proceeded to prove the others. Charlemagne had, however, prayed hard upon his relics; and,

by their miraculous interference, the king was so astonished at the feats of some of the peers, that he sought no further trial, but became reconciled to the emperor, agreed to receive him as his liege-lord, and the latter returned joyful to his own country.

In the latter part of the twelfth century, another class of historical poems became popular, whose subjects were detached portions of contemporary history. Of the reign of Henry II. are preserved two of these poems; a poem of that monarch's wars with his sons, written by one Jordan Fantome, in a manuscript at Durham; and one at Lambeth, relating to his conquest of Ireland: which latter is on the eve of publication. Of the reign of Henry's son, John, we have also two: the story of the adventures of Eustace the monk, preserved in a manuscript of the Royal Library at Paris, which has been edited by M. Michel, and of which we shall probably, on another occasion, have reason to speak; and the history of the adventures of Fulco Fitz-Warine, which is preserved in the British Museum in a prose version, and is preparing for publication by T. Duffus Hardy, Esq., of the Tower of London. These two differ from the poems of the preceding reign in being more personal, and in containing more of romance. The latter are as purely historical as the chronicles; the former relate the personal adventures of outlaws celebrated for their wild and romantic lives; and, as many of those adventures could only be known by hearsay — often but by conjecture — the history had become interwoven with fiction before it fell into the hands of the poet. The writer of the adventures of Fulco was evidently a bard who belonged to the family; he was well acquainted with every corner of Fulco's castle of Ludlow, and with the surrounding country, and even with their traditions: and though the prose version is so literal that we can sometimes trace in it the verses of the original, it is much to be lamented that the poem itself is lost.

The romances of the Round Table became more popular in England than those of Charlemagne, and were repeated and diversified in a thousand different shapes. The nucleus on which the cycle, in either case, was formed, was at first probably small; but it was not the plot but the details

which, after a while, constituted the essential part of a Norman and of a French romance. So that the writer strung together a goodly list of chivalrous engagements and cunning stratagems, it was of little consequence what might be their object, or what might be their result. The heroes whose names had become popular were naturally those which the general taste preferred; and, for a time, every knight who slew a monster, or who rescued a lady, must necessarily be one of Arthur's court. In one instance we have seen that the name of Charlemagne had been adopted, and a passing tradition of a voyage, which he was supposed to have made to the East, eagerly seized upon, as the most convenient medium for telling a pleasant joke — a joke which, a little later, might have been more appropriately formed into a fabliau. In like manner, at an early period, the name of Tristram was adopted, and the story of his amour with the fair Isoude, perhaps, invented, to give occasion for telling the stratagems of a venturesome and love-sick knight to possess the person of his mistress. We confess that we are no great believers in the supposed Welsh originals of these poems.

The worthy "laureate" and satirist of the sixteenth century, John Skelton, of whose collected works an edition is now promised by Mr. Dyce, reduces the tale of Tristram's love for Isoude to its true dignity, if robbed of its details, when he talks of having read

"Of Tristram and Kyng Marke,
And al the whole warke [work]
Of bele Isold his wife,
For whom was much strife:
Some say she was lyght,
And made her husband knyghte
Of the common hal
That cuckoldes men cal."

There is, indeed, something rather disgusting than pleasing in the story of a man who lived in a constant and adulterous intercourse, and that not over-secretly, with the wife of his own uncle. But the age which witnessed the formation of such a story, was one in which the moral rights of property were not much considered — in which the abstract criminality of such an intercourse was not looked upon as greatly deepened because it came under the title of adultery, so long as the perpetrator could either brave the

power or escape the eye of the party who was injured. At the same time, the incident of the love-potion which rendered that intercourse unavoidable, while it threw a magical air over the story, flattered the selfish feelings of the men of those days, in covering their excesses, and their violence, and their recklessness, with the plea of fatality—a plea in which the oppressed and the oppressor alike seek consolation or excuse where immorality and violence are predominant.

Still, the romantic adventures of the two lovers, and the melancholy conclusion of their history (an incident, by the way, taken, not from Welsh, but from Grecian story), are not without interest; the poem, in its different forms, is an important monument of the taste of an early period; and the collection of the Norman poems on that story, which M. Michel has edited, forms a valuable addition to our stock of early literature, and an appropriate companion to the English poem as edited by our great romancer of the nineteenth century. M. Michel's two volumes furnish us with every thing that is known, or that has been conjectured, relating to the history of the story of *Tristram*.

In the thirteenth century, it is probable that the practice of reciting the long romances began to decline, and the minstrels supplied their place with brief and more amusing pieces; the object at which they now aimed being to make "beards wag merry in hall." A large, and, certainly, an interesting portion of the French and Norman poetry of this period, consisted of short metrical tales, published under the titles of *fabliaux*, *lays*, *dits*, &c. It might have been a point of dispute, whether this class of poems owed its origin to the French or to the Normans, had we not, in a manuscript of the Public Library of Cambridge, Latin metrical *fabliaux*, written in Germany at the beginning of the tenth century. There can be little doubt that a very large number of the *fabliaux* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, productions so congenial to the light character of our continental neighbours, were written in France; but their minstrels were a vagabond race: from their own land they wandered over to England and to Ireland, which was then looked upon as the extremity of the world, and the French

fabliaux were as popular at the courts of the nobles of our own islands as were the works of native writers. The object of a *fabliau* is generally to provoke laughter and mirth—some pleasant joke, some crafty stratagem of knight or clerk to cheat a villain, to seduce a maiden, or to debauch a wife; or some ludicrous scrape into which those persons had fallen in the attempt, is their most common subject. Sometimes, indeed, the case is reversed; and it is the peasant, the lady, or the lady's husband, who practises the deception—the knight or clerk who is the dupe.

In these poems, the most common object of ridicule is the "villain," or *peasant*; for in the literature of those times we find not a trace of those two distinct and grand classes of society which the warm imagination of some historians has conceived—slaves and masters. The characteristics of the knight were, or ought to have been, politeness and gentleness—the manners of the peasant were rude and uncultivated; and hence the latter was to the former a never-ending subject of ridicule and contempt. It is clear from these *fabliaux*, that the villain often became rich; and here, again, he was an object of ridicule, and no change of fortune could change the perversity of his nature: the characteristics of a gentleman were generosity and liberality; and those of the villain, when he had gained wealth by the sweat of his brow, or by other means, are represented as meanness, and avarice, and arrogance. One of the *fabliaux* which *Barbazan* printed, paints strongly and ingeniously the different tastes of the three classes of knights, clerks, and villains. A party of the former pass through a pleasant and shady meadow, surrounded by beautiful scenery; they are enchanted with the prospect, and wish for meat and wine that they might dine on the grass. Soon after them come a party of clerks, whose feelings are also roused by the beauty of the spot: throughout the *fabliau* the clerk is the seducer of maidens and wives; in this instance, their exclamation was—"Had we but fair maidens here, how pleasant a spot for play!" They, too, passed on, and were followed by a party of villains, who, with a grosser taste, were pleased with the place, and would at once have made of it a water-closet.

The publication of a series of early pieces relating to the character of the villain, which are extremely important to the history of that class of society during the middle ages, has been commenced by M. Monmerqué and M. Michel. One of these, a short poem of the thirteenth century, describes the household establishment of the peasant of that time; and another, of the same age, but in prose, gives a laughable enumeration of twenty-three kinds of villains, and of the peculiar characteristics of each. The *piggish villain*, we are there told, is he who labours in the vineyard, and, when a passenger asketh the road, replies, "You know as well as I." The *villain canine* is he who will sit before his door, on festival days and Sundays, to laugh at every one who passes; and if he see a gentleman with a hawk on his fist, he will cry, "Hal there's a cawing bird, that will have for his supper a-night a fat hen, which would be enough for all my family." The *husky (!) villain (moussous)* is a frenetic villain, who utterly detesteth God and holy Church, and all gentility. The *villain asinine* is he who carries to the feast the cake and the barrel of wine: if it be fair weather, he will carry his wife's cloak; if it rain, he will strip himself to his breeches to cover her, that she may not be wet. The *apish villain* is he who stands before Notre Dame, at Paris, and looks at the kings, exclaiming "There is Pepin! there is Charlemagne!" whilst some one behind is cutting his purse. The *prince villain* is one who goes to plead before the bailiff for the other villains, and says, "Sir, in the times of my grandfather and my great-grandfather our cows were in these meadows, our sheep in those copses;" and thus he gains a hundred pence from the villains. The *hooded villain* is the poor married clerk, who goes to labour with the other villains. The *crab-like villain* is he who returns from the forest laden with wood, and enters his house backwards because the door is too low. The *grafted villain* is he who takes gentle dame to his wife, exactly as if one should graft a fair pear upon a cabbage, or upon a thorn-bush, or upon a turnip.

From the subject of many of the fabliaux, we might be led to suppose that, in spite of the strong feeling of caste which then existed, such union

between persons of the two classes was by no means uncommon. The parties are always a peasant, or villain, who has become wealthy, and the daughter of a poor knight, who possesses more beauty than money. The husband is stupid and brutal, the lady cunning and crafty; he is always jealous and suspicious, and (for it was then, as now, the act not of a gentleman but of a boor to strike a woman) he sometimes beats his better-half. She, on the other hand, proves faithless as often as she can find an opportunity; and the writers of the fabliaux seem to think her conduct in this case extremely right and proper. The peasant, indeed, had in their eyes as little right to the possession of such property as he had to keep hawks, or hounds of chase. The frequency of this doctrine, the general character of the stories, and the extreme obscenity with which many of them are filled, give us no high notion of the morality of the gentry before whom they were recited; though it must be confessed, that the most obscene are by no means the most immoral. The grossness of a joke was then no hindrance to its being made public.

It was, after all, a strange texture of mind, that of our forefathers of the middle ages, capable in the same person of presenting, at different times, and under different emotions, an unbounded diversity of character. At one time, all generosity; at another, giving loose rein to the most merciless cruelty; now, exemplarily pious and devout; and then again giving itself up to the excess of licentiousness. The extremes of obscenity and piety seem, indeed, to have been then by no means difficult of reconciliation; and in the same manuscript, written by the same hand, we often find religious poems mixed with fabliaux equally disgusting. This seems the more extraordinary, when we consider that the greater number of the *contes devots* describe to us the martyrdom to which their heroes and heroines have subjected themselves in defence of their chastity, or their deep penitence for having transgressed it. Their religion, however, was extremely passive; the line of demarcation between right and wrong is not over-distinctly traced; and even the religious stories often give more encouragement to vice than to virtue. For example, on a time, as one of these

tales assures us, there was a nun, who performed the duties of sacristan in her nunnery; and she was passingly devout, praying from morn to night to God, and to his saints, and, above all, to the Virgin mother, whom she loved and honoured exceedingly. "The pious maiden was, at length, overcome by the temptations of the evil one: she left her monastery, and spent two years in unchastity and licentiousness.. At the expiration of that term she repented of her follies, returned covered with shame to her monastery, and there found that the "Mother of God," willing, in return for her former devoutness, to give her a fair share of the pleasures of this world, had most obligingly taken her semblance and office during the period of her transgression, to screen her faults from notice.—*De la Sougreteine*, Méon, tom. ii.

There would be no difficulty in collecting instances of still greater condescension on the part of Our Lady towards offending members of the community, who had always taken care to keep on good terms with her. There was once a robber, who had especial care, whenever he went forth in search of plunder, to place himself under her ladyship's protection; and, surely enough, he was for a long time entirely successful. However, one day the devil, who, it seems, was not well satisfied with the interference of Our Lady, contrived that the offender, in one of his robberies, should fall into the hands of the justice. The robber had long been an object of fear for his depredations; his offences had been great, and death, as a matter of course, was adjudged to be the punishment he merited. He was dragged to the gallows, amidst the rejoicings of the people; the halter was adjusted to his neck; he was thrown from the scaffold, and left to his fate. But the Virgin was aware of the danger of her faithful servant, and came in haste to his assistance. She placed "her delicate white hands" under his feet as he hung, and supported him for two days, that he sustained neither hurt nor pain. When on the second day his persecutors found him alive, and would have cut his throat with their swords, she placed one of her hands over his throat, and defended that also from their violence. The spectators were astonished at his tenacity of life; he

opened his mouth, and explained to them the mystery; they cut him down, and he, leaving his former profession, became a monk in the abbey which stood hard by, and served Our Lady faithfully all his days. — *Du Larron qui se commandoit à Nostre Dame toutes les fois qu'il aloit embler*. Méon, tom. ii.

Poetry seems naturally to require a mythology; and the writers of the fabliaux, for whom the popular mythology of the peasantry had no charms, had imperceptibly and unconsciously formed a system in which the Virgin and her Son, whom they were accustomed to worship beneath the solemn and majestic grandeur of their Gothic churches, took the place of heathen personages, whose characters and attributes were far less virtuous and less holy. The "Lady Mary" of the poets was fair and beautiful—luxuriously beautiful; and they dwell with delight on her eyes, and her mouth, and her tresses—on her delicate feet and hands, on the whiteness of her skin, and on the elegance of her form. She was even the patroness of love—a true Venus; and she exacted that worship and that homage which, as such, were due to her. In a fabliau entitled the *Court of Paradise*, printed in Barbazan, a rich festival is described as being celebrated among the saints of both sexes; and there the virgin and the madelaine lead the dance, singing as they go, "*Tuit cil qui sont enamourez viengnent danssier, li autre non*"—Let all who are in love come and dance, and none other. And the ladies and maidens instantly join in chanting, "*Je gart le bos, que nus n'en port chapel di flors s'il n'aime*"—I guard the wood, that none take a chaplet of flowers unless he be in love. Many similar chants are sung; and at last Christ kisses the Virgin on the eyes, mouth, and cheeks, "which were both delicate and beautiful—more so than is the rose in its bloom."

"A cest mot la bese en la face,
Les iex, la bouche, et la maiselle,
Que ele avoit et tendre et bele
Plus que ne n'est rose espanie."

V. 569.

The *conte devot* of the monk who made the image of the devil, begins by telling us, that all who were in love should assemble in a meadow below Bethlehem; "for the god of love will go there to prove his friends, and he

will know who has a sweetheart : he that has none had better keep away."

" Desouz Bethléem en uns prez
Venez avant vos qui amez,
Li diex d'amor i velt aler
Qui ses amis velt esprover,
Et velt savoir qui a amie ;
Et vos fuiez qui n'amez mie."

MÉON, tom. ii.

Some young men, as one of these *contes* tells us, were playing at ball near a church, in the porch of which was a beautiful statue of Our Lady ; one of them, a handsome fellow, who had a sweetheart in the town whom he loved tenderly, approached the portal to lay down a ring, which the fair object of his affections had given him, from his finger, while he played. There he saw the image, which was "fresh and new," became suddenly enamoured of it, and, after due obeisance, addressed the lady thus :

" ' Dame,' fet il, ' en mon aage,
D'ore en avant vous servirai,
Car onques mais ne remirai,
Dame, meschine, ne pucele,
Qui tant me fust plesant ne bele ;
Tu iez plus bele et plus plesans
Que cele n'est cent mile tans,
Qui cest anel m'avoit doné :
Je li avoie habandoné
Tot mon corage, et tot mon cuer ;
Mès por t'amor veil giter puer
Li et s'amor et ses joiaus.
Cest anel ci qui moult est biaux,
Te veil doner par fine amor,
Par tel couvent, que jà nul jor
N'arai mais amie ne fame,
Se vous non, bele douce Dame.' "

" ' Lady,' he said, ' I promise duly,
That all my life I'll serve thee truly ;
For never saw I maiden fair
Whose beauty could with thine compare,
So courtly and so debonaire :
And she who gave this ring to me,
Though fair and sweet herself, than thee
A hundred times less fair, I trow,
Shall yield to thee her empire now.
'Tis true I've loved her long, and well,
As many a fond caress may tell ;
But now, forgotten and neglected,
Her meaner charms for thine rejected,
I give her ring a lasting token
Of faith which never shall be broken,
Nor shared with maid or wife shall be
The love I proffer unto thee.' "

Du Varlet qui se maria à Nostre Dame,
v. 42, Barbazan, tom. ii.

So saying, he placed the ring on Our Lady's finger. She was flattered, it seems, by the conquest she had made, and, in token of acceptance, bent the

finger on which was the ring, so that the latter could not again be withdrawn. The lover, astounded at the miracle, ran to his companions, who counselled him to retire from the world, and to give himself up entirely to his new spouse. He, however, neglected the advice of his friends, soon forgot the circumstance himself, and, his old attachment returning in all its force, he married the maiden who had given him the ring. Our Lady was not so easily to be robbed of her husband : on the wedding-night, when he would have approached his lady in bed, the Virgin Mary threw him suddenly into a slumber, and then she herself appeared to him, lying between them.

" Le doy monstroït à tout l'anel,
Qui merveille li séoit bel,
Car li dois ert polis et drois.
' Ce n'est mie,' fet ele, ' drois,
Ne loyauté que tu me fais,
Ledement t'ies vers moi meffais.
Vez ici l'anel à t'amie
Que me donas par druerie,
Et si disoies que cent tans
Ere plus bele et plus plesans
Que pucele que tu scüsses.
Loiale amie en moi eüsses,
Se ne m'eüsses deguerpie !
La rose lesse pour l'ortie,
Et l'esglantier por le séu.' "

" She shew'd him straight her finger,
where
Was still the ring he'd given her ;
And well became her hand that ring,
Upon her soft skin glittering.
' Instead of love, thou'st shewn,' said she,
' But falseness and disloyalty,
And ill has kept thy faith to me.
Behold the ring thou gavest, for token
And pledge of love for e'er unbroken,
And call'd me a hundred times more fair
Than ever earthly maidens were.
I have been ever true, but thou
Hast taken a meaner lemmman now ;
Hast left for stinking nettle the rose,
Sweet eglandine for flower more gross.' "

Id. v. 113.

Our Lady, in the end, forced him to leave his wife, and to dedicate himself unto her. It must not be forgotten that the original story, as it figures in the chronicles and in another fabliau, is a tale of magic, and that there the representative of Mary is the " Lady Venus," who, somehow or other, had been dragged into the middle-age superstitions.

In the legends of the monks, the hermits and other religious are people

of a nature altogether cold and devoid of passions; and the temptations to frailty, in regard of the other sex, are not very great:—the way in which the evil one most generally overcomes them is by sheer fright. Not so in the tales of the poets: there the devil does more with a fair word and a fair face, than he ever did in the other case with his legions of fiends. The hermits and monks of the fabliaux are, in fact, very susceptible of tender emotions, though their trials and temptations are sometimes very droll, and generally fall out to their disadvantage. The hermit of one of the *contes devots* arrives at the house of a noble lady, is entertained with a plentiful and rich supper, and is afterwards led to a magnificent chamber to sleep. To his surprise, the lady undresses herself, enters the same bed, and places herself by his side. At first, the hermit was modest, and begged the lady to leave the bed, or to suffer him to leave it. She replied by close embraces. She was young and beautiful, and the stoicism of the hermit was speedily melted down. When, however, he sought the full gratification of his desires, the lady requested that he would first grant her a favour. She took him to the foot of the bed and placed him in a cistern of marble, which was full of cold water. The season, as it appears, was not summer, and, before she allowed him to leave his bath, the hermit was almost dead with cold, and, as might be supposed, in no humour to accept her now proffered favours. When, recovered from the effects of his bath, he began again to make advances to the lady, he was led a second time to the marble cistern, and the experiment was repeated till morning; when he arose, confessed the wickedness of his desires, and declared that his fair hostess was worthy of an eternal crown in Paradise.

“ Et vous, dame, dont paradis,
Et coronne auez à touz diz.”

His admiration was, however, vastly increased, when he learnt from the dame that in the same manner she treated her husband every night, in order that they might both secure places in that desirable region.—*Du Prévost d'Aquilée*. Méon, tom. ii.

Certain it is, that the evil one, whenever either desirous of overthrowing their sanctity, or enraged at the obsti-

nacy and rudeness of his monkish opponents, seldom wanted a fair dame or a fair maiden who was ready enough to become the instrument of his malice or his revenge. At a certain abbey were a number of workmen, carving, in stones, figures of saints and devils; and the sacristan, who was looking on, took a strange fancy of carving a devil himself. To work he went, with hammer and chisel, and, by great care and study, he succeeded in making a fiend so passingly ugly, that no person could look at it without terror. Delighted with his performance, he retired to his couch perfectly satisfied with himself; but at midnight he was roused from his slumber by a terrible noise in his cell, and, lo! there was the evil one himself. “Wretch!” cried he, “why hast thou made me so ugly?” and he threatened the poor monk vehemently, unless he would promise to mend his work. Three nights did the devil renew his visit, with menaces more dreadful every time; and always was he defeated and put to flight by the brother’s holy water. In the neighbourhood dwelt a fair dame, who was a widow, and whom the devil filled with love for the sacristan; he raised a corresponding feeling in the latter: they were quickly brought together; and at last the lady persuaded him one night to steal all the plate and jewels of the abbey, and to fly with her into a distant land. The sacristan, laden with the plunder, was on the way to join his mistress, when the devil entered the abbey, awakened the whole fraternity, and announced that the abbey had been robbed. The monks left their beds in haste, overtook the offender, and put him in prison. The devil again appeared before the sacristan, reproached him for his former obstinacy, and promised still to deliver him, provided he would promise to deface his image, and make one handsomer in its place. The monk agreed willingly to the proposal, the tempter took his place in the dungeon, and he sought his couch; and next morning, when the monks found him quietly performing his duties in the chapel, and would have led him back to prison, he professed an entire ignorance of what had passed. They immediately, suspecting that some delusion had been played upon them, went to the prison, found there the evil one in the garb of a sacristan, and instantly

came the father-abbot, fearfully armed
with cross and holy-water, to put the
enemy to confusion.

“ D'els s'esvanoui erraument,
Si s'en torna par un auvent
De la meson, si la hurta
Que devant soi l'acraventa.
Un moine prist, si l'emportoit,
Par le chaperon le tenoit ;
Quand le chaperon destacha
Par le moine, qui trop pesa,
Si li eschapa de la main
Et cil avala sanz polain,
Si que seur ses freres versa,
Que ne sai quanz en enversa.”

“ From holy cross quick fled the devil
(The monks, I guess, were not o'er civil):
Against the wall he stumbled, souse !
Knock'd down a corner of the house,
And then, as 'twere in vengeful mood,
Snatch'd up a brother by the hood.
The monk himself was fat and heavy
(Perchance, the largest of the bevy) ;
His hood gave way, and, sad to tell,
Right on his brethren's heads he fell,
Who, as they stared in sore confusion,
Were all knock'd down by the concussion.”

*D'un Moine qui countrefist l'ymage du
Deable, v. 417. Méon, tom. ii.*

The monks then hastened to the monastery, to apologise to the sacristan for the evil opinion they had formed of him; and the latter, according to his promise, brake in pieces his ugly devil, and laboured hard to form one which might be less objectionable to the person whom it represented.

Whatever, indeed, may have been the doctrine which the monks and the moralists of the thirteenth century preached, it would not seem to have been confirmed by their practice; and unchastity was certainly not regarded as one of the greatest of sins. When either knight, or monk, or villain, in his amorous adventures, is entrapped and punished, the poet censures not the sin he had, or would have committed, but the want of care with which he had conducted the enterprise.

One evening came a poor scholar to the house of a miller, to seek a lodging for the night. The dame (for the good-man was not at home) sent him away, to seek shelter elsewhere. While the scholar was at the door, he observed a lad bring three vessels of wine, which were immediately taken in and concealed; and the maid also hid a cake, newly baked, and a fine piece of pork, which she had taken from the pot: and as he left the place he met a priest,

who passed him and entered the house. Soon after, he met the miller himself, who was returning, somewhat unexpectedly, with flour from the mill. When the scholar told the miller that he had been refused at the house hard by, and that he wanted shelter for the night, the latter swore by St. Clement that the house was his own, and at the same time invited him to return, promising him hospitable entertainment. When the miller and his new friend arrived at the house, the wife, hearing that it was her husband who knocked, after having in haste concealed the priest, with a promise to send her husband to bed as quickly as possible, opened the door. The dame declared that she had nothing for them to eat, and that, if they were hungry, the miller must give the maid some flour to make a loaf. The miller, vexed exceedingly, saw no alternative, and begged of his guest to tell him, in the meanwhile, a fable or a story; of which he doubted not that he knew many. “ Of fables,” replied the scholar, “ I know none; but I will tell you a ‘fear’ which I have had.”

“ Proceed,” said the miller.

“ To-day,” said the scholar, “ I passed by a wood, and saw a large herd of pigs of all sizes: but the drover was not there. While I was watching the pigs, a wolf rushed suddenly among them, large and fat; yea, as fat as that piece of pork which your maid took just now out of the pot.”

“ What!” cried the miller, eagerly, “ have we pork in the house?”

“ Yes,” replied the wife, disconcerted and mortified; “ a fine piece, which I have bought purposely for you.”

“ It is well,” said the husband; “ I could have desired nothing better. And now, friend, proceed with thy story.”

“ The wolf of which I spoke,” continued the speaker, “ seized instantly one of the pigs, tore it in pieces, and began to eat it. I looked at one large piece—the blood ran from it, all red; yea, as red as the wine which the lad brought to thy house, when I came this evening to seek a lodging.”

“ Heigh, wifel have we wine also?”

“ Yea, plenty, and good: I thought of you, and ordered it.”

“ I am glad,” said the husband; “ we shall be able to treat our guest well. Proceed!”

"When I saw that the wolf was so fierce, I looked for something to throw at him; and I took up a large stone—as large, I believe, as the cake which the maid took from the fire a short time ago."

The dame saw now that it was useless to think of concealing any thing, and, hoping that when all the eatables were produced the scholar would say no more, brought them forth, and arranged the table.

"Now," said the miller, "as we have plenty of provisions, let us sup. Is thy fear ended?"

"Not entirely," said his guest; "for I would have thrown the stone at the wolf, but, lo! he gave me a look like—exactly like that of the priest who is hidden in the corner under the window."

"What!" exclaimed the host, "have we a priest here, too? Where is he?" And he arose from his seat, dragged the priest from his hiding-place, and, after taking from him his robe, his coat, and his cap, which he gave to the clerk, as a remuneration for his story, turned him out of doors. The host then repeated his thanks to the guest for his "fear," which had produced them so jovial a supper; and they passed the evening full merrily together. The writer of the fabliau blames the lady much; not, however, for being false to her husband, but for having been so inhospitable to the poor scholar, who, had she treated him more kindly, would certainly have said nothing of what he had seen.

"Et à la dame tot première,
Qui au clerc fist si laide chièrre
Quant il oustel li demanda,
De quanque il la nuit conta,
N'aüstil jà un mot soné,
S'el li aüst l'ostel preste."—V. 248.

"And first I blame the lady, who
Bade the poor clerk, unpitied, go,
When he demanded shelter there;
For, had she shewn him better cheer,
He had not told a word, I ween,
Of all that he had heard or seen."

So lax, indeed, were their notions upon this subject, that some of the moralists of these times taught, that it was greater sin to trespass with an ugly woman than with one who was fair. In a satire entitled *La Bible au Seigneur de Berze*, which is printed in Barbazan, this doctrine is duly set forth. The wickedness of love, its writer assures us, is, that we are apt

to think of our mistress when we ought to be thinking of something else.

"Tel i a or qui cuideroit
C'on se peüst miex amender
D'amors de hele dame amer,
Que de la laide, et il est voirs,
Qar li lais pechiez est plus noirs
Et plus vil et plus despiteus;
Mès li biaux est plus deliteus,
Et plus plesens à remembrer,
Fors qu'est peril à amender,
Puis c'on a fet la dessevrance
Du pechié de la remembrance,
N'i devons mès point de delit,
Ainz a-l'en en son cuer despit,
Et s'en est-l'en bien repentans
Que du biau pechié bien cent tans.
Mès qui repentir s'en porroit
Du biau pechié, il en auroit
Cent tant du gré que du let."

V. 748.

"But many judge the blame is less
To sin with beauteous dame, than 'tis
To be entrapped by ugliness;
Nor is their judgment here amiss:
For this is crime of blacker die,
Filthier and beastlier luxury,
As he who errs without temptation
Merits a deadlier damnation.
Not so the sweeter sin: and yet,
I judge 'tis harder to forget
The beauteous object than the other:
And could we the remembrance smother
Of that which captivates, and ever
The sweetness from the sin dis sever,
Then penitence would soon appear.
But yet a hundred times, 'tis clear,
More grateful is that penitence,
When fairer dame provoked th' offence."

However, Hugh de Bersil, the author of the piece, declares that he is a fool who commits the sin in either case—with the fair lady or with the foul.

As poetry of their peculiar class, the fabliaux of the thirteenth century are by no means to be despised: the stories are always well told; they are full of wit, and frequently rival the happiest effusions of La Fontaine or Prior. Indeed, the originals of many of La Fontaine's tales are to be found amongst them. The works of the Norman bards are not deficient in passages which breathe the true spirit of poetry: the fault of the romances—and this is a fault under which the fabliaux never labour—is, that they are too diffuse; that the aim of the writer seems often to have been the making his poem as lengthy as possible; and, consequently, that that which would otherwise be perfect is spoiled by being dwelt upon too long, or is rendered tedious by being repeated too often. In this

point, the character of Norman poetry differs widely from that of the Anglo-Saxons; which is, perhaps, as faulty in the multitude of images which are crowded together in close succession on the mind.

At present, there is in France a zealous emulation for the publication of their early literature; and, as being closely allied with it, of that of the Normans. Our neighbours are an enthusiastic people; and some of its editors—like those old philosophers who thought that no happiness or quietness could be expected on this earth, before the solution of the important problem of squaring the circle should be discovered—would have us believe, that so long as a scrap of their early poetry remains unedited, France will never be regenerated. Hear, for example, the words of a worthy printer, M. G. A. Crapet, who has edited and printed a collection of *Proverbes et Dictions*

populaires:—"En publiant aujourd'hui ce nouveau volume, j'ai l'espoir que les bonnes lettres trouveront accueil et protection de la part du gouvernement du roi; car les lettres, en France, sont aussi une partie de la fortune et du bonheur public, et il seroit aussi impolitique que dangereux de les laisser plus long-temps dépérir." *Les bonnes lettres* are here *la bonne vieille littérature*. We look with interest, however, at the labours of the Raynouards, and the Michels, and all the others who proceed with skill and judgment in their task. Every thing that is good is not necessarily new; and many a good thing, right pleasant and instructive, is hidden from public view in old volumes of dusty vellum. The song of Roland, the oldest of Anglo-Norman romances, the work of the poet Turold, which M. Francisque Michel is now publishing, is a most noble epic poem.

LINES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF FELICIA HEMANS,

MAY 16, 1836.

ANOTHER year hath passed away!

The murmuring breezes sigh;
And, glowing with the light of May,
The pure, unclouded sky
Is bright as when thy spirit soared
Away from earth's dark clod,
When thy freed soul in glory towered
To meet and bless thy God!

Another year hath past! thy voice
Hath left the lonely cot;
The flowers that bid the earth rejoice
Proclaim that thou art *not*;
The children at their merry play,
Beneath the spreading bough;
The subjects of thy parted lay,—
They have no songstress now!

Still upon many a holy morn
The peasant-voices blend;
Oft as the days of rest return
"Beneath one roof they bend;"
Still rising through the clear blue skies
Ascends the voice of prayer;
And still the choirs of praise arise,
But, ah! thou art not there!

Still 'neath the cotter's lowly eaves
"The stranger's heart" finds rest;
The rustling of the foliage leaves
Sad echoes in his breast;
The memory of his distant home
Yet dims his aching eye;
But never more thy lyre shall come
To tell that agony.

The blossoms of the "heathing spring"
Once more in beauty wave;
The "wandering birds of passage" sing
O'er many a "household grave;"
But where are now thy lays of old,
Where now thy tuneful tongue?
Alas! that sorrowed form is cold—
That once sweet lyre unstrung!

Unstrung, alas! through many a year
Of grief, and care, and pain;
Those holy warblings soft and clear
Shall never wake again!
But in that fair and "better land"
Where now thy spirit roves,
That harp by heaven's own breezes faun'd
Shall breathe the song it loves!

And might'st thou from those realms of
bliss,

Where joy eternal reigns,
Look down upon a world like this,—
Receive these humble strains,
And let thine own sweet numbers twine
To form a brighter wreath,
And add their lovelier flowers to mine,
To close this song of death.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod—
His seal was on thy brow
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die!"*

Lines by Mrs. Hemans "On the Death of a Christian."

No. LXXIV.

MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD.

WE present our readers, in the opposite page, with a representation of the corporal form of Sergeant Talfourd, a gentleman who woos at once the Nine Muses and five Justices of Common Pleas; and cultivates, with equal assiduity, the offices of Clio and his clients. Although he has studied Blackstone, he has not deemed it necessary to imitate him in bidding a farewell to the Muse; but furnishes briefs for Macready to plead the cause of Ion before the judges of Covent Garden, as readily as he receives those which send himself to plead the causes of the everlasting Does and Roes of Westminster Hall. We know which occupation he finds to be the more profitable; and we fear the memory of those eternal litigants, the Titii and the Sen of our law, will be more lasting than that of Ion or Clemanthe. But we do not wish to speak in words of discouraging omen.

The Sergeant is, we suppose, about five-and-forty. He was born at Reading, where his father won his bread by supplying other people with beer. He was, in short, a brewer, who raised a handsome fortune by his ale. Talfourd himself made some happy allusions to his father's business, in an election speech at Reading. He omitted to say that, in the process of fermentation, the froth rises to the top, and to draw therefrom some poetical, though alewashed metaphors, as to the circumstances of the time of political ferment in which he was speaking. This we say he omitted, because he thinks proper to be a Radical, and to believe in the march of mind, and all the rest of it. He was educated by old Dr. Volpy, who has lately died, and to whom he dedicated the private edition of his play. In the public edition, he has superseded this dedication by an affectionate and nicely written notice, highly eulogistic of the pedagogue defunct; with which we should be more inclined to agree, if we did not recollect his conduct to John Galt.

In 1835, he was returned for Reading on the Radical interest, and is now seated in the House of Commons. It is no disgrace to him that he cuts no figure in that assembly. There is no opening for genius or honourable feeling on the side of the House which he haunts.

What has it with *day* to do?

Sons of *night*, 'twas made for you!

And to the nightmen of parliament it must be left. In his first speech, he introduced a glowing passage from Wordsworth, illustrating his argument; and we think that even the great Laker himself, fond as he is of hearing his own verses quoted, would have laughed at the misplaced and mistimed quotation. The ignorant and underbred rabble of ruffians, which constitutes the greater portion of our parliamentary majority, know nothing of Wordsworth—except, perhaps, Hume may have found, from some returns, that he is stampmaster of Westmoreland, and have looked with indignation at his being paid for the office. The *Lexicon Balatronicum* would be a fitter source to supply quotations for that herd, if even the works of Grose are not too refined for those whose taste has been fostered by the models of eloquence imported from the aggregate meetings, and the proud days of Ireland. Of course, Sergeant Talfourd sate down without a cheer—and we do not think he will try to rise again. As a barrister, he has obtained a high rank in his profession, and will attain still higher. In the case of the Whig persecution of Messrs. Grant and Bell, tried and condemned for repeating the language of Lord Denman, Master Brougham, the lord-chancellor's brother, Earl Fitzwilliam, and other lights of Whiggery, he displayed not only great legal knowledge and eloquence, but, what is still more rare, great forensic courage. It was an exhibition which did him honour.

His tragedy, however, it is which brings him into our court. Much is to be said in its praise; but it will never succeed on the stage. It is to be applauded and forgotten. Neither can we, with the fear of Homer and Co. before our eyes, pronounce it to be always Greek in spirit. We give one instance—short, but decisive:

“Our soldiers,

From the base instinct of their slavish trade,” &c.

The base and slavish instinct of the soldier trade! *Phoo!* *Phoo!* Such a sentiment may, perhaps, be found in some mangy sophist, but long and fruitlessly will Sergeant Talfourd toil before he discovers a precedent for it in a Greek poet. Ion himself is a puling creature. There is, however, good stuff in the tragedy; and Talfourd will do better things.



J. N. Talfourd

AUTHOR OF "ION"

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SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF COWPER.*

THAT men of genius are the children of Providence, is a truth that might be illustrated by many examples. We have recently had occasion to remark the mint-stamp of divine approval, as evidenced in the accidents of Coleridge's destiny; and would now willingly reinforce the inference, in relation to the present subject. William Cowper, the poet of *The Task*, is an eminent instance of this dealing of a higher power with intellectual or moral eminence. "Cowper's spirits," says Southey, "continued cheerful after Lady Hesketh returned in January to town. His constant employment materially contributed to this. 'I am the busiest man,' said he to his cousin, 'that ever lived sequestered as I do; and am never idle. My days, accordingly, roll away with a most tremendous rapidity.' Happily, there was nothing irksome in any of the business to which he was called. His correspondence, except only when upon writing to Mr. Newton, and to him alone, the consciousness of his malady arose in his mind, was purely pleasurable. He had his own affliction, and that was of the heaviest kind; but from the ordinary cares and sorrows of life no man was ever more completely exempted. All his connexions were prosperous. Mr. Unwin was the only friend, whose longer life must have appeared desirable, of whom death bereaved him. From the time when, in the prime of manhood, he was rendered helpless, he was provided for by others; that Providence which feeds the ravens raised up one person after another to minister unto him. Mrs. Unwin was to him as a mother; Lady Hesketh, as a sister: and when he lost in Unwin one who had been to him as a brother, young men, as has already been seen in the instance of Rose, supplied that loss with almost filial affection. Sad as his story is, it is not altogether mournful: he had never to complain of injustice, nor of injuries, nor even of neglect. Man had no part in bringing on his calamity: and to that very calamity

which made him 'leave the herd like a stricken deer,' it was owing that the genius which has consecrated his name, which has made him the most popular poet of his age, and secures that popularity from fading away, was developed in retirement; it would have been blighted had he continued in the course for which he was trained up. He would not have found the way to fame, unless he had missed the way to fortune. He might have been happier in his generation; but he could never have been so useful: with that generation his memory would have passed away, and he would have slept with his fathers, instead of living with those who are the glory of their country, and the benefactors of their kind."

In high estimation, indeed, must the Deity hold the Poetical Character, were it purchased, in Cowper's instance, at the cost here indicated. Yet, so far as this world is concerned, we doubt not that the price was no less, but even such; nor, deeming as we deem of the heavenly muse, are we prepared to say that the rate was too high. Corroborations of this view are discoverable in the facts of his spiritual experience. Only when composing poetry was Cowper happy—only then was heaven about him, as in his infancy; on most other occasions his soul felt the absence of a divine impulse—he was, in his own words, abandoned by God. In a former paper,† we endeavoured to shew, in opposition to the vulgar opinion, that these defects in Cowper's character were owing to a want of *enthusiasm*. We are sorry that, in one instance, Mr. Southey has used the word in the lax popular sense already condemned by us. It occurs in some remarks made by the laureate on the correspondence between Mr. Newton and Cowper.

"That Cowper and Mr. Newton had a true regard for each other, is certain; a regard heightened on the one side by a feeling of gratitude, and on the other by that of commiseration. While their intercourse was colloquial, there was a

* The Works of William Cowper, Esq., comprising his Poems, Correspondence, and Translations; with a Life of the Author, by the Editor, Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. London: Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row. 1836. First 4 volumes.

† Vide *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. vii. pp. 482-497.

warmth of affection in this regard ; for Mr. Newton was a man of lively and vigorous intellect, with whom Cowper could converse upon those equal terms by which conversation is rendered easy and delightful. But the next-door neighbour and familiar friend was not like the same person as the spiritual director, who from a distance watched jealously over the conduct of his friend, and administered exhortation or reproof as he thought meet. It has been seen that his interference was sometimes both unwarrantable and unwise. But if his letters, in their general complexion, were like those which he addressed to other persons, and which are printed among his works, they were not such as Cowper could have had any pleasure in receiving ; nor such as he requested his friend, Unwin, to write. For Mr. Newton sermonised in his epistles : there is nothing epistolary about them, except the beginning and the end.

" On Cowper's part, therefore, the correspondence ceased to be pleasurable when time lessened the old feeling of familiarity ; and, at length, so often as he performed it as a duty, the cloud came over him. A Romanist, who has any great sin to confess, or rummages his conscience for small ones to make up a passable account, enters the confessional with the satisfaction of knowing that, at greater or less price of penance, he shall obtain a discharge in full. But even to the legitimate influence which Mr. Newton might have exercised, Cowper turned a deaf ear. He had been encouraged to believe that there was nothing illusive in the raptures of his first recovery ; and they who had confirmed him in that belief, argued in vain against his illusions, now when they were of an opposite character. *Such are the perilous consequences of religious enthusiasm.*"

Now, in the paper to which we have already alluded, we have restored the word, in this instance abused, to its right use ; and, in Cowper's case, it is not only rightful, but needful, that the restoration should be insisted on, in order to understand his mind's malady. It was the want, not the excess of enthusiasm, which was his disease. The forefathers of our race recognised the presence of God in their own souls, and their sons acknowledged their inspiration. We, misunderstanding both the nature and manner of such divine presence, deny the claim both to ourselves and our fellows. Enthusiasm is a reproach ; and he on whom it is charged is regarded as an hypocrite and a pretender. Nevertheless, no man, exanimate of enthusiasm, in its true

sense, ever did a great or good thing. Of this comes, not despondency and madness, but faith in individual impulse and in divine assistance. We request Mr. Southey to read our remarks on this point, in our seventh volume, pp. 490-494. In the meantime, we would reinforce them by the opinion of Madame de Staël, who describes enthusiasm as connected with the harmony of the universe. " It is," she writes, " the love of the beautiful, elevation of soul, enjoyment of devotion, all united in one single feeling, which combines grandeur and repose. The sense of this word amongst the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it : enthusiasm signifies *God in us*. In fact, when the existence of man is expansive, it has something divine. Whatever leads us to sacrifice our own comfort, or our own life, is almost always enthusiasm ; for the high road of reason, to the selfish, must be to make themselves the objects of all their efforts, and to value nothing in the world but health, riches, and power. Without doubt, conscience is sufficient to lead the coldest character into the track of virtue ; but enthusiasm is to conscience what honour is to duty : there is in us a superfluity of soul, which it is sweet to consecrate to what is fine, when what is good has been accomplished. Genius and imagination also stand in need of a little care, for their welfare in the world ; and the law of duty, however sublime it may be, is not sufficient to enable us to taste all the wonders of the heart and of the thought.—It cannot be denied that his own interests, as an individual, surround a man on all sides. There is, even in what is vulgar, a certain enjoyment, of which many people are very susceptible ; and the traces of ignoble passions are often found under the appearance of the most distinguished manners. Superior talents are not always a guarantee against that degradation of nature which disposes blindly of the existence of men, and leads them to place their happiness lower than themselves. Enthusiasm alone can counterbalance the tendency to selfishness ; and it is by this divine sign that we recognise the creatures of immortality. When you speak to any one on subjects worthy of holy respect, you perceive at once if he feels a noble trembling—if his heart beats with elevated sentiments—if he has formed an

alliance with the other life; or if he has only that little portion of mind which serves him to direct the mechanism of existence. And what, then, is human nature, when we see in it nothing but a prudence, of which its own advantage is the object? The instinct of animals is of more worth, for it is sometimes generous and proud; but this calculation, which seems the attribute of reason, ends by rendering us incapable of the first of virtues, self-devotion.—Amongst those who endeavour to turn exalted sentiments into ridicule, many are, nevertheless, susceptible of them, though unknown to themselves. War, undertaken with personal views, always affords some of the enjoyments of enthusiasm; the transport of a day of battle, the singular pleasure of exposing one's self to death, when our whole nature would enjoin to us the love of life, can only be attributed to enthusiasm. The martial music, the neighing of the steeds, the roar of the cannon, the multitude of soldiers clothed in the same colours, moved by the same desire, assembled around the same banners, inspire an emotion capable of triumphing over that instinct which would preserve existence; and so strong is this enjoyment, that neither fatigues, nor sufferings, nor dangers, can withdraw the soul from it. Whoever has once led this life, loves no other. The attainment of our object never satisfies us; it is the action of risking ourselves which is necessary—it is that which introduces enthusiasm into the blood; and although it may be more pure at the bottom of the soul, it is still of a noble nature, when it is now to become an impulse almost physical.

"Sincere enthusiasm," she continues, "is often reproached with what belongs only to affected enthusiasm: the more pure a sentiment is, the more odious is a false affectation of it. To tyrannise over the admiration of men is what is most culpable, for we dry up in them the source of good emotions when we make them blush for having felt them. Besides, nothing is more painful than the false sounds which appear to proceed from the sanctuary of the soul itself. Vanity may possess herself of whatever is external; conceit and disgrace are the only evils which will result from it; but when she counterfeits our inward feelings, she appears to violate the last asylum in which we

can hope to escape her. It is easy, nevertheless, to discover sincerity in enthusiasm; it is a melody so pure, that the smallest discord destroys its whole charm; a word, an accent, a look, express the concentrated emotion which answers to a whole life. Persons who are called severe in the world, very often have in them something exalted. The strength which reduces others to subjection may be no more than cold calculation. The strength which triumphs over ourselves is always inspired by a generous sentiment."

Thus much in corroboration of our views as to the proper use of a word, so much profaned in the temple-porch by the mere money-changers who sit there. In Mr. Southey's decision, as to the character of Mr. Newton's correspondence with Cowper, we perfectly agree. Mr. Newton was of the class of *pseudo* enthusiasts—men who, having darkened within them the light which should lighten every man that cometh into the world, differ, in their religious views, from the truly inspired, by a gloomy moodiness ascribable to the character of the contemplations they best love,—visions of death and hades, which are not the visions of peace. Mr. Newton had been captain of a Liverpool slave-ship; and after much suffering and many deliverances, which might well be deemed providential, wakening to a sense of God's mercy, had taken orders in the established church, and was then curate of Olney, where he became acquainted with Cowper. We have before remarked, that the peculiar attributes of turbulence and imbecility, which mark the more imperfect species of enthusiasm, belong rather to the patient than the inspiration. The state in which conviction found the mind of Mr. Newton, must have exposed it to the rebellious oppositions of the mere natural man; and even when the law of the spirit had conquered that of the flesh, he must have lived in perpetual terror of a relapse into that corruption from which he had been so wonderfully redeemed. Clear it is that he never rose above the troubled waters of conscience once offended, nor dwelt in that serene sunlight in which the "pious soul triumphant" lives, and breathes, and moves, as in the bosom of a reconciled God. He never felt as if he were engraven on the palms of his Creator's hands—a sense of dis-

union yet existed—and a struggle was experienced—an endeavour to rejoin the fountain of his spirit. It was the reflection by the poet of a condition of soul like this that made Mr. Newton, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, really unfit for Cowper, both, indeed, as a companion and a correspondent.

We will, for the full exemplification of this subject, give a synoptical view of this gentleman's connexion with Cowper, as rendered by Mr. Southey.

The acquaintance commenced a few days after the calamitous death of Mr. Unwin. It was indeed a comfort, says his present excellent biographer, to meet with such an adviser at such a time. He proposed that they should fix their abode at Olney, and offered to look out a house for them, and assist in their removal. Accordingly, he engaged one so near the vicarage in which he lived, that, by opening a doorway in the garden-wall, they could communicate without going into the street. It was necessary that they should remove at Michaelmas; and as the house was not ready for their reception, Mr. Newton seems to have received them as his guests. The friendship thus began could not, as Mr. Southey wisely observes, be estimated above its value, Mr. Newton being a man whom it was impossible not to admire for his strength of heart, and the warmth and sincerity of his affections, and his vigorous intellect, and his sterling worth. A sincerer friend Cowper could not have found: he might have found a more discreet one. Mr. Southey considers that the "frequent evangelic worship" at Huntingdon, and the visitation of the sick at Olney, to which Cowper was directed, must have been mischievous. Prayer meetings also, he thinks, might have been dispensed with. Mr. Newton had a frame of adamant, a soul of fire; nothing could shake his nerves. But for Cowper to visit the sick and the dying, and to prepare himself by hours of nervous agitation for taking the lead in a prayer-meeting, with a constitution like his, and a mind which had already once been overthrown—what could Dr. Cotton, if the question had been proposed to him—what could any practitioner, who was acquainted with the circumstances of the case, or any person capable of forming an opinion

upon such subjects, have expected, but the consequences that ensued?

Such is the opinion of the laureate; and, however much we may think that some exercise of the kind was salutary, there can be no doubt, from the evidence now before us, that it was carried to excess. Lady Hesketh, in a letter to her sister, Theodora, gave, some years afterwards, an account of the poet's way of life while under Mr. Newton's care; which shews how irksome must have been the family discipline to a mind of the tenderest qualities.

"Mr. Newton is an excellent man, I make no doubt," said she; "and to a strong-minded man like himself might have been of great use; but to such a mind—such a tendermind—and to such a wounded, yet lively, imagination as our cousin's, I am persuaded that eternal praying and preaching were too much: nor could it, I think, be otherwise. One only proof of this I will give you, which our cousin mentioned a few days ago in casual conversation. The case was this. He was mentioning that, for one or two summers, he had found himself under the necessity of taking his walk in the middle of the day, which he thought had hurt him a good deal; 'but,' continued he, 'I could not help it, for it was when Mr. Newton was here, and we made it a rule to pass four days in the week together. We dined at one; and it was Mr. Newton's rule for tea to be on table at four o'clock, for at six we broke up.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'if you had your time to yourself after six, you would have good time for an evening's walk, I should have thought.' 'No,' said he; 'after six we had service, or lecture, or something of that kind, which lasted till supper.' I made no reply, but could not, and cannot help thinking, they might have made a better use of a fine summer's evening than by shutting themselves up to make long prayers. I hope I honour religion, and feel a reverence for religious persons; but still (though I own the generality of the world are too careless, and devote too little time to these exercises) I do think there is something too puritanical in all this. Our Saviour, I am sure, constantly speaks against it, and blames the Pharisees, in more places than one, who dealt in vain repetitions, and who thought they should be heard for their much speaking. But I do not mean to give you my sentiments upon this conduct generally, but only as it might affect our cousin; and, indeed, for him, I think it could not be either proper or wholesome."

On this statement Mr. Southey

properly remarks, that the effect appears in Cowper's correspondence. Though no man ever took more evident pleasure in conversing with his absent friends, he ceased writing to Lady Hesketh, and wrote only at long intervals to Mrs. Cowper. The character of his letters to Hill was changed: he still addressed him as Sephus, or dear Joe, but he wrote only on business; not coldly, indeed, (for his affections were never chilled,) but briefly, and as if he were afraid of trespassing into a cheerful strain. The truth, in the laureate's estimation, is, that one effect of what is called Cowper's "more extended religious intercourse" was to make that intercourse exclusive. A wise decision; and it was this exclusiveness which made a thing, good in itself, injurious.

It was on the advice of Mr. Newton that Cowper undertook a share in the Olney hymns. Mr. Southey's remarks on this subject demand citation.

"One of Cowper's biographers thinks it not improbable that Mr. Newton might have witnessed, in his morbid tendency to melancholy, whereof he then discovered symptoms, some traces of the deep and extensive wound which his mind had received by his brother's death, though his efforts to conceal it were incessant; and that for this reason he wisely engaged him in a literary undertaking, congenial with his taste, suited to his admirable talents, and, perhaps, more adapted to alleviate his distress than any other that could have been selected." And Mr. Hayley † has been reprehended for representing it as a perilous employment, considering what Cowper's malady had been.

"Yet if Cowper expressed his own state of mind in these hymns (and who can doubt that they were written with no simulated feeling, and those with most feeling which are most passionate?), Hayley has drawn the right conclusion from the fact.

'Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.' ‡

Again, but in a strain that denoted a more fearful state:

'My former hopes are fled—
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar!
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.' §

And in another, which is entitled 'The Contrite Heart'—

'The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few—
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, 'My strength renew!
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache!
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be!'' ||

It is true that expressions of hope follow the two former passages which have been here adduced, and that in other parts

* Taylor's *Life of Cowper*, p. 102.

† "It may be doubted," he says, "if the intense zeal with which Cowper embarked in this fascinating pursuit, had not a dangerous tendency to undermine his very delicate health. Such an apprehension naturally arises from a recollection of what medical writers of great ability have said on the awful subject of mental derangement. Whenever the slightest tendency to that misfortune appears, it seems expedient to guard a tender spirit from the attractions of Piety herself. So fearfully and wonderfully are we made, that man in all conditions ought, perhaps, to pray that he never may be led to think of his Creator, and of his Redeemer, either too lightly or too intensely; since human misery is often seen to arise equally from an utter neglect of all spiritual concerns, and from a wild extravagance of devotion."

‡ *Olney Collection*, book i. hymn iii.

§ *Ib.* book iii. hymn viii.

|| *Ib.* book i. hymn lxiv.

there is a tone of cheerful devotion. In his 'Welcome to the Table,' he says,

'If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.'*

And his hymn of 'Jehovah Jesus' concludes with the triumphant ejaculation, 'Salvation's sure, and must be mine!'†

"In common cases, these variations would have been nothing more than what Mr. Newton daily was told of by those persons who conversed with and consulted him as their spiritual director. But Cowper's was not a common case. His malady, in its latter stage, had been what is termed religious madness; and if his recovery was not supposed by himself, and by Mr. Newton also, to have been directly miraculous, it had been occasioned or accompanied by impressions, which, though favourable in their consequences at that crisis, indicated a frame of mind to which any extraordinary degree of devotional excitement must be dangerous. The ministerial offices in which his friend engaged him were highly so; and, in composing the Olney hymns, he was led to brood over his own sensations in a way which rendered him peculiarly liable to be deluded by them. Whether any course of life could wholly have averted the recurrence of his disease, may be doubtful; but that the course into which he was led accelerated it, there is the strongest reason to conclude.

"Another cause, however, has been assigned for it. It has been said that he proposed marriage to Mrs. Unwin—that the proposal was accepted and the time fixed—that prudential considerations were then thought to preponderate against it—and that his mind was overthrown by the anxieties consequent upon such an engagement. This I believe to be utterly unfounded; for that no such engagement was either known or suspected by Mr. Newton I am enabled to assert; and who can suppose that it would have been concealed from him?

"It is said that, from the time of his brother's death, the increasing gloom which pressed upon his spirits gave but too much ground for the most painful apprehensions. But Dr. Cotton was not consulted till it was too late. In January, 1773, it had become a case of decided insanity. He was then unwilling even to enter Mr. Newton's door; but having one day been prevailed upon to visit him, and remain one night there, he suddenly determined to stay."

With Mr. Newton, Cowper had remained five months before Dr. Cotton's assistance was sought. We draw a veil over his sufferings; but the reader will find them developed in the present biography. Among the phenomena, one circumstance is remarkable. When his madness was at the height, the mind recovered its natural tone during sleep, and his dreams were sometimes sane. The reason of the attempt on his life at this time is also curious. His disturbed imagination suggested that it was the will of God he should, after the example of Abraham, perform an expensive act of obedience, and offer not a son, but himself.

If we propose to investigate the constitution of misery, and the sense of it by ourselves, we are driven to refer the former to the existence of good and evil, and the latter to the perception of the difference between them. It would seem to be the economy of Providence that good and evil should exist relatively, not absolutely. We have divine authority for the assertion that it is good to be—but it is better to add to mere being certain qualities which make it more estimable—to improve the powers and the energies with which we are in the abstract created. Compared with this better state, the former state changes its attribute—it is no longer good. It was "not good for man to be alone." In fact, man never had been alone, though without earthly relationship; nay, he always exists in the relation of a son to a father, and that father God. The strong attraction of this relation, however, would cause him to be reabsorbed in the Deity which begat him, but for a law of repulsion, by which he is maintained in a certain outbirth, and distinction, if not separation. Thus enabled to contemplate himself as an individual different from the person of his generator, he suspends the beatific contemplation, by the vision of which he is primarily awakened to consciousness. Anon, he desires another object still—for now he feels "alone"—he is a self-contemplatist—and, a better state awaiting him, it is not good to remain in this. Desire is creative, and ever raises the ideal likeness of the willing agent for the loving worship of his "mind's eye." And behold the incarnate image in the sacred per-

son of womanhood—his very self, but softened in the medium as it were of a watery mirror. How finely is this shadowed forth by Milton! The states of his consciousness become yet further modified; and all creation, animate and inanimate, give him back varied reflections of himself. But evermore is he distinguished from these—they change—die; he remains the same, an immortal being! And now he becomes conscious of a disparity between the objects thus presented to him and the appetite which he would gratify. The mutable is insufficient for the changeless—the temporal fails to satisfy an endless instinct. Thus the mind, disappointed in realising the better state which it had expected, revolts from the inadequate supply, and is still in want. This is pain, for it is hunger; this is misery, for it is hopeless desire.

The above we offer, with some confidence, as a complete specimen of an *a priori* argument, in which the premises and conclusions are eternally true, and may be legitimately used in the way of induction, and, at the same time, as symbolising with the language of the sacred books. Nor does the *a posteriori* proof fail to come in corroboration, and to harmonise with it in all its parts. Man soon discovers that he is not the sole agent in the production of these states of consciousness—that, without and against his own will, he suffers pain from the collision of other being—suffers it as an actual infliction, and not as a mere absence or insufficiency of good. He is naturally startled at this miracle, for such it really is; but, however the sense may murmur, reason and experience teach him that it is not malevolently designed, though bitterly administered. This kind of pain need not be misery, for, while endurable, it may be triumphed over, and has been by martyrs and heroes; and when intolerable, is relieved altogether by death. In the meantime, in all other instances, it is even a good, as serving for a warning and an admonition to the mind,

that it has mistaken the path of endeavour, and can only escape from inconvenience, and satisfy the instincts of its essence, by retreating into its own world of ideas, and ultimately reviving in itself that divine contemplation which it had left for objects inferior to itself. Such is the salutary process, appointed by supernal wisdom, that man may know, by comparison and contrast, that the supreme, the only good, is to be found in that fountain of truth from which he had wandered. Hence the separation is permitted, that the reunion may be secure—absolutely established in the liberty of a wise and willing obedience—freely chosen as the best means of happiness, as the exclusive element of eternal felicity.

Thus sweet are the uses of adversity—and sweet were many of them to Cowper; and, but for the intervention of certain dogmas, friendly intended, but injudiciously applied, would have conducted him into the very presence-chamber of Deity, during his stay in this life, as well as after his transit to another.* Evident enough it is, that Mr. Newton's interference was as a cloud on his spirit, and barred against him the gates of the palace of light. It was, perhaps, owing to a certain feeling of this, rising, even though unconsciously, in vindication of insulted sensibility, as much as to delusion of mind, that "he ceased not only from attendance upon public and domestic worship, but likewise from every attempt at private prayer."

On recovering his mental activity, Cowper still had melancholy moments. Yet, in some of the deepest of those, he used to compose lines descriptive of his own unhappy state.

"Two of these lines," says Mr. Southey, "were remembered by a young poet* of St. John's, who sometimes went from Cambridge to visit Mr. Newton, while Cowper was residing with him; and Mr. George Dyer has preserved them in his *History of Cambridge*,† with a poet's feeling—'not recollecting,' he says, 'that they are any where introduced, and conceiving them to be more

* "Mr. Brian Bury Collins, one of my own early friends," says Mr. Dyer, "who taught the true lyric strings; but leaving college, he abandoned poetry for pursuits which more interested him; and now, both as to poetry and preaching, *lingua silet*."—*History of Cambridge*, vol. ii. p. 265.

† *Supplement to the History of Cambridge*, p. 111. I will not deny myself the pleasure of observing, that this passage, which I had passed over without noting it, ten years ago (not having then any particular interest in the subject), was recently

descriptive of the circumstances of Mr. Cowper's situation than any with which we have met in his writings :

*' Cæsus amor meus est, et nostro crimine :
Ægus,*

Ah! cujus posthinc potero latitare sub alis?'

• My love is slain, and by my crime is slain—

Ah! now, beneath whose wings shall I repose ?" G. D.

"The fatal impression remained fixed in his mind, while in other respects it gradually regained its natural tone. He was incapable of receiving pleasure either from company or books; but he continued to employ himself in gardening—and, understanding his own case well enough to perceive that any thing which would engage his attention, without fatiguing it, must be salutary, he amused himself with some leverets. They grew up under his care, and continued to interest him nearly twelve years, when the last survivor died quietly of mere old age. He has immortalised them in Latin and in English, in verse and in prose; they have been represented in prints, and cut on seals; and his account of them, which in all editions of his poem is now appended to their epitaphs, contains more observations than had ever before been contributed toward the natural history of this inoffensive race. He found in them as much difference of temper and character as is observable in all domestic animals, and in men themselves; and this might have been expected. The most remarkable fact which he noticed is, that they were never infested by any vermin; but it should seem more probable that this should have been an accidental consequence of their mode of life, than that the species should be exempt from an annoyance, to which, as far as we know, all other animals are subject—not birds and beasts only, but fish, and even insects.

"To one of these hares that had never seen a spaniel, Cowper introduced a spaniel that had never seen a hare; and because the one discovered no token of fear, and the other no symptom of hostility, he inferred that there is no natural antipathy between dog and hare: a fallacious inference, for the dog in its wild, which is its natural state, is a beast of prey. One of them was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions. Cowper twice nursed this creature in sickness; and by con-

stant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. 'No creature,' he says, 'could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted,—a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar occasion.' It is very remarkable that this peculiar expression of attachment should only have been shewn twice, and each time for the same peculiar reason."

Mr. Southey gives a letter from Mr. Newton, in which the writer is compelled to confess that his style of preaching had probably driven one poor girl into derangement, and that he believed his name was up about the country for preaching people mad. At his departure from Olney, he introduced to Cowper the Rev. Wm. Bull, a dissenting minister, who was settled in the adjacent town of Newport; and subsequently approving of Cowper's first volume of poems, interested himself with Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, publisher, who happened to be an old friend of his, having printed his narrative and sermons. Cowper seems to have deferred to Mr. Newton's opinion in *all* instances, concerning the admission or omission of passages; and to have requested from him the preface, to which the publisher had afterwards so strong and prudent an objection. Cowper's impatience and anxiety about the proofs are not only interesting, but amusing. Mr. Southey writes upon this part of the subject *con amore*. When printed, it was matter of debate whether it should be sent to the great Dr. Johnson; but the discussion was decided in the negative.

At the well-known suggestion of Lady Austen, Cowper commenced *The Task* early in the summer of 1783.

"He never mentioned it," says Mr. Southey, "to Mr. Unwin, till it was finished and ready for the press. The same silence was observed towards Mr. Newton, who visited Olney in the August of that year, for the second time after his removal. Mr. Newton, in writing from

pointed out to me by Mr. Wordsworth, in the curious and characteristic work of our old friend—a person, of whom if I were ever to think without kindness, or to speak without affection and respect, I should be ashamed of myself. He is now blind, and in his eighty-first year.

that place, says nothing more of him, than that he and Mrs. Unwin were pretty well. But the visit had an unfavourable effect upon Cowper; and the next letter to his friend describes the painful influence which his presence had had upon the latent disease.

"To the Rev. John Newton.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Sept. 8, 1783.

I have been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual; more harassed by dreams in the night, and more deeply poisoned by them in the following day. I know not what is portended by an alteration for the worse, after eleven years of misery; but firmly believe that it is not designed as the introduction of a change for the better. You know not what I suffered while you were here; nor was there any need you should. Your friendship for me would have made you in some degree a partaker of my woes; and your share in them would have been increased by your inability to help me. Perhaps, indeed, they took a keener edge from the consideration of your presence. The friend of my heart, the person with whom I had formerly taken sweet counsel, no longer useful to me as a minister, no longer pleasant to me as a Christian, was a spectacle that must necessarily add the bitterness of mortification to the sadness of despair. I now see a long winter before me, and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground before I tread upon it. It is hollow; it is agitated; it suffers shocks in every direction; it is like the soil of Calabria,—all whirlpool and undulation. But I must reel through it; at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way.

Yours, W. C."

Mr. Newton, we have said, on his removal from Olney, transferred Cowper over to the charge of a Mr. Bull. Of this person Cowper writes, in a letter to Mr. Unwin, that he was "a dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination—or, rather, not master of it—an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves, and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation, as amuse and enliven every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party; at other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions, in such a world as this, than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the

mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull. But—he smokes tobacco—nothing is perfect!

*'Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.'*"

It was upon the recommendation of this individual that Cowper undertook the version of Madame Guyon's poetical works. Both Mr. Bull and Mr. Newton endeavoured to win Cowper from the despair which now got hold of him again. "It is consolatory to believe," remarks Mr. Southey, "that during this long stage of his malady, Cowper was rarely so miserable as he represented himself to be when speaking of his own case. That no one ought to be pronounced happy before the last scene is over, has been said of old in prose and in verse, and the common feeling of mankind accords with the saying; for our retrospect of any individual's history is coloured by the fortune of his latter days, as a drama takes its character from the catastrophe. A melancholy sentiment will always for this reason prevail when Cowper is thought of. But though his disease of mind settled at last into the deepest shade, and ended in the very blackness of darkness, it is not less certain that, before it reached that point, it allowed him many years of moral and intellectual enjoyment. They who have had most opportunity of observing and studying madness in all its mysterious forms, and in all its stages, know that the same degree of mental suffering is not produced by imaginary causes of distress as by real ones. Violent emotions, and outbreaks of ungovernable anger, are at times easily excited, but not anguish of mind—not that abiding grief which eats into the heart. The distress, even when the patient retains, like Cowper, the full use of reason upon all other points, is in this respect like that of a dream—a dream, indeed, from which the sufferer can neither wake nor be awakened; but it pierces no deeper, and there seems to be the same dim consciousness of its unreality." These remarks, it is added in a note, are not merely speculative. They are the result of observation, in the case of an old friend, whose intellectual powers were of a very high order, and the type

of whose malady at that time very much resembled Cowper's. He resembled him also in this respect, that when in company with persons who were not informed of his condition, no one could descry in him the slightest appearance of a deranged mind.

Cowper's fancy that he was inhibited from all exercises of devotion now protected him against devotional excitement; and the hope, felt and expressed both by Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin, of his recovery even, kept him from the ultimate depths. That Mr. Newton had lost hold of Cowper's mind is witnessed by the fact that, in the matter of *The Task*, he neglected to seek his advice, and refused to defer to his opinion. Nevertheless, the first person who communicated to Cowper the intelligence that "the famous horseman, John Gilpin," was affording as much amusement to the public as he had formerly given to the little circles at Olney and Stock, seems to have been Mr. Newton. It called forth the following reply:

"MY DEAR FRIEND, April 22, 1785.

When I received your account of the great celebrity of 'John Gilpin,' I felt myself both flattered and grieved. Being man, and having in my composition all the ingredients of which other men are made, and vanity among the rest, it pleased me to reflect that I was on a sudden become so famous, and that all the world was busy inquiring after me: but the next moment recollecting my former self, and that thirteen years ago, as harmless as John's history is, I should not then have written it, my spirits sank, and I was ashamed of my success. Your letter was followed the next post by one from Mr. Unwin. You tell me that I am rivalled by Mrs. Belamy; and he, that I have a competitor for fame, not less formidable, in the Learned Pig. Alas! what is an author's popularity worth, in a world that can suffer a prostitute on one side, and a pig on the other, to eclipse its brightest glories? I am, therefore, sufficiently humbled by these considerations; and, unless I should hereafter be ordained to engross the public attention by means more magnificent than a song, am persuaded that I shall suffer no real detriment by their applause. I have produced many things under the influence of despair, which hope would not have permitted to spring. But if the soil of that melancholy, in which I have walked so long, has thrown up here and there an unprofitable fungus, it is well, at least, that it is not chargeable with having

brought forth poison. Like you, I see, or think I can see, that Gilpin may have his use. Causes, in appearance trivial, produce often the most beneficial consequences; and, perhaps, my volumes may now travel to a distance, which, if they had not been ushered into the world by that notable horseman, they would never have reached. Our temper differs somewhat from that of the ancient Jews: they would neither dance nor weep. We, indeed, weep not, if a man mourn unto us; but I must needs say that, if he pipe, we seem disposed to dance with the greatest alacrity."

Mr. Newton, it seems, neither thought favourably of the Homeric undertaking, nor of the execution. Cowper deemed it expedient to plead providential direction. He declared his belief that it had a tendency to which he himself was at present perfectly a stranger. The gulf between the mind of Cowper and Mr. Newton became gradually wider and wider, and at length resulted in something like an open rupture. The disappearance of Cowper's papers renders it impossible to say what the nature of Mr. Newton's conduct about the period of Cowper's removal from Olney was, from actual inspection of the letters; but Cowper himself has characterised it in terms sufficiently strong.

"Your mother," he writes to Mrs. Unwin's son, "received a letter from Mr. Newton, which she has not yet answered, nor is likely to answer hereafter. It gave us both much concern, but her more than me; I suppose, because my mind being necessarily occupied in my work, I had not much leisure to browse upon the wormwood that it contained. The purport of it is a direct accusation of me, and of her an accusation implied, that we have both deviated into forbidden paths, and lead a life unbecoming the gospel; that many of my friends in London are grieved, and the simple people of Olney astonished; that he never so much doubted of my restoration to Christian privileges as now;—in short, that I converse too much with people of the world, and find too much pleasure in doing so. He concludes with putting your mother in mind, that there is still an intercourse between London and Olney; by which he means to insinuate that we cannot offend against the decorum that we are bound to observe, but the news of it will be most certainly conveyed to him. We do not at all doubt it. We never knew a lie hatched at Olney that waited long for a bearer; and though we do not wonder to find ourselves made the subjects of false accusation in a place

ever fruitful in such productions, we do, and must wonder a little, that he should listen to them with so much credulity. I say this, because if he had heard only the truth, or had believed no more than the truth, he would not, I think, have found either me censurable or your mother. And that *she* should be suspected of irregularities is the more wonderful (for wonderful it would be at any rate), because she sent him, not long before, a letter conceived in such strains of piety and spirituality, as ought to have convinced him that she, at least, was no wanderer. But what is the fact; and how do we spend our time, in reality? What are the deeds for which we have been represented as thus criminal? Our present course of life differs in nothing from that which we have both held these thirteen years, except that, after great civilities shewn us, and many advances made on the part of the Throcks, we visit them. That we visit also at Gayhurst. That we have frequently taken airings with my cousin in her carriage, and that I have sometimes taken a walk with her on a Sunday evening, and sometimes by myself; which, however, your mother has never done. These are the only novelties in our practice; and if by these procedures, so inoffensive in themselves, we yet give offence, offence must needs be given. God and our own consciences acquit us, and we acknowledge no other judges."

This is written in a becoming spirit. Mr. Newton's early condition yet clung to his moral state; however redeemed, it was not all purified—it had not yet risen to that charity which thinketh no evil. The form, also, had more space in his regard than the spirit of godliness. This is the besetting sin of professors of every class; and some attain to no higher degree of perfection than what it accompanies. Mr. Southey gives Mr. Newton credit for having combined invincible strength of heart with no ordinary degree of tenderness. The mischief which he caused, he ascribes to a system of excitement—to supererogatory services—to the holding meetings which accord as little with the spirit as with the discipline of the Church of England—to making the yoke of his people painful and their burden heavy—to requiring them to commune with others upon those things on which our Saviour has enjoined us to commune with our own hearts—and to never allowing them to be still.

"His zeal and his genius," adds Mr.

Southey, "aided by the remarkable story of his life, had rendered him a conspicuous personage in what is called the religious world. Among those who were beginning to arrogate to themselves the designation of evangelical clergy, there were none who approached him in abilities, except Rowland Hill and the fierce Toplady. But spiritual pride treads close upon the heels of spiritual power; and that besetting sin manifested itself on this occasion towards Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. While he resided at Olney, he had acted as their spiritual director—for that character is not confined to the Romish priesthood; and when, upon his removal to London, they ceased to be under his superintendence, he appears to have considered it as a trespass if they moved out of the narrow circle within which he had circumscribed them; and 'as absent in body, but present in spirit,' to have supposed that he, like St. Paul, was authorised to 'judge as though he were present.'"

The specific character of Newton's mind is marked by some incidents to which we now hasten. A hymn having been obtained from Cowper, who had refused his friend Bull the year before, by a Mr. Bean, in the year 1790, Mr. Newton was encouraged to request him to translate for publication a series of letters, which he had received from a Dutch clergyman at the Cape of Good Hope. This man's name was Van Lier, a full account of whom is rightly given by Mr. Southey. We have happily only to do with the summing up.

"Mr. Newton published these letters as an illustration of the power of grace, taking these words of St. Paul for a motto, 'The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.' 'My dear friend, the translator,' he said, 'is so well known, that I scarcely need add, I could have applied to no one more capable of doing justice to the writer, or of giving satisfaction to the reader. I think the relation will not be thought too minute or circumstantial by competent judges; I mean by those who are attentive to the workings of the human heart, and who acknowledge and admire the superintendence of a Divine Providence over the concerns of mankind. The man was suddenly and totally changed. The servant of sin became the devoted servant of God. The fact is evident and incontrovertible. Let philosophers account for it, if they can, upon any other grounds than what the Scripture assigns. But let them be serious, and not think to answer or evade the inquiry by the stale, un-

meaning cry of enthusiasm. They cannot thus satisfy others, or even themselves.' Mr. Newton was easily satisfied—as easily as Van Lier himself, who, when wavering between Calvinism, Arminianism, and Socinianism, was fixed in the torrid zone by a perusal of—*Theron and Aspasio!* Motives of the same kind which had formerly made him call Cowper's attention to the case of Simon Browne, induced him to engage his poor friend in translating these letters, wherein they both saw the power of Grace, and perceived nothing else. Cowper had long been accustomed to confound bodily sensations with spiritual impressions. This narrative failed to revive in him the feelings with which he left St. Alban's. The good, therefore, which had been hoped for was not produced; but neither did the evil consequence follow of confirming him in that dangerous error, for it was already fixed in him too firmly to be shaken."

Little of science, and nothing of philosophy, belonged to Mr. Newton; and in literary taste he was exceedingly defective. It was impossible that he could properly appreciate Cowper's poetical merits; and it is plain that he could not understand his mental constitution. But, in defence of Mr. Newton, it must not be forgotten that Cowper's malady was of an older date than his acquaintance. Much more, then, must be referred to the patient's idiosyncrasy than to injudicious advice and ill treatment. A system of doctrine better calculated to excite a healthy enthusiasm than the Calvinistic, possibly misunderstood, and a social circle more liberal and refined in its tastes, would doubtless have been better suited to the exigencies of the case. It is very likely that, in his poetic capacity, his so-called evangelical friends recognised neither the presence of God nor the influence of enthusiasm. Cowper's experience taught him differently; and the Muses have taken care that a result so demonstrative of their divinity should be recorded for the instruction of the race. "If Paul stood," thus he writes, "as no doubt he did, in his experience of what he saw and heard in the third heaven, on the topmost round of the ladder of Christian experience, I have been standing, and still stand, on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended. In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable

horror, I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment still recommends it. I am not, indeed, so perfectly hopeless as I was; but I am equally in need of an occupation, being often as much, and sometimes even more, worried than ever. I cannot amuse myself, as I once could, with carpenters' or with gardeners' tools, or with squirrels and guinea-pigs. At that time I was a child. But since it has pleased God, whatever else he withholds, to restore to me a man's mind, I have put away childish things. Thus far, therefore, it is plain that I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providentially led to it—perhaps I might say, with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it; for, certainly, could I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it even now, those hours which I spend in poetry I would spend with God"—(a distinction is here made for the sake of his correspondent, Mr. Newton, only, for he immediately adds)—"But it is evidently his will that I should spend them as I do, because every other way of employing them he himself continues to make impossible. If, in the course of such an occupation, or by inevitable consequence of it, either my former connexions are revived, or new ones occur, these things are as much a part of the dispensation as the leading points of it themselves; the effect, as much as the cause. If his purposes in thus directing me are gracious, he will take care to prove them such in the issue; and, in the meantime, will preserve me (for he is as able to do that in one condition of life as in another) from all mistakes in conduct that might prove pernicious to myself, or give reasonable offence to others. I can say it as truly as it was ever spoken,—Here I am; let him do with me as seemeth him good."

As we remarked in our former paper, Cowper himself understood enthusiasm in the worst sense; and this principally arose from his deficient possession of it in the true. Want of occupation, as he suggests in the above extract, was the sore evil which he had to conquer; and this was caused by his want of fortitude and zeal to seek and strive for it. As the world is constituted, it is a favour to meet with gainful employment; indeed, it is only to be

procured by a struggle. In what this indolence, inertness, and fear, in Cowper's mental and moral constitution, originated, no means exist of explaining; and in the absence of all testimony as to the efficient reason, we are driven equally with himself on the final cause, that he was subjected unwillingly to this great trial, that he might become by the force of circumstances, as well as of genial aptitude, a poet, and as such poet, produce the very works he did, and none other.

The life of such a man is a history of his mind, and it could scarcely have been intrusted to better hands than Mr. Southey's, or to worse than Mr. Grimshaw's. Such a biography especially requires a poet for its author. It strikes us, indeed, as being a sort of epic; and, perhaps, the only kind endurable in these times—one written in prose, and having a real hero. But it is an epic of the mind—not the public woes of war and wandering—but the private sorrows through which the heart is moulded and the mind touched to fine issues, by the lightning which destroys what it kindles. In this feeling Mr. Southey appears to have written this affecting story of a life; and, under the influence of the sentiment, has introduced episodes relative to the fortunes of Cowper's different friends and acquaintances at all periods of his life, and particularly the earlier, when the character is most susceptible of companionable influence. In this manner we have the lives of Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and Churchill, as well as a sketch of the progress of English poetry from Chaucer to Cowper. Lloyd, Churchill, and Colman, were the schoolfellows of Cowper; as were also Cumberland, Impey, and Hastings. Cumberland and he boarded together in the same house at Westminster; for Hastings he had a particular value. His favourite school friend is said to have been Sir William Russell, the representative of a family often allied by intermarriages with the Cromwells. This is the friend to whom Cowper alludes in some of the earliest of his verses which have been preserved:

"Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatched by fate in early youth away."

Thurlow and Hill were also early

friends of Cowper, the former being his fellow-clerk. There was, says Mr. Southey, no similarity of disposition between the youths, Thurlow and Cowper; but there was enough of intellectual sympathy to produce at least the appearance of friendship, and on one part, certainly, the reality for a time. Writing to Lady Hesketh many years afterwards, and reminding her of those days, he says, "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor—that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived—that is to say, I spent my days—in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future lord-chancellor, constantly employed, from morning to night, in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. O fie, cousin! how could you do so?" We cannot resist the impression that Cowper's malady was occasioned by his culpable indolence at and about the time just alluded to. "On the 14th of June, 1754, Cowper was called to the bar: that he had taken no pains," says his biographer, "to qualify himself for his profession is certain; and it is probable that he had as little intention as inclination to pursue it, resting in indolent reliance upon his patrimonial means, and in the likely expectation that some official appointment would be found for him in good time." But for those patrimonial means, Cowper must have applied himself, and that exercise would have been to him strength and health.

He preferred to this salutary course the amusement of light literature. "The power of versifying," writes Mr. Southey, "is sometimes hereditary; but far less frequently than a musical ear, or the painter's accuracy of eye or dexterity of hand, all which depend more evidently upon organic aptitude. Cowper's father, his uncle Ashley, and his brother, all wrote verses. He himself had been 'a dabbler in rhyme,' he said, ever since he was fourteen years of age, when he began with translating an elegy of Tibullus. The earliest of his compositions that has been preserved is an imitation of 'The Splendid Shilling,' written at Bath, in 1748, on finding the heel of a shoe: he was then in his seventeenth year, and the diction and versification are such that no one would suppose it to have been a juvenile production. During his residence in the

Temple, where, 'according to his colloquial account, he rambled,' says Hayley, 'from the thorny road of jurisprudence into the primrose paths of literature and poetry, even then his native diffidence confined him to social and subordinate exertions; and though he wrote and printed both verse and prose, it was as the concealed assistant of less diffident authors.'

Mr. Southey, in reference to this, has discovered a passage in the *Monthly Review* for September, 1759, in which William Cowper, Esq., is mentioned as one of the assistants of the Duncombes in the translation of Horace; adding, however, that W. C., Esq., is also mentioned—that the initials are more likely to designate him at that time than the name at length—and that it is remarkable that both should occur in a list of only four names. He belonged at that time, we are told, to the Nonsense Club, consisting of seven Westminster men, who dined together every Thursday,—Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and Joseph Hill, being of the pumber; 'the latter no otherwise known than as having been Cowper's correspondent and constant friend through life; but this is to be well known.' They were much alike in their tempers, as the following anecdote testifies.

"Cowper was at this time fond of moving about: this, however, was rather the restlessness of a highly sensitive nature, than the activity of a healthful one. Though he delighted in rural scenery, he never seems to have made any exertion for the sake of enjoying it; and he did not think the most splendid spectacle that the metropolis can afford, and which it afforded but once in the course of his life, worth the little trouble that it would have cost him to behold it. Hill had the same indifference for such things; and they both manifested it at the coronation of George III. When Hill's sisters obtained, by Ashley Cowper's favour, a good situation for seeing that solemnity, neither their brother nor Cowper would accompany them; and when they returned, full of delight and admiration, 'Well, ladies,' exclaimed Hill, and Cowper joined him in the exclamation, 'I am glad you were so pleased, though you have sat up all night for it!' At the illumination for the king's recovery in 1789, these ladies, who were then 'the old Mrs. Hills,' retained, with their youthful spirits, the same passion for sights; and having in vain asked their brother to accompany

them, they set out and traversed the streets that night to see what could be seen. When they returned to their brother's house in Saville Row, he greeted them with, 'Well, ladies, I am glad you were so pleased.' They laughed, and replied, 'Why, this is just what you said to us thirty years ago.'

"The incurious temper which equally characterised Cowper and his friend, was strangely combined in the former with a physical restlessness, which, till he was more than thirty years old, made it almost essential to his comfort to be perpetually in motion. This, which disqualified him for the practical labours of the desk, must have disinclined him from the sedentary study of his profession, and might possibly have disabled him for it, if he had otherwise been willing to have applied himself seriously thereto. Thurlow, meantime, who, with a strong head and strong body, possessed also an invincible strength of purpose, applied himself determinately to the business of life. One evening they were drinking tea together at a lady's house in Bloomsbury, when Cowper, contrasting in melancholy foresight his own conduct and consequent prospects with those of his fellow-idler and giggler in former days, said to him, 'Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall be always nobody, and you will be chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are.' He smiled, and replied, 'I surely will.' 'These ladies,' said Cowper, 'are witnesses.' The future chancellor still smiled, and answered, 'Let them be so, for I will certainly do it.'

A letter never before printed occurs here, to which we regret we can only allude, as it tends to shew that Cowper's dejection was preceded by a gradual diminution of his little patrimony. Mr. Southey says, indeed, that there is no proof that this was one of the causes which concurred in bringing on his disease of mind; but remarks, that the disease assumed a decided character the following year; and adds, "In spite of his philosophy, there must have existed uneasiness enough on the score of his affairs to prevent any wholesome and natural cheerfulness; and forced hilarity leaves behind it a more hollow and aching sense of exhaustion than is consequent upon the excitement of wine, or even of more deleterious stimulants."

We have already alluded to Lady Austen, by whom the *Task* was suggested, and whose "conversation had as happy an effect upon the melan-

choly spirit of Cowper as the harp of David upon Saul. Whenever the cloud seemed to be coming over him, her sprightly powers were exerted to dispel it. One afternoon, when he appeared more than usually depressed, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which had been told to her in her childhood, and which, in her relation, tickled his fancy as much as it has that of thousands and tens of thousands since in his. The next morning he said to her that he had been kept awake during the greater part of the night, by thinking of the story and laughing at it, and that he had turned it into a ballad. The ballad was sent to Mr. Unwin, who said, in reply, that it had made him laugh tears." It was subsequently printed in the *Public Advertiser*. Cowper's friendship with Lady Austen, however, was destined to terminate; but of this neither jealousy nor disagreement was the cause. The real cause is stated by himself in a letter to Lady Hesketh. "She had ill health, and, before I had quite finished the work (the *Tusk*), was obliged to repair to Bristol." It may be as well to subjoin Mr. Southey's note on the subject.

"Lady Austen died while Hayley's *Life of Cowper* was in the press. If she had lived to peruse it, she would probably have corrected some of the mistakes upon this subject into which he had fallen. It appears by the extracts which are now before the reader, (and they are not partial extracts, but comprise the whole that is said concerning it,) that the same causes which led to an interruption of her friendship with Cowper finally dissolved it. Love was out of the question in her case—jealousy equally so in Mrs. Unwin's; and though Cowper had 'fallen in friendship' with her at first sight, and addressed complimentary verses to her, these from a man advanced some way on the road from fifty to threescore, were not likely to be mistaken by a woman who knew the world, and was, moreover, well acquainted with his peculiar circumstances.

"Mr. Knox says, in his correspondence with the late excellent Bishop Jebb,* that he had a severer idea of Lady Austen than he should wish to put into writing for publication, and that he almost suspected she was a very artful woman. When I find myself differing in opinion from Mr. Knox, I distrust my own judgment. But in this instance it appears that his

correspondent thought he had judged harshly; and I do not see what object an artful woman could possibly have had in view.

"It may be said that Hayley makes jealousy the cause of separation, and represents Lady Austen as having hoped that Cowper would marry her, and that he derived his information from Lady Austen herself. To this I reply, that the latter part of the statement is merely what Hayley inferred from the former, and the former may thus be explained: Lady Austen exacted attentions which it became inconvenient and irksome to pay; or, perhaps, in Cowper's morbid state of sensitiveness, he fancied that she exacted them. He is not likely to have stated this so explicitly in his letter to her, as he did to Mr. Unwin and Lady Hesketh. Lady Austen herself may never have suspected it; and by imputing jealousy to Mrs. Unwin, she accounted to herself and Hayley for what must otherwise have appeared unaccountable to her."

It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to criticise Cowper's poetical merits, which well deserve a separate article. We shall, therefore, conclude this paper with a recital of one or two remarkable illustrations of Cowper's character, as constituting a better summing up than any that we could otherwise furnish.

Not the least marvellous part of Cowper's case was the consciousness of his aberration which always attended his disease: he was, accordingly, in a state to be reasoned with upon the subject. It was in this way that Mr. Newton called his attention to the case of Simon Browne, an incident which marks the idiosyncrasy both of the patient and his adviser. This man, who was a dissenting minister, fell, in consequence of his wife's and only son's deaths, into a deep melancholy, which ended in a settled persuasion that "he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life, in common with brutes; so that, though he retained the faculty of speaking in a manner that appeared rational to others, he had all the while no more notion of what he said than a parrot, being utterly divested of consciousness. It was, therefore," he said, "profane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others." Notwithstanding this con-

viction, however, Browne engaged in works of great labour—compiling a dictionary, and publishing *A sober and charitable Disquisition concerning the Importance of the Trinity*; *A fit Rebuke to a ludicrous Infidel, in Reply to one of Woolston's Discourses*; and *A Defence of the Religion of Nature and of the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation*. To the last work, said to be the best produced by the controversy referred to, the author prepared a dedication to Queen Caroline, asserting that, “by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance had for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly gone to nothing;” and requesting the queen’s prayers in her “most retired address to the King of kings, that the reign of her beloved consort might be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul in the utmost ruin, and restoration of one utterly lost at present amongst men.” “Of all the recorded delusions,” says Dr. Aikin, “to which the human mind is subjected, none, perhaps, is more remarkable than this, which apparently could not be put into a form of words for description without demonstrably proving its fallacy.”

Cowper seems to have known of this case, previous to Mr. Newton’s submitting it to his notice. Mr. Southey remarks a difference between Cowper and Browne; the latter, while he fancied himself deprived of all mental power, engaging willingly in work which required close reasoning, of which exertion Cowper was afraid. “I cannot,” said he, “bear much thinking. The meshes of that fine network, the brain, are composed of such mere spinner’s threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate, as seems to threaten the whole contexture.* A certain degree of occupation he found agreeable and salutary; but he understood his own condition well enough to avoid any thing which required laborious thought, or would produce in himself any strong and painful emotion. To Mr. Newton (the correspondent to whom he wrote most gravely), he says, “I can compare this mind of mine to

nothing that resembles it more than to a board that is under the carpenter’s plane (I mean while I am writing to you); the shavings are my uppermost thoughts; after a few strokes of the tool, it acquires a new surface; this again, upon a repetition of his task, he takes off, and a new surface still succeeds. Whether the shavings of the present day will be worth your acceptance, I know not. I am, unfortunately, made neither of cedar nor mahogany, but *truncus ficulnus, inutile lignum*; consequently, though I should be planed till I am as thin as a wafer, it will be but rubbish to the last.”

Many a true word is spoken in jest; and Cowper has here not inaptly characterised his genius and intellect: poet as he was, the superficial was his element, whether in spirit or in nature. The philosophical faculty was altogether wanting to his mind; faith with him was feeling, not understanding—certainly, it had no reason to give, and seemed to get on better without it. This, however, was but for a while; at length the unreasoning became the irrational, and bowed in willing subjection to inferior intellect. This was abundantly exemplified in his dealings with Teedon, the Olney schoolmaster. Cowper, it is well known, was out of measure fretted by his engagement to edit Milton, and, it seems, applied to this Teedon for the comfort and the assistance of his prayers, by the “assurances” contained in the supposed answers to which he was then guided. “The Olney schoolmaster,” says Southey, “may have been an enthusiast, and have supposed that he actually received from heaven the intimations which he was presumptuous enough to seek (for if the heart is deceitful, the imagination is not less so); or he may have deemed it allowable, and even meritorious, to employ pious fraud, for the purpose of encouraging one who stood so lamentably in need of comfort; and, consistently with either case, he may have been more or less influenced by the pleasure and advantage which resulted from making himself a person of some consequence to “the Squire.” Sir Cowper seems to have lost his title after his removal to Weston. There had been a time when, owing to Mrs. Unwin’s discretion, Cowper was never mentioned in

* To Mr. Newton, July 12, 1780.

Olney but with the highest respect ; but after her faculties began to fail, there were some who played upon him, and some who preyed upon him, and some who spread tales of him as disparaging as they were false."

We give one of Cowper's letters to Teedon.

"Dear Sir,— On Saturday you saw me a little better than I had been when I wrote last ; but the night following brought with it an uncommon deluge of distress, such as entirely overwhelmed and astonished me. My horrors were not to be described. But on Sunday, while I walked with Mrs. Unwin and my cousin in the orchard, it pleased God to enable me once more to approach Him in prayer ; and I prayed silently for every thing that lay nearest my heart with a considerable degree of liberty. Nor do I let slip the occasion of praying for you.

"This experience I take to be a fulfilment of those words :

"*The ear of the Lord is open to them that fear Him, and He will hear their cry.*"

"The next morning, at my waking, I heard these :

"*Fulfil thy promise to me.*"

"And ever since I was favoured with that spiritual freedom to make my requests known to God, I have enjoyed some quiet, though not uninterrupted by threatenings of the enemy.

"Mrs. Unwin has had a good night, and is in tolerable spirits this morning."

On this Mr. Southey remarks :

"The words which Cowper supposed to have been fulfilled, were probably some which the schoolmaster had communicated to him as an answer received to his prayers, and which had been entered, accordingly, in his register."

Cowper suffered under auricular delusions in his last days : Teedon appears to have affected the same oracular gift. Writing to him, Cowper says, "You send me much that might refresh and encourage me, but nothing that does. The power with which the words are accompanied to you, is not exerted in my favour. But I endeavour to hold by them, having nothing else to hold by. My nocturnal and morning experiences are such as they have long been : all my sleep is troubled ; and when I wake, I am absorbed in terror. This morning I said to myself, soon after waking, 'God alone knows how much better it would have been for me never to have been born !' My best times are the afternoon and

evening ; not because I am more spiritual, or have more hope, at these times than at others, but merely because the animal has been recruited by eating and drinking." At another time he writes : "Two or three nights since I dreamed that I had God's presence largely, and seemed to pray with much liberty. I then proceeded dreaming about many other things, all vain and foolish ; but at last I dreamed that, recollecting my pleasant dreams, I congratulated myself on the exact recollection that I had of my prayer, and of all that passed in it. But when I waked, not a single word could I remember. These words were, however, very audibly spoken to me in the moment of waking,

'Sacrum est quod dixi.'

It seems strange that I should be made to felicitate myself on remembering what, in reality, it was designed I should not remember ; for the single circumstance that my heart had been enlarged was all that remained with me." Again : "I awoke this morning with these words relating to my work loudly and distinctly spoken :

"*'Apply assistance in my case, indigent and necessitous.'*"

"And about three mornings since with these :

"*'It will not be by common and ordinary means.'*"

"It seems better, therefore, that I should wait till it shall please God to set my wheels in motion, than make another beginning, only to be obliterated like the two former.

"I have also heard these words on the same subject.

"*'Meantime, raise an expectation and desire of it among the people.'*"

As to these audible illusions, of which we have quoted only a few, Cowper's case is not singular. Mr. Southey, in his notes and illustrations, has adduced similar instances in the Lives of John Bunyan and Dr. Johnson ; and also a case within his own knowledge. "One, who is so deaf that he hears only through a trumpet, has at times distinct impressions of hearing a pack of hounds, with huntsmen in full cry, a barrel-organ in the street, &c." Such were the afflictions of Cowper's last days—no state could be more miserable. Having completed the revision of his Homer, he was without employment ; this was on the 10th of

March, 1799. Three days afterwards he composed his last poem, with which we shall conclude our present paper. It is founded upon an incident related in Anson's *Voyages*.

“ *The Cast Away*.

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain ;
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course ;
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow :
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste itself condemn—
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled :
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried ‘ Adieu !’

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more :
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear :
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalise the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date :
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone :
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.”

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE FIRST.

(From the Prout Papers.—No. XX.)

ΑΝΘ ΤΩΝ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΙΕΡΩΝ ΧΩΡΟΤΣΙ ΠΑΓΑΙ.—EURIPID., *Medea*.

" Quis sub ARCTO
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ
Quid Terridatem terreat unice
Securus est qui FONTIBUS INTEGRI8
Gaudet."—Lib. i. ode xxvi.

Deeming it wasteful and ridiculous
To watch Don Carlos or Czar Nicholas —
Sick of our statesmen idiotic —
Sick of the knaves who (patriotic)
Serve up to clowns, in want of *praties*,
"Repale" and "broken Limerick traties,"
With whom to grudge their poor a crust is,
To starving Ireland "doing JUSTICE" —
Sick of the moonshine called "*municipal*,"
Blarney and Rice, Spain and Mendizábal,
Shiel and shilelahs, "Dan" and "Maurice,"
PROUT turns his thoughts to Rome and HORACE.—O. Y.

"Chassons loin de chez nous tous ces rats du Parnasse,
Jouissons, écrivons, vivons avec Horace."—VOLTAIRE, *Épîtres*.

FROM the ignoble doings of modern Whiggery; sneaking and dastardly in its proceedings at home, and not very dignified in its dealings abroad — from Melbourne, who has flung such unwonted *éclat* round the premiership of Great Britain (*addens cornua pauperi*), and Mulgrave, who has made vulgarity and ruffianism the supporters of a vice-regal chair (*Regis Rupili pus atque venenum*), it is allowable to turn aside for a transient glimpse at the Augustan age, when the premier was Mæcenas, and the proconsul, Agrippa. The poetic sense, nauseated with rank and ribald effusions, such as Lord Russell's pension can elicit from Lord Lansdowne's family-piper, finds relief in communing with Horace, the refined and gentlemanly Laureate of Roman Toryism. In his abhorrence of the "profane Radical mob" (lib. iii. ode i.) — in his commendation of virtue, "refulgent with uncontaminated honour, because derived from a steady refusal to take up or lay down the emblems of authority at popular dictation" (lib. iii. ode ii.) — in his portraiture of the Just Man, undismayed by the frensied ardour of those who would force on by clamour depraved measures (lib. iii. ode iii.) — need we say how warmly we participate? That the wits and sages who shed a lustre on that imperial court should have ended by becoming thorough Conservatives, and have merged all their previous theories in a rooted horror of agitators and *sansculottes*, was a natural result of the intellectual progress made since the unlettered epoch of Marius and the Gracchi. In the bard of Tivoli, who had fought under the insurrectionary banners of Brutus, up to the day when "the chins of the unshaven demagogues were brought to a level with the dust" (lib. ii. ode vii.), Tory principles obtained a distinguished convert; nor is there any trace of mere subservency to the men in power, or any evidence of insincerity, in the record of his political opinions. He seems to have entertained a heartfelt *bonâ fide* detestation of your "men of the people," and a sound conviction that there exist not greater foes to the common weal, or greater pests to society.

The Georgian era has, in common with the age of Augustus, exhibited more than one striking example of salutary resipiscence among those who started in life with erroneous principles. Two eminent instances just now occur to us: Southey among the poets, Burke among the illustrious in prose; though, perhaps, the divine gift of inspiration, accompanied with true poetic feeling, was more largely vouchsafed to the antagonist of the French Revolution than to the

author of *Roderick the Last of the Goths*. What can be more apposite to the train of thought in which we are indulging, and to the actual posture of affairs, than the following exquisitely conceived passage, in which the sage of Beaconsfield contrasts the respective demeanour and resources of the two parties into which public opinion is divided?

"When I assert any thing concerning the people of England, I speak from observation, and from the experience I have had in a pretty extensive communication with the inhabitants of this kingdom, begun in early life, and continued for near forty years. I pray you, form not your opinion from certain publications. The vanity, restlessness, and petulance of those who hide their intrinsic weakness in bustle, and uproar, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, make you imagine that the nation's contemptuous neglect is a mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you! Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposing under the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field."

It is right, however, in common fairness towards Horace, to remark, that while fighting in his juvenile days under the banners of Brutus, even then he never for a moment contemplated Mob-ascendency in Rome as the ultimate result of his patriotic efforts. Like Cato and Tully, in the part he took he merely espoused the cause of THE SENATE, in opposition to that of a frenzied rabble, rushing on, with swinish desperation, to political suicide; for in that, as in every age, the deluded multitude, in his view, was sure to become the dupe of some designing and knavish demagogue, unless rescued, in very despite of itself, by such interposition as the "SENATORS" could exercise in Rome; or, we may add, the "BARONS" in England: both the hereditary guardians of liberty. When the adhesion of the *conscript fathers* had sanctioned the protectorate of Augustus, the transition to openly Conservative politics, on the poet's part, was as honourable as it was judicious. The contempt he felt, through his whole career, for the practice of propitiating the sweet voices of the populace by a surrender of principle, is as plainly discoverable throughout the whole of his varied writings as his antipathy to *garlic*, or his abhorrence of "*Canidia*."

His little volume contains the distilled quintessence of Roman life, when at its very acme of refinement. It is the most perfect portraiture (cabinet size) that remains of the social habits, domestic elegance, and cultivated intercourse of the capital, at the most interesting period of its prosperity. But the philosophy it inculcates, and the worldly wisdom it unfolds, is applicable to all times and all countries. Hence, we cannot sympathise with the somewhat childish (to say the least of it) distaste, or indisposition, evinced by the immortal pilgrim, Harold (canto iv. st. lxxv.), for reverting, even in the full maturity of experienced manhood, to those ever-enduring lyrics that formed the nourishment of our young intellect, in our schoolboy days, "when George the Third was king." The very affectation of alluding to the "drilled dull lesson, forced down, word for word, in his repugnant youth," proves the *alumnus* of Harrow on the Hill to have relished and recollected the almost identical lines of the author he feigns to disremember — *Carmina Livi memini* PLAGOSUM *mhi parvo Orbiliū dicturæ* (Epist. ii. 70); and (though Peel may have been a more assiduous scholar) we can hardly believe the beauties of Horace to have been lost on Byron, even in his earliest hours of idleness. It is *à-propos* of Mount Soracté, on which he stumbles in the progress of his peregrination, that the noble poet vents his "fixed inveteracy" of hatred against a book which, at the same time, he extols in terms not less eloquent than true:

"Then farewell, HORACE! whom I hated so;
Not for thy faults, but mine! It is a curse
To understand, not *feel*, thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never *love*, thy verse,
Although no deeper moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart.
FAREWELL! upon Soracté's ridge WE PART!"

We can readily imagine the comic nature of such a "parting." We picture in our mind's eye him of Newstead Abbey bidding him of the Sabine farm

"Farewell!—a word that has been, and shall be;"

while we fancy we can hear the pithy "*Bon voyage, milor*," with which significant formula (in Latin) he is gently dismissed by the weeping Flaccus—
δακρυχιων γιλασας.

PROUT was not addicted to this aristocratic propensity for cutting all school-boy acquaintances. In him was strikingly exemplified the theory which attributes uncommon intensity and durability to first attachments: it is generally applied to love; he carried the practice into the *liaisons* of literature. The odes of Horace were his earliest mistresses in poetry; they took his fancy in youth, their fascinations haunted his memory in old age—

"L'ON REVIENT TOUJOURS
À SES PREMIERS AMOURS."

Most of the following papers, forming a series of Horatian studies, were penned in ITALY, often on the very spots that gave birth to the effusions of the witty Roman; but it appears to have afforded the Father considerable satisfaction to be able, in the quiet hermitage of his hill, to redigest and chew the cud of whatever might have been crude and unmatured in his juvenile lucubrations. He seems to have taken an almost equal interest in the writers, the glories, and the monuments of PAGAN as of PAPAL Rome: there was in his mental vision a strange but not unpleasant confusion of both; the *Vaticani montis imago* (lib. i. 20) forming, in his idea, a sort of bifurcated Parnassus—St. Peter on the one peak, and Jupiter on the other. Mr. Poynder has written a tract on this supposed "*alliance between Popery and Heathenism*," which DR. WISEMAN, in these latter days, has thought worthy of a pamphlet in reply. The gravity of the question deters us from entering on it here; but, to reconcile the matter, might we not adopt the etymological *medius terminus* of Dean Swift, and maintain that Jove—*Ζεὺς πατήρ*, or Sospiter—was nothing, after all, but the JEW PETER?

We are not without hopes of finding, among Prout's miscellanies, an elaborate treatise on this very topic. The French possess a work of infinite erudition, called *L'Histoire véritable des Temps Fabuleux*, in which the ILIAD is shewn to be an arrant plagiarism from the three last chapters of the Book of Judges; the Levite's wife being the prototype of Helen, and the tribe of Benjamin standing for the Trojans. WIT, says Edmund Burke, is usually displayed by finding points of contact and resemblance; JUDGMENT, or *discrimination*, generally manifests itself in the faculty of perceiving the points of disagreement and disconnexion.

But it is high time to resume our editorial seat, and let the Father catch the eye of the reader.

"With faire discourse the evening so they passe,
For that olde man of pleasaunte wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smoothe as glasse:
He tolde of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowed an AVE-MARY after and before."

Fairy Queene, canto i. stanza 35.

Regent Street, June 27th.

OLIVER YORKE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- I. PROUT.
- II. *An Elzevir*. 12mo.
- III. *A Jug of Punch*. 4to.

SCENE.—*Watergrasshill*.

Here's a health to HORACE! "*Vivi tu!*" Songster of TIVOLI, who alone of all the tuneful dead, alone of Greek and Roman wits, may be said to LIVE. If to be quoted and requoted, until every superficial inch of thy toga has

become (from quotation) threadbare, constitute perpetuity of poetical existence, according to the theory of Ennius (*volito vivu' per ora virum*), such LIFE has been pre-eminently vouchsafed to thee. In the circle of thy comprehensive philosophy, few things belonging to heaven or earth were undreamt of; nor did it escape thy instinctive penetration that in yonder brief tome, short, plump, and tidy, like its artificer, thou hadst erected a monument more dur-

able than brass, more permanent than an Irish "ROUND TOWER," or a PYRAMID of King Cheops. It was plain to thy intuitive ken, that, whatever mischance might befall the heavier and more massive productions of ancient wisdom, thy lyrics were destined to outlive them all. That though the epics of VARIUS might be lost, or the decades of LIVY desiderated, remotest posterity would possess thee (like the stout of Barclay and Perkins) "ENTIRE" — would enjoy thy book, undocked of its due proportions, uncurtailed of a single page — would bask in the rays of thy GENIUS, unshorn of a single beam. As often as the collected works of other classic worthies are ushered into the world, the melancholy appendage on the title-page of

"Omnia quæ exstant"

is sure to meet our eye, reminding us, in the very announcement of the feast of intellect, that there is an *amari aliquid*; viz., that much entertaining matter has irretrievably perished. The *torso* of the Belvidere is, perhaps, as far as it goes, superior to the Apollo; but the latter is a complete statue: a Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg is a very respectable — but truncated — copy of humanity. Thy MSS. have come down to us unimutilated by the pumice-stone of palimpsestic monk, unsingd by the torch of Calif Omar, ungnawed by the tooth of Time. The perfect preservation of thy writings is only equalled by the universality of their diffusion—a point especially dwelt on in that joyously geographic rhapsody of a prophetic soul (lib. ii. ode 20), wherein thou pourest forth thy full anticipation of œcumenic glory. If thou canst hardly be said still to haunt the "shores of the Bosphorus," take "OXFORD" as a literal substitute: though disappointed of fame among the "remote Geloni," thou hast an equivalent in the million schoolboys of South America. Should the "learned Iberian" chance to neglect thee amid the disasters of his country, hanging up thy forsaken lyre on the willows of the Guadalquivir — should they "who drink the Rhone" divide their affections between (thy brother bard) Béranger and THEE, thou mayest still count among "the Dacians" of the Danube admirers and commentators. Thou hast unlooked-for votaries on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence;

and though Burns may triumph on the Tweed, Tom Moore can never prevent thee from being paramount on the Shannon, nor Tom D'Urfey evict thee from supremacy on the Thames. In accordance with thy fondest aspiration, thou hast been pointed out as the "prime performer on the Roman lyre," by successive centuries as they passed away (*digito prætereuntium*): the dry skeleton of bygone criticism hung up in our libraries, so designates thee with its bony index: to thee, PRINCE OF LYRIC POETS! is still directed in these latter days, albeit with occasional aberrations (for even the magnetic needle varies under certain influences), the ever-reverting finger of Fame.

Here, then, I say, is a HEALTH TO HORACE! Though the last cheerful drop in my vesper-bowl to-night be well-nigh drained, and the increasing feebleness of age reminds me too plainly that the waters are ebbing fast in my Clepsydra of life, still have I a blessing in reserve—a benison to bestow on the provider of such intellectual enjoyment as yon small volume has ever afforded me; nor to the last shall I discontinue holding sweet converse, through its medium, with the GRACES and the NINE.

Οὐ παύσομαι τὰς χάριτας
Μουσῶν σὺνχατμιγνύς
Ἡδίσταν σὺζύγῳ.

In the brief biographic memoir left us by Suetonius, we read that the emperor was in the habit of comparing the poet's book, and the poet himself, to a FLAGON — *cum circuitus voluminis sit ογκωδιστάτος, sicut est ventriculi tui*. Various and multiform are the vitrified vases and terracotta jars dug up at Pompeii, and elsewhere, with evidence of having served as depositories for Roman sack; but the peculiar Horatian shape alluded to by Augustus has not been fixed on by antiquaries. The Florentine academy *dellu crusca*, whose opinion on this point ought to obtain universal attention, have considered themselves authorised, from the passage in Suetonius, to trace (as they have done, in their valuable vocabulary) the modern words, *flaccone fiasco* (whence our *flask*), to Q. HORAT. FLACCUS. The origin of the English term *bumper*, it is fair to add, has been, with equal sagacity, brought home by Joe Miller to our "*bon père*," the pope.

But commend me to the *German* commentators for transcendental ingenuity in classical criticism. Need I more than instance the judicious Milcherlick's hint, that the birth of our poet must have presented a clear case of *lusus naturæ*; since, in his ode *Ad Amphoram* (xxi. lib. iii.), we have, from his own lips, the portentous fact of his having come into the world "in company with a bottle," under the conspiouship of Manlius? Should the fact of his having had a twin-brother of that description be substantiated, on historical and obstetric principles, we shall cease, of course, to wonder at the similitude discovered by the emperor. Byron maintains, though without any data whatever to warrant his assertion, that "HAPPINESS was born a twin" (*Juan*, canto ii. st. 172); the case was, perhaps, like that imagined by Milcherlick.

My own theory on the subject is not, as yet, sufficiently matured to lay it before the learned of Europe; but from the natural juxtaposition of the two congenial objects now before me, and the more than chemical affinity with which I find the contents of the Elzevir to blend in harmonious mixture with those of the jug, I should feel quite safe in predicating (if sprightliness, vigour, and versatility constitute sufficiently fraternal features) that the "spirit in the leaves" is brother to the "bottle imp."

"Alterius sic,

Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicé."

Art. Poët., 408.

The recondite philosophy of the common expression, "*ANIMAL SPIRITS*," has not, that I am aware of, been thoroughly investigated, or its import fully developed, by modern metaphysicians. How animal matter may become so impregnated, or, to use the school term, "compenetrated," by a spiritual essence, as to lose its substantive nature and become a mere adjective, or modification of the all-absorbing *anima*, is a "rub" fit to puzzle Hamlet. In my Lord Brougham's *Natural Theology*, which gives the solution of every known question, this difficulty is unaccountably neglected. There is not a single word about animated alcohol. An ingenious doubt was expressed by some great thinker—Jack Reeve, or Doctor Wade—after a protracted sitting, whether, legally,

the landlord could remove him off the premises without a "permit." That was genuine metaphysics, far above all Kant's rubbish. How are we, in fact, to draw the distinction? Is there to be one law for a living vessel, and another for an inert jar? May not the ingredients that go to fill them be the same? the quantity identical in both recipients? Why, then, should not the Excise anxiously track the footsteps of so many walking gallons of X X X, with the same maternal solicitude she manifests in watching the progress and removal of spirit in earthenware? This common-sense view of the matter was long ago taken up by Don Quixote, when, acting on the suggestion of calm logic, he gave battle to certain goat-skins, distended with the recent vintage of Valdepenas. Cervantes may sneer, but the onslaught does not appear to me irrational. Was the knight to wait till the same juice should offer itself under the form and colour of blood, to be shed from the bodies of bloated buffoons in buckram? Clearly not!

But to return. If by *ANIMAL SPIRITS* be meant that state of buoyancy and elevation in which the opaque corporeal essence is lost in the frolicsome play of the fancy, and evaporates in ethereal sallies, a collateral and parallel process takes place when the imaginative and rarefied faculties of *mind* are, as it were, condensed so as to give a precipitate, and form a distinct portion of visible and tangible matter. Yon Elzevir is a case in point. In the small compass of a duodecimo we hold and manipulate the concentrated feelings and follies, the "quips and cranks," the wit and wisdom, of a period never equalled in the history of mankind: the current conversational tones and topics are made familiar to us, though the interlocutors have long since mouldered in the grave. The true *FALERNIAN* wine ripens no more on the accustomed slope; the *FORMIANI COLLES* are now barren and unprofitable; but, owing to the above-mentioned process, we can still relish their *bouquet* in the odes of Horace: we can find the genuine smack of the Cæcubean grape in the effusions it inspired.

I recollect Tom Moore once talking to me, after dinner, of Campbell's *Exile of Erin*, and remarking, in his ordinary *conpetto* style, that the sorrows of

Ireland were in that elegy CRYSTALLISED and made immortal. Tommy was right; and he may be proud of having done something in that way himself: for when the fashion of drinking "Wright's champagne" shall have passed away, future ages will be able to form a notion of that once celebrated beverage from the perusal of his poetry. There it is, crystallised for posterity.

Horace presents us, in his person, with an accomplished specimen of the *bon vivant*; such as that agreeable variety of the human species was understood by antiquity. Cheerfulness and wit, conjointly with worldly wisdom, generally insure a long, jolly, and prosperous career to their possessor.

I just now adverted to the good luck which has secured his *writings* against accident: 'his *personal* preservation through what Mathews would term the "vicissitudes and vaccinations" of life, appears to have been, from his own account, fully as miraculous. A somewhat profane French proverb asserts, *qu'il y a une Providence pour les ivrognes*; but whatever celestial surveillance watches over the zigzag progress of a drunkard—whatever privilege may be pleaded by the plenipotentiary of Bacchus, poetry would seem, in his case, to have had peculiar prerogatives. Sleeping in his childhood on some mountain-top of Apulia, pigeons covered him with leaves, that no "bears" or "snakes" might get at him (lib. iii. ode iv.); a circumstance of some importance to infant genius, which, alas! cannot always escape the "hug" of the one or the "sting" of the other. Again, at the battle of Philippi, he tells us how he had well nigh perished, had not MERCURY snatched him up from the very thick of the *melée*, fully aware of his value, and unwilling to let him run the risk to which vulgar *chair à canon* is exposed. Subsequently, while walking over his grounds at the Sabine farm, the falling trunk of an old tree was within an ace of knocking out his brains, had not FAUN, whom he describes as the guardian-angel of mercurial men—*mercurialium custos vi-*

rorum—interposed at the critical moment. To *Mercury* he has dedicated many a graceful hymn: more than one modern poet might safely acknowledge certain obligations to the same quarter. But all are not so communicative as Horace of their personal adventures.

What he states in his bantering epistle to Julius Florius cannot be true; viz., that poverty made a poet of him:

"*Paupertas impulit andax
Ut versus facerem.*—Ep. ii. 2, 51.

On the contrary, far from offering any symptoms of jejune inspiration or garret origin, his effusions bear testimony to the pleasant mood of mind in which they were poured forth, and are redolent of the joyousness of happy and convivial hours. Boileau, a capital judge, maintains, that the jovial exhilaration pervading all his poetry betrays the vinous influence under which he wrote—

"*Horace a bu son saoul quand il voit les
Menades:*"

an observation previously made by a rival satirist of Rome—

"*Satur est cum dicit Horatius ONE!*"

Hints of this kind are sometimes hazarded in reference to very grave writers, but, in the present instance, will be more readily believed than the assertion made by Plutarch, in his *Συμπόσιον*, that the gloomy Eschylus "was habitually drunk when he wrote his tragedies."

In adopting the poetical profession he but followed the bent of his nature: thus, LYRICS were the spontaneous produce of his mind, as FABLES were of a kindred soul, the *naïf* Lafontaine. "*Voilà un FIGUIER,*" said the latter one day to Madame de la Sablière, in the gardens of Versailles; "*et moi, je suis un FABLIER.*" Let us take the official manifesto with which Horace opens the volume of his odes, and we will be at once put in possession of his views of human life, through all its varied vanities; of which poetry is, after all, but one, and not the *most* ridiculous.

ODE I.—TO MECÆNAS.

"*Mecænas! atavis edite regibus,*" &c.

MY FRIEND and PATRON, in whose veins runneth right royal blood,
Give but to some the HYPPODROME, the car, the prancing stud,

Clouds of Olympic dust — then mark what ecstasy of soul
 Their bosom feels, as the rapt wheels glowing have grazed the goal.
 Talk not to them of diadem or sceptre, save the whip —
 A branch of palm can raise them to the GODS' companionship.

And there be some, my friend, for whom the crowd's applause is food,
 Who pine without the hollow shout of ROME's mad multitude;
 Others, whose giant greediness whole provinces would drain —
 Their sole pursuit to gorge and glut huge granaries with grain.

Yon homely hind, calmly resigned his narrow farm to plod,
 Seek not with ASIA'S wealth to wean from his paternal sod:
 Ye can't prevail! no varnished tale that simple swain will urge,
 In galley built of CYPRUS oak, to plough th' EGEAN surge.

Your merchant-mariner, who sighs for fields and quiet home,
 While o'er the main the hurricane howls round his path of foam,
 Will form, I trow, full many a vow, the deep for aye t' eschew.
 He lands — what then? Pelf prompts again — his ship's afloat anew!

Soft Leisure hath its votaries, whose bliss it is to bask
 In summer's ray the live-long day, quaffing a mellow flask
 Under the green-wood tree, or where, but newly born as yet,
 Religion guards the cradle of the infant rivulet.

Some love the camp, the horseman's tramp, the clarion's voice; aghast
 Pale mothers hear the trumpeter, and loathe the murderous blast.

Lo! under wintry skies his game the Hunter still pursues;
 And, while his bonny bride with tears her lonely bed bedews,
 He for his antler'd foe looks out, or tracks the forest whence
 Broke the wild boar, whose daring tusk levelled the fragile fence.

THEE the pursuits of learning claim — a claim the gods allow;
 Thine is the ivy coronal that decks the scholar's brow:

ME in the woods' deep solitudes the Nymphs a client count,
 The dancing FAWN on the green lawn, the NAIAD of the fount.
 For me her lute (sweet attribute!) let POLYHYMNIA sweep;
 For me, oh! let the flageolet breathe from EUTERPE'S lip;
 Give but to me of poesy the lyric wreath, and then
 Th' immortal halls of bliss won't hold a prouder denizen.

His political creed is embodied in this succeeding ode; and never did patriotism, combined (as it rarely is) with sound sense, find nobler utterance than in the poet's address to the head of the government. The delicate ingenuity employed in working out his ultimate conclusion, the apparently

natural progression from so simple a topic as the "state of the weather," even coupled as it may have been with an inundation of the Tiber, to that magnificent *dénouement* — the apotheosis of the emperor — has ever been deservedly admired.

ODE II.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ Grandinis," &c.

I.

Since Jove decreed in storms to vent
 The winter of his discontent,
 Thundering o'er ROME impenitent
 With red right hand,
 The flood-gates of the firmament
 Have drenched the land!

II.

Terror hath seized the minds of men,
 Who deemed the days had come again
 When PROTEUS led, up mount and glen,
 And verdant lawn,
 Of teeming ocean's darksome den
 The monstrous spawn.

III.

When PYRRHA saw the ringdove's nest
 Harbour a strange unbidden guest,
 And, by the deluge dispossessed
 Of glade and grove,
 Deers down the tide, with antler'd crest,
 Affrighted drove,

IV.

WE saw the yellow TIBER, sped
 Back to his TUSCAN fountain-head,
 O'erwhelm the sacred and the dead
 In one fell doom,
 And VESTA's pile in ruins spread,
 And NUMA's tomb.

V.

Dreaming of days that once had been,
 He deemed that wild disastrous scene
 Might soothe his ILIA, injured queen !
 And comfort give her,
 Reckless though Jove should intervene,
 Uxorious river !

VI.

Our sons will ask, why men of Rome
 Drew against kindred, friends, and home,
 Swords that a Persian hecatomb
 Might best imbue —
 Sons, by their fathers' feuds become
 Feeble and few !

VII.

Whom can our country call in aid ?
 Where must the patriot's vow be paid ?
 With orisons shall Vestal maid
 Fatigue the skies ?
 Or will not VESTA's frown upbraid
 Her votaries ?

VIII.

Augur ! APOLLO ! shall we kneel
 To thee, and for our commonweal
 With humbled consciousness appeal ?
 Oh, quell the storm !
 Come, though a silver vapour veil
 Thy radiant form !

IX.

Will VENUS from Mount ERYX stoop,
 And to our succour hie, with troop
 Of laughing GRACES, and a group
 Of Cupids round her?
 Or comest THOU with wild war-whoop,
 Dread MARS! our FOUNDER?

X.

Whose voice so long bade peace avaunt;
 Whose war-dogs still for slaughter pant;
 The tented field thy chosen haunt,
 Thy child the ROMAN,
 Fierce legioner, whose visage gaunt
 Scowls on the foeman.

XI.

Or hath young HERMES, MAIA's son,
 The graceful guise and form put on
 Of thee, AUGUSTUS? and begun
 (Celestial stranger!)
 To wear the name which THOU hast won—
 "CÆSAR'S-AVENER?"

XII.

Blest be the days of thy sojourn,
 Distant the hour when ROME shall mourn
 The fatal sight of thy return
 To Heaven again,
 Forced by a guilty age to spurn
 The haunts of men.

XIII.

Rather remain, beloved, adored,
 Since ROME, reliant on thy sword,
 To thee of JULIUS hath restored
 The rich reversion;
 Baffle ASSYRIA'S hovering horde,
 And smite the PERSIAN!

It was fitting that thus early in the series of his lyrics there should appear a record of his warm intimacy with the only Roman poet of them all, whose genius could justly claim equal rank with his. It is honourable to the author of the *Æneid* that he feared not, in the first instance, to introduce at the court of Augustus, where his own reputation was already established, one who alone of all his contemporaries could eventually dispute the laureateship, and divide the applause of the imperial circle, with himself. Virgil, however, though he has carefully embalmed in his pastorals the names of Gallus, Asinius Pollio, Varius, and Cinna; nay, though he has wrapt up in the amber of his verse such grubs

as Bavius and Mævius, has never once alluded to Horace—at least, in that portion of his poems which has come down to us—while the lyric commemorates his gifted friend in more than a dozen instances. I should feel loath to attribute this apparently studied omission to any discreditable jealousy on the part of the Mantuan; but it would have been better had he acted otherwise. Concerning the general tenor of the following outburst on the shores of the Adriatic, while Virgil's galley sunk below the horizon, it will be seen, that his passionate attachment leads him into an invective against the shipping interest, which I do not seek to justify.

ODE III.—TO THE SHIP BEARING VIRGIL TO GREECE.

"Sic te diva potens," &c.

I.

May Love's own planet guide thee o'er the wave !
 Brightly aloft
 HELEN's star-brother's twinkling,
 And EOLUS chain all his children, save
 A west-wind soft
 Thy liquid pathway wrinkling,
 Galley ! to whom we trust, on thy parole,
 Our VIRGIL,—mark
 Thou bear him in 'thy bosom
 Safe to the land of GREECE ; for half my soul,
 O gallant bark !
 Were lost if I should lose him.

II.

A breast of bronze full sure, and ribs of oak,
 Were his who first
 Defied the tempest-demon ;
 Dared in a fragile skiff the blast provoke,
 And boldly burst
 Forth on the deep a Seaman !
 Whom no conflicting hurricanes could daunt,
 Nor BOREAS chill,
 Nor weeping ILYADS sadden,
 E'en on yon gulf, whose lord, the loud LEVANT,
 Can calm at will,
 Or to wild frenzy madden.

III.

What dismal form must Death put on for him
 Whose cold eye mocks
 The dark deep's huge indwellers !
 Who calm athwart the billows sees the grim
 CERAUNIAN rocks,
 Of wail and wo tale-tellers !—
 Though PROVIDENCE poured out its ocean-flood,
 Whose broad expanse
 Might land from land dis sever,
 Careering o'er the waters, MAN withstood
 JOVE's ordinance
 With impious endeavour.

IV.

The human breast, with bold aspirings fraught,
 Throbs thus unawed,
 Untamed, and unquiescent.
 Fire from the skies a son of JAPHET brought,
 And, fatal fraud !
 Made earth a guilty present.
 Scarce was the spark snatch'd from the bright abode,
 When round us straight
 A ghastly phalanx thickened,
 Fever and Palsy ; and grim DEATH, who strode
 With tardy gait
 Far off,—his coming quickened !

V.

Wafted on daring art's fictitious plume
 The CRETAN rose,
 And waved his wizzard pinions ;
 Downwards ALCIDES pierced the realms of gloom,
 Where darkly flows
 Styx, through the dead's dominions.
 Naught is beyond our reach, beyond our scope,
 And heaven's high laws
 Still fail to keep us under ;
 How can our unreposing malice hope
 Respite or pause
 From Jove's avenging thunder ?

The tone of tender melancholy which pervades all his dreams of earthly happiness — the constant recurrence of allusions to Death, which startle us in his gayest and apparently most careless strains, is a very distinguishing feature

of the poet's state of mind. There is something here beyond what appears on the surface. The skull so ostentatiously displayed at the banquets of Egypt had its mystery.

ODE IV.

" Solvitur acris hyems."

I.

Now WINTER melts beneath
 SPRING's genial breath,
 And ZEPHYR
 Back to the water yields
 The stranded bark — back to the fields
 The stabled heifer —
 And the gay rural scene
 The shepherd's foot can wean,
 Forth from his homely hearth, to tread
 the meadows green.

II.

Now VENUS loves to group
 Her merry troop
 Of maidens,
 Who, while the moon peeps out,
 Dance with the GRACES round about
 Their queen in cadence ;
 While far, 'mid fire and noise,
 VULCAN his force employs,
 Where CYCLOPS grim aloft their ponderous sledges poise.

III.

Now maids, with myrtle-bough,
 Garland their brow —
 Each forehead
 Shining with flow'rets deck'd ;
 While the glad earth, by frost uncheck'd,
 Buds out all florid ;—
 Now let the knife devote,
 In some still grove remote,
 A victim-lamb to FAUN ; or, should he
 list, a goat.

VOL. XIV. NO. LXXIX.

I.

Solvitur acris hiems
 Grata vice
 Veris et Favoni ;
 Trahuntque siccas
 Machinæ carinas :
 Ac neque jam stabulis
 Gaudet pecus,
 Aut arator igni ;
 Nec prata canis
 Albicant pruinis.

II.

Jam Cytherea choros
 Duct Venus,
 Imminente Luna ;
 Junctæque Nymphis
 Gratiæ decentes
 Alterno terram
 Quatiunt pede,
 Dum graves Cyclopum
 Vulcanus ardens
 Urat officinas.

III.

Nunc decet aut viridi
 Nitidum caput
 Impedire myrto,
 Aut flore, terræ
 Quem ferunt solutæ.
 Nunc et in umbrosis
 Fauno decet
 Immolare lucis,
 Seu poscat, agnâ,
 Sive malit, hædo.

IV.

DEATH's undiscerning foot
Knocks at the hut ;
The lowly
As the most princely gate.
O favoured friend ! on life's brief date
To count were folly ;
Soon shall, in vapours dark,
Quenched be thy vital spark,
And thou, a silent ghost, for PLUTO's land
embark.

V.

Where at no gay repast,
By dice's cast
King chosen,
Wine-laws shalt thou enforce,
But weep o'er joy and love's warm source
For ever frozen ;
And tender LYDIA lost,
Of all the town the toast,
Who then, when thou art gone, will fire
all bosoms most !

IV.

Pallida mors æquo
Pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.
O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis
Spem nos vetat
Inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox,
Fabulæque Manes,

V.

Et domus exilis
Plutonia :
Quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini
Sortiere talis ;
Nec teneram Lydiam
Mirabere,
Quâ calet juvenus
Nunc omnis, et tuuc
Magis incalebit.

In the following lines to Pyrrha we have set before us a Roman lady's boudoir, sketched *à la Watteau*. Female fickleness was, among the Greeks, a subject deemed inexhaustible. Horace has contrived to say much thereanent throughout his volume ; but the matter seems to be as fresh as ever among the moderns.—It has, no doubt, given great edification to Mr. Poynder to

observe that the practice alluded to, towards the closing verses, of hanging up what is called an "*ex voto*" in the temples, still prevails along the shores of the Mediterranean. For that matter, any Cockney, by proceeding only as far as Boulogne sur Mer, may find evidence of this classic *heathenism* in full vogue among the Gallic fishermen.

ODE V.—PYRRHA'S INCONSTANCY.

" Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ."

I.

PYRRHA, who now, mayhap,
Pours on thy perfumed lap,
With rosy wreath, fair youth, his fond addresses ?
Beneath thy charming grot,
For whom, in gay love-knot,
Playfully dost thou bind thy yellow tresses ?

II.

So simple in thy neatness !
Alas ! that so much sweetness
Should ever prove the prelude of deception !
Must he bewail too late
His sadly altered fate,
Chilled by a bleak tempestuous reception,

III.

Who now, to fondness prone,
Deeming thee all his own,
Revels in a long dream of future favour ;
So bright thy beauty glows,
Still fascinating those
Who have not learnt how apt thou art to waver.

I.

Quis multâ gracilis
Te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis
Urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
Cui flavam religas comam,

II.

Simplex munditiis ?
Heu ! quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos
Flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

III.

Qui nunc te fruitur
Credulus auræ ;
Qui semper vacuum,
Semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis ! Miseri, quibus

IV.

I the false light forswear,
A shipwreck'd mariner,
Who hangs the painted story of his suffering
Aloft o'er Neptune's shrine;
There shall I hang up mine,
And of my dripping robes the votive offering!

IV.

Intentata nites!
Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries
Indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

The naval rencontres off Actium, Lepanto, and Trafalgar, offer in European history three gigantic "land-marks," such as no three battle-places ashore can readily furnish: but the very magnitude of each maritime event has probably deterred shrewd poets from grappling with what they despaired to board successfully. Our Dibdin's dithyrambic,

"'Twas in Trafalgar bay
We saw the Frenchman lay," &c.,
as well as the Venetian carzelletta,

"*Cantiam tutti allegramente*," &c.,
were, no doubt, good enough for the watermen of the Thames and the gondoleers of the Gulf. But when the

Roman admiral begged from Horace an ode, emblazoning the defeat of the combined fleets of Antony and Cleopatra, it required much tact and ability to eschew the perilous attempt. The following effort shews how he got out of the scrape. The only parallel instance of clever avoidance we remember, occurred when the great Condé offered a thousand ducats for the best poem on his campaign of Rocroi. A Gascon carried the prize by this audacious outburst:

"Pour célébrer tant de hauts faits,
Tant de combats, et tant de gloire,
Mille ecus! Parbleu! MILLE ECUS!
Ce n'est qu'un sou par victoire."

ODE VI.

"Scriberis Vario," &c.

I.

AGRIPPA! seek a loftier bard; nor ask
Horace to twine in songs
The double wreath, due to a victor's casque
From land and ocean: such HOMERIC task
To VARIUS belongs.

II.

Our lowly lyre no fitting music hath,
And in despair dismisses
The epic splendours of "ACHILLES' wrath,"
Or the "dread line of PELOPS," or the "path
Of billow-borne ULYSSES."

III.

The record of the deeds at ACTIUM wrought
So far transcends our talent —
Vain were the wish! wild the presumptuous thought!
To sing how CÆSAR, how AGRIPPA fought —
Both foremost 'mid the gallant!

IV.

The *God of War* in adamantine mail;
MERYON, gaunt and grim;
PALLAS in aid; while TROY's battalions quail,
Scared by the lance of DIOMED . . . must fail
To figure in our hymn.

* See "Songs of Italy," *apud nos*, vol. xi. p. 266.—O. Y.

V.

Ours is the banquet-song's light-hearted strain,
 Roses our only laurel,
 The progress of a love-suit our campaign,
 Our only scars the gashes that remain
 When romping lovers quarrel.

Deprecating the mania for foreign residence, which hurried off then (as it does now) estimable citizens from a far more reputable sojourn in their native country—*vñlas*, the poet exhorts

PLANCUS to give up his project of retiring into Greece (from the displeasure of Augustus), to continue in the service of the state, and, above all, to stick to the bottle.

ODE VII.—To *MUNATIUS PLANCUS*.

“*Laudabunt alii claram RHODON.*”

I.

RHODES, EPHESUS, OR MITYLENE,
 Or THESSALY's fair valley,
 Or CORINTH, placed two gulfs atween,
 DELPHI, or THEBES, suggest the scene
 Where some would choose to dally;
 Others in praise of ATHENS launch,
 And poets lyric
 Grace, with MINERVA's olive-branch
 Their panegyric.

II.

To JUNO's city some would roam —
 ARGOS — of steeds productive;
 In rich MYCENÆ make their home,
 Or find LARISSA pleasant some,
 Or SPARTA deem seductive;
 Me TIBUR's grove charms more than all
 The brook's bright bosom,
 And o'er loud ANIO's waterfall
 Fruit-trees in blossom.

III.

PLANCUS ! do blasts for ever sweep
 Athwart the welkin rancoured?
 Friend ! do the clouds for ever weep? —
 Then cheer thee ! and thy sorrows deep
 Drown in a flowing tankard :
 Whether “the camp ! the field ! the sword !”
 Be still thy motto,
 Or TIBUR to thy choice afford
 A sheltered grotto.

IV.

When TEUCER from his father's frown
 For exile parted,
 Wreathing his brow with poplar-crown,
 In wine'he bade his comrades drown
 Their woes light-hearted ;
 And thus he cried, Whate'er betide,
 HOPE shall not leave me :
 The home a father hath denied
 Let FORTUNE give me !

V.

Who doubts or dreads if TEUCER lead ?

Hath not APOLLO

A new-found *Salamis* decreed,
Old Fatherland shall supersede ?

Then fearless follow.

Ye who could bear ten years your share

Of toil and slaughter,

Drink ! for our sail to-morrow's gale

Wafts o'er the water.

The old tune of "Peas upon a trencher" has been adapted to "The time I've lost in wooing," by Tom Moore. Mr. Cazalès, of the *Assemblée Nationale*, has given a French version of the immortal original. *Ex. gr.* :

" Garçon, apportez moi, moi,
Des pois, des petits pois, pois :

Ah, quel plaisir ! quand je les vois

Sur l'assiette de bois, bois," &c. &c.

I hope there is no profanation in arranging an ode of Horace to the same fascinating tune.—The diary of a Roman man of fashion can be easily made up from the elements of daily occupation, supplied by the following :

ODE VIII.

Lydia, dic per omnes," &c.

I.

Enchanting LYDIA ! prithee,
By all the gods that see thee,
Pray tell me this : Must SYBARIS
Perish, enamoured with thee ?
Lo ! wrapt as in a trance, he
Whose hardy youth could fancy
Each manly feat, dreads dust and heat,
All through thy necromancy !

II.

Why rides he never, tell us,
Accoutred like his fellows,
For curb and whip, and horsemanship,
And martial bearing zealous ?
Why hangs he back, demurient
To breast the TIBER's current,
From wrestlers' oil, as from the coil
Of poisonous snake, abhorrent ?

III.

No more with iron rigour
Rude armour-marks disfigure
His pliant limbs ; but languor dims
His eye and wastes his vigour.
Gone is the youth's ambition
To give the lance emission,
Or hurl adroit the circling quoit
In gallant competition.

IV.

And his embowered retreat is
Like where the Son of THETIS
Lurked undivulged, while he indulged
A mother's soft entreaties,
Robed as a Grecian girl,
Lest soldier-like apparel
Might raise a flame, and his kindling frame
Through the ranks of slaughter whirl.

I.

LYDIA, dic per omnes
Te Deos oro,
SYBARIM
Cur properas amando,
Perdere ? cur apicum
Oderit campum,
Patiens
Pulveris atque Solis ?

II.

Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales
Equitat ?
Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frænis ?
Cur timet flavum
TIBERIM
Tangere ? cur olivum

III.

Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitat ?
Neque jam
Livida gestat armis
Brachia, sæpe disco,
Sæpe trans finem
Jaculo
Nobilis expedito ?

IV.

Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filiū dicunt
THETIDIS,
Sub lachrymosa Trojæ
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in cædem, et
LYCIAS
Proriperet catervas.

To relish the ninth ode, the reader must figure to himself the hunting-box of a young Roman, some miles from Rome, with a distant view of the

Mediterranean in front; Mount Soracté far off on the right; a tall cypress grove on the left, backed by the ridge of Apeunines.

ODE IX.

Vides ut altà stet nive candidum
Soracte," &c.

VERSIO PROUTICA.

I.

See how the winter blanches
SORACTAY'S giant brow!
Hear how the forest-branches
Groan for the weight of snow!
While the fix'd ice impanels
Rivers within their channels.

II.

Out with the frost! expel her!
Pile up the fuel-block,
And from thy hoary cellar
Produce a SABINE crock:
O THALIARCK! remember
It count a fourth December.

III.

Give to the gods the guidance
Of earth's arrangements. List!
The blasts at their high biddance
From the vex'd deep desist,
Nor 'mid the cypress riot;
And the old elms are quiet.

IV.

Enjoy, without foreboding,
Life as the moments run;
Away with Care corroding,
Youth of my soul! nor shun
Love, for whose smile thou'rt suited;
And 'mid the dancers foot it.

V.

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it;
Follow the field, the camp,
Each manly sport, till twilight
Brings on the vesper-lamp;
Then let thy loved one lisp her
Fond feelings in a whisper.

VI.

Or in a nook hide furtive,
Till by her laugh betrayed,
And drawn, with struggle sportive,
Forth from her ambuscade;
Bracelet or ring th' offender
In forfeit sweet surrender!

TRADUTTA DAL GARGALLO.

I.

Vedi tu di neve in copia
Il Soracte omai canuto
Vedi come crollan gli alberi
Sotto al peso; e 'l gelo acuto
Come ai fiumi trà le sponde
Fa indurar le liquid onde.

II.

Sciogli 'l freddo con man prodiga
Rifornendo, O TALIARCO!
Legni al foco; e più del solito
A spillar non esser parco
Da orecchiuto orcio Sabino,
Di quattr' anni 'l pretto vino.

III.

Sien del resto i numi gli arbitri
C'ove avran d'Austro e di Borea
Abattuto il fervid impeto
Per la vasta arena equorea
Ne i cipressi urto nemico
Scuoterà, ne l'orno antico.

IV.

Ciò indagar fuggi sollecito
Che avvenir doman dovrà;
Guigni a lucro il dì che reduce
La Fortuna a te darà
Ne sprezzar ne' tuoi fresc' anni
Le carole e dolci affanni.

V.

Sin che lunga da te vegeto
Sta canuta età importuna
Campi e piazze ti riveggano;
E fidele quando imbruna
T'abbia l'ora che ti appella
A ronzar con la tua bella.

VI.

Or e caro quel sorridere
Scopritore della fanciulla
Che in un angolo internandosi
A celarsi si trastulla
Ed al finto suo ritegno
Trar d'armilla o anello il pegno.

The subsequent *morceau* is not given in the usual printed editions of our poet : even the MSS. omit it, except the *Vuti-*

can Codex. I myself have no hesitation as to its genuineness, though Burns has saved me the trouble of translation.

ODE X.

"Virent arundines."—"Green grow the rushes, O!"

I.

There's naught but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life of man,
An' 'twere not for the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee them, O!
And when at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

III.

Give me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my deary, O!
Then warly cares and warly men
May all gang tapsalteery, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

IV.

For ye sae douce ye snicer at this,
Ye're naught but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the waird e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

V.

Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest wark, she classes, O!
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

I.

Curæ corrodunt Urbem, Rus,
Et sapientium cellulas,
Nec vitâ vellem frui plus
Nî foret ob puellulas —
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

II.

Divitias avaro dem,
Insudet auri cumulo,
Quærat quocumque modo rem,
Inops abitit tumulo.
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

III.

Cùm Sol obscurat spicula,
Mi brachio tunc niveo,
Stringente, fit, amiculâ,
Rerum dulcis oblivio!
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

IV.

Num dices contrâ? canum grex!
An fuit vir sagacior
Quâm Solomon? aut unquam rex
In virgines salacior?
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

V.

Quas cum de terræ vasculo
Natura finxit bellulas,
Tentavit manum inasculo
Formavit tunc puellulas.
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas,
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

A MOST TALENTED FAMILY.

"It is very provoking," exclaimed Mr. Foster, flinging down the newspaper, and swallowing the contents of his teacup with an indignant gulp,—“it certainly is very provoking!”

“What has distressed you, Charles?” demanded Mrs. Foster.

The gentleman pushed his breakfast apparatus from before him, as if preparing a clear field for the course of his complaints,—rested his folded arms upon the table, and, fixing his eyes upon his wife, replied, with an air and look of infinite dejection, “I am grieved to the heart’s quick! I cannot bear to think upon that deficiency in all the higher powers of intellect which is evinced by every one of our children.”

“If that’s your only cause of distress, my dear, I confess myself incapable of affording you any sympathy.”

“I did not expect any, my dear; I have been long aware of the little value you attach to the gift of *genius*.”

“I am quite sensible that a certain something which is called *genius* is the idol set up by the good people of the nineteenth century, as the object of their preposterous adoration; but it’s impossible for me to regret the absence of this quality in my family,—for I am not quite certain that I comprehend what it is.”

“Not comprehend it! Nonsense, wife! Did you never read my nephew’s splendid description of it?”

“Not that I recollect. Where is it to be found?”

“It is one of the very finest passages in Augustus’s romance of ‘Scrapegrave, the Body-snatcher.’”

“Oh!—then I’ve never seen it.”

“My nephew’s words,” said Mr. Foster,—and he began to recite with that peculiar manner, between bad chanting and execrable reading, which constitutes one of the peculiarities of the intensity school,—“My nephew’s words are, ‘Genius is that living energy, that supernal touch, that quick sensibility of soul, which is the exclusive endowment of the highest order of our species: it is that intuitive sense which catches at a glance the spirit and the essence of all external objects; it is that brightening and magnifying power of the intellectual vision

by which all things that are great and beautiful in nature are exhibited as infinitely more great and beautiful than they appear to the eyes of ordinary men; it is that rapid action of the imagination which apprehends the similarity subsisting between objects the most essentially dissimilar, and which collects, compares, and combines, in an instant, ideas the most incongruous and remote; it is that ethereal fire which, kindling all the faculties of the living man, imparts to every thought the glow of enthusiasm, and to every emotion a thrill of poetic passion; it is that restless and ever-soaring aspiration of the soul, to which insignificance is intolerable—which pines for distinction as the necessary *pabulum* of existence—and which is incapable of all repose or contentment while there remains a competitor unsurpassed, a difficulty unconquered, or a single point of ambition unachieved.’”

Whether this was or was not designed to be the conclusion of the quotation cannot be determined; for, as either the breath or the memory of the reciter here failed him, Mrs. Foster took advantage of the opportunity to reply, “My notions on the subject are quite as vague and dark as ever. Your nephew’s elaborate description has not assisted me in the least; but, as far as I can make it out, this highly popular quality may be regarded as the result of a strong tendency to madness, acted upon by an inordinate degree of selfishness and vanity. If this be *genius*, I am heartily rejoiced that neither Charles, nor John, nor Emma, have any pretensions to so very unamiable and perilous a distinction. And, at all events, my love, blessed as they are with good sense, good hearts, good principles, good health, good tempers, and extremely good looks, I must think their parents have every reason to be content.”

“Content! Is there any one of them likely to become known in the world? They have no spirit, no ambition, no thirst for celebrity, Mrs. Foster.”

“I am very sorry, my dear, our poor children should be deficient in any quality that might render them more deserving your estimation; but, pray,

don't call me Mrs. Foster, as if it was my fault."

"As to Charles," continued her husband, "he'll live and die here at the Hall, as firmly fixed to the estate as the old yew-tree—a mere country squire."

"Fulfilling every duty of his station: an active magistrate, an indulgent landlord, and beloved by every being that knows him."

"John," resumed her husband, "will slumber away the flower of his days in his uncle's curacy, and never attain, nor endeavour to attain, another step in his profession."

"Till, in the due course of years, he becomes that uncle's successor."

"And, as for Emma," continued Mr. Foster, without deigning to offer any reply to his lady's parenthetical interruptions,—“as for Emma——”

"Why! what can you possibly have to allege against Emma?"

"Allege! Oh, nothing to allege; but——"

"Surely, Mr. Foster, you would never wish to see our dear, timid, affectionate, beautiful girl jostling her way among that miserable crowd who are engaged in the vulgar and debasing quest of notoriety?"

"I do not know but even in a woman celebrity may be a very valuable acquisition. I can't see what there is either vulgar or debasing in the pursuit of it. Her cousin Julia is a very distinguished person."

"Her cousin Julia! Now I perceive the origin of these unfavourable animadversions on our children. You have been comparing our family with your sister's. What has occurred this morning to put the Seymours into your head?"

"This newspaper," replied Mr. Foster, taking up the *Morning Herald*, which he had before laid down. "I find in to-day's paper every one of my sister Seymour's children the hero of a separate laudatory paragraph.—It will be long enough before any one of their cousins will arrive at so honourable a notice."

"The honour of the notice must depend on the nature of it. All publicity is not respectable fame. But let me hear."

"Well, then, first," rejoined Mr. Foster, "here's an extract from the *Court Journal* relating to my niece:—'We are assured that the new song, 'Could no remembrance bind you?'

which is now so great a favourite at all the more distinguished *soirées musicales* of the present season, was both written and composed by that newly risen and exquisitely bright star of the fashionable hemisphere, Miss Seymour, the daughter of Charles Seymour, Esq., of Harley Street, and of Turnip-hoe Court, Suffolk.'"

"So much for Julia! What does your next paragraph contain?"

"It's very short, and concerns my eldest nephew:—'It is understood in the higher political circles, that Mr. Arthur Seymour, the eminently endowed member for Whigborough, whose thrilling remonstrance on the wrongs of Poland lately produced so electric an impression on the House of Commons and the country, will be speedily called upon to afford the aid of his commanding talents to the present administration, in some leading official situation.'"

"On what authority is this surmised?"

"It is extracted from an evening paper."

"Well! I shall be extremely glad to hear the prophecy has worked its own accomplishment—as is, perhaps, intended. But, though last, not least, what say they of your younger nephew?"

"What say they! Hear! It is an advertisement:—'Early in the ensuing week will be published, 'Tschuloshnikoffe, the Sea-Otter Hunter of the Aleutian Islands,' a romance in 3 vols. octavo, by Augustus Lytton Seymour, Esq; and the announcement is followed by extracts from the notices of several periodical publications, all of the most flattering description."

"I beg your pardon; but did you not say the work was still unpublished? If such is the case, how can these critics know any thing about its merits?"

"The works of eminently popular authors, like my nephew, are always in the hands of the reviewers before the rest of the world are admitted to a sight of them."

"But does not the advertising these commendations by a parcel of anonymous critics on an unpublished work look excessively like a puff?"

"Really, Mrs. Foster, I am quite ashamed of you! If you even allow yourself to entertain so ungenerous a suspicion of your nephew, can you for a moment suppose that one of the prin-

cipal publishing houses in London would condescend to the meanness of puffing a novel in which they have an interest?"

"I really cannot tell. So many unaccountable things pass before my eyes every day, that I don't know what to suppose."

"I could not have believed this of you, Anne!"

"Believed what, my dear?"

"That your maternal partialities should have rendered you so unjust. You seem to be quite envious of the Seymours."

"Envious! my dear Charles! You will think me very stupid; but I don't see any superiority they possess to excite my envy."

"Not any superiority! Absurd!"

"There are higher, more valuable, more useful, far more admirable, qualities, Mr. Foster, than those which obtain distinction in society, or afford subject for newspaper panegyric; and, as long as my own children possess the virtues and the talents which make them dear at home, and their home dear to them, I am quite willing to dispense with the accomplishments which might render them attractive to strangers. I am not only a most firm believer in the good old saying, '*All is not gold that glitters*;' but believe that that which is really gold is apt to glitter very little.—But we may argue the matter for ever, and neither of us succeed in convincing the other.—Your sister has invited you to London every spring these ten years. As an act of justice to your own children, do this year accept her invitation. Make yourself acquainted with her family as they are at home, in the dishabille of their characters and manners; and do not be content with taking your opinion from others, who have only seen them by an artificial light, and amid the scenic decorations of London society, while engaged in acting up to the parts which they have thought proper to assume on the stage of that enormous theatre. I have little doubt about the event of your visit. But I depend on your keeping a full and impartial journal of all you hear and see; that, if the home of the Seymours should prove happier than our own, we may learn in what particular they have the advantage of us, and endeavour to resemble them; or if, as I strongly suspect, the contrary should prove to

be the case, you may possess a permanent record, of which the occasional reproof may serve to dissipate any feelings of dissatisfaction which may chance hereafter to suggest themselves."

Mr. Foster earnestly protested against this scheme. "He really was not at all, on the whole, dissatisfied with his family. To be sure, he could not help thinking that his sister was fortunate, extremely fortunate, in her children; but still his own, if not particularly talented, were, he was bound to confess, very good and amiable; and, if he had no cause to be proud, he had certainly no reason to complain. There was no necessity whatever for his making the experimental journey. Besides, he hated London; he had not been there for years; he had withdrawn his name from both his clubs. What was he to do with himself there? And then his sister would be so surprised at seeing him." As none of these objections appeared insuperable, Mrs. Foster persisted in urging the adoption of her plan; and, after a little, gentle, sentimental resistance, her husband's visit to the Seymours was definitively fixed.

This unexpected scheme of Mr. Foster, the all-important centre of the quiet circle in which he lived, was the cause of no inconsiderable excitement. His family, neighbours, tenants, domestics—all were in commotion. The young squire and Mr. John were frequently absent from the Hall, and occasionally for months together; but the departure of the squire himself had always been an extraordinary, and, of late years, had been an unprecedented occurrence. It was a measure in the conduct of which all the influential members of the establishment, from Mrs. Foster to the old butler, were so utterly inexperienced, that every circumstance, from the mode of making the journey to the most minute details of his wardrobe, afforded subject of serious deliberation and discussion. The preparations, however, were at length completed. The day, or rather night, of departure was fixed; the place was taken in the "*Land's End Highflyer*," a blood-coloured, reckless vehicle, which professed to go three miles an hour faster than the mail; the neighbours had received and paid their parting calls; the final directions had been given to the steward; and Mr. Foster, with his courage screwed

up to the sticking-place of encountering, for the ensuing night and day, all the many perils and discomforts to which a close-packed stage-coach passenger, travelling at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is obnoxious, was standing with his back to the fire, and his wife and children round him, encased in his strapped and caped great-coat, and swallowing, as a viaticum, his last strong cup of coffee. "The Highflyer," in its course towards the metropolis, rushed midnightly, swift as a blast of its own bugle, through a village about nine miles distant, where our traveller was to be taken up. As the almanac declared it to be June, though the thermometer indicated December, Mr. Foster, in whose breast the hardy spirit of adventure had received a sudden resuscitation, disdained the luxury of a close carriage, and determined on being conveyed thither in the gig. As the moment of separation drew near, the family circle narrowed its circumference. Mrs. Foster, indeed, hung somewhat back, as if willing to allow her children an unencumbered field for the indulgence of their filial feelings; each of whom pressed round their father, and most eloquently evinced their regret at parting from him, by such little offices of considerate affection as might promote the comfort or relieve the wearisomeness of his journey.

"You had better allow me, father," said John, the so-little-thought-of curate, "to put this book in your pocket; it's very small, and will be no inconvenience: it's the 'Johnsoniana,' a collection of extracts from Dr. Johnson's conversation and writings, which I have very often found a most agreeable travelling companion."

"Thank you, thank you, John," replied Mr. Foster, as he arranged the volume more to his mind in the pocket which his son had slipped it into; "thank you! But I shall be late; it's surely time for me to be moving."

"Stop one moment, papa!" cried Emma, "let me put you on this comforter before you leave us; you will certainly want it on your journey: the nights are very cold, and I have knitted it on purpose for you."

"You are very good, my love; I am much obliged to you," answered her father; and, as the beautiful girl arranged the ample and richly coloured kerchief about his neck, he impressed a parting kiss upon her forehead with a tear

trembling in his eye: but a little spirit of conjugal contradiction prevented his exhibiting any sign of tenderness before his wife, which might mark his sense of his children's merits; and, twinkling away the obtrusive rheum, he quitted the fireside, and hastened through the hall, exclaiming, with the bustling manner of one whom time was most urgently pressing forward,—“Good bye, good bye to you all; I must be going. Where's the gig? Oh, it's at the door. There—there—shake hands! Is every thing in?—But, hey-day! where's the groom to drive me to Saltash?”

“Every thing is ready,” replied Charles; “but we shall not want the groom. I am going to drive you, father.”

“No, no, Charles; there is really no occasion for that: you must not think of such a thing. Taking you from home—keeping you out at this time of night—it is really quite——”

The remainder of Mr. Foster's remonstrance was lost in low, murmuring, unintelligible sounds; but, as he settled himself in the gig by his son's side, and kissed his hand to John and Emma, who lingered in the cold moonshine of the portico, watching his departure, a very sharp twinge of conscience reproached him for the injustice of having allowed his mind to harbour any feelings of dissatisfaction towards children, all of whom, by the least as by the most important action of their lives, so clearly shewed that they, on the contrary, were heartily well satisfied with their father.

“It is a very disagreeable thing, Charles,” said Mr. Foster, after a pause, “this going away from home. I wish I had not engaged myself to your aunt; but she has invited me so often, and pressed me so earnestly, that it was quite impossible to postpone my visit any longer.”

“Though I most heartily wish you may like your excursion, and have no doubt you will,” replied his son, “I am glad you regret leaving us, father; because it makes me hope we shall see you the sooner back again.”

The nine miles were speedily accomplished; and Charles, after depositing his father, with his back to the horses, in a snug corner of the “Highflyer,” returned at a good round trot to report progress at the Hall; while Mr. Foster, having swung his hat from

the roof of the coach, tied his seal-skin travelling-cap under his chin, buttoned his great-coat over his chest, and composed himself to doze through as many of the first dark stages as he could, was galloped away with to the metropolis.

MR. FOSTER'S JOURNAL.

Tuesday, June 23, 1835.—Reached London at seven o'clock. There was a strong north-east wind, and the night was as cold as the day was sultry. I was heartily glad to be set free from the confinement of the stage, at the corner of the Regent Quadrant. All the new part of the town is very magnificent; but, as I drove in my hackney coach, to Cavendish Square, the absence of old Swallow Street made me feel what a perfect stranger I am in this great central focus of wealth and talent. It was past seven when I reached the Seymours; and, knowing their hours were fashionably late, I expected to drop in upon them at dinner. It seems, however, that they don't dine till eight. This is an admirable arrangement. They thus secure for themselves a long morning, which all studious and intellectual people set such a value on. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were still out. I had arrived earlier than was expected. The servant shewed me to my room. Dressed as quickly as I could, and then descended to the drawing-room, to wait my sister's return. The carriage drove to the door almost as soon as I got down. We both eagerly pressed forward to meet each other; and both, I believe, experienced an equal share of disappointment when we met. It was very foolish to expect that, after a separation of twenty years, we should have much resemblance to what we were when we parted. Arabella is grown thin—very thin. Her countenance has exchanged the quick, animated, intelligent expression which once enlivened it, for a look of restlessness and solicitude. She is extremely aged in every thing except her dress; that is, I think, almost too youthful. I doubt whether artificial flowers and pink gauze ribands are quite consistent with good taste, after fifty; but I dare say I'm wrong. Our greeting was scarcely passed, and the first inquiries after our respective families interchanged, when my sister, warned by a

sudden glance at the time-piece, hurried away to put off her bonnet, and prepare for dinner. I took up the evening paper, the *Courier*; but, before I had finished the very lengthy and strongly flavoured leading article, my lecture was stopped by the sound of a short, loud, impatient rap at the street-door, which announced the return of Seymour. Being informed of my arrival, he came up-stairs for an instant, to shake hands, before he went to his dressing-room. How extremely old, bald, gray, and wrinkled he is become! Is it possible that I can be altered as much as he and my sister? He has lost that frank, good-natured look which we all used to admire so much. When he spoke, the lines of his former smile exhibited themselves in deeply impressed furrows about his mouth; but all its joyousness and spontaneity had vanished. Neither he nor his wife look quite happy. She looks anxious; he looks soured. The air, hours, and mode of life in London, cannot agree with them. While they were dressing, I amused myself with the newspaper. How delightfully free from all constraint and form the manners of people of the world have become! here was I, within an hour of my arrival at my sister's, after an absence of nearly twenty years, left alone, without any ceremony, and treated as little like a stranger as if I had, during the whole time, been a resident in the family. Both my niece and younger nephew were at home, but they did not make their appearance. This struck me, at first, as singular, and somewhat wanting in respect to so near a relative; but I soon recollected that these were very old-fashioned notions: besides, the minutes of persons of genius are far too precious to be wasted on offices of attention and civility.

My sister did not continue long away. On returning to the drawing-room, she began to talk about my children; but her mind was not engaged on the subject; her thoughts were evidently wandering to other things. Hardly three minutes had elapsed before, cutting me short in the midst of a reply to one of her questions about my daughter, she exclaimed, "I beg your pardon;" and, after hastening to the other end of the room, to ring the bell, returned to the window, by which she had left me standing, with, "You were speaking

of dearest Emma. Is she very accomplished?"

"I fear not *very* accomplished; not what would be regarded as accomplished in London."

"Only, I suppose, speaks French, Italian, Spanish, and German, and has not attempted the classics, or any of the oriental languages?"

"Oh, my dear sister, you must not imagine that poor Emma's acquirements can bear any comparison with those of her cousin Julia."

"Why, certainly, Julia—I must own that she—but what can these people be about? Surely they must have heard me ring?" Here occurred a second interruption, while she again addressed herself to the bell. On resuming her seat, she continued, "My niece is tall, I presume?"

"Why, yes; I should not consider —." Here a third interruption was caused by the entrance of the butler. "Saunders," cried my sister, "tell Angelique that I wish to speak to her immediately." Saunders disappeared; and, again addressing herself to me, she said, "Not tall, you say?"

"Oh, Emma is a very good height; about your height, I should think."

"Not taller? She must be, then, at least an inch shorter than my Julia. Is my niece pretty?"

"Really, my dear sister, a father's opinion on such a subject —"

"I hope you will admire Julia. As to myself, I don't profess to be a critical judge of beauty; but every body assures me that Julia's head and form are quite equal to the antique. She is, in fact, wonderfully admired! But, Charles, about masters: so far in the remote west, where did you contrive to find them? Dear Emma sings, of course?"

"Yes, a ballad, or one of Moore's melodies. She does not venture to attempt more."

"Oh, indeed!—What can have become of Angelique?—I beg your pardon; but may I trouble you to ring the bell twice?"

The task was performed; and, on returning to my sister, she resumed.

"Well, but, my dear Charles, about sweet little Emma! Do tell me."

"Why, she's very good, and they say very pretty. But you know, my dear sister, we must not think of comparing the acquirements and qualifications of my poor, country-loving,

retired, every-day kind of family, with those of their distinguished cousins."

"Oh, Charles!" exclaimed my sister; "nonsense! Distinguished! for shame! But, it must be owned, my children are wonderfully gifted. No mother, I believe, ever was so blessed; they are all three so eminently and variously talented. Last night, at Derbyshire House—and go where we will it is the same—quite a crowd round Julia. All London at her feet. And, then, Augustus! You have read his novels. Sublime—beautiful—magnificent! It is not only my opinion, but every body says the same. They have been translated into all the modern languages; and the Germans prefer him to Sir Walter Scott. Nothing in modern times at all like them. We never see him—always out; so *flûtes*. His picture in all the print-shops; his poems in all the annuals; and three hundred pounds a-volume offered for his next novel. I quite tremble lest his head should be turned by the admiration he receives.—But Arthur again! So eloquent! All the world assures me that, since the days of Burke, no one ever produced so decided a sensation. You shall hear him speak. You must let him put you some night under the gallery. You will be delighted; I was, though I only heard him from the ventilator. They say that last night he was quite marvellous—sublime—tremendous! Spoke for three hours and a half, without a moment's pause, and never even hesitated; for —." Here the fluent strain of my sister's maternal pride was interrupted by the entrance of Angelique.

The individual who answered to this celestial appellation was a short, thick-set, middle-aged French *femme de chambre*, to whose wide mouth, glittering teeth, flat nose, and sallow complexion, a pair of large, sharp, coal-black eyes, and the unsightly scarification of the small-pox, imparted a peculiarly repulsive expression of boldness and vulgarity. Arrayed in colours more deeply dyed and more variously diversified than those of the rainbow, she introduced her beflounced and befurbelowed figure into the room, with the brisk and unceremonious exclamation,—"*Vous m'avez demandée, madame. Me voici.*"

"Have they given you the blonde

and tuille which you asked me to get at Harding's?"

"Oh, oui."

"Then *now* you are quite sure, Angelique, that you have every thing you want for Miss Seymour's dress this evening?"

"Oh, mon Dieu, non!"

"No! Why, what is there still wanting?"

"Ma fois! Je ne sais—moi—c'est, je crois, la toque."

"Good Heavens! Is that possible? Has not Carson sent that home yet, after having, both yesterday and to-day, promised so faithfully. This is really abominable. I must desire, mademoiselle, that you send one of the footmen off this instant, to see about it."

"Ah, ah! Oui, oui! Nous verrons," replied Angelique, coldly, to my sister's earnest expostulation; and then, retiring behind Seymour, who at that moment entered the drawing-room, she interposed the door between herself and any further importunities on the subject of my niece's toilette. Angelique, I find, is Julia's maid. There appeared to me, unpractised as I am in the manners of foreign servants, a tone of monosyllabic impertinence in her mode of speaking to the mother of her mistress, which in any English lady's maid would have been condemned as perfectly intolerable. But the French are always more familiar in their address to their superiors than people of our own country, which may account for the little *brusquerie* of her manner. After all, however, it is more than probable that the extreme plainness of the poor woman's face involuntarily prejudiced me against her.

Seymour came into the room with his features contracted by an expression of vexation and disappointment, muttering, "How excessively annoying! There is to be an article on Augustus and his novels in the new Number of the *Quarterly Review*, and, though it is advertised for to-morrow, I cannot get a sight of it. Called at Murray's myself; requested one of his most intimate friends to ask for a copy; and all in vain. He protests the Number is not ready. What nonsense! I've had hundreds of magazines the day before publication, when I had no particular interest about their contents, and now——"

"Dinner, ma'am!" cried Saunders.

"Who dines at home?" demanded Seymour of the butler.

"Mr. Augustus and Miss Julia; and, I believe, Mr. Arthur, sir."

"And none of them down yet?" observed Seymour, with a voice of somewhat querulous impatience; "as usual—always late. But come, Foster, give your arm to your sister."

The Seymours have, for London, an admirable dining-room. It is at the back of the house, and looks into an inclosure of about forty feet square, which, by the courtesy of the metropolis, is styled a garden, and made to look as like one, by the ingenious distribution of laurels and poplars, as the space will allow. The table was handsomely appointed; but it was large enough for ten. Of the six covers, which were laid at an awkward width, three were tenantless; and, when we first sat down at this superfluously elongated board, my sister at the top, Seymour at the bottom, and I occupying the whole of one side, and contemplating the vacant seats of the other, my spirits were oppressed by a sense of cold, empty, straggling, unsocial discomfort, to a degree most ridiculously disproportionate to the occasion. I have been accustomed at home to look forward to dinner as a sort of solemn domestic banquet, at which the members of the family meet in cheerful companionship together, to relate whatever of interest they may have read, or seen, or heard, in the course of the morning, and at which, from the influence of long habit, they regard it as one of the minor, but essential, observances of domestic piety, to be punctually present before grace is said; and thus rambling manner of assembling, which maintained among the Seymours, at first struck me as particularly objectionable. It had the effect of inducing a dissatisfied tone of mind, to which the view I took of some of the circumstances that followed may probably owe its unfavourable colouring. It was, I am aware, vastly absurd to allow myself to be discomposed by such a trifle; but, from living so long out of the world, I have become the slave of a number of antiquated habits and idle prejudices. Subsequent reflection has convinced me that the less formal mode which prevails here is much preferable to our own. Still, however, as I have promised to represent every thing that

occurred during my visit, according to the light in which it appeared to me at the moment, and not according to my revised and more deliberate opinion, I will not deviate from my engagement; but honestly confess that my impressions, on first sitting down to table, were not of the most agreeable description. But genius and talent, we know, have an universally acknowledged privilege of irregularity, and are not to be held, engyved and manacled, by the forms of ordinary men. I think I have made this observation, or something like it, before.

The soup and fish were nearly dismissed, when the tall, thin, pale figure of my nephew Augustus, the author, presented itself, and slid silently into the seat near his father, at the opposite side of the table.

"Your uncle, Augustus," said Seymour.

Mr. Augustus made me a mute, but very graceful, bow of acknowledgement, and addressed himself to his soup.

"Good morning to you, Augustus," said my sister.

"Good morning, ma'am," rejoined her son, without raising his eyes from his soup-plate.

"I've not seen you since we parted last night in Piccadilly."

"No, ma'am;" and he cooled his soup with his spoon.

"What have you been about all day?"

"Nothing very particular," he replied, and took a spoonful of the soup he had been cooling.

"I have been endeavouring," said Seymour, "to obtain a sight of the *Quarterly Review*."

"Oh, indeed!" muttered the author, and proceeded with his soup.

"But I have completely failed," continued his father.

"Oh!" ejaculated his son.

"Have you seen it," inquired his father.

"Not yet," replied Augustus; and, having sent away his soup-plate, and taken a glass of sherry, he fell into a state of abstraction, from which nothing short of the torturing force of a question seemed strong enough to compel him to withdraw himself.

The fish and soup had been removed; and at this moment Julia entered, followed by the dishes that were to replace them. She uttered a few low,

murmuring sounds, which were, I suppose, intended to be apologetical, and sunk into the chair between myself and her father. She is very handsome. As the lamp which hung over the table cast its light down upon her head, I thought I had seldom seen any one of a more striking appearance. The nose is straight, the upper lip short, the mouth well chiselled, the teeth brilliant, the forehead arched and wide, and the eyes and brow dark and intelligent. She wore a white morning dress, and a cap, with a band of false hair to conceal the *papillotes* in which her locks were enveloped underneath. She was, in short, in that sort of dishabille which I have sometimes, though never at home, seen ladies appear in at dinner, and which usually intimates that a *grande toilette* is in preparation for the evening. I felt altogether out of temper, and had half made up my mind not to take any notice of my niece, whom I had set down, at once, as a conceited wit and beauty,—when, turning towards me, and offering her hand, and addressing me with the sweetest of voices, and the most radiant of smiles, she claimed me as her uncle, expressed a hope that I had not suffered any fatigue from my journey, and trusted that I had left her aunt and cousins well in the country. Having thus said, and heard all she deemed necessary on these points, she, like her brother, sunk into silence and the discussion of the plate of cold soup, which was brought her from the side-table.

There was a long pause. It was broken by my sister. "I am quite shocked, Julia, dearest," she said, "that Carson has not kept his promise about your toque. I desired Angelique to send about it directly."

"Oh, ma'am, pray don't distress yourself," replied her daughter, coldly. "There was not the slightest occasion for your sending after it; I have no doubt it will come in time."

My sister seemed repulsed, and said no more.—The whole party sat as if they were possessed by a dumb spirit. There was something in the silence of these young people which was quite oppressive. It was not the silence of want of talent; it was not the silence of natural reserve; it was, most assuredly, not the silence of timidity; but it was an arrogant and self-conceited silence, which signified to their father, mother, and myself, as plainly

as any silence could,—We don't think it worth our while to talk to you; because your unenlightened minds cannot possibly supply you with any commodity of sufficient value to return us in exchange for the polished gems and varied treasures of our conversation. My sister seemed nervous and fidgety; I was too cross to speak; Seymour appeared to be sympathetically frozen by sitting between his two ice-bound children. The young people were, apparently, quite at their ease; but we, their elders, were suffering, constraint from the oppression of their presence. The collision of our knives and forks, or the occasional jingling of a glass, were sounds which drew the eye towards them. Saunders's left shoe creaked a little; and one might have counted every step he took as he did his ministering about the table. The stillness was long and distressing; it was, however, doomed to have an end. I had just started at Seymour's suddenly addressing to me, with a tone of somewhat forced conviviality, "Foster, a glass of wine!" when first came a thundering rap at the door, then as violent a ringing, then a bustle in the hall, and then a voice was heard approaching the door, and saying, "There, there; that will do! At dinner are they? My uncle arrived! Very well. Take the papers out of the cab. No time to dress;" and the door was flung open to admit my eldest nephew, the celebrated member for Whigborough.

He at once walked briskly up to me, and shook me by the hand with apparent cordiality, but with an air of most embarrassing and provoking protection. "Uncle, I am glad to see you," he said. "Mrs. Foster and my cousins I need not inquire after; for," he continued, passing over to his seat, "unless they were all well, we should not, I apprehend, have experienced the gratification we are now enjoying in seeing you among us. No chance, I suppose, of John's being a bishop yet? Hey? But Charles, what does he contrive to do with himself, almost all the year round, in the country? Hunts, and shoots, and fishes, I suppose. What have you got to eat? Hey? No soup left, and the fish cold! Why, uncle, the Cornish members of our house tell me that Emma is perfectly beautiful. Saunders, get me some mutton. Hey! What! Augustus

here? How comes this? Hey? The author left without an invitation to dinner, and driven to the last resource, of his paternal board, before the first three weeks of his new novel have expired? No decline of popularity, I hope."

As Arthur here raised a piece of mutton to his mouth, Augustus availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the pause to say, "I was invited to dine with Grimsthorpe; but his father's dead!"

"His father dead! Why, I saw him last night at Derbyshire House."

"Yes. He was afraid, unless he went there, that the world would conclude he was dead himself. But he has put off his dinner till after the funeral. He thought it was right."

After this, there was a good deal of conversation between Seymour, my sister, and Arthur, of which the latter had by much the lion's share; but which, as it was altogether of a political and ordinary interest, I don't think it worth the trouble of recalling and recording. At last, after a long harangue on the hopes and prospects of the present ministry, the member for Whigborough exclaimed, "But, good Heavens! I'm entirely monopolising the conversation! Why, Julia, Augustus, don't either of you talk? What, have they been entertaining you, uncle, with an exhibition of their extraordinary gift of domestic taciturnity?"

"As eloquence," replied Augustus, drily, "is not exactly the profession of either my sister or myself, we don't consider ourselves called upon to act upon that Broughamian principle which is so strongly inculcated upon all aspirants to oratorical distinction; and talk at all times, to all people, and about all manner of subjects, for the sake of practice in the art, and the benefit of airing our vocabulary."

"Very well, indeed! The sarcasm is very ingeniously devised, and rather neatly expressed; it would not have been ineffective in the house. But, faith! when I see how singularly gay you and Julia always are in society, and how miserably dull you are at home, I cannot, for the life of me, help thinking of the birds that can sing and won't sing, and wondering by what contrivance we might make you sing."

"And," rejoined Augustus, coldly; and gathering together some crumbs with his fingers, on the table, as he

spoke, "when I witness your indefatigable continuity of talk, I am led to suppose that, having succeeded, by some extraordinary effort, in putting your intellect in motion, you are afraid of allowing it an instant's repose, lest the impetus should be lost, and you should prove incapable of setting it again a-going."

"While," replied Arthur, cutting his mutton with a quickened action of his knife and fork, "you and Julia force your minds to such redundant bearing in society, that you are obliged to let them lie fallow among your relations, for fear of wearing out the soil. You both export so much of your agreeableness abroad, that you have nothing left for home consumption."

"Pray, Arthur," exclaimed Julia, with a deprecatory tone, and shrinking with affected fear, "don't include me in your attack; or, if you must, spare me your parliamentary phraseology. Don't, for mercy sake, crush a poor, weak, nonoffending girl like myself, with metaphors derived from agricultural reports and essays on political economy."

"Any thing new stirring to-day?" said Seymour, who seemed willing to put a stop to this fraternal war of words.

"Nothing material, I believe," replied Arthur. "The under-secretaryship is still vacant. I can't conceive what Melbourne intends to do with it. I do not much care about being in office myself; but that speech of mine last night seems to have made a great sensation: the papers are full of it this morning. I was upwards of three hours on my legs; and it is quite evident the ministry is wretchedly deficient in speakers of the first calibre. I can't imagine what they will do without some accession of oratorical strength. I saw John Russell this morning at Brookess's: he said nothing to me about the place; but the *Chronicle* and the *Courier* suppose that, at all events, the offer of the thing will be made me."

"It is very extraordinary, Julia," remarked Augustus, "that such an invariable sympathy of sentiment should subsist between the wishes of the member for Whigborough and the surmises of those periodicals."

"But, in fact," continued Arthur, disregarding, or, perhaps, not hearing, his brother's observation, "it may be best, in the long run, to avoid taking place at present. I doubt whether it

would be altogether wise to compromise myself too far as the partisan of a government which may, any day, and almost at any hour, be broken up. Peel may, very likely, and very soon, too, be in power again; and I would not willingly render the breach between us so wide as to preclude the possibility of our ever co-operating in the same administration. I had the prospective probability of such an adhesion to his party in my mind last night; and, through the whole of my speech, I rode my Radical filly at a brisk trot; but kept her tight in hand, and with her head gently inclined towards the Conservative benches. I think Peel comprehended my drift. I saw a smile upon his countenance, as if he was pleased. Uncle, some wine! What do you take,—sherry?"

I bowed assent, and filled my glass, and then bowed again; but so disgusted was I by this frank confession of political profligacy, which my nephew, under the intoxicating excitement of his late oratorical achievement, volunteered before his family and the servants, without any apparent consciousness of its moral baseness, that I was unable to avail myself of the opportunity which he had made, and evidently expected me to use, of complimenting him on his parliamentary success. Poor, ill-fated England! Is it on the votes and voices of a set of political adventurers like my nephew that the destinies of this still fair and once glorious country are set at stake?

During the course of Arthur's harangue, a slow, disjointed dialogue had been carried on, in an under tone, across the table, between Julia and Augustus. These two appear to be united in a league, offensive and defensive, against their elder brother, on all occasions, and all topics whatsoever. In the brief pause that occurred while my nephew and I were nodding at each other over our wine-glasses, my niece was heard to say, with an emphasis not loud, but deep, "How exquisitely Count Romoaldo sang last night!"

"Beautifully!" responded my younger nephew.

"Beautifully!" re-echoed my elder nephew, sarcastically. "Well, I can not, for the life of me, comprehend what it is you can find to admire in that man's singing!"

"Admire!" cried Augustus,—"*his taste—his execution—his delicacy—his genius!*"

"His feeling!" sighed Julia.

"Psha!" rejoined Arthur; "a huge, black and yellow Neapolitan, six feet four in height, with the proportions of a Hercules, and screaming with a shrill treble voice, like a cracked hurdy-gurdy! It makes me ill to hear him."

"It is useless to argue the subject," said Augustus to his sister, "against a person who professes to have no ear, and rejoices in a total ignorance of the science."

"In that duet with me!" replied Julia.

"Quite perfect!" ejaculated Augustus.

"It is no affair of mine," cried the member for Whigborough; "but if Julia were my daughter, I'd rather lock her up for the rest of her life, than suffer her to drive all night about the town singing at the beck and call of every finessing woman of fashion, who pleases to have music at her house, and wishes to spare her pocket the expense of public performers."

"Really, Arthur," cried his mother, "you are quite libellous! What must your uncle think of us all? My dear brother," she continued, turning to me, "you must never attend to what Arthur says upon these subjects. His views are so extraordinary on some points. The fact is, that he moves entirely in a circle of his own; and when he talks in this way——"

"Oh, ma'am, it's of no consequence," interrupted Julia; "we are all quite aware that Arthur, since he has become so distinguished a political character, has thought it right to eschew all frivolous accomplishments, and devote himself to the solid lucubrations of Jeremy Bentham."

"But what does he mean," persisted my sister, "by your driving 'about the town, singing at the beck and call of finessing women of fashion?' I don't understand him."

"I do," observed Seymour, "and am not quite sure but there is a good deal of sense in what he says."

"It is no concern of mine," proceeded Arthur; "but I wonder Julia has not more pride. Why, last night, as I was talking to Lord Farintosh, I overheard one man say to another, 'As Grisi's gone, and Malibran is not come,

I suppose now they'll get Miss Seymour to sing.'"

"Impertinent!" exclaimed Julia. "And, pray, who were these gentlemen?"

"Heaven knows! However, I have nothing to do with it; it is not my business. All the world is aware that I'd sooner be doomed to walk up-stairs for a month at the tread-mill than be paraded out in a crowded assembly to quaver love-verses at the pianoforte in the face of two or three hundred up-lifted eye-glasses. But, ma'am, if your daughter is content to play the part of stop-gap at musical parties, and take rank with public singers of an inferior caste, would it not be advisable for her to insist on having a share in their emoluments?"

"Arthur, I will not endure this," cried Julia; "you only say these things to vex me. I was not the only private person who sang last night. Count Romoaldo——"

"Oh, yes, *he!*—I wonder George Puckeridge is not jealous of your eternally duetting with that incomprehensible black-whiskered count."

"George Puckeridge!" demanded his mother. "What can it matter to Lord George Puckeridge whom Julia sings with? Why, he has not two hundred a-year."

"Exactly so, ma'am; and that's a very sufficient reason why Lord George should not care about your daughter, nor your daughter care about Lord George; but there are great hopes of his brother's death; and Julia's flirtation is carried on with the marquise *in prospectu*."

"Are there really any grounds, Julia, for what Arthur says?" inquired my sister.

My niece interchanged a rapid look of intelligence with my younger nephew; and, then, putting aside her mother's question, and the few last sentences of the conversation, as entirely irrelevant and parenthetical, resumed:

"Neither was Count Romoaldo the only private singer: Lady Worrymore, Miss Bearscofte, Lady Owenson, and her nieces, sang, as well as myself."

"Pardon me," cried Arthur, "not as well as you." Julia smiled. "There could be no earthly objection to your being melodious at every party of the whole fashionable world, from the extreme south of Belgrave Square to the *ultima Thule* of Park Crescent, if you

sung the common run of songs, out of tune, and with a cracked voice, as a gentlewoman ought to sing; but, to my mind, it's execrable taste to be *lionised* about in the way you are, as a most extraordinary person; an amateur, but a perfect musician, and who sings, with a full, clear, and highly educated voice, her own words to her own music."

"What ridiculous nonsense!" exclaimed Julia, half pleased at his acknowledgment of her accomplishments, and half angry at his remarks on her mode of displaying them.

"It's no concern of mine; but I must maintain that it's bad style: it classes you in that *lower* grade of society, with painters, and sculptors, and actors, and singers, and authors, and all that sort of people, whose business it is to amuse the world, instead of that *higher* grade, whose place it is to remain in dignified quiescence, and be amused."

"Good Heavens!" said my sister, impatiently. "Would you have dear Julia bury herself alive?"

"Or," added Augustus, "dedicate her accomplishments to the exclusive offices of singing my father to sleep in town, and astonishing the weak nerves of the curate in the country?"

"I don't want her to conceal her talents; I only advise her not to hack them. By the by, how came that song, 'Could no remembrance bind thee?' to be printed?"

"I have not a notion," said Julia.

"It's not very good," said Arthur.

"It's as good as any of Haynes Bayley's," said Augustus.

"Possibly," said Arthur, drily.

"It was a shameful thing, whoever did it," said Julia, "the allowing Chappell to see the MS."

"To whom did you give copies of the song?" asked Arthur.

"To no one living except Count Romoaldo," replied Julia.

"Depend upon it, *he* sold it," said Arthur.

"For shame!" said Julia, "to suspect such baseness in a man of his rank."

"And talents and accomplishments," said Augustus.

"And *fortune and character*," added Arthur, ironically.

"I am sorry it was printed; for it's by far the worst thing I've done."

"How extraordinary it is," remarked Arthur, "that such should invariably

be the case! You amateurs are certainly the most unfortunate race of persons extant: your best productions are always sure of remaining in MS., through the ingenuous modesty of their authors, and your worst are as certain of being made public, through the officious indiscretion of your admirers."

This sparring of brothers and sisters, which was carried on in a manner incompatible with the subsistence of any strong tie of domestic affection between them, and only saved, by the polish of its sentences, a certain forced calm of manner, and an artificial gentleness of voice, from the charge of the grossest vulgarity, was quite new to me; and so desirous was I of delivering myself from the pain of witnessing its further continuance, that I made a bold attempt to divert the stream of conversation into another channel, by inquiring of my elder, and more communicative, nephew, whether it was the intention of the government to adopt any active measures about the Poles?

"The Poles!" he said, as if taken by surprise, and not immediately comprehending to what sort of Poles I referred,—*"the Poles! Oh, the Polish patriots, you mean? Most assuredly not. If you were a little more behind the scenes, my very dear uncle, you would understand all about that sort of thing. The multitudinous wrongs of oppressed and bleeding Poland constitute a capital stock subject, which does most admirably to be kept in reserve, and brought forward, from time to time, to occupy the public mind, when we have nothing better to engage it; but, as a matter of real consequence, no existing member of our house ever thought of it for an instant."*

To this edifying elucidation of a matter on which so much enthusiastic eloquence had been expended, I had nothing but, "Oh, indeed!" to answer. I had caught the glimpse of a new light in the science of politics; and swept my hand across my forehead, to feel whether the consequent wrinkle had been duly added to the numbers already furrowed there.

Arthur immediately after this looked at his watch, and exclaimed, "Dear me, it's near ten! I must be off. My dear uncle, can you tell me of some motion to make? I don't care what it is. Do you know of any great grievance to redress? Something very popular. I must be at work; I can't

afford to be quiet:" and then, without waiting for an answer, he started off to the house.

Julia, hearing it was so late, hurried away to dress for the opera; my sister followed her. Augustus, after sitting three or four minutes longer, pushed away his chair, flung up the window, and strolled out to muse by moonlight among the dusty poplars and smoke-dried laurels of the garden. Seymour and I exchanged a few slow, intermittent sentences over another glass of wine, and then ascended to the drawing-room.

The apartment was empty. While we were taking our coffee, my sister joined us. She had been up-stairs to her daughter's dressing-room; but, as Julia and Angelique did not seem to want her, she had come down to take her coffee with us, and send some up-stairs to my niece. I was surprised at not seeing my sister more dressed than she had been at dinner, taking it for granted that she would have been going out with her daughter. But this was not the case. Julia was to be chaperoned by Lady Worrymore. Augustus soon after came down from his room. His attire had undergone the process of retouching and revision; and he presented himself before us with his hair delicately arranged,—a diversely coloured waistcoat,—a glistering chain, which fell from his neck to his waistcoat pocket, through sundry curious evolutions—and with a slender, black, gold-headed cane in his white-gloved hand, and a folding-up hat under his arm. On his entering the room, his mother went up to him, and led him aside towards the open window. As they retired to the balcony, I overheard her saying, "About Lord George—what is this? Dearest Augustus, do tell me. You know Julia never tells me any thing. Her want of confidence makes me wretched." I heard no more; they withdrew in earnest talk to the balcony. How I pity my poor sister! A daughter not confide in her mother! Can it be possible? An *only* daughter, too!

Many minutes had not elapsed before Julia stood before us, radiant in a perfection and resplendency of beauty which I never remember to have seen equalled. As she entered, Augustus and his mother came in from the balcony by different windows, with an air of apparent unconcern, as if afraid of awakening any suspicion of their having been secretly discussing the affairs of their brilliant relative, who stood, smiling in the pleased consciousness of unrivalled loveliness, before us. I cannot tell how Julia was dressed. There was red velvet, and gold, and pearls, and white satin; but how they were disposed to produce the effect, at once grand and simple, picturesque and apparently unstudied, I have not the most remote conception. She was going first to the opera, and afterwards to a fancy ball: her dress was perfectly well adapted for either. If this night's toilette be the invention of Mademoiselle Angelique, that hideous little Frenchwoman is a most invaluable *artiste*. I had no idea my niece's complexion was so beautiful. She looked pale at dinner; but, when she came down dressed, and by the fuller light of the drawing-room, I perceived her colour to be as fine as Emma's.

Julia had scarcely received the compliments of her father, mother, and myself, on her looks, before a thundering peal upon the knocker announced the arrival of Lady Worrymore; and, after a hurried good night, she went off with Augustus to her parties. It now only wanted a quarter of eleven. I was quite tired out. The long journey and the sitting up all night had fatigued me bodily, and my spirits had become exhausted by what, to a person of my quiet habits, appeared the bustle and irregularity of my sister's family. Home, among the Seymours, conveyed no idea of repose. A cup of tea was brought me; but I detest tea that is not made in the room. It looked cold, and I refused it; and, having bade good night to my host and hostess, went to my room, and was in bed by half-past eleven.

A SECOND LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

PLUCK EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

CRITICAL PAPER. *

DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote to you, the Treatise upon the Art of Plucking has received considerable elucidation, from the appearance of a collection of Pluck Examination Questions, by the same author, which seem likely to promote the benevolent object he has in view. Having lent the feeble aid of my pen to facilitate the progress of my Cambridge friends in this popular art, I hasten now to direct their attention to what forms a very important branch of it; for, as my Oxford contemporary very properly observes, it is a small thing to know *how* to get

plucked, unless a man *gets* plucked also, and that both frequently and with ease. A careful perusal of the following Papers, coupled with a diligent study of the treatise already alluded to, will, I trust, be beneficial. Without any further introduction, therefore, I proceed to sketch an outline of the college examinations for Pluck, which are formed upon the model of those preparing by the board of Examiners for the London University. I have occasionally, where the question appeared particularly appropriate, availed myself of the Pluck Papers from Oxford.

1. Soft fades the sun, the moon is sunk to sleep;
Through heaven's blue fringe the stars serenely peep;
And azure calm floats o'er the breathing sky,
Like memory brooding over days gone by;
And, while the owls in tender notes complain,
Grim silence holds her solitary reign.*

2. From which of the Oxford or Cambridge prize poems are these lines taken? Explain their beauties, and give parallel passages,—mentioning whether you have ever heard of the owl in Gray's *Elegy*.

3. Has any prize poem appeared for the last ten years without the sun, stars, or moon in it? Explain the use of these great auxiliaries to verse-making; and shew how inferior the ancients are to the moderns in the number of their suns, moons, and stars.

4. Are you acquainted with any other use of the sun, moon, and stars, besides this use of helping writers of prize-poems? Give reasons why these authors have not made an equal use of comets, especially when modern science has discovered there are so many to spare.

5. What is Professor Smythe's opinion of the Nebulous and Incomprehensible in poetry? Illustrate your explanation by extracts from Tennyson's *Timbuctoo*. What do you understand by the "Inane" in composition? Prove your exposition out of the works of Robert Montgomery; and add specimens of the "Frivo-

lous" from Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

6. Explain critically the uses of the word Brick in the following sentences: as fast as a brick, as idle as a brick, as slow as a brick, to ride like a brick, &c. &c. What do you understand by a gyp, a fast man, a slow man, a shady man, an old buffer, no end of clever, hard up for tin, shaving through, coaching a man through his small?

7. Are the following phrases rightly translated? Point out which are vulgarisms, and produce parallel passages from Mr. O'Connell's speeches. Ἀμφὶ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖς φόβος. PERSÆ. *My eyes! if I'm not in a fright.* Θαρρὺς πατρὸς μητρὸς τιθεσθῆναι. Sept. contra Theb. *Shew your pluck, every mother's son of you! Ite capella.* VIRG. *Go it, you Cripples.* Marinum equum. PLINY. *A horse-marine.* Ἀποτυχὼ σου ἐν τῷ πρὸς κοινῇ σίτῃ. *I will cut off thy commons in the buttery.* Nostri pugnabant rari. CÆSAR. *Our men fought uncommon.*

8. Are these lines written in the purest style of Virgil? if not, suggest any improvement. Can you point out any grammatical errors? State what alterations are required to adapt these verses to the manners of Cambridge:

Oh, fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
 Slevatos bachelors! neque enim sub sidere nightæ
 Ad bookas sweatant; nec dum greattomia quartam
 Lingua horam strikat, save-all sine candle tenentes
 Ad beddam crepunt semi-sleepi; nec mane prima
 Scoutus adest, scævus tercentum knockibus instans
 Infelix wakare caput. Sed munera mater
 Ipsa dat alma illis, keepuntque secantque chapellam
 Quandocunque volunt. Si non velvete minaci
 Ornati incedunt, non pisces ad table higham
 Quaque die comedunt, ast illis cuttere semper
 Quemque licet tutorem, illis lectura nec ulla
 At segura quies, et nescia pluckere vita!

COMPOSITION.

Translate the following into Latin iambics, in the manner of Horace; and avoid as many false quantities as you are able:—

A tradesman's son whom once I knew,
 No matter when, or where, or who,
 Bred at the desk to daily rounds
 From pounds to pence, and pence to

pounds,
 Seized with a sudden fit for knowledge,
 Determined straight to go to college.
 The thing was done as soon as said,
 A cap with tassel decks his head;
 He buys three tea-cups of his scout,
 One with a saucer, two without;
 And by kind Alma takes his stand,
 With gown on back and stick in hand.
 Friends call, and ask him out to dine;
 To breakfast some, and some to wine.
 Saving is what he takes delight in,—
 He goes whenever they invite him;
 On others' wine gets wondrous merry,
 And, drunk on port, still calls for sherry.

Meanwhile to pence and farthings true,
 Though rich as Cræsus or a Jew,
 He quite forgets to ask his friends
 To taste his own, and make amends.
 "The man is stingy," flew about,—
 "Stingy's the word," his friends cried out,

And straight devised, from animosity,
 To trick him into generosity!
 "I've heard," says one, "you've got
 some port

Of a most truly wond'rous sort;
 Let's have a taste,—I wish to try it,
 And, if you choose, would like to
 buy it."

This said, he oped the bin, and spied
 Four dozen bottles side by side;
 Demands two forks, the cork to draw,
 And finds the wine without a flaw.
 Just at this time, as 'twas agreed,
 In case the first friend should succeed,

Another thirsty friend drops in;
 "Oh, ho," says he, "you've op'd your
 bin,—

Give me a glass, we'll drink at ease,
 Or else a tumbler, which you please."
 He takes a chair (of which were
 plenty)—

No sooner sal—the bottle's empty!
 Another bottle sees the light—
 Another friend appears in sight,
 Walks up the staircase, kicks the door,
 Drinks up his glass, and calls for more.
 Our host reluctant sees his cheer
 Like smoke appear and disappear;
 While drinkers fresh come every
 minute,

And seem to take a pleasure in it.
 At last, when all his wine is gone,
 Himself, grown drunk with looking on,
 Runs into Quad, kicks up a row,
 And breaks four panes, he don't know
 how;

For which next morning he is fated
 For two terms to be rusticated;
 And learns at last in his sobriety
 How to get drunk with due propriety;
 Nor, when to tipping he is prone,
 To swill his friends, but spare his own!

Pluck Examination Questions.

Translate the following lines—

"Pine—Who talks of pine—queen of
 fruits?"

down to

"Are you a man?—I hope so."

The Patriot Greeks, act iii. sc. 1.

into comic iambics, in the style of the
 lost plays of Menander. Give a general
 account of their plots, characters,
 and poetry; and quote any passages
 you can remember. Draw up a list of
 the poet's family, particularly distinguishing
 his first cousin, and stating
 the situation he held in the Athenian
 post-office. Shew from a passage in
 Sophocles the existence in his time of

"red-letter days;" and conclude by proving the inferiority of the poems recited at the Grecian festivals to those annually delivered at the Commencement.

SUBJECT FOR LATIN THEME.

In the British Museum are nine thick volumes entirely composed of title-pages, the collector of which destroyed many thousand valuable books in the compilation. Shew the prudence of his conduct, and point out what advantages result from it.

Translate the following into Lingua-Franca:—

When Mr. Orme, the Indian historian, presided in the export warehouse of Madras, Mr. Davidson, who acted under him, was one morning breakfasting with him, on which occasion Orme inquired the profession of his father. "A saddler," replied Davidson. "And, pray," said Orme, "why did he not make you a saddler?" "I was always whimsical," returned Davidson, "and rather chose, like yourself, to try my fortune in the East India Company's Service. But, pray, sir," continued he, "what profession was your father?" "My father," answered Orme, rather sharply, "was a gentleman." "And why?" retorted his friend, with great simplicity, "did he not make you a gentleman?"

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

A. Dr. Parr is said upon a particular occasion to have called a clergyman a *fool*; upon which he threatened to complain to the bishop. "Do so," was the reply, "and my lord bishop will confirm you." State the place where this conversation occurred, the hour, and the individuals present. Was it before or after the doctor's pipe? Investigate also Parr's claim to the address to his tea-chest.—*Tu doces* (thou tea-chest). Has this saying been justly attributed to Lord Erskine? State the arguments by which the two hypotheses have been supported. Compare Parr with Johnson, and say which of the two you consider to be *Ursa Major*.

B. Lord Byron says:

"A taste for punning, call it Attic salt."

Explain this line, and accurately define the nature and quality of the salt alluded to. Is it rock salt? Name

the countries in which it principally abounds, with the names of the chief dealers in it; and give your opinion how far the reduction of the duty upon salt has been beneficial to literature in general. Sophocles and Horace are frequently spoken of in connexion with salt. Does this refer to their business of Dry-Salters? What are your ideas upon this subject? Give a general view of Athenian commerce, and illustrate your remarks by extracts from the Price Current. What is the Greek for a Press-Gang? Sketch a plan of the Piræus, and compare it with Wapping.

C. The annual income of Socrates, as Boëckh has shewn in the *Economy of Athens*, did not exceed five minæ. State the manner in which he is supposed to have expended this sum. How many pairs of shoes and stockings does Lucian say that he possessed? Was he a lodger or a house-keeper? and what was his opinion of universal franchise, select vestries, and vote by ballot.

D. Give a general history of punning, from the earliest period to the present time—refuting the assertion of Parr, that it exposes the poverty of a language; and assign the following puns to their true authors:—A fellow of Trinity, very fond of indulging his fancy in Greek equations, sent one to a friend, the purport of which was, *Find the value of nothing*. Meeting him on the following day, he inquired whether he had succeeded in finding the value of nothing. Upon which his friend replied, "Yes, sixpence I gave the gyp for bringing your note."

2. The late Professor V——, meeting a Johnian after a high wind had blown down several old trees in the college walks, spoke of the tempest. "Yes," returned the Johnian, "it was a rare mathematical wind." "How so," demanded the professor. "Why, you see it has *extracted a great many roots*." 3. Why are the Johnians called pigs—what is the origin of the "Isthmus of Suez"—and what do you understand by *raising apple-pie to the 7th power*? Explain the formula.

E. Can you trace the origin of "Sizing in Hall?" Is the management in this department susceptible of any improvement? And what is your opinion of subjecting the cooks at Trinity and St. John's to a course of lectures upon the Moral Faculty and

Moral Obligation? Are you able to assign any reason for the displeasure manifested in the Common Room against the Undergraduates' petition about Commons? Give the names of the chief movers of this "Humble Remonstrance," and the substance of what passed in the New Court (Letter A) upon the occasion. Are you aware that any benefits resulted to the petitioners? If so, enumerate them.

F. Draw a map of New Zealand (Cantabrigiensis), carefully indicating the situation of Coronation Street, and any other places in that district which may occur to you. By whom was the flag for Spring Rice inscribed, during the last election, with "BARNWELL and INDEPENDENCE"? Examine the influence of these dependencies upon the character of the university and town. Say to which of the learned professions they are the most advantageous. Give a brief history of the Misses Fanny Foy and Sally Hum; and point out any similarity between them and Aspasia.

G. Who was the first Wooden Spoon? Explain, with a particular reference to university honours, the phrase, *οι πολλοι*, illustrating your definition by a quotation from Bentley's sermon (1715); the Scipios; Damon and Pythias; Hercules and Atlas; Castor and Pollux; the three Graces; the Magi; the three Furies; Noah, Daniel, and Job; the Seven Wise Men; the Seven Wonders of the World. The Apostles—the least of the Apostles—not worthy to be called an Apostle. The Elegant Extracts.

H. Paley informs us that on one occasion he was so reduced as to be obliged to purchase a second-hand waistcoat, which turned out to be the identical garment in which Lord Clive made his triumphal entry into Calcutta. Trace the adventures of this waistcoat, shewing how it came into the hands of the salesman, what have been its subsequent fortunes, and whether any memorial of it now remains. Enter fully into the trade of Holywell Street with America, comparing it with the Athenian exports to Ionia; and say if you can discover any vestiges of old clothesmen in Aristophanes, distinguishing between German and Polish Jews; and put "old clo! old clo!" into old Attic Greek, preserving the twang by the insertion of the digamma.

I. What substitutes did the early

Romans use for pocket-handkerchiefs? Describe Cicero's pocket-handkerchief, mentioning the most remarkable holes. Was it marked with his name? At which corner? In patent ink or thread? Red or black? And by which of the maids? Shew from Terence that Wellington boots were fashionable at Rome; and give a critical account of pea-jackets.

K. State briefly the advantages of being *posted*, with hints for the attainment of that distinction; and a list of successful candidates during the last three terms.

L. ——— Youths look pallid and thin, What with working it out, and with working it in.

Fill up the hiatus in the first line, and elucidate the passage. Distinguish between working it *out* and working it *in*. What does the last expression refer to? Examine the hypothesis that attributes this couplet to a tutor of Trinity; and shew how justly a part of it may belong to the author of a treatise upon "General Physics."

M. What is the difference between a classical and a vulgar pun? Explain the following from that philosophical work, "Nuts to Crack." Parr was reaching a book from a shelf in his library, when two or three volumes tumbled down, on which fell a production of the celebrated Lambert Bos. "See what has happened," exclaimed the doctor; "*procumbit hūni bos*." At another time the wind came too powerfully into the room in which he was sitting. "Stop! stop!" said the invalid, "this is too much; at present I am only *par levibus ventis*."

N. What is your opinion of the present condition of the stage? Strengthen your arguments by quotations from the Report of the Dramatic Committee. Is the theatre established by the undergraduates of Cambridge likely to promote the ends of tragedy or comedy? Did you perceive any variation in the recent delineation of *Werner* from that of the same character by Macready? Which performance do you prefer? Examine critically the construction of the chorus at the Italian Opera House, comparing it with those of Athens; and add a table of salaries paid to the principal actors and actresses (if any) at Athens, specifying the prices of admission to the pit, boxes, and gallery; and naming correctly the precise hour

at which half price commenced during the performance of the *Antigone*.

O. Who was the lord-chief-justice of Athens during the trial of Socrates? Which of the Athenian newspapers contained the fullest report of the proceedings?

P. The Augustan age is said to be the most admirable period of literature. Shew the fallacy of this opinion, from the non-existence of FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Q. Prove Hercules to have been the inventor of Clubs.

SECOND PAPER OF COMPOSITION.

Translate the following into familiar Latin, carefully rendering the words in *italics* into the language of Plautus.

"We had a club at Cambridge of political reformers; it was called the Hyson Club, as we met at tea-time; and various schemes were discussed among us. Jebb's plan was, that the people should meet and declare their will; and if the House of Commons should pay due attention to the will of the people, well and good; if not, the people were to convey their will into effect. I was always an advocate for *braibery* and *corroption*; they raised an outcry against me, and affected to think I was not in earnest. 'Why,' said I, 'who is so mad as to wish to be governed by force? or who is such a fool as to expect to be governed by virtue? There remains, then, nothing but *braibery* and *corroption*.' At a meeting where the debate was on the justice or expedience of making some alteration in the ecclesiastical constitution of the country, for the relief of tender consciences, Dr. Gordon, of Emmanuel, vehemently opposed the arguments of Jebb, then tutor of Peter House, who supported the affirmative, by exclaiming, 'You mean, sir, to impose on us a new church government.' 'You are mistaken,' said Paley; 'Jebb only wants to ride his own horse, not to force you to get up behind him.'"

SUBJECT FOR MORAL ESSAY.

It is the duty of every individual to be content with what he has. Infer from this direction the impropriety of a late petition from the undergraduates of Trinity, and shew the unreasonableness of their objection to cold plates in the month of December.

Put the following into Greek, in the manner of Lucian.

"When the *John Bull* was first established, the severity of its comments offended many; and among others a gallant colonel, who determined to chasten his wit by the application of a horsewhip. Breathing fury, therefore, he bent his way to the office of the newspaper in Fleet Street, grasping in his right hand the riding-master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shewn into a room, and informed that the editor would attend him immediately. Like a chafed lion, he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his instrument of vengeance; when, lo! the door opened, and in walked an individual of the Brobdignag species, clad in a thick, white, fuzzy great-coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a suspicious-looking oak-stick under his arm. 'What might you want with me, sir?' said this interesting individual. 'I wished to see the editor.' 'I am the editor, sir, at your service,' said the Brobdignag. 'Indeed!' ejaculated the colonel, edging towards the door—'oh, another time!' 'Whenever you please, sir.' And the parties separated.

FOR ENGLISH POEM,

"All round my Hat,"

Construe the following incident literally, and explain briefly the occurrence alluded to:—

"Jamque, duobus lampadibus fractis, contra eam quæ stat in vico, progrediabantur, quum subito, lanariis canibus stipatus, proctor supervenit. Is jam antea, dum inferiore parte vici versatur, sonitus gliscentes audiverat; quibus excitus, collegâ relicto, ad tumultum cum majore copiarum parte, summa celeritate processit. Ejus adventu perculsi proximi duo fugam capessunt. Tres jamdudum vino gravati, et pugnare et fugere æque impotentes, manu statim capti sunt. Hos ad collegias suas proctor ferri jubet. Ipse duobus canibus stipatus cæteros duo persequitur, quorum alter dux facinoris fuerat. Et ille quidem comitem arripiens, 'curramus,' inquit, 'proctor adest. Cito pede opus est.' His dictis, ambo per vicum quemdam devium versus rivum profugerunt, proctor cum canibus insequitur. Jamque togati

juvenes margine prope rivi tetigerant quum alter, pede lapso, in gramen humidum sternitur; alter (atque idem dux facinoris fuit) a cane arreptus sanguineum nasum ei dat, deinde in rivum se proficit, ad ripam oppositam nando se laturus. Illic proctor paulisper se inhibuit, neque enim nare didicerat, et autumnus erat: duorum præterea ejus canium alter togatum juvenem qui prolapsus erat, vix tenebat; alter sanguineum suum nasum abstergens vix cernens præ lacrymis potuit. Jamque dux facinoris ad alteram prope ripam accesserat, quum subito proctore scapham per marginem quærente, canis vulneratus pudore victus in rivum salit, celeriter in ripam oppositam pervenit. Illic dubius in noctis tenebris, ad quem læcum hostis se abrupisset per duas horas frustra se versat, omnes locos explorens. Re infectâ ad proctorem super pontem redit. Proxima die proctor concilium collegæ et proctorum vocat rem cunctam quo ordine gesta fuerat exponit. Tribus togatis qui primi capti sunt quinquenti versus imponuntur. Ille quæ ad rivum prolapsus erat ad rusticandum terminum it. Dux facinoris non punitur, neque enim agnosci potest."

Pluck Examination Questions.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS.

A. A freshman engages to eat a sponge-cake while a bachelor is drinking a bottle of port. The bachelor begins half a second before the freshman, and has reached his ninth glass by the time the freshman is swallowing his sixth mouthful. How long will it be before the freshman is choked?*

B. Drink half a pint of negus, add to this half a pint of beer, seven and a-half glasses of sherry, a bottle and a-quarter of port, three glasses of brandy, a tumbler of rum, and four drops of water. What will be the result?

C. At what angle with the horizon is a tipsy man most easily upset, according to Newton?

D. At what ratio of velocity will an

empty bottle in concussion with a nose break the nose in question? Explain this mathematical process of reduction to vulgar fractions.

E. Let A be a hunter, B a freshman on the hunter's back, C a fence, and D a muddy ditch on the other side of the fence. The hunter A suddenly draws up at the fence C. What connexion will follow between the freshman B and the ditch D?

F. Sum the series 1—26, and apply the Binomial theorem to college pudding.

G. Prose the beneficial effects of geometry upon the formation of the mind from the fact of mathematicians being the dullest men of your acquaintance. Do you know of any other object in the creation of man beside the solution of problems?

H. Explain Newton's theory concerning the antagonistic principles of undergraduates and chapel.

I. According to the theory of light, what light is best for escaping the eye of a proctor?

K. Discuss Sir Andrew Agnew's bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, and shew from moral writers that we are only authorised to legislate for the poor.

L. According to Locke's theory of ideas, we are to consider the human mind as a piece of blank paper. Does the philosopher here mean brown paper, whity-brown paper, or white paper, according to the coarseness of men's minds; or does he mean white paper only? And, if the last, what sort of white paper,—whether hot-pressed or foolscap? Give reasons for preferring the latter, and discuss the subject.

M. Give a historical notice of the various opinions respecting the Moral Faculty from Hobbes to Dugald Stewart, and shew its existence in human nature from the *Newgate Calendar*.

I am compelled to break off abruptly.

Very truly yours,
T. G.

St. John's, June 22.

*Pluck Examination Questions.

FOR THE PRESENT INSTANT.

I. THE MINISTERS. II. THE PEOPLE.

I. THE MINISTERS.

WELL! this "most inconceivable" of all governments has had a second escape! Nowhere in modern history can a parallel be found, either to the dangers or the deliverances which the present administration has experienced, within the short period of some four or five months.

The first rock on which it seemed their inevitable fate to be wrecked was that of the Carlow case. It may be asked, how the ministry should be the sufferers by a crime of which they had had no cognizance? The question betokens only the simplicity of the questionist. Who placed the present ministry in office? Daniel O'Connell. Who keeps them in office? Daniel O'Connell. Who is able, by merely resolving upon his own absence and that of his dependents, to leave them, at any moment, in inextricable difficulties? Daniel O'Connell. How obvious, then, was it, that the charge which threatened O'Connell with extinction, threatened equally, and by the same stroke, the very existence of the O'Connell administration.

And what an escape was that! The facts are now placed beyond doubt, and are admitted equally on all hands. Mr. O'Connell bargained with Raphael to have him *nominated* for the sum of 1000*l.*, and *returned* for the further sum of a second 1000*l.* Now it is in proof, no longer to be questioned by any one, that the nomination cost nothing, and the election, even when contested, no more than 7 or 800*l.* Nothing can be clearer, then, that O'Connell's original bargain was framed with the view and effect of giving him, in any case except that of a petition, a clear profit on the sale of the seat of more than 1100*l.* or 1200*l.*

All this was openly proved, or instantly admitted. Yet O'Connell himself was unanimsously acquitted! How could this be? Simply by first exaggerating or misstating the charge, and then assuming that because such exaggeration was not true, therefore the whole story was a falsehood. The ministerialists insisted upon it, for several weeks, that O'Connell was actually charged with having pocketed some hundreds of pounds by the Carlow job. They knew that no one had so much as assumed this. They knew that this was *not* the charge. Still, for their own reasons, they kept up the cry; and when it was found that the expenses of the election petition had absorbed that balance which, *but for that petition*, would have remained in the big beggarman's pocket, they shouted with one accord, "Pure as unsunned snow!" This was a game which could not fail, when once the Conservatives who were active in the affair were led to permit the assumption to pass without protest. It was known from the very first, it was plainly stated in Raphael's first letter, that the balance which O'Connell hoped to have pocketed had been drawn from him by the costs of the petition. From the very first, therefore, it was clear that no charge of having actually *made money* by the transaction could be so much as thought of. No such charge, in fact, was ever made. No other charge was ever made than this,—that O'Connell had trafficked away a seat, on a bargain which, in every case but that of a petition, must have left him the gainer of above a thousand pounds. This charge was clearly and indubitably established; and yet, by resolutely and pertinaciously misrepresenting the nature of the indictment, and assuming that he was charged with having *actually made* that profit on the transaction, his defenders assured themselves of a verdict, even before the investigation had been commenced.

Their second deliverance occurred on the 22d of June. Lord Melbourne, the keystone of the ministry, was charged with seducing the wife of a man, into whose house he had first obtained entrance by the bestowal of a piece of official patronage. He gives a barrister the post of police-magistrate at the east end of town. This barrister resides near Downing Street; and there leaves a young and beautiful wife, very conveniently open to Lord Melbourne's visits, during his own absence upon duty for the greater part of every day. Of course, the indiscretion of this will be seen by every one; but possibly the age of the patron (nearly sixty) may establish some apology for a course so unguarded. However, we now find

—and we allude only to those parts of the evidence which remain unquestioned—the noble lord, secretary of state for the home department, stealing two or three hours from the middle of every day, and leaving the whole concerns of the internal government of England, to sit on a sofa with the fair wife of his absent friend. We find him *always* admitted, that *always* being every day; and we find all other visitors excluded during his stay. We find him even admitted to her bed-room, in a few days after her confinement; and we see her visiting him alone, at his own house, and staying, by the half-hour, alone with him.

It also appears that, on the very day after the wrath of the at-last-irritated husband has driven the wife from his house, her brother takes an opportunity to rush in, during the husband's absence, and to carry off all her papers. Yet a few fragments remain behind, and they are of this tenor:

"I will call about half past four or five o'clock.

MELBOURNE,"

"There is no house to-day; I will call after the levee, about four or half past. If you wish it later, let me hear from you. I will then explain to you about going to Vauxhall.

MELBOURNE."

"How are you? I shall not be able to call to-day, but probably shall to-morrow.

MELBOURNE."

Now, every one can see that these are such letters as a husband might write to his wife; not quite so respectful as a lover would write to his betrothed; but quite too free for a brother to write to his sister, and still less an acquaintance of only two years' standing to the wife of his friend!

This, then, was the case of suspicion which existed against Lord Melbourne; somewhat strengthened, of course, by the known fact, that this was not the first instance in which he had been suspected of intimacy with other men's wives. Yet from this he has clean escaped!

Nor is the verdict of the jury open to the least censure. The husband, acting upon these just grounds of suspicion, examines those who have been lately in his service, and finds them ready enough to depose to kisses, to sofa familiarities, and even to worse. He therefore brings his action. But without a clear admission of guilt under a man's own hand, in letters seized or intercepted, it is difficult to establish a charge of this kind. The witnesses must necessarily be persons of low rank and character, generally discarded servants, and frequently open to suspicion of revengeful feelings, &c. In a case lately tried at York, several different witnesses swore to the actual commission of the crime in their presence; and, in spite of all their testimony, the jury found for the defendant. In the present case, Lord Melbourne's attorney-general, working as for life and death, succeeded in throwing great suspicion on the characters and testimony of all the principal witnesses. The jury, therefore, only discharged their duty in giving the turn of the scale to the accused party. And thus, despite the daily visits, the blinds drawn down, the exclusion of other persons, the familiar tone of the notes found, and the suspicious seizure of the bulk of the correspondence, Lord Melbourne, and with him the ministry, once more escaped.

And thus, say the ministerial prints, has exploded "the second Tory plot against the Liberal administration. For our own parts, the matter of admiration is, that two such assaults, so perfectly free from all Tory influence and concoction, —so unexceptionable in their source, and so likely to blow the ministry into the air, should so remarkably have failed. "Tory plots!" Why, look at the parties, and the progress of both the quarrels.

Raphael was a "Liberal" of long standing; made sheriff of London by Charles Pearson, and selected by O'Connell for one of the seats in his own patronage. He had no connexions, no bias, no way of falling into Tory hands. He goes on comfortably for a long time with Charles Pearson, Daniel O'Connell, and the rest of that woful fraternity, and the Tories hear nothing of him till, having been most exemplarily plundered, he is turned out of doors by this gang of pimps and bawds, and runs to the nearest police-office for redress.

So of Mr. Norton. He had always been a Whig; had sat in Parliament in that capacity, had asked and received a favour at the hands of the Whig ministry, and had continued in amity and connexion with that party, till he is brought to the conclusion that the head of the Whig ministry has inflicted on him the greatest

injury that one man can inflict on another. And yet these two affairs are impudently denominated "Tory plots!"

We have beheld with admiration and amazement the escape of the ministry from both these perils. Our impression from each was, "They bear a charmed life." We believe that they have yet work to do; and we are content that they should do it.

The case resembles nothing so much as the equally marvellous escapes of Louis Philippe. Hundreds of wretches, at the present instant, would think nothing of sacrificing their own lives to take that of their "King Stork." But, till the hour comes in which his mission shall be ended, they can no more reach him than they can destroy Satan himself!

One man says, "I will take my gun; I will go and stand at his palace-gates; and as he comes out I will take deliberate aim at him at six feet distance. He is a very large man; my hand is perfectly steady. If I can hit a haystack, therefore, I can scarcely miss king Louis." He goes, and stands, and fires; but he cannot even graze the skin of the heaven-protected victim!

"Another man says, 'I will not rely on a single barrel or a single ball. Fifty bullets shall fly about him in the same instant.' The bullets fly; but 'every bullet has its billet,' and there is not one of them directed to Louis Philippe!

The man who can see these things happen, and imagine that they happen by chance, may call himself Churchman or Dissenter, Protestant or Papist, but practically he is an Atheist, and nothing else.

We acquiesce, therefore, willingly in all these decisions of a higher and a wiser power. We can even see a benevolent design in them. In our view the most desirable thing for the country is, that a full manifestation of the abominations of "Liberalism" should be afforded, as it may and probably will be, if the "Liberals" continue long in power. The most unfortunate thing, on the other hand, would be, the accession of a Conservative ministry to power, without a clear recognition of and adherence to Conservative and Protestant principles. As matters now stand, the two principles are becoming daily better understood; "Liberalism" is unmasking itself, and the Conservatives are more and more obliged to see and understand its real character, and to take their ground in opposition to it. A premature accession to office, at the present moment, might lead to such another result as that of 1829,—when a ministry which had opposed Canning for his pro-popish propensities became pro-popish itself, and by this abandonment of principle at once disorganised the government, split and severed the Conservative party, destroyed public confidence, and brought the Whigs and Radicals into power.

It is most desirable that the principles of Liberalism should be drawn out and displayed. Very thankful were we for that new light which was let in upon the question by Lord John Russell's last speech on the Irish Tithe-bill. His lordship had always told us that he was firmly and unalterably in favor of an Established Church. But in that debate he explained to us, that, in his view, "the duty of an Established Church was *not to propagate any particular doctrine*, but merely to inculcate good morals." This is a most important explanation, or rather repudiation: and it is as important as it is startling. A church without doctrines would indeed be a novelty. A church without doctrines must be a church without creed, or articles, or liturgies. This, at least, is not the Church of England.

The chief silliness, however, of this notion, lies in the supposition that morals can be taught without doctrines. The "Liberals" are fond of talking of "philosophical views." Do they think it a philosophical view to expect effects without causes,—to look for fruit from hedge-stakes,—or to require men and women to act without motives?

We wonder what even one of the professors of the London University would say to a scholar, who told him that his parents wished him to study chemistry, or geometry, or law, or any other science; but that he was not to be plagued with doctrines, or first principles, but was to be introduced at once to the *practical parts* of the subject! Yet a folly, which would only be laughed at, were it applied to any ordinary science, is officially put forth by the government, with reference to religion. To *religion!* which, as it has reference chiefly to unseen realities, and

draws its motives from truths unknown to man in his natural state,—is of all other sciences the most indissolubly connected with, and the least comprehensible without, those first principles which are called *doctrines*. The existence of a future state is a doctrine, and a doctrine of which we can know nothing, except as we learn it from the Bible. But the inspiration of the Bible is another doctrine; and if that be once admitted, it brings in upon us a whole flood of other doctrines of the most awful moment.

Will you say, then, that you will do without this primary doctrine of a state of rewards and punishments, and that you will teach morals upon principles of general expediency alone? As well may you attempt to navigate a steam-boat against contrary winds without fuel, or expect the desert-steed to come at your bidding, and submit to your daily toil upon principles of moral suasion.

No! let these follies be brought into the light of day. Let us not have governments, whether called Conservative or Liberal, acting upon absurdities which men of sense would be ashamed to articulate, and cheats, which men of honesty would blush to be even suspected of. By all means, let "Liberalism" play out its game; develop itself in all its native deformity; and never may a Conservative government push it from its stool, till that government is prepared manfully to state, and to defend, its reasons for abhorring and opposing utterly the fancies of modern "Liberalism."

II. THE PEOPLE.

What, then, is the duty of the people, under these circumstances? To arrive at a just understanding of this, they ought to learn to appreciate properly, 1, *their Danger*; 2, *their Weakness*; and, 3, *their Strength*.

1. Their Danger is greater than is generally imagined. Men may fancy that such questions as, Whether the Bishops shall be turned out of the House of Lords? or, Whether that house shall itself be radically reformed? are matters which concern the bishops and the peers, but nobody else. A greater mistake it is difficult to imagine.

If men would look a little into the extraordinary manner in which all our great national institutions have rooted and fixed themselves among us, darting their roots and spreading their branches throughout the whole community, they would be able to form some correct idea of the danger, and difficulty, and struggle which must attend a forcible uprooting of any of them. There probably never was a state of society more complicated and interwoven, in all its relations, than that of England in the present day. How inevitably, then, does it follow, that if, like France in 1789, we attempt to sweep away the Church, the Throne, and the Peerage—and no one of these three can be removed without the instant fall of the others—the character, the intensity, and the lamentable effects of such a conflict, will equally resemble that of the nation whose steps we attempt to follow. And can a revolution like that of France be passed through, without inflicting the greatest sufferings and injuries upon all classes and orders in society?

But we shall be told, that we are having recourse to those very "bugbears" which we last month repudiated and contemned. Our answer is, that we do not wish to represent such a danger as this, as actually imminent or probable: but still it exists—it is in sight; and men ought to be aware of it, and to take precautions against it.

It will also be said, that nobody proposes or wishes a Revolution—that nobody suggests or desires the overthrow of either the Church, or the Throne, or the Peerage. We answer, that this is *not true*; for that men are found, even among the confidential advisers of the present ministry, who scoff at hereditary rights of every kind, and who declaim against established churches of all descriptions.

It is of vast importance that men should understand the total change, in this respect, which has taken place within the last two years, in the position, views, intentions, and declared principles of the Whigs.

In 1833, the Whigs fought under the banners of Earl Grey. They were then full of professed loyalty to the King; their leader avowed the most thorough determination to maintain and defend the Church; his firmness in maintaining the rights of his own order was unquestioned; and, with respect to O'Connell,

he held it an high offence in one of the minor officers of his ministry to have held any communication with "*that person*."

In 1835, "*that person*," for his own ends, carried back the Whigs into that power which they had lost. Lord Grey refusing to hold office on any such terms, a ministry was constructed of materials pliant enough to answer O'Connell's purpose. This ministry begins its career by attacking the Church; it proceeds by reposing all confidence in that man who has declared war against the House of Lords; and, as the second branch of the legislature is but a necessary concomitant and support of the first, we may fairly conclude, that when "*hereditary rights*" shall have been rooted out of one branch of the constitution, they will never be allowed to remain in another.

At the present instant, therefore, we are under the government of a cabinet existing by the favour, and consisting of the mere creatures, of that very agitator, who has announced his determination to put an end to "*hereditary rights*," and to overthrow the established churches.

Here, then, is actual danger—even danger of revolution itself, really in sight. The advocates of measures which can only be carried by revolutionary means are the chosen advisers of the men in Downing Street. Grant, as we readily do, that even those men will scarcely dare openly to propose, *at present*, a course so startling and so distasteful to the people at large, still let it be always borne in mind, that the chief enemy of our constitution, of our church, and of our monarchy, is also the chief adviser and most powerful ally of the present ministry; and let it also be remembered, that it is only by constant watchfulness, by being ever ready to detect and to defeat his machinations, that his humble servants the Whigs can be effectually deterred from lending their countenance to his dangerous propositions. The Whigs are—from their dependent position they must be—O'Connell's humble and obedient servants: the work he desires to set them about is that of destroying that Church whose religion he hates, and that House of Lords which still holds the power of checking and overruling all his designs. This work, if the people are passive or quiescent under his attempts, he will compel the Whigs to do. It is only, therefore, by perpetual manifestations of their determination to maintain their constitution and their church, that the Whigs can be deterred from venturing to attempt the execution of O'Connell's designs.

2. But we must next warn the people of *their Weakness*. This is seen in two particulars,—their inertness and dislike to exertion,—and their fondness for reposing upon individuals for safety and rescue. Probably the last is a chief cause of the first, and we will therefore treat them in that order.

The Conservatives, then, have always been too apt to leave their interests implicitly in the hands of some individual leader. This disposition, agreeing well with natural indolence, was greatly fostered by the might and ascendancy of Pitt. The seat of that minister stood so firm for so long a period, and his mind so ruled and swayed the mind of England, that it became a kind of habit among the supporters of the throne and altar in England, to leave the whole direction of affairs almost implicitly with him,—only admiring, at an humble distance, his genius, and lending, occasionally, a little public support, whenever he might please to call for it. It is no matter of regret to us that those times can never return. The reason why they can never return, is chiefly to be traced to the change wrought in the constitution by the Reform-bill. Up to 1829, it was easy for the leaders to whom the Conservative interests were entrusted, by arrangements with those possessing influence in boroughs, and by obtaining their fair proportion of the more popular portions of the representation, to secure such a parliamentary majority as to enable the wheels of government to move with freedom and steadiness, without any extraordinary call upon the energies of their friends without. That assured and steady majority there is now no reason to expect ever to see again arrayed on the side of any government whatever. By exertion alone will any parliamentary force be in future got together, and by exertion alone will its numbers and efficiency be kept up. If we are not prepared to "*contend earnestly*" for our faith and for our constitution, we may as well surrender both at once; for by earnest struggles alone can they be maintained and defended.

Yet we greatly fear that were Sir Robert Peel once more reinstated in office,

with the support of a sufficient parliamentary majority, the general cry of the Conservatives of England would be, "Well, all's right now, let us have a good dinner, and then all go home and mind our own business. Peel's in again, and he'll take care and keep things to rights."

Perpetually do we see the signs of such a feeling; and so long as it prevails to any extent we can never be safe. The system introduced by the Reform-bill is one of almost wholly popular representation; and by the annual recurrence of the registrations we have something very like annual elections. How, then, is any party to maintain its just position in the country, save by taking that trouble which the present system renders inevitable? If the trouble is too great,—if the constitution is not worth so high a price, let that be plainly confessed; let a prompt and graceful surrender be made, and let us settle into a republic peaceably and amicably. But if we mean to endeavour to maintain our ground, we must make up our minds not to leave the matter in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, or of the Carlton Club; but to do that which Sir Robert Peel has himself enjoined upon us, and which no Carlton Club can ever even so much as attempt to perform.

But we are not only too fond of throwing the responsibility on our leaders; there is also a great liability to err in the same way, in every single circle and locality. Our counties, or cities, or boroughs, are all too much ruled and arranged by individuals, or leading families. All this was natural and unavoidable under the old system; but it is wholly out of place and injurious now. We have seen instances in which the Conservatives of a district have fought well and nobly under the guidance of a leading family, and have succeeded in gaining their rightful ascendancy in the representation; when immediately the very family, for whom and with whom they have incurred the trouble and expense of the contest, has turned round on them, and objected to their using the ascendancy they had gained, to any further extent than suited its own purposes. "You have gained one seat; now be content, and rest satisfied with that. If you attempt to monopolize the whole, we shall have nothing but endless contests, and that we don't like." Thus the voice of a county or a city is neutralized, merely to suit the convenience of a particular family. The Liberals are not thus half-hearted, or thus easily contented.

In a word, then, the Conservatives must cease from considering their leaders as any thing *more* than leaders. They must follow them manfully in every struggle, but they must refuse to be bound by any dishonourable terms of peace, which those leaders may wish to make. The contest in which we are engaged is an interminable one. The enemies to whom we are opposed will take care of that. On their part they will never submit to the claims of "hereditary right;" on ours, we will never surrender those claims.

3. But it is time we turned to our last point — their *Strength*. And here it is most consolatory to be able to reflect, that as their weakness arises mainly from want of *energy*, from want of *will*, so it must be in their own power to change that weakness into strength whenever they shall seriously determine to do so.

What, then, is the strength of the Conservative party? Wherein does it consist? It consists mainly in this — that a large proportion, a clear predominance, of the wealth, and education, and intelligence, and moral worth of the country, is on their side. These furnish the means of victory, if effectively used; if not used, they will constitute only the condemnation of those who had the power of saving their country in their hands, and left that power in useless slumber.

The Reform-bill, breaking up all the varied and interwoven systems of representation, divided the constituencies of England into two great sections: the borough electors, among whom *numbers* outweighed *property*; and the county electors, with whom *property*, and not *numbers*, was the test. Ever since then, it has become more and more apparent daily, that the town constituencies tend daily to a wilder and yet more reckless spirit of Democracy; and the county constituencies, to a more decided system of Conservatism.

The town constituencies are wholly irrespective of property: every man who can pay three-and-tenpence a-week for a cottage, or a hovel, of his own, becomes thereby an elector of as potent a voice as the richest merchant or banker in the

town. Now, among these constituencies there are always large numbers of educated, intelligent, and well-principled men; but, unhappily, there must always be a *majority* of those who are ignorant, thoughtless, and easily led into evil. Every wealthy and extensive merchant or manufacturer, having his own single vote, and no more, sees a hundred other voters issue from his factory or his yard, and although his influence may win a few of their votes, yet he knows that a word, beyond persuasion will instantly be chronicled against him in every newspaper in the kingdom; and he is therefore obliged to submit to have his own well-considered views overruled and nullified, by the fancies and excited passions of men who "know not what they do." There is, perhaps, one public news-room in the town, in which the *Standard* lies alongside of the *Globe*, the *Morning Post* by the *Morning Chronicle*; and of the subscribers to that room, it will be strange if a majority is not Conservative. But there are forty beer-shops in the borough, and in each of them the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *Life in London*, or the *Satirist*, holds its sole and undisturbed supremacy: its sedition is without counteraction, its falsehoods without exposure. And thus, when an election comes, we are sure to find three-fourths of the property and intelligence of the town on one side, but a majority of the *three-and-tenpenny* voters on the other.

Were this all, nothing could prevent the speedy establishment of a republic in England; but the Reform-bill has left one section of the representation open to the fair influence of property: its framers could not avoid making the franchise in counties dependent, as of old, on the actual possession of some interest in land. Here, then, those who feel their rights tyrannically overruled in the boroughs in which they reside, may find a way in which, in strict accordance with the constitution, they may obtain something like their fair influence in the House of Commons.

The property of England, thus exerting itself in our county constituencies, is now daily shewing itself more and more in favour of Conservative principles. Even within the last three weeks as many as three counties have been contested, and the verdict of each of them has been on the side of Conservatism.

In Essex:

Palmer (C).....	2103
Branfill (R).....	1527

In Merioneth:

Richards (C)	501
Wynn (R)	151

In Warwickshire (first day):

Shirley (C).....	1653
Skipwith (R)	1121

Now, why should not the whole of the counties of England be represented by Conservatives? We ask the question seriously. The Reform-bill has given the representation of the towns into the hands of mere *numbers*, purposely leaving *property* out of the question; and the Liberals are not backward in stretching this their advantage to the utmost. But the county representation they have been compelled to leave in the hands of *property*; and why should those who see themselves trampled upon by "Liberalism," wherever Liberalism has the ascendancy—why should they forbear to use that power which the Reform-bill itself concedes them?

Let them take a lesson from the "Liberals" themselves. Their rule is, to attempt every thing, and to blush at nothing.

They attempt every thing. In the last three weeks we have seen them contest Essex, knowing well that they had not a chance of success, merely in order to shew that they could poll a "respectable minority;" and Merionethshire, in which they polled 151 votes against 501 (!), just in order to "break ground" against the Tories. Now there is not a county in the empire that the Conservatives might not contest with better hopes and fairer prospects than the Whigs could boast in the case of Merioneth. Why should their courage, or their pertinacity, be greater than our own? Why should their strongholds be left unassaulted, while not a garrison of our own escapes their annoying warfare?

But we have a better reason. Every county, in England, at least, ought to be attempted, not merely as part of a system of general hostility, but because

every county in England might, if perseveringly assailed, be carried. Having every where the predominance of property, the Conservatives might, if they chose to claim it, take the representation of property for their own.

But, again, the Whigs and Radicals *blush at nothing*. Their motto seems to be, "All's fair at an election;" and a registration is part of an election. Thus the forty-shilling rent-charges of the Russells in Bloomsbury, the gang of voters made out of one single field in Huntingdonshire, the forty-two burial-ground freeholders in Marylebone,—all these were not only stealthily attempted at first, but they were openly and unblushingly defended afterwards.

And not only are individual Whigs and Radicals found thus acting, but the whole spirit of the government is of the same fraudulent, tricky, and unscrupulous character. Lord John Russell proposes, in his Corporation-bill of last year, to give the nomination of borough magistrates to the new corporations. The Lords say, "We think the appointment of magistrates ought to rest with the crown." "Well," Lord John replies, "you may make this amendment if you choose; but I, as home secretary, shall act upon my own principle, and appoint as magistrates those whom the corporations may recommend."

Does he adhere to this public declaration? Not at all. On the contrary, the only thing looked to in these appointments is, how they may bear upon future elections. A Whig corporation recommends eight or ten Whig magistrates: the whole list is appointed; but, perhaps, to make a show of fairness, a couple of superannuated or non-resident Tories are added, as a sort of excuse for varying other lists more seriously. A Tory corporation next recommends a list of Tory magistrates: the whole list is rejected, or only the least efficient of the number retained, and a set of Whig justices are named in their room, in defiance of the expressed wish of the corporation, and in shameful violation of Lord John's recorded pledge.

Now, while deeds of this sort are perpetrating all around us, are the Conservatives to be mealy-mouthed, or excessively fearful of overstepping the bounds of discretion and propriety? On the contrary, ought they not to feel bound to use every means which the law allows, and the laws of honour and of honesty permit, to counteract attempts which are evidently restrained by no law, human or divine? Ought not every man to say to himself, This is a system which ought to be, and which shall be, put down. Am I, then, doing all that is in my power, in my own county, and in all the counties that surround it, to gain the utmost influence which the constitution entitles me to exercise, and to excite all my friends to equal exertions?

Are there any counties still destitute of a Conservative Association, or a Registration Committee? If so, what are the Conservatives about to allow of such remissness. And those which possess such organization, are they vigorously employing it? We saw a letter a few days since, transmitted to the secretary of a Conservative Society from a place more than a hundred miles distant. Its tenor was, "I have found in this parish six cousins, who are interested in a considerable property in your county. They are all good honest Conservatives, and have a right to claim as freeholders. I herewith send you their claims, which I will thank you to put in; and whenever a contest occurs, I will take care, whatever the distance may be, that they shall all be brought to the poll."

This is the spirit that we desire to see aroused throughout the land; and were it once universally exerted, and perseveringly brought into action, it could not fail to save the country. Yet what blanks do we still perceive in our political map. See Sussex, with four county members voting with O'Connell; Durham the same; Cornwall the same. Here are twelve votes, at least six of which might be reversed by a few months' strenuous exertion. Till these exertions are made, the country cannot know peace. When they are made, and when we cease to look to any one man or set of men to save us, then, and then only, will the struggle subside, and the reign of good government recommence.

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ON THE PRINCIPLE OF CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

THE subject of national establishments of religion is at present affording materials for a controversy, which has attracted the attention of the whole empire, and called forth no inconsiderable share of talent; and which, according as it may be ultimately determined in one way or another, must produce most important practical results. The controversy, in its present shape and form, is, in a great measure, new; for although most of the views which have been advocated in the present day by the enemies of church establishments have been broached before, yet they have never, perhaps, till this occasion, been brought out in full development, and in their proper relations to each other. Scarcely any subject, indeed, beyond the limits of the exact sciences, is ever fully understood, until it has given rise to a controversy which calls forth the powers of men of talent.

The great general principles on which church establishments rest had been commonly received, or, at least, had not met with very extensive or formidable opposition, in former ages of the church; and could scarcely be said, until the present day, to have formed the subject of a distinct and important controversy. They had been introduced, indeed, incidentally into other controversies, with which they were somewhat connected; such as the great Bangorian controversy on church authority, occasioned by Bishop Hoadley's sermon on the nature of Christ's kingdom, and

that which was produced by Archdeacon Blackburne's *Confessional*. But these great principles have of late been more fully developed, because they have been more generally discussed than ever they were before; and as they have not been debated merely as abstract speculations, but with a direct and immediate bearing upon a great practical result, viz. the preservation or the overthrow of the Established Church, it is the duty of every one to endeavour to understand the subject, so as to have a decided opinion upon the matter, and to regulate thereby his conduct and his influence.

The controversy has been presented to men's minds in a considerable variety of aspects. Arguments and facts, derived from a diversity of sources, have been brought to bear upon it; so that one not intimately acquainted with the subject may be at a loss to perceive what are the precise points which are in argument controverted between the two parties; while, of course, every one knows, that the practical point in dispute is, whether the Established Church shall be preserved or overthrown.

It has been discussed upon grounds of principle and grounds of expediency. Church establishments have been tested by their alleged bearing upon the welfare of the church and the prosperity of the state; and they have been tried by the statements of Scripture, the dictates of reason, the voice of experience,

and the testimony of history. In these circumstances it is very important, though not very easy, to form a distinct conception of the ultimate principle which constitutes the foundation of the controversy in argument, and to understand the grounds on which it rests; for, without this, men will be in continual danger of having their views perverted by difficulties and objections which a more correct perception of the real subject in debate would enable them to explain or remove. We are inclined to think, that the fundamental principles involved in the church-establishment controversy, so far as it is a question of mere dialectics, have been somewhat more fully developed, and are, therefore, better understood, on the north than on the south side of the Tweed; and the reason is obvious: viz., that the English Dissenters, in conducting their attack upon the Established Church of this country, have founded it partly upon what are commonly called the grievances of Dissenters, and partly upon objections which they entertain to the articles and standards of the Church, especially with respect to government, worship, and discipline; whereas Scottish Dissenters, having nothing which even they could call a practical grievance to complain of, and concurring for the most part in the standards of the Church, not merely in points of doctrine, but even in matters of worship and external order, were compelled, when, in an evil hour for themselves, they resolved on appealing to the community for the overthrow of the Church, to have recourse to the ultimate or fundamental principles of the question; and to attempt to prove that the mere circumstance of a church being established, or connected with the state, was of itself, and, independent of any consideration of practical abuses and specific objections, a sufficient reason for opposing it to the uttermost, and struggling for its overthrow.

What, then, is the precise point of difference in argument between the defenders of the Church and the advocates of her destruction? What is the ultimate or fundamental principle on which the controversy, as a subject of speculation, depends? The question is not, Whether all that men do in regard to religion, and with a view to its promotion, should be done freely and voluntarily? for this no Church-

man disputes, and the admission avails nothing towards the settlement of the controversy. The question is not, Whether every man ought to pay for his own minister? for, in one sense, this position is admitted by all Churchmen, and, in another sense, it is too absurd to be maintained by any Dissenter. If it be understood to mean merely that every man is bound to contribute, if necessary, of his worldly substance, in order to secure the enjoyment of the ordinances of religion for himself and his family — that a minister has a right to be maintained by those among whom he labours, and that they are bound to maintain him, if necessary and practicable, then no Churchman will deny its truth or admit its relevancy; and if it be taken in the only other meaning which it can bear, viz. as including, by plain implication, this idea — no minister for those who cannot or will not pay for one, then no Dissenter will have courage to defend it. The question is not, Whether civil rulers are possessed of authority or jurisdiction in religious matters? i. e., of a right to dictate to their subjects in matters of faith and worship, and to punish or persecute them for the mere crime of dissent; for Churchmen disclaim these views, and challenge their opponents to prove that an admission of them is implied in any doctrine necessary for defending national establishments of religion. The question agitated between the friends and the foes of the Church, when stripped of what is adventitious or accidental, of what results from misconception or misrepresentation, is this: Should there be any union, alliance, or friendly connexion, or co-operation, between church and state, between religion and civil authority? or, still more precisely, Are nations, as such, and civil rulers, in their official capacity, bound to honour God, and to aim at the advancement of His cause, by promoting the true religion?

That many of those Dissenters who have come forward to advocate the overthrow of the Church, and who are familiarly known by the name of Voluntaries, have ventured to answer these questions in the negative, is well known to all who have examined their productions. And, if there are some of them who, while concurring in the prosecution of the same end, would yet object to the account now given of

the true state of the question, because they shrink from the audacity of maintaining that there should be no union, or alliance, or friendly connexion, between church and state, and that civil rulers, in their public and official capacity, are not bound to promote the cause of God and of the true religion, it is very easy to compel them by argument to assent to these positions, or else to abandon their destructive plans. For it is easy to shew that they cannot, consistently or plausibly, advocate their measures without the help of these extreme positions—that they cannot have any sufficiently firm and broad foundation on which to erect their batteries for the overthrow of the Established Church, without maintaining the doctrines in question; because, if it be admitted that some union, or alliance, or friendly connexion between church and state, is lawful and practicable, while at the same time it is contended that the actual union, as at present constituted, is improper and injurious, then, of course, the only fair inference is, that the union should be better regulated, or conducted upon sounder principles: and, if it be admitted that civil rulers are under an obligation to do something for the cause of God and the interests of the true religion, while at the same time it is alleged that they are at present doing wrong in supporting this particular kind of establishment, or in doing it in this way, then the only fair inference is, that they should make such alterations as the honest and faithful discharge of their duty to religion may demand.

Thus, their objections to the Established Church, even if all admitted to be real and valid, cannot possibly conclude for her overthrow, but only for her reformation; unless they go the length of maintaining that all union, or friendly connexion, between church and state, is improper and unlawful, and that civil rulers, as such, are under no obligation to aim at the promotion of the true religion.

If some of the less violent Dissenters, who, though joining in the clamour for the overthrow of the Church, are not disposed to carry their principles—in speculation, at least—so far as their brethren, should still object to the accuracy of the account that has been given of the true state of the question, or of the real subject of debate, then we reply, that since many of the Dis-

senters, in conducting the present controversy, have not scrupled plainly to assert that there should be no union, or alliance, or friendly connexion of any kind, between church and state, and that civil rulers, as such, are under no obligation to promote the true religion; and, since they lay down these positions as the foundation of their cause, we are entitled to insist, that all who come forward as champions on the same side shall declare their opinion upon these points, and either admit or deny the doctrines which have now been stated. Some of the more timid enemies of the Church shrink from asserting doctrines which wear so much the aspect of absurdity and irreligion, as the denial of the lawfulness of any union between church and state, and of any obligation incumbent upon civil rulers to promote the true religion; but the more intelligent and unscrupulous Voluntaries have seen and acknowledged, that the denial of these positions is the only foundation on which they can rest their cause, and have not scrupled to make it.

We lay down, then, as the ultimate or fundamental principle in the great controversy which is now waging, this position: *It is a right and proper thing that there should be some union, or alliance, or friendly connexion, between church and state, between religion and civil authority; or, what is substantially the same truth, in a different form, that nations, as such, and civil rulers, in their official capacity, are bound to aim at the promotion of the true religion.*

The substantial identity of these two positions is evident, because, on the one hand, if civil rulers have any duty to discharge to the church of Christ or the true religion, and do discharge it, the result must of necessity be the formation of some union or friendly connexion between them; and, on the other hand, if it is right and proper that there should be some union or friendly connexion between church and state, it must be sought and formed by the state, or civil authority, in the discharge of an incumbent duty. These positions are denied by the enemies of the Church, and, therefore, they must be proved by her friends; while it can be easily shewn that their truth, when once established, lays a firm foundation on which to build a most con-

clusive demolition of all the sophistries by which the destruction of the Established Church has been defended.

These positions, it is to be observed, are purely of an abstract kind, and may and should be discussed without reference to the peculiarities of any particular church establishment. It may be true, that some union, or alliance, or friendly connexion, ought to exist between religion and civil authority, while yet it is possible that there may be few (if any) cases of national establishments in which the union is in all respects rightly formed, so as to be in accordance with right principles and conducive to general utility. It may be true, that civil rulers are bound to do whatever is proper and practicable for promoting the true religion within the sphere to which their influence extends; while it may possibly be the case that there are few countries, if any, where this duty has been performed in a manner that is wholly unexceptionable. It is quite possible, that a man may conscientiously hold those great principles on which the lawfulness and propriety of national establishments rest, while yet he may have such objections to the particular establishment of his own country, and, indeed, to all the actual establishments in existence, as must constrain him in conscience to remain in a state of dissent. There are Dissenters in England who admit the lawfulness of national establishments of religion, but yet have serious objections to conforming to the existing establishment of this country. There are many in Scotland, who not only admit the lawfulness of national establishments and the obligation of civil rulers to promote the true religion, but who have long borne a public and decided testimony to these principles, and have been persecuted for doing so by some of their voluntary brethren, who are continually declaiming about liberty of conscience, while yet they object to some things in the established church of that country, and, therefore, remain in a state of secession, and exert themselves to reform what they reckon the abuses of the Church. Even in the United States of North America there is one denomination, of Scotch descent, called the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which decidedly maintains the principle of a national establishment of religion, and bears a

public testimony against the want of any national recognition of God, and in support of the obligation incumbent upon the rulers of the country to promote His cause.

In discussing, then, these general principles, we have nothing to do with the practical abuses that may attach to particular national establishments. These abuses may be very good reasons for reforming the establishments in which they are found, and they may even, in some cases, be sufficient to warrant dissent from the establishment altogether; but they can be of no avail in proving that there should be no union or alliance between church and state, or that civil rulers are under no obligation to promote the true religion, unless it can be shewn that they are *the necessary results of the mere fact* of union between religion and civil authority, or of civil rulers attempting to do any thing for the advancement of divine truth.

An attention to the true state of the question, as it has now been explained, will expose the groundlessness of certain allegations commonly made by Dissenters, as to the nature and sources of the evidence and arguments by which this controversy must be determined. Dissenters are in the habit of alleging, that this controversy about national establishments is purely a religious question, which must be decided upon scriptural grounds alone; nay, that, as it respects the Christian church, it must be determined solely by materials furnished by the New Testament. Their object in maintaining such a notion is to enable them to assert, with something like plausibility, that the defenders of church establishments are bound to produce more full and explicit evidence from Scripture, in support of their views, than has yet been done. But it is evident that the question, Whether nations, as such, and their rulers, in their official capacity, are bound to honour God, and to aim at the promotion of His cause? must be determined by a consideration of the relation in which nations and their rulers stand to God, as the great moral governor of the world; and that, consequently, the question is one not exclusively, nor even chiefly and primarily, of revelation, but of natural religion. While, therefore, we may expect the principle as to the duty of nations and their rulers, if true, to be confirmed

and illustrated by revelation, and are, of course, called upon to consider and answer any objection to its truth which may be produced from the word of God, it cannot in fairness be demanded that we should produce, from Scripture alone, evidence which may be of itself sufficient to establish our doctrine. And if it can be shewn, as may be easily and conclusively done, that the views which natural religion suggests, as to the relation of nations and their rulers to God — confirmed, too, by the practice of all nations, in all ages — support the opinion, that civil rulers are bound to aim at the promotion of religion, then the *onus probandi*, with reference to the testimony of Scripture, is thrown upon the opponents of this principle; and, while we cannot be fairly called upon to establish it exclusively from Scripture, they are bound, if they take up the scriptural argument at all, clearly and explicitly to disprove it from the statements of God's word. Thus, it appears that a right view of the proper subject of debate, or a clear perception that the dispute turns upon a question as to what are the duties of nations and their rulers, establishes two important points, which the enemies of the Church usually deny; viz., that the light of nature, as exhibited in the practice of almost all nations in all ages (which is express and decided in support of the obligation of civil rulers to promote religion), is a legitimate and valid source of evidence upon the subject under discussion; and that, in so far as the authority of Scripture is concerned, the *onus probandi* lies upon those who deny this obligation.

Substantially, the same consideration applies to another common notion of Dissenters, viz., that the principle in dispute not only belongs exclusively to the province of revelation, and must, therefore, be fully and explicitly established from the Sacred Scriptures, but that it concerns primarily, if not exclusively, the Christian church, and must, therefore, be proved by explicit statements from the New Testament: whereas it is evident, from the real nature of the question, that it has no special reference to Christianity, and does not require any peculiarly Christian grounds in order to its being conclusively established; while, at the same time, it is quite competent for Dissenters to produce, if they can, from Scripture, objections to the views

of their opponents, grounded upon any thing that may be peculiar to the Christian church, for the purpose of shewing that there is something in the divinely appointed constitution of that church, as distinguished from the previous forms of the true religion (the patriarchal and the Mosaic), which precludes civil rulers from doing any thing for the promotion of Christianity.

Having thus explained the nature of the fundamental principle in dispute between the friends and the foes of national establishments of religion, and pointed out the obvious inferences to be deduced from an examination of its import, as to the sources of the evidence by which the controversy is to be determined, we shall now give a summary of the proof that may be adduced in support of the position — that there should be a union, or alliance, or friendly connexion, between church and state, and that civil rulers, as such, are bound to aim at the promotion of the true religion; and then shew in what way the settlement of these points bears upon the other subjects which have commonly been introduced into this controversy, by exhibiting some of the leading features of the union that ought to exist, and of the duty that should be discharged. The ground upon which chiefly the more respectable Dissenters have endeavoured to rest the position which they feel it needful to maintain, viz., that there can be no lawful union or alliance between church and state, is this, that the two bodies proposed to be united are utterly diverse from each other in all their leading features — that they differ wholly in their objects or ends, and in the means which they employ respectively to effect them; the one being intended to promote the temporal, and the other the eternal good of men; and, especially, that the spirituality and independence of the Church, and her entire subjection to Jesus Christ, are inconsistent with any alliance with the civil power.

Now, it is conceded that church and state, or religion and civil authority, are in many important respects very different from each other; but this general consideration is of no avail in proving that they cannot unite or co-operate, since it is not pretended that their main ends or objects — viz. the temporal and the eternal good of men — are in any respect, or to any extent,

opposed to each other. The spirituality and independence of the church ought always to be preserved, and the respective functions of church and state should be kept distinct; but all this may be exhibited, even when they are united together, since their union does not necessarily imply more than this, that while they are both pursuing their own objects, and doing their own work, in their respective spheres, they are yet acting in concert, and rendering each other all practicable assistance. The great comprehensive duty of the church is to effect most fully and extensively the objects which Jesus Christ has enjoined her to aim at; and it is admitted that no combination of external circumstances, and no prospect of worldly advantages, can ever warrant the church in entering into any relation which precludes her from discharging any duty which Christ has imposed upon her, exercising any prerogative which he has conferred, or effecting any purpose which he has enjoined her to promote. It is also conceded that there are national establishments, in which the union between church and state has been formed in such a way as to interfere with the church's spirituality and independence, and in which the church has submitted to be placed in a condition which interferes more or less with the right discharge of the duties which she owes to her Divine Head. In every such case, both parties are guilty of sin and deserving of censure,—the state, or civil authority, for interfering improperly with the scriptural arrangements for the internal regulation of the church; and the church for submitting to such interference, in order to procure the favour of the state.

But even if such cases were more frequent than they are, and, indeed, if the principle which they involve could be shewn to apply to every actual establishment in existence, this would be no proof that union or alliance between church and state necessarily implies something improper or injurious in the conduct of either of the parties. When such a union or alliance is to be formed, it is the duty of the state, as well as of the church, to be guided in all the requisite arrangements by the directions of the sacred Scriptures. From the difference between the immediate objects of religion and of civil authority, there is

no reason to apprehend any collision between them; and there is no ground why we should regard it as certain, or even probable, that in every case of union the civil rulers will attempt to reduce the church into subjection, or interfere unwarrantably with the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs. Civil rulers *may* be influenced in the matter by the authority of God's word (and it is enough, since we are discussing an abstract principle, that the thing is possible), and, of course, may regulate their whole conduct in regard to the church by the information which it communicates, and thus make a union, or alliance, accordant in all respects with the Divine will. There is nothing, then, in the express statements of Scripture, or in the information there communicated concerning the church and the state, which affords even a shadow of ground for believing that all union, or alliance, or friendly connexion between them, is unlawful or impracticable; while, on the contrary, a great many powerful considerations tend to establish the position, that it is warrantable, practicable, incumbent, and expedient. The church and the state are both ordinances or appointments of the great Governor of the universe, and, therefore, there must be something common to them both in the ends they were intended to effect. In all his dealings with men, God has in view the advancement of his own glory and the promotion of their real welfare. Both church and state are designed by him to contribute to the accomplishment of these ends; and this circumstance lays a firm foundation for friendly union and co-operation between them. The great differences between church and state, as to their primary and immediate objects, and the means which they respectively employ, on which Dissenters are fond of dwelling, as arguments against the possibility of union, afford the clearest ground for an opposite inference, viz. that a union or alliance is practicable, since these differences prove that there need be no jealousy or collision between church and state, and no apprehension of the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*, however closely they may be connected. The contrast between church and state, in their immediate objects, and in the means which they respectively employ, combines with their resemblance to each

other, in being both ordinances of God, and designed ultimately to contribute to the accomplishment of his purposes, in proving that a friendly alliance or co-operation between them is lawful and practicable—is most natural and desirable.

The propriety or necessity of some union or alliance between church and state may also be inferred, from the consideration that they are, or may be, composed of the same persons, and that men must carry with them into every situation of life their obligations to promote the cause of God and advance the interests of religion. By the state we mean chiefly civil rulers; that is, those who by the constitution of the country are invested with the regulation of national affairs, the formation of national laws, and the disposal of national wealth. Now the whole, or the great majority, of those who are thus invested with civil authority, may be, and commonly are, members of a particular church, and can never escape from the obligations which they have voluntarily undertaken to promote the interests of the church and the prosperity of religion. If they have any religious principle, they will feel that they are bound to have a respect to the promotion of these important objects in all the various situations in which they may be placed, and to improve, for their accomplishment, all the talents or opportunities which they may enjoy. If those who are invested with the regulation of national affairs, and the formation of national laws, are duly impressed with a sense of these obligations, they will, of course, make it their study to have national affairs regulated, and national arrangements determined, in the way best fitted to promote the efficiency of the church and the prosperity of religion; and, to whatever extent that is effected, a union or alliance is formed between church and state, and they are made helpful to each other. It is thus plain that the regulation of national affairs in the way best fitted to promote the interests of religion—a result plainly implying a union between church and state—is the natural and necessary consequence of civil rulers being religious men, and acting under a sense of religious obligation; and, as it is the incumbent duty of all men to spend their lives and to exert their influence under a sense of religion, it

follows that a union, or friendly connexion between church and state, is agreeable to the Divine will, and fitted to promote the accomplishment of the Divine plans. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that religion can prevail extensively in any country, and acquire an influence over the minds of the great body of the inhabitants, without being brought into connexion with civil affairs, so as to produce some kind of alliance between them. The religion of a nation must always exert an important influence upon all its interests; and ought, therefore, on this ground alone, to attract the attention of those who are invested with the regulation of national affairs, and who are in consequence bound to provide for the welfare of the community. The church may acquire and exert an influence, and may set up claims, injurious to the welfare of society and the rights of the civil authorities; and, therefore, civil rulers, independently of their personal obligations as men, are bound, from a regard to national welfare, to inquire into the state of religion in the community over which they preside, to ascertain the nature and tendency of the doctrines or principles inculcated, and the character and amount of the influence exerted upon men's minds by their ecclesiastical superiors. Such inquiries as these will naturally suggest to both parties the propriety of uniting together for their mutual safety and comfort, and for the more full and easy accomplishment of their respective objects. Religion and civil authority must, of necessity, exert an important influence upon each other; and each of them, according to the principles by which it may be directed, will materially affect the peace and prosperity of the community. Neither church nor state can or ought to be indifferent to the principles and procedure of the other. They are two powerful influences, operating in the same sphere, and upon the same persons; and it is obviously very desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that they should be on the most friendly terms, and that they should have a distinct understanding with each other as to their respective operations, their common relation, and the assistance which they may be able mutually to render. Even if civil rulers were insensible to their obligations to promote the cause of God and the in-

terests of religion, it would not be practicable, proper, or safe for them to neglect altogether the state and influence of religion in the community. Whenever religion acquires a strong hold of the minds of a community, it will be found indispensable that some distinct and well defined relation should be formed between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, in order that all jealousy and collision may be prevented, and that mutual assistance and co-operation may be secured.

The state, or civil rulers, may, without neglecting their own immediate work, regulate their affairs in such a way as to subserve the cause of religion and the efficiency of the church, and are under solemn obligations to do so; while the church, without neglecting her proper business of communicating religious instruction in order to guide men to heaven, may, at the same time, and by the same means, do much for promoting the peace and prosperity of civil society. Unless the proper relation in which church and state should stand to each other be carefully considered, rightly adjusted, and distinctly defined, each may possibly have reason to apprehend danger from the other, and both may lose the benefit to be derived from friendly co-operation; and the same result might be reasonably anticipated, if the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, after deliberate consideration of the subject, were to come to the conclusion that the relation in which they ought to stand to each other was that of entire and absolute separation—in other words, were to adopt the principle of modern Dissenters, that there can or should be no union or alliance between religion and civil authority. The influence of the relation that may subsist between religion and civil authority, both upon the temporal and spiritual welfare of society, is too important to make it safe or lawful either for the church or the state to neglect the object of having it regulated in a proper and beneficial way.

When this matter is left to be determined by chance, or accident, or by a mere combination of outward circumstances, very injurious consequences are likely to result. The relation between church and state will then probably lean, according to circumstances, either to the extreme of the Popish supremacy of the ecclesiastical over

the civil authority, which was fully realised during the middle ages, and proved at that time, as it will always do, a curse to the community, or else to the opposite Erastian extreme of the subjection of the church to the state, which is as unscriptural as the Popish claim of supremacy, and which must always interfere with the church's efficiency in promoting either the temporal or the spiritual welfare of men. It can never be safe for the civil authority to overlook altogether the relation in which the religion of a country stands to the state, as the past history of the church proves it to be likely that in such a case the church will gain an unscriptural and injurious ascendancy. When there is no settled and defined union between church and state, the only thing likely to prevent the recurrence of what was actually effected by the Popish church, is the division of the community into a considerable number of sects, none of which is greatly superior to the rest. In such a case, less danger may be likely to result from the want of any union or alliance between church and state; and it is possible that, in an extreme case of that sort, the division of the community into sects may be such as to render it highly inexpedient, and scarcely practicable, to select one sect and establish it in preference to the rest, if there had been no establishment before. But this is merely an accidental and temporary state of things, implying much that is wrong and displeasing to God. It may be speedily and extensively changed; and, therefore, the difficulty of dealing with such a case, and the allowance that may be made for it, can be of no weight in invalidating the great general principle of abstract truth, that, in all ordinary circumstances, it is a most proper and expedient thing that there should be a friendly alliance or co-operation between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities.

The course which is dictated to both parties, at once by a sense of incumbent obligation and by a regard to their comfort, usefulness, and safety, is, that as two powers naturally and originally independent of each other, having different objects and different means of effecting them (which, however, are so far from being opposed to each other, that they fully harmonise), having, besides a bond of connexion,

in their common relation to God as his ordinances, and as intended both to serve ultimately the accomplishment of his purposes, and being each liable to be materially affected by the other for better or worse, they should cordially unite, and enter into a close alliance on terms of equality, settling distinctly their respective duties, and the assistance which they are to render to each other. All this may be done by both parties from religious motives, and may be regulated by scriptural principles. It does not necessarily imply any interference with the spirituality and independence of the church, or with any feature which the church, as delineated in Scripture, ought to possess. Something of the kind seems to be the necessary result of the general prevalence of religion in a country, and of its acquiring an influence on the minds of the community. It is to both church and state the best security against improper interference with, or danger from, each other; and it provides most effectually for the prosperity and efficiency of both; for the extensive promotion both of men's religious improvement, and the peace, comfort, and good order of civil society.

Hitherto we have had chiefly in view, in advocating the principle of church establishments, that form of it which asserts that there should be a union, or alliance, or friendly connexion, between church and state, or between religion and civil authority; and we have shewn that no valid objection against this position can be derived either from the statements of scripture or from any sound views of the nature of church and state, but that, on the contrary, many powerful considerations concur in establishing that some union between them is practicable and warrantable,—that it can scarcely be avoided, if men will only discharge their duties aright,—and that something of the kind seems indispensable, in order to avert mutual danger, and to promote mutual prosperity. We would now briefly advert to the other form in which the great fundamental principle of church establishments may be put, which, indeed, is the same in substance, but admits of bringing out the argument in a somewhat different light: it is this,—that it is the duty of nations, as such, and of civil rulers, in their official capacity, to aim at promoting the cause of

God, and of true religion. Nations are as much dependent for their prosperity and welfare on the providence of God as individuals and families; and it is plainly incumbent upon them to recognise the relation in which they actually stand to him, and to provide, if possible, for giving expression to those feelings of dependence and thankfulness which they ought to cherish in regard to him, and for contributing to the accomplishment of those great objects which it is his purpose to promote in all his dealings, both with individuals and communities. When men become possessed of civil authority—that is, of a certain share of influence in the regulation of national affairs, and in the disposal of national wealth—they do not escape from the obligations under which they previously lay to honour and obey God, and to aim at the promotion of his cause, according to the means and opportunities which they enjoy. The possession of a certain control over the formation of national laws, the regulation of national measures, and the disposal of national wealth, is an important talent, or mean of usefulness, for the improvement of which we must give an account to God, and which, therefore, we are called upon to use in a way that God will approve of; that is, in accordance with the directions of his word, and for the accomplishment of his gracious designs. These feelings ought to be cherished, and these obligations ought to be felt and acted upon, by every man invested with civil authority; and when they become prevalent, as they should be, among a nation's rulers, the inevitable result must be, that the nation's duty of recognising and honouring God will, in some way or other, be performed, and that the influence and the wealth of the nation will be made to contribute to the promotion of true religion.

And it cannot, with any plausibility, be alleged that religion is a subject with which the rulers of a nation, in their official capacity, have nothing to do, and ought not in any way to intermeddle. For it is an unquestionable dictate of sound reason and common sense, that the rulers of a nation are warranted and bound to advert to every thing that may affect the welfare of the nation,—that is, to every thing that can bear upon the great object to which the exercise of their authority

should be directed. They are entitled and bound to adopt every proper and practicable mean for averting or checking what may be injurious to the national welfare, and for introducing or promoting whatever may be fitted to advance the peace and prosperity of the community. It will not be denied that the real welfare of a community, even in a temporal point of view, must depend essentially upon the extent to which true religion prevails, and exerts its appropriate influence on the character and conduct of men. And the truth of this connexion between the prevalence of religion and the general welfare of a community is founded upon two considerations; first, that the welfare of the community depends wholly upon the providence and blessing of God, and that his dealings with nations, in granting or withholding his blessing, will be determined by the state of religion amongst them; and, second, that the general prevalence of religion has the most direct and powerful tendency to produce that character and conduct which constitutes the foundation of all social happiness,—that is, to produce temperance, industry, and contentment, and a faithful discharge of all social and domestic obligations. The direct and powerful influence which religion is fitted to exert upon every thing that affects a nation's welfare is of itself sufficient to shew that it is within the sphere of the duties of civil rulers, and to make it incumbent upon them to take the subject into their most serious consideration, and to do whatever their control over national laws, measures, and wealth may enable them to do for promoting the prevalence and influence of religion in the community over which they preside, and the welfare of which they are bound to care for.

These considerations in support of the obligation incumbent upon civil rulers to employ their official authority and influence for the promotion of the true religion, confirmed as they are by scripture precept and example, are so cogent, that the more intelligent Dissenters have seen and felt that they cannot be answered or evaded, except by maintaining that it is not possible for civil rulers to interfere in any matter connected with the promotion of religion without necessarily and *ipso facto* doing what is unlawful, or injur-

ing the very cause which they profess to advance. The exposure of this most extraordinary position will afford us an opportunity of descending from the discussion of mere abstract principles, and considering practically what civil rulers can and should do for promoting the prosperity of the church and the interests of religion.

This position, that civil rulers cannot interfere in any matter connected with religion without doing what is unlawful in itself, or necessarily injuring in place of promoting the cause of religion, is the last resource of the Dissenters in the abstract discussion of this question, and the assertion of such a tenet is a bold but, at the same time, a desperate expedient. When first stated, it must strike every rightly constituted mind as wearing an aspect of extreme improbability, if not of downright absurdity. It seems very plain, that the way in which national affairs are regulated and national wealth disposed of must exert an influence for weal or for woe on the interests of religion; and the whole history of the world proclaims that, in point of fact, civil rulers have done much to promote or to injure religion, according to the mode in which they understood and discharged their duty; from which the inference seems unavoidable, that civil rulers *may* discharge their duties in the regulation of national affairs in such a way as to promote the cause of truth and righteousness. But let us examine the point a little more closely. Dissenters commonly allege, that civil rulers cannot interfere in any thing connected with religion without assuming a jurisdiction in matters of conscience which belongs to no created being, without employing persecution, which is sinful and unjust, or bringing force or compulsion to bear upon a subject which does not admit of it.

Now, we admit that civil rulers have no jurisdiction in religious matters,—that is, no right to dictate to their subjects what opinions they shall entertain in religion, and in what manner they shall worship God. These are points in which God alone has jurisdiction, and in which all men must act according to their own individual conviction, and upon their own personal responsibility. But civil rulers have a jurisdiction in secular matters,—that is, over national laws, measures, and money; and, having a duty to perform

to God and religion, they are bound to regulate the exercise of their jurisdiction in secular matters in such a way as to subserve the cause of truth and righteousness. As they are bound individually to ascertain what is the true religion, and what is the right mode of worshipping God, in order that they may regulate aright their own personal conduct, the education of their family, and their private influence, so they must apply the same principle to regulate the mode in which they exercise their jurisdiction over national affairs, by endeavouring to afford to the whole community an opportunity of receiving, if they choose, what they, the rulers, conscientiously believe to be sound religious instruction, while they should throw no positive obstacles in the way of any of their subjects providing what they conscientiously believe to be sounder religious instruction for themselves. In this there is no assumption by civil rulers of any jurisdiction in religious matters, or over men's consciences, but there is merely the exercise of lawful jurisdiction in secular matters, directed to the promotion of an object which they are bound to aim at, and regulated, as the discharge of every duty should be, by their own conscientious conviction of what is true and right.

We admit that persecution for conscience' sake, or the infliction of civil pains and penalties, merely on account of differences in matters of religious opinion, which do not affect the peace and good order of civil society and the discharge of social duties, is sinful and unjust,—a violation of the natural rights of men, and utterly unfitted, even when employed in support of a good cause, to promote the object to which it professes to be directed. Churchmen believe this as well as Dissenters, and condemn persecution in every form and degree, whether exhibited in connexion with established or unestablished churches (and it certainly has not been confined to the former class), as sincerely and honestly as they do. That persecution—that is, the infliction of punishment by civil authority merely on the ground of holding certain religious opinions—is no necessary part of the practical working of an established church is evident from the fact, that there is nothing now exhibited in connexion with any of the established churches of this country

which can be so called; and that nothing which leads to persecution is implied in the principle of establishments is evident from the mere statement of the principle, which is substantially this, that civil rulers are bound to employ for the promotion of the true religion *all lawful means within their power, and fitted in their own nature as means to effect the end*, while it is plain in itself, and is admitted by Churchmen as well as Dissenters, that persecution is neither lawful nor fitted as a mean to promote the cause of truth.

There is something like an appearance of plausibility in the allegation of the Dissenters, that compulsion or force is implied in the fact of civil rulers interfering in any thing connected with religion; but the plausibility disappears when we attend to the true state of the case, and the proper meaning of words. The use of force or compulsion in religion means, properly, the bringing to bear upon men the coercive application of civil authority in order to constrain them to profess certain opinions, or to adopt a certain mode of acting in religion,—and this in principle is substantially the same as persecution, equally sinful and unjust, and equally unfitted to promote the intended object. Churchmen cordially condemn all force or compulsion in religion in this its only proper sense; and they challenge their opponents to prove that the propriety of using it is involved in the principle of establishments, or that any thing to which these words as now explained can be applied, is to be found in connexion with the religious establishments of this country. The compulsion sometimes exhibited in connexion with national establishments is completely different from what has now been described, although Dissenters generally confound them. When the coercive application of civil authority is exhibited in connexion with religious establishments, it is not regulated by a respect to the religious opinions or conduct of those against whom it is directed, neither is it intended to produce any change in these respects. It is brought to bear upon them simply and solely because they are transgressing the laws of the land, by withholding what is the property of others; and it is directed exclusively to the object of wresting money from those to whom

it does not belong, and securing it to the lawful proprietors. This may be called compulsion, but it is certainly not the application of force to religion; and it involves nothing whatever that is unjust, oppressive, or objectionable. Every thing connected with the possession and enjoyment of property must necessarily be regulated by the laws of the land. The Established Church is possessed of property which she obtained not by compulsion, but as the voluntary gift of individuals, or of the community. There is nothing in the sacred scriptures to prevent a Christian church from holding property, and holding it under the sanctions and with the conditions necessarily attaching to all other property. Any attempt on the part of individuals to withhold or abstract property which legally belongs to the church is a violation at once of the laws of God and of man; and it is essential to the maintenance of the supremacy of law, the security of property, and the peace of society, that every such attempt should be checked and frustrated. If any man fraudulently or forcibly withhold the property of the church, he is acting the part of a thief or a robber, and must be dealt with as such. The proper remedy to be adopted in every such case is just the compulsory exercise of civil authority. Wherever property is invaded, this is the appropriate remedy, to which it is perfectly lawful to have recourse; and whenever it is employed, they, whose unjust retention or abstraction of the property of another, rendered it necessary, are alone to blame for the use of force, and all its consequences; and even if the church or individual clergymen were to neglect to employ compulsion, *i. e.*, the lawful exercise of civil authority suitable to the circumstances, for the purpose of obtaining possession of their property unjustly withheld, it would be the duty of civil rulers, from a regard to the general interests of the community and the rights of property, to interfere and enforce the laws. The compulsion, then, occasionally exhibited in connexion with established churches is not the use of force or compulsion in religion, since it is not directed against those who dissent from the religion of the state *as such*, but against all, whatever be their opinions, who withhold unjustly the property of the church; and since it is not directed

to the object of leading them to conform to the Established Church, but of compelling them to render to all their due, an object for effecting which the compulsory exercise of civil authority is the natural, the appropriate, mean, and which in certain circumstances, *viz.*, when dishonest men are to be dealt with, cannot be accomplished in any other way. Besides, compulsion, even in this sense, in which it is lawful and warrantable in itself, and fully adapted to accomplish the object intended, would never exist but for the fraud and dishonesty of those who complain of it. All the enemies of the church who pretend to have any regard for the authority of revelation, except the Quakers, acknowledge that it is their duty, in obedience to God's commandment, to pay all tribute and taxes levied by lawful authority, and to respect fully the existing arrangements of property, even while they may exert themselves in a constitutional way to have the laws upon these points altered. When they violate their duty by unjustly keeping possession of what is not theirs, it is most just, reasonable, and necessary that compulsion should be applied to them; and when they are thus themselves, by their dishonesty, the sole causes of compulsion being employed, it is most unfair and unjust to attempt to transfer the responsibility of the compulsory exercise of civil authority from those who are the real criminals to a party who are wholly innocent.

The great principle, then, of national establishments, *viz.*, that civil rulers are bound in their official capacity to aim at the promotion of the true religion, does not imply an assumption on their part of a right to dictate to their subjects in religion, to persecute them for dissenting, or to use compulsion to lead them to conform; and for nothing of this kind, therefore, that may have ever been exhibited in connexion with establishments, is the principle responsible; while it is likewise true, that nothing like dictation, persecution, or compulsion, is now exhibited in connexion with the religious establishments of this land. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to imagine a more striking display of audacity than the attempt of modern Dissenters to persuade the inhabitants of this country that the existence of a national establishment of religion, or, in other

words, the interference of civil rulers in order to promote religion, necessarily implies dictation, persecution, and compulsion; and that, of course, they in this country are exposed to all this injustice and oppression, when they must be conscious that their countrymen are fully aware that nothing of the kind exists, and that Dissenters, in tracing the history of their own life, cannot point out in the whole of it any thing that even resembles an attempt by their civil rulers to dictate to them in religion, to persecute or punish them merely because they are Dissenters, or to constrain or compel them to conform to the Established Church.

Since we have thus shewn that the principle of establishments does not imply any assumption by civil rulers of a jurisdiction or right to dictate in religious matters, to be enforced by persecution and compulsion, let us consider what it is that they can do, and of course should do, fitted as means to promote the interests of religion, in virtue of their lawful jurisdiction in secular matters, without any persecution, and without compulsion, in any other sense than that in which it is perfectly lawful, thoroughly adapted to effect its intended object, and the necessary result in certain circumstances of the church being possessed of property under the common sanctions and provisions of law.

The first and most obvious duty which civil rulers owe to God and to religion is publicly and officially to acknowledge the authority of God, and of his revealed word,—to profess their subjection to him, and their obligation to take his word as their guide and standard, and to embody these views in a public official deed, so as to make it a national act. There is nothing, surely, unlawful or unjust in this; and its manifest tendency is to procure for the nation the favour of God, which is the source of all true happiness, and to advance the interests of revealed religion, by bringing the subject in a creditable and impressive way before the minds of the community. A treaty made between the United States of North America and Tripoli, and ratified by congress in 1797, contains the following remarkable statement:—"The government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion: it has, in itself,

no character of enmity against the laws or religion of Mussulmans." Such a declaration, publicly and officially made, is a disgrace to any nation where Christianity is known; and a nation having access to God's word, and yet acting in a way which could make such a declaration consistent with truth, is guilty of a gross dereliction of duty, which must be offensive to the great Ruler of the universe.

Civil rulers, however, are bound to go further than merely making a national profession of belief in Christianity, and in the authority of God's word; they are bound officially to approve of, and to sanction, true Christianity in its minuter features, as opposed to erroneous views in doctrine and government. When Christianity has made any considerable progress in a country, so as to have seriously attracted the notice of civil rulers, it will generally happen, not merely that most of them are members of some church or other, but that the majority, if not the whole of them, are members of that church which includes the great body of the community. They are bound, in their public as well as their private duties, to act according to their own conscientious conviction of what is right; and they will, therefore, feel themselves called upon to express publicly and officially, in a national deed, their approbation of the standards of that church which they conscientiously believe to be in accordance with God's word. There is nothing unlawful or oppressive in this, if it be not accompanied with acts of uniformity, requiring all, under pains and penalties, to conform to the doctrine and worship which their civil rulers have sanctioned; and if the church which they thus officially recognise and establish be a true church, their recognition and establishment of it must have a plain and powerful tendency to make it more influential, and, of course, thereby to promote the cause of true religion. The state, indeed, or civil authority, has no right to prescribe a creed and standards to the church: the church may be expected to have a creed and standards of her own, before the civil rulers of a country think of interfering in the matter; which, of course, as resting upon God's word, she is not at liberty to alter or abandon, in order to propitiate the favour of civil rulers.

At any rate, the adoption of public standards of doctrine, discipline, worship, and government, is, properly speaking, an act of the ecclesiastical and not of the civil authorities; and the duty of civil rulers is, to interpose a public official declaration, sanctioning and approving of the standards which the church has already adopted, and which they believe to be most scriptural. In this, plainly, there is no interference with the rights of the church, no assumption of jurisdiction in religious matters, and no violation of the rights of conscience; while, if it be truth that is established, it has a powerful tendency to promote it. And yet this simple, innocent, and beneficial step, is inconsistent with the fundamental principles which Dissenters advocate, as to the impossibility of any union between church and state, and the unlawfulness and danger of civil rulers interfering, in any way, in religious matters.*

Further, it is incumbent upon civil rulers to subordinate national laws, measures, and arrangements, to the authority of God's word, in so far as it applies to each subject. This is, surely, a duty which they owe to God; and it is a proper mark of respect to that word which he has magnified above all his works.

The word of God contains materials that ought to affect the regulation of many things which must be determined by civil rulers; and, in so far as this is the case, it must be the safest as well as the most authoritative of all standards, and should exert a paramount influence over every thing to which it applies. Upon the principles of modern Dissenters, with regard to the relation of church and state, of religion and civil authority, any appeal to the word of God in the councils of the nation would be unwarrantable, improper, and irrelevant, and an infidel senator would be entitled to complain of it as a breach of order, and inconsistent with the constitution of

the country, which, if these views had gained the ascendancy, would have become like that of the United States, "not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." And yet, if our civil rulers do acknowledge the Bible to be the word of God, they are bound, by the most solemn obligations, to take it as the rule of their conduct in every thing to which it applies; and, by doing so, they will contribute most effectually to promote any really good object which they aim at, since they will act under the direction of God.

It is the duty, then, of civil rulers, to subordinate all national laws and arrangements to the word of God, in so far as it applies; and it is plain that, by doing so, they will not only promote the good of the community, but advance the interests of religion: since such a mode of acting, habitually and honestly pursued by a nation's rulers, must have a powerful tendency to induce and encourage the community in general, as individuals and as families, to take the Bible as their standard and guide.

The interests of religion in a country will always depend materially upon the mode in which the Sabbath is observed; and while human legislation can never, of course, produce the spiritual sanctification of the day of holy rest, and while it would be unjust and oppressive to compel men to attend a place of worship, or to engage in any pursuit whatever on that day, against their will, yet it is lawful and practicable for civil rulers to do something in this matter which has a decided tendency to promote the interests of religion: and this, therefore, they are bound to do. As God has enjoined men to observe one day in seven as a day of holy rest, it is quite lawful for civil rulers to do the same, and to enforce this injunction, in so far as the outward rest is concerned, by civil penalties; especially as experience abundantly proves, that the observance of a weekly day of rest is eminently fitted

* A fine exemplification of the true theory, or sound principle, upon this point, is to be found in the following extract from an act of the parliament of Scotland, dated 7th February, 1649, entitled, *Act anent the Catechisms, Confession of Faith, and Ratification thereof*:—"The estates of parliament, having seriously considered the Catechisms, viz., the larger and shorter ones, with the Confession of Faith, with *Three Acts of Approbation thereof by the Commissioners of the General Assembly, presented unto them by the Commissioners of the said General Assembly*, do ratify and approve the said Catechisms, Confession of Faith, and *Acts of Approbation of the same*, produced as it is, and ordains them to be recorded, published, and practised."

to promote even the temporal welfare and comfort of the community. It may be difficult to determine precisely how far human laws ought to go, in providing for the observance of the outward rest of the Sabbath, the only object which human legislation can effect; but it is evident that, if there were no laws whatever for the observance of the outward rest of the Sabbath, and if all men were left to prosecute their worldly gain and amusement on the Lord's day, without any restraint whatever (and this is a necessary result of the full application of the principles of many modern Dissenters), the interests of religion, and of society in general, would be greatly injured, and that a condition of things would soon be brought about which would throw the greatest obstacles in the way of the body of the community attending divine ordinances, and expose them to temptations, which few, comparatively, could resist, to neglect altogether the observance of a day of rest. Any legislation whatever, even about the outward rest of the Sabbath, is inconsistent with the great principle of modern Dissenters, that civil rulers have nothing to do with religion, whereas the adoption of such legislative provisions as shall prevent open and flagrant violations of the outward rest of the Sabbath, and secure to the whole community, especially the poor and working classes, opportunities and facilities for attending divine ordinances if they are disposed to do so, forms, according to establishment principles, a part of the duty of civil rulers, and, when judiciously regulated, has a powerful tendency to promote the interests of pure religion.

We will advert to only one other measure which civil rulers can adopt, fitted as a mean to promote the interests of religion; viz., the judicious application of public money to the erection of schools and churches, and the support of teachers and ministers.

It is not only within the province, but it is a necessary part of the duty of civil rulers, to regulate the expenditure of the national resources in the way best fitted to promote national welfare; and, in order to discharge this duty aright, they are invested with the power of raising supplies from the nation, to whatever extent the national welfare may demand. Schools and churches cannot be built, and teachers

and ministers cannot be supported, without money. Money, therefore, has a certain tendency, or fitness, and may be employed as a mean, for promoting the interests of religion. Dissenters themselves acknowledge this, by their constant complaints that they are prevented, by the want of money, from doing so much as they wish for religion, and by the strenuous efforts which they make to raise money when they are about to engage in any scheme of Christian usefulness. The voluntary liberality of the state may be properly appealed to, as well as the voluntary liberality of individuals, in order to secure that the whole community shall be provided with schools and churches, with teachers and ministers. The duty of providing these lies chiefly upon the state, because the national welfare is essentially involved in their existence and efficiency, and because the whole history of the world fully establishes this position, that, unless the national resources be brought to bear upon this object, no community will ever be adequately supplied with religious instruction through the whole length and breadth of the land. If a national church can contribute, to any extent, to the religious instruction of the community—if it conduces to the national welfare that sound religious instruction should be universally diffused—and if there be no certainty that this will be adequately effected without the application of the national resources, then, unquestionably, civil rulers are not only warranted, but called upon, to devote a portion of the national wealth to this object; and such a portion as may be needful to effect it. The money of the state may be made available to promote the interests of religion, as well as the money of individuals: a portion of it is needed, in order to provide the means of religious instruction for the whole community, and should, therefore, be devoted to that end. Every thing practicable may be done by the state to render the money given to the church, or devoted to religion, really available for promoting its intended object. It is just as probable that the civil rulers may regulate the application of public money to religious objects, by the precepts of God's word and the dictates of true wisdom, as a miscellaneous body of individuals; and if it be so regulated, why should it not be made to contri-

bute as extensively to advance the interests of religion, as an equal sum derived from any other source? Civil rulers are bound, in laying out money for the good of religion, to be guided by the word of God; that is, they are called upon, to give the money voluntarily and cheerfully, from a sense of duty, without expecting any return, except in the amount of good effected; to guard carefully against infringing upon the spirituality and independence of the church; and to refrain from interfering in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs. They are called upon to adopt any precautions which human wisdom may suggest, consistently with the rights of the church, in order to secure that the money shall be properly applied and produce an adequate return. They are as competent to do all this as Dissenters or private individuals are; and, therefore, there is nothing whatever which should prevent them from making the money at their disposal a mean of extensively promoting the religious instruction of the community. He must be a bold man who should deny that the public money, spent for some years past under the authority of the commissioners for new churches, has contributed extensively to the promotion of the religious instruction of the community; and he must be a very sanguine man who could have expected that as much good would have been done, in the same space of time, in providing for the religious wants of the people, unless the national resources had been brought into operation to effect it. From all this it is evident, that civil rulers, by a judicious use of the control which they possess over the property of the nation, may do much that has a tendency, and is likely—nay, certain, humanly speaking—to contribute to the interests of religion, and the advancement of truth and piety; and if they can do this, they are bound by the most solemn obligations to do it.

But here Dissenters object, that it is unjust and oppressive to compel them to pay for the support of a religion which they do not believe, and from the ministrations of which they derive no benefit. Now, let it be observed that this objection applies only to the last of the things above enumerated, which civil rulers may do, that have a tendency or fitness, as means to promote the interests of religion, viz. the

giving of money for that purpose out of the national resources, while it leaves untouched their obligation to employ the other means which we have proved to be lawful, and which have a certain tendency to effect the end. If there be any one mean which civil rulers can and should employ for promoting the interests of religion, then the great fundamental principle in this controversy is settled in favour of the church; and it becomes a very easy matter, upon the ground of this general principle, to prove that it involves nothing unjust or iniquitous to employ the national resources for that purpose, even though there should be some of the subjects who conscientiously disapprove of the way in which they are applied. This objection about the injustice of compelling men to pay for what they do not approve or profit by, cannot affect the great principle of the duty of nations and their rulers to devote a portion of the national resources to the maintenance of Divine worship, because, even if it were admitted to be valid, it can operate only as an obstacle to the discharge of that duty in the particular case of a community being divided into different sects, while the general duty may still be imperatively incumbent, to be discharged wherever this obstacle does not exist. But the objection itself has no weight in any case. For not to mention, what, however, is undoubtedly the fact, with regard to a large portion of the money applied to religious purposes in connexion with our establishments, that it cannot properly be said to be a burden upon any class of men, since it is a distinct portion of property, appropriated to that purpose, without any other claims upon it, we remark, that the mode of stating the question adopted in the objection is unfair and sophistical, and is intended to deceive the ignorant and unreflecting.

The great general question must be first settled, as to whether it be lawful for civil rulers to devote a portion of the national resources to the maintenance of the worship of God in any circumstances—even, for example, when the whole community belongs to one denomination, and when none objects to the proposal. We have proved that it is their duty to do so; and there is nothing in the objection that implies a denial of this position, since it

refers exclusively to the case where a community is divided into different sects; and we are, therefore, entitled to take for granted the truth of the general principle of the obligation of civil rulers in the case supposed. If, then, it would be the duty of civil rulers to apply a portion of the national funds to the religious instruction of the community when none opposed it, the question comes to be this, What principles should regulate their conduct when a portion of the community, upon grounds of conscience, real or pretended, openly and strenuously object to it? We admit that cases may occur, in which the opposition to any application of the national resources to religious objects, *when proposed for the first time*, might be so strong and general, as to render the expediency of such an application doubtful, even though a majority of those invested by the constitution with the power of making national laws, and disposing of national wealth, should approve of it. This, however, is accidental, and may be but temporary; and it does not in the least affect the general principle of duty. Many things are lawful which are not expedient in all circumstances; whereas, if there be any weight whatever in the objection which we are considering, it is unjust, and, of course, universally unlawful, to compel any portion of the community, however small, to contribute to the support of a religion of which they conscientiously disapprove. If the civil rulers of a nation, or the majority of them, were to resolve to devote a portion of the national resources to the extension of a church which they conscientiously believed to be a true and a pure church, while a part of the community opposed this upon the grounds referred to in the objection, that they do conscientiously disapprove of such an application of public money, and that, therefore, it is unjust to compel them to contribute to it, there are two questions that arise to be considered: 1st, Should the opposition prevent the proposed application of the public money altogether? and, 2d, In the event of the former question being answered in the negative, should the opponents or dissentients be exempted from contributing their share of the national funds devoted to the object?

It is absurd to suppose that the op

position of a minority of the civil rulers, or of a portion of the community, should be a conclusive obstacle to the adoption of such a measure; for the unanswerable reply which the civil rulers, or the majority of them, would give to the objection, would be this:—"You object on the ground of conscience, but we have consciences as well as you, and by them we must be guided. Our consciences tell us that we are bound to regulate the control which we legally and constitutionally possess over national wealth by a regard to the interests of religion, and we believe that that object will be best promoted by applying this money in this way. We cannot surrender to you the right of determining this point which the constitution of the country vests in us, and we cannot take your consciences for our guide when our own consciences dictate an opposite mode of procedure. Were we to abandon this proposal of giving money to the church because of your opposition, however conscientious, this would be substantially the adoption of two principles, most erroneous and injurious, viz., that you, who have no right to regulate this matter, should have more influence in determining it than we who have; and that we, who by the constitution have a right to determine it, must exercise that right not according to our own conscience but yours." This reply would be unanswerable, and the Dissenters, driven from the high ground of pressing their conscientious opposition as a bar to the thing being done at all, would be obliged to have recourse to the other position formerly referred to, viz., that if the national resources were to be applied in such a way, they, who conscientiously disapproved of it, should be exempted from contributing their share. It is plain, however, that the admission of such a claim for exemption would strike at the root of all government, and might render it impossible to raise money for any national purpose whatever; for the principle into which it resolves is manifestly this, that whenever men object, or pretend to object, in conscience, to any particular application of public money, they are on that account to be exempted from defraying their share of the expense. If Dissenters allege that they apply this principle only to those applications of public money where something is

involved that affects the conscience, we reply, that there are other subjects to which the public money is devoted in which conscience is as much involved as a national establishment of religion, and that there is scarcely any subject to which the national resources are applied to which men who are so disposed might not discover some most conscientious objections. A principle which leads to such results as these—results plainly incompatible with the very existence of government—must be utterly erroneous, and the claim of exemption founded upon it should not be listened to for one moment. The true state of the case is this,—men are bound in conscience to exert themselves in every fair and constitutional way to secure that the national resources shall be applied in a manner which they think right. Their responsibility extends no further than this, and their conscience demands nothing more. Having done all that was constitutionally competent to them to secure what they reckoned a right application of national resources, and failed, their consciences, if rightly informed, should now tell them that no further responsibility rests upon them, and that their duty now is, in accordance with the precept of scripture, to pay tribute and custom to those who are legally entitled to them, more especially when they find that the apostles did not refuse to pay what was demanded by legal authority, although they knew that a part of it went to provide for the maintenance of idolatrous worship. There are, indeed, two opposite extremes upon this point which are equally objectionable. If it were agreed to devote a portion of the national resources to the support of religion, and the extension of the church; and if the whole burden of this were laid upon those who opposed it, and simply on that account,—that is, if it were laid upon Dissenters merely because they were Dissenters, this would be unjust and unfair; it would be persecution for conscience sake. The opposite extreme, of exempting them from contributing their share of the expense, because they conscientiously disapproved, would be utterly inconsistent with any thing like regular government, and would lead to universal anarchy and confusion. The only proper and reasonable course is that which lies in the middle between

these two extremes, viz., that when those who are constitutionally invested with the regulation of national affairs have resolved to devote a certain sum of money to a religious object, it should be raised from the whole community indiscriminately, according to their means, and without any regard to their opinions, upon this broad ground, that it is to be devoted to a national object, and is levied by national authority; and that, therefore, all the subjects of the nation, simply as subjects, and without regard to any distinctions of opinions or circumstances, are bound to contribute to it. Any other principle than this would be preposterous and impracticable; while this, and this alone, is in perfect harmony with justice, equity, and common-sense.

It might easily be proved, moreover, that in this country, at least, the Dissenters do derive most important benefits from the existence and operation of our national establishments; and that, therefore, even if they paid a share of the expense attending them, they might be fairly said to receive something for it in return. To render any institution a national object, so as to entitle it to a share of the national resources, it is not necessary that the whole nation should directly benefit by it. How few of the inhabitants of this empire have derived any direct or tangible benefit from the British Museum or the National Gallery of Paintings, which are supported at the public expense; and yet who will deny the propriety, and the reasonableness of devoting a portion of the public funds of the nation to the support of these institutions, upon this general ground, that they are fitted to promote the progress of the fine arts, and that the progress of the fine arts operates beneficially on the general welfare of the nation? This principle applies with immeasurably greater force to a national establishment of religion, which may be contributing most extensively to the general welfare of the community, and be thereby conferring important benefits upon many who refuse to avail themselves directly of its ministrations.

The objection, then, of modern Dissenters, as to the injustice of compelling them to pay for the support of a church of which they conscientiously disapprove, we meet and overthrow by this counter-statement, the truth of

which we have fully established, viz. that when the competent authorities have resolved upon devoting a portion of public money to what they reckon an object of national importance, it is perfectly fair and right that the expense should be borne by the community at large, according to their means, and without regard to their opinions; and that there is no ground on which any one in such a case could plead exemption, which would not go directly to the overthrow of all government. If these considerations would have been conclusive, as we think they would, in proving that Dissenters had no claim to exemption from contributing their share of the national resources, devoted by competent authority to the support of the church, and that, of course, there was nothing unfair or unjust in their being made to pay their share, voluntarily or involuntarily, even if they had been in existence to urge their claim to exemption at the time when the appropriation of the money was first made, they apply still more strongly to the case of establishments which had a portion of the national resources legally assigned to them without opposition, when there were no Dissenters, as was substantially the case with the establishments of Great Britain. In such a case, it is plainly most unreasonable and preposterous for men to start up, and, merely because they choose to call themselves Dissenters, to demand that they shall be exempted from rendering to the church the property long ago legally bestowed upon it, and shall be allowed to retain it merely because it happens to pass through their hands.

We have thus explained the true nature and import, and pointed out the ground and foundation of the great leading principle involved in the important controversy about church establishments. The principle is, that it is the duty of nations as such, and of

civil rulers in their official capacity, to honour God, and to advance his cause by promoting the interests of true religion. We have proved that there are many things which civil rulers, and they alone, can do, fitted in their own nature as means to promote that end, lawful in themselves, and involving nothing like persecution, compulsion, or oppression; and that these measures—such, for example, as publicly recognising the Word of God as the standard of national laws and arrangements, enforcing the outward rest of the Sabbath, and devoting a portion of the national resources to the erection of schools and churches, and the support of teachers and ministers—they are bound by the most solemn obligations, connected both with time and eternity, with the welfare of the community and the salvation of souls, to adopt.

It will be easy now to perceive how the application of the principles which have been established affords materials for answering all the common objections of Dissenters against the principle of church establishments, and especially those derived from the practical corruptions and abuses attaching to them; since, in so far as these are not to be accounted for by that tendency to abuse exhibited in every institution where human influence operates, and abundantly visible among Dissenters themselves, they are all to be traced to this general consideration, that civil rulers, even when professing and attempting to do their duty to religion and the church, have in some way or other failed in discharging that duty aright; and for this, of course, and all that may result from it, the great fundamental principle, that there is a duty incumbent upon them in the matter, which they are solemnly bound to discharge, and to discharge aright, is in no degree responsible.

A MOST TALENTED FAMILY.

MR. FOSTER'S Journal, concluded from p. 116.

Wednesday, July 24.—It was a very good thing I got some sleep early in the night, for at *two* I was awaked by the return of Arthur from the house; at *three*, by the return of Augustus from a supper after the opera; and at *four*, by the return of Julia from her ball. Not being able to recompose myself, I rose soon after five, and wrote up my journal of yesterday.

Nine o'clock.—Saunders came in with my hot water. He was surprised at seeing me up, and at my writing-desk. He tells me there is no fixed breakfast-hour for the family in general, but that his master and mistress are seldom later than ten. About that time I went down to the dining-room, in which the breakfast things were laid. My sister was already there; and we seated ourselves *tête-à-tête*, at the same extended table which so offended me yesterday. The studies and various avocations of the young people prevent their breakfasting below.

"Mr. Seymour," said my sister, after some previous conversation, which is not worth recording, "is very late this morning. He was anxious about that appointment Arthur was speaking of; and, after you went to your room last night, he walked down to Pall Mall, with the hope of hearing something about it at one or other of the clubs. He thought, too, that an early copy of the Quarterly Review might possibly have found its way to the Athenæum, and he might obtain a sight of the article on Augustus."

"Was his expedition prosperous?"

"No; it failed in both cases."

"On such occasions suspense must be very torturing."

"Indeed it is so; and particularly with Seymour. From the moment of his birth, he has been so intent on his sons distinguishing themselves in the world, and is so much concerned about every trifle that bears upon their success or reputation, that it quite affects his health and spirits."

"A father can hardly enjoy the celebrity of his children without some mixture of solicitude."

"I suppose," sighed my sister, "every thing in this life has its cares."

"But, Arabella, how do you manage

to bear the London hours? Julia's being so much in society must render you very dissipated."

"No, indeed: I go out very little. Julia is almost always chaperoned by Lady Worrymore."

"By Lady Worrymore!"

"Yes: Lady Worrymore has a larger acquaintance than I; and altogether it is thought a better introduction."

"I should have conceived a mother's introduction the best any daughter could have had, and that the circle of a mother's friends might have afforded her a sufficiently ample scope of society."

"My dear Charles, what strange notions you have! Lady Worrymore has all those clever sort of people at her house that Julia is so fond of. They suit and understand one another. They are devoted to the same sort of pursuits. You know I never was, and never shall be, blue. Besides, when I am with Julia, my anxiety about her is too great. It is a *gêne* to her—I cannot help seeing it is. I go with her to our county friends, and one or two other houses, where I think it right to shew myself, lest I should be considered shelved altogether; but, no, it is best, I believe;" and here I thought my sister sighed: she, at all events, paused a moment, and then, in a very faint tone of voice, continued, "I suppose, on the whole, it's better that Julia should go out with Lady Worrymore than with me."

The subject did not seem a pleasant one to my sister; and I changed it by inquiring, "Does Augustus rise early?"

"I hardly know; I believe so: but he never breakfasts till very late."

"How is that?"

"The early part of the day is his time for composition. Strong coffee is taken to him as soon as he's awake; but he never dares eat any thing till he has done writing for the morning: his mind won't act when his stomach's full."

"Is the connexion so close between the digestive organs and the intellectual faculties?"

"I should think, by what I hear from Augustus's friends when talking

among themselves, that all the authors of the present day have their peculiar methods of getting up their minds to a proper state and tone for composition."

"You astonish me! I had no notion authorship was so mechanical a contrivance."

"Yes; some write upon opium, some upon port-wine, some upon coffee, some upon tea, some upon hot whisky and water, and some upon the hot water alone."

"And some, I presume, upon the whisky alone?"

"Possibly. Then, again," resumed my sister, "these talented people have the oddest whims and fancies. I have been told of some who can only compose in their dressing-gown and slippers, and of others who cannot produce a single line unless they are full dressed as for a ball."

"Devoted as I am to the literature of the present day, these facts are extremely interesting to me."

"Now, Augustus, your nephew, for instance—he always writes with a large looking-glass before him, and insists on having his apartments at the very top of the house. He would not have a single thought suggest itself, unless his study was in the attic."

A pun upon the word, *attic*, here passed across my mind; but the theme was stale, and I could not readily turn the sentence to my satisfaction, and allowed the opportunity to escape me.

"Again," continued my sister, "the intellects of different individuals are acted upon by different states of the atmosphere. Genius is like the asthma; there are some to whom its paroxysms never return in town, and others whom they never visit in the country."

"Is it possible?"

"Oh! very possible. Why, I hardly know a single author but feels himself incapacitated by a hard thaw or an easterly wind."

"And is genius, that brightest jewel of the soul, a thing so thoroughly dependent on material influences?"

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed my sister, "some of Augustus's most gifted and distinguished friends turn quite stupid during the winter and summer months, and only recover their talents with the vernal and autumnal equinoxes."

"Is Arthur equally dependent on external circumstances for the use of his faculties?"

"Not in the least: he works away all the year round with equal facility. Place, hour, season, diet, are all matters of perfect indifference to him."

"He was very late last night."

"He remained till the last. He was determined not, at the present moment, to be absent from his post, if a division should happen to take place."

"He is not down yet, I suppose?"

"Not down! He was up before me; and has been occupied some time with his parliamentary papers in the library."

"In the library? Why, in old times, Seymour always used to monopolise the library."

"Yes; but since Arthur has become such a man of business, his father has been forced to migrate with his books and writing-desk, and take refuge among the boots and shoes in his dressing-room."

"It would seem, my dear sister, that there is hardly space enough in one house for so much intellect to be properly accommodated."

"Indeed, we are sadly pressed for room."

A faint, broken, undecided rap at the street-door, which seemed to proceed from a hand accustomed to deal singly with the knocker, and which bungled in attempting to reduplicate its strokes, had been heard a few minutes before; and here a footman entered to say that some persons had called to see Mr. Arthur.

"Are there many?" demanded my sister.

"Only three or four at present, ma'am," answered the servant; "but they are part of a deputation, and a great many others are expected directly."

"At this hour! what can they mean by it?"

"Mr. Arthur, ma'am, appointed them at eleven."

"So early! how distressing!"

"Are they to remain in the hall, ma'am, or where should I shew them?"

"Do you know what their business is?"

"Some parliament concern, ma'am."

"And who are they?"

"They call themselves, ma'am, a select deputation of the liberal mem-

bers of the Marylebonne and St. Pancras vestries."

"Indeed! Oh, if that's the case," said my sister, gathering together, with the greatest possible dispatch, all the silver forks and tea-spoons within her reach, "the people must most assuredly be shewn in here. Brother, you have done breakfast? Thomas, Mr. Arthur will be quite vexed at their being kept so long waiting in the hall. But here, stop a moment, Thomas; first put the plate out of sight, and, do you hear, ring for some one to help take away these things; and send your master's breakfast to his dressing-room; and don't forget to desire Saunders to remain in the room; and shew the gentlemen every attention; and apologise for detaining them so long in the hall; and bring them in here."

While these orders were carrying into rapid execution, my sister hurried me out of the apartment. As we crossed the hall towards the staircase, I caught a glimpse of the attendant vestrymen; to whom my sister bowed and smiled graciously as she passed. Since Thomas announced the first arrival, the party had considerably increased; and others were entering the house as we left the dining-room. The aspect of the deputation was any thing but prepossessing. The persons of whom it was constituted were of various grades of life, but each looked a bad specimen of the grade he belonged to. The complexions of the majority were of those hues which distinguish the familiars of the pot-house, and varied from the sickliest white to the deepest purple, according to the favourite liquor, and the frequency and the duration of the potations of the individual. The dress of several of the party consisted of the cast-off habiliments of persons of a superior condition; and which, after passing through the scouring and repairing process of Monmouth Street, had been assumed, in a vulgar spirit of pretension, by a proprietary whom they neither fitted nor suited. The persons who were thus arrayed in the produce of the old-clothes bag, evinced an extraordinary partiality for surtout coats, black stocks, and hats with a peculiar pinch and narrowness of brim. Among the group there stood three or four stout, rubicund, middle-aged men, whose whole attire from head to foot was, on the contrary, conspicuous for its glossy newness: these

I set down, from their thriving appearance, as the landlords of public-houses. A few, also, there were, who had the habit and something of the air of gentlemen; but of these, the mean, or hard, or irritable expression of the countenance, belied the respectability which was promised by their bearing and their apparel. As my eye ran over the assemblage, I could not help censuring in my judgment the discretion of the parishes which had intrusted the control of their funds, and their interests, to the hands of such ill-omened guardians; and wondered from what imaginable source they could have derived their recommendations to confidence.

As we were ascending the stairs, I inquired of Arabella, "how she liked having her house exposed to the intrusion of such people?"

"Such things must be," she answered; "it is a part of the price of my son's popularity as a patriot. To be sure, the frequent inroads of these barbarian hordes inflict sad ravages on the furniture; but I take care no other evil should ensue from their presence: for, when any people of this sort have business with Arthur, Saunders is directed to keep a strict eye upon them as long as they are here, and to have the rooms well ventilated and fumigated as soon as they are gone."

My sister led the way to the back drawing-room. Julia has her pianoforte and writing things in the front room, and maintains an exclusive right of tenantry over it during the morning. She was not yet down. Her mother went up to her room to see her, and learnt that she had already breakfasted, and was preparing to go out and walk in the Park with Angelique. Every body in this house seems to follow their own devices, without considering it necessary to consult with, or communicate them to, any body else. There is to be a great dinner-party here to-day: most of the guests expected are friends of the young people. As the servants would be engaged in the afternoon, my sister was going out in the carriage early. She brought me, for my amusement during her absence, Augustus's last novel, *Tschuloshnikoffe, the Sea-Otter Hunter of the Aleutian Islands*; and, as a very great favour, a MS. collection of Julia's poetry. I turned eagerly to the latter volume first: its contents are principally of an

amatory description. Some of the pieces, indeed, would formerly have been thought more impassioned than was compatible with that refined delicacy which used to be admired as the paramount grace and charm of the female character; but the views of society on matters of this kind undergo such changes in the course of time, that they may not, perhaps, in the present advanced stage of civilisation and the nineteenth century, be considered as otherwise than perfectly in harmony with the sex, and age, and condition of their author. The two which I shall copy below, for dearest Emma's perusal, are free from the objection I have mentioned,—except, indeed, that they are love-verses; and I cannot quite reconcile myself to the propriety of a young lady's dealing so familiarly with such a subject.

Song.

BY MISS JULIA SEYMOUR.

“ Could no remembrance bind thee,
 Could no affection move,
 That I thus weep to find thee
 Inconstant in thy love?
 My scornful brothers tell me
 To dash my tears away,
 And from a heart expel thee
 Which thou could'st so betray.
 Yet, Charles, I must believe thee
 Unkind, but not untrue:
 Nor, though thou should'st deceive me,
 Would I be faithless too.”

Ballad. By the Same.

“ Young Henry vowed it gave him pain
 To tear himself away,
 And promised to return again
 With the earliest flowers of May.
 And when I marked the buds of spring
 On the sunny side the burn,
 Naught could I do but laugh and sing,
 And think of his return.
 And all the merry month of May
 My hours were fondly spent,
 Retracing to and fro the way
 By which young Henry went.
 And still, though May in vain has pass'd,
 And June has followed it,
 And July flowers their leaves have cast
 Beside that way I sit,
 Yet comes he not. He never will;
 For, though Love's spring may rise
 Brightly in hope, its summer still
 In disappointment dies.”

I had hardly finished copying these two sets of stanzas, when Seymour

entered to wish me good morning: he brought me the *Morning Chronicle* to read. Again he was starting off to the club end of London, in search after the so anxiously anticipated number of the *Quarterly Review*, and intelligence about the destination of the vacant under-secretaryship. He invited me to walk with him, but I preferred occupying myself at home with Augustus's novel. Seymour seemed highly pleased at hearing how I meant to pass the morning, and, assuring me that I should be quite delighted with the book, ceased pressing me to accompany him. It was, however, arranged, that I should call for him at the Alfred Club about five o'clock, and that we should then walk together to inspect some of the improvements of the metropolis.

On being left alone, I drew my arm-chair opposite the widely opened window, to avail myself of all the air that London could afford me, and commenced reading *Tschuloshnikoffe*. I was wonderfully struck with it. The incidents are most surprising; the characters of the most original description; the sentiments most wonderfully exalted and impassioned; and the style more rich and flowery than any thing I ever read. It is quite inconceivable how any single mind should be fertile enough to supply such an abundance of metaphors, tropes, similes, allusions, and quotations, and clothe them in such a variety of eloquent and recondite expressions. For nearly four hours my studies were continued, without any interruption. There were innumerable raps at the door, and a host of people seemed to be going and coming below; but I remained in solitary possession of the floor on which my sister had established me, till a little after three o'clock. Julia then returned home from her walk, and entered the drawing-room: she was accompanied by Angelique. I have such a horror of that hideous little Frenchwoman, that I would not rise from my chair to speak to my niece. The door between the rooms was open, and I could not help catching some parts of their conversation; and, though they spoke rapidly in French, and at the end of another apartment, I heard enough to inform me that they had remained out longer than had been intended; that the fascinations of Count Roinaldo, whom Angelique desig-

nated, "*ce charmant, cet aimable, et ce très-aimable comte,*" had occasioned their delay; that they had now hastened home to receive Lord George Puckeridge, who had appointed to call at three; that they had been much alarmed lest he should have come in their absence; and were proportionably delighted at finding that no such *contre-temps* had occurred. I, of course, could not see what was going on, for I was buried in my arm-chair; of which, as I sat facing the window, the back was turned towards the door of the front drawing-room: but there seemed to be a great deal of hurry and confusion in getting my niece's walking habiliments off and her home-attire on, and preparing for the reception of her visitor. There were blinds to be pulled up, and blinds to be pulled down; there were books to lie in one place, and drawing apparatus in a second, and music in a third; there was a chair to be set here, and a table to be drawn there; and, as far as I could divine their object, they were scattering all the furniture about in picturesque disorder, to give the apartment, which had been deserted all the morning, the appearance of having, for several hours, been variously and industriously occupied. I detest all trickery, and such coquetish, gratuitous trickery, more than any other. I tried to stop them, and coughed once or twice to let them know that they were not in private; but they were so entirely absorbed by the bustle of their preparations, that my signal passed unnoticed. Fortune seemed to smile upon my niece this morning. She had been too late—so was Lord George; and, as her good luck would have it, just late enough to allow time for the completion of the stage-arrangements which were thought necessary to give effect to his reception, and not a moment later. The *exit* of Angelique with her mistress's bonnet and shawls, and the stoppage of Lord George Puckeridge's cab at the door, were actually simultaneous.

There is, certainly, no accounting for the conduct of young ladies of talent. The rap at the street-door which announced her visitor, was Julia's signal for seating herself at the piano-forte, and plunging into the midst of one of Moscheles's most rattling and elaborate concertos. "Lord George Puckeridge!" cried the servant; my niece played on. I heard Lord George's

step mounting the stairs; and the nearer it approached, the more determined was her application to the difficulties of the movement before her. He entered the room, yet she still persisted in her performance; and, as it seemed, without deigning him any further welcome than some silent inclination of the head. He apologised for his want of punctuality; at least, so I guessed, from the deprecatory tone of the murmurs which reached my ear in the distance. As he spoke, the lady's left hand ceased to hold converse with the instrument, though her right continued to run faintly over the keys all the while, and still kept up a tinkling, treble accompaniment, from Moscheles, as, with the voice of one injured, but too proud to complain, she answered, "It can be of no consequence: I should have been beyond measure distressed by your putting yourself to any inconvenience on my account."

"I assure you the fault was not mine."

"Only, had I known how late you were likely to be, I should have gone to dear Lady Worrymore."

"I was wretched till I got here: my father kept me. You know—everybody knows—how fidgetty and exigent——"

"Oh, of course! You could not help being late: no one ever can. Lady Worrymore entreated me to go to her this morning, and sing with her and Count Romoaldo; but, as you had volunteered calling at three, I was foolish enough to refuse her."

"I am so distressed! My dear Miss Seymour, let me implore your forgiveness."

"Forgive! nonsense! There's nothing to forgive! You were quite right in staying where you were better entertained; but, most decidedly, I should not have remained at home, stupefying myself with these abominable books and this intolerably dull concerto, had I imagined——"

At this instant, an involuntary movement of my foot set the footstool flying before me; which, coming in contact with a little, slim-legged, rickety table, already top-heavy with the weight of a small bronze bust of Lord John Russell, the MS. volume of Julia's poetry, a small crocodile in Rosso Antico, Lord Brougham's *Introduction to Puley*, and the two last volumes of *Tschulohnikoffé*, brought it, with a sudden

crash, all rattling to the ground. I started from my chair, to repair the mischief I had done. My niece, exclaiming, "Heavens! what has happened?" ran, followed by Lord George, to discover the cause of the disturbance. I had succeeded in setting the table on its legs, and was beginning, with one knee on the floor, to collect and replace its contents, when, on looking up from the ground, with the broken crocodile in one hand and Lord Brougham's book in the other, my eyes lighted on the figures of Julia and Lord George, standing motionless in the doorway, and gazing in amazement at me and my prostrate condition. For a moment there was an awkward silence—it was only for a moment: my niece, accomplished actress as she is, all radiant with smiles, at once stepped eagerly towards me, exclaiming, "My dearest uncle! is it you? I could not conceive who it was. Pray, let me assist you."

"Thank you," I said, rising from the ground, and depositing the book and the fragments of the crocodile on the table; "I am sorry to say I've done some mischief here."

"Mischief! of what kind? Oh, I see you've broken Augustus's Rosso Crocodile. Never mind; it's of no consequence: we'll have the bits put together again as clumsily as possible, and pass it for an antique. But how thoughtless I am! I have not introduced you gentlemen to each other. Lord George Puckeridge, Mr. Foster; Mr. Foster, Lord George Puckeridge." We bowed as we were named to each other, and Julia continued,—“But, my poor, dear uncle, is it possible you have been alone here all the morning? I thought you were out in the carriage with mamma.”

"No; I preferred remaining at home; and have been extremely gratified by reading your brother's novel."

"You like it, then? I am so glad. He'll be so delighted to hear you approve it. But how you must hate us for disturbing you. I see you want us gone. Good by; we'll leave you to your studies, and return to our music." And, thus speaking, my niece, with the most graceful movement and the sweetest smiles, withdrew her visitor into the front drawing-room, and so effectually closed the door behind her as to prevent my enriching my journal with any further extracts from their con-

versation. After finishing the chapter of *Tschuloshnikoffe*, I went to my room, leaving Julia and Lord George carolling away most harmoniously at the pianoforte. It is a disagreeable idea to entertain; but I cannot help suspecting that that girl is clandestinely engaged in a double flirtation with her present visitor and Count Romoaldo. Her heart is diversely affected by the attraction of interest on the one hand, and admiration on the other. Having written up my journal to the present hour, four o'clock, I am just starting to join Seymour at the Alfred Club.

London is become magnificent. Two new kinds of palaces have started up since I was here last—the club-houses and the gin-shops. Our walk was not very entertaining. Seymour can neither talk nor think of any thing except his sons, and their sayings and doings; and he was vexed at not having been able to obtain any information all the morning on the two points which so much interested him—the place that Arthur wants so much, and the article on Augustus in the *Quarterly*. As we walked up St. James's Street, we caught a glimpse of the member for Whigborough. He was conversing and laughing, at the door of White's, with a knot of men on whom a decided and strongly marked expression of countenance, and a certain careless peculiarity of dress, impressed the stamp by which political public characters are generally distinguished. Seymour repeated to me their names, which were all pretty familiarly known, and added, with infinite satisfaction, that they were the particular allies of his son. The alliance, however, with the son did not seem to extend to the father; for we passed the party without receiving the slightest mark of recognition from any one of them, except a sidelong and scarcely perceptible inclination of the head and eye from Arthur. I thought my nephew's manner evinced a shyness towards us. According to my exposition of the nod, it said, I am working my way up to a society of greater consideration with the world than that in which my family generally move; and I shall withdraw myself to the utmost from all its undistinguished members, lest, by becoming entangled with their weight, I should encounter an impediment to my own ascent. As we pursued our walk, I could not help observing how very

many persons of celebrity Seymour knew by sight, and pointed out to me as friends of my nephews, and with how very few, on the contrary, he appeared to have any personal acquaintance. Nothing can be more unequal than the manner in which the inconveniences and advantages attending distinction in the world are apportioned in my brother's family. The parents are doomed to exhaust all its solicitude, vexations, and expenses, and the children to monopolise all its privileges. They have hatched the ducklings, and seen them take water; but, like the poor cock and hen of the farm-yard, are compelled to expend their anxious tenderness on them at a distance, fluttering and scrambling about the edges of a pond on which the ungardful progeny are swimming at their ease. This reflection, by the by, is antedated; it was suggested by some conversation at which I was present after returning home. On going up to my apartment to rest and dress for dinner, I stepped into the back drawing-room to get my volume of *Tschuloshnikoffe*; Arthur and Augustus were there. "How annoying it is," said the latter, "that my father will go about inquiring after that eternal *Quarterly Review*! He makes the article appear of such consequence! Every body must suppose that I care about the thing. It really is quite insufferable!"

"I dare say," replied Arthur, "you find it provoking enough. Thank Heaven! he and I don't circulate in the same set. He may prose away for ever among his queer cronies at that bedowagered establishment, the Alfred, without doing me any harm; or I should be immeasurably vexed at his talking to every body, as he does, about that place in the ministry. Some wiseacre or other will be suspecting I'm looking out for it. But, do what you will, there's no bringing old people to know any thing of the world. By the by, though, can you tell me where he is?"

"In his dressing-room, I believe," answered Augustus.

"I must see him," said Arthur. "My treasury is getting low; I must move the old gentleman to vote me some supplies."

There must surely be some strange defect in the moral sense of these young men; for this conversation passed before me, quite frankly and

openly, as if it was perfectly orderly and decorous, and unaccompanied with the least consciousness on either side of the filial irreverence it exhibited.

Having filled up my journal, and nearly finished my toilette for dinner, as there was a full half-hour to spare, I sat down in my dressing-gown, to while away the time with another chapter or two of *Tschuloshnikoffe*. I had not long been reading, when my sister, after rapping at the door, but hardly waiting for an answer, came hastily into my room. She flung herself into the chair opposite the one in which I was sitting, and burst into an agony of tears. She was dressed for dinner; and the minutely delicate toilette, the velvet hat and feathers, the shining satin gown, the glittering jewellery, and the perfectly arranged hair, were opposed in strange and painful contrast to the intense distress and agitation of her countenance.

"Oh, Charles!" she cried, as soon as she had sufficiently composed herself to speak; "you are right, quite right! but little did I imagine *how* right you were, when you upbraided me this morning for allowing Julia to go into society without me."

"Upbraid you! it was the thought furthest from my mind."

"I felt it to be such. You said that no 'introduction for a daughter could be like a mother's.' Those were your words. I dwelt upon them very seriously afterwards, as I was going about in the carriage alone; but, oh! I never thought how soon, and how bitterly, I should experience the truth of them!"

"You alarm me, Arabella; something has distressed you about my niece!"

"Speak low," replied my sister, looking anxiously round to see whether the door was closed,—*"speak low; her dressing-room is near; we may be overheard.* Oh, brother! such a scene have I undergone! But it's my own fault. I never should have allowed her to live so entirely among strangers, and form friends of whom I knew nothing. Oh! I was wrong—very wrong!"

"What has happened? Why is it that you thus condemn yourself?"

"I'll tell you; but stop;" and she hastily wiped away the tears that were streaming from her eyes. "You shall

hear all. I suppose you must have perceived that Julia and I have hardly any intercourse. We have no communication but such as must necessarily occur between persons living under the same roof. When I address her she answers me, but as briefly as possible. She continually avoids, she never seeks, my society. Charles, her indifference breaks my heart. I can't tell you how it tortures me."

"Has this been long the case?"

"We have never been enough together. As a child, she was perpetually occupied with her governess and her masters: oh! far too much occupied! We were not enough with each other then. It was her father's doing: he would have it so. She was lovely, and he was bent on her being accomplished to the highest pitch: there was no master or mistress that she had not. And to what end? What is the worth of all these showy accomplishments—things which cost so much and pay so little; of which vanity is the root, and vexation the only produce? Oh! Charles, you cannot imagine how eagerly all the while I was then longing for the time when this endless labour of instruction should be over. At length it came. I seemed as if I had recovered a daughter who had been lost to me. I expected to find—I hoped that I had found—in her a companion and a friend. Well, for a few months it seemed to be so. I was every thing to Julia, as she was to me; and we were so happy! But then she became admired, talked of, flattered, courted. Her society was sought by a number of women of fashion, more particularly by that incessant Lady Worrymore, whom I had little or no acquaintance with. They stepped in between me and my child."

"I never would have allowed it, Arabella."

"What was I to do? Her father, her brothers—all said it was best for her. I was overpersuaded. By degrees we became severed more and more; till *now* we are no longer as child and mother ought to be."

"My poor, dear sister, my heart bleeds for you."

"And, now, ever since our return to town, for the last four months, she has become quite estranged from me; and, when at home, has no friend or companion but Angelique."

"What! that hideous French *femme*

de chambre? I have an instinctive abhorrence of the woman!"

"Perhaps she may deserve it. Well; but you'll wonder why I am so distressed at all this now. Not ten minutes ago, after I was dressed, as I had only seen Julia for an instant the whole day, I went to her dressing-room. I endeavoured to talk to her; but she hardly answered me. I knew not what had happened; both my daughter and her maid appeared as if something had wonderfully vexed them. They spoke to each other as if they had been quarrelling. Angelique was irritated in the extreme. She flung about the room, doing 'any thing, or nothing, as if she was too excited to stand an instant quiet. Whatever she touched was taken up and laid down with an impatient motion that was little better than an acted insult to her mistress. Her face looked almost diabolical; I thought she had been drinking. Whether Julia wished me away, or no, I could not tell. She did not ask me to remain; but I could not bear to leave her alone with that fearful woman. Besides, there's something—a feeling—an attraction—I know not what—which, however she may be repelled—will draw and keep a mother near her child. And I took a chair at a little distance from her glass, and sat down to watch the progress of her dressing. I thought, when she had finished, we might go down together. You'll think me foolish, perhaps; but I feel so proud on entering a room with Julia."

"It's very natural you should, Arabella; for she's wonderfully beautiful."

"Is not she beautiful? Well, while I was thus sitting with my eyes fixed on my daughter,—I know not what it was she said or did; but Angelique answered her in language so impertinent, and with a manner so imperious, that I could not help remonstrating. Julia also complained of it. She said 'that the woman's temper was every day growing worse and worse; that she wished she was rid of her; that she had become absolutely intolerable.' Oh, Charles! had you only seen Angelique! It was frightful. Her eyes flashed fire; her cheeks became of a deadly, sallow whiteness; her lips were blue, and quivering; her whole figure trembled with passion; and, snatching up a small ornamented coffer from the toilet, she poured out its con-

tents of notes and letters on a table near me; and, after a sneering, voluble, incomprehensible attack on Julia's ingratitude and folly, addressed herself to me, exclaiming, as she turned the papers over and over before my eyes,—"Regardez! regardez! Madame Seymour, c'est à vous que je parle—à vous, la mère de cette demoiselle. Voici des lettres, des billets-doux, écrits à votre fille, madame, par son amant, Monsieur le Comte Romoaldo."

"My poor sister! Is it possible! a clandestine correspondence with that equivocal foreigner!"

"Oh, Charles! the burning blushes that covered me, and the sense of shame that tortured me on seeing the proofs of my child's want of delicacy thus exposed and paraded before my sight!"

"My dear Arabella! But Julia,—How did she bear the discovery? What did she say?"

"That was worse than all. I was too grieved to be angry. I reproached her, but not unkindly. She heard me to the end unmoved. She then, with perfect composure, commanded Angélique to leave the room, telling her, as her malice had done its worst, she presumed she was satisfied; and that she was henceforth to consider herself dismissed from her service. The woman, whose fury seemed now to have burnt itself out, looked frightened at her own intemperance, and at once obeyed, without a word. My daughter then turned to me; and, as she rose and replaced the papers in the casket, calmly said to me, 'that the affair was one in which she alone was interested; and that I ought not to have allowed her to be so entirely the mistress of her actions, unless I thought her fully capable of judging how it was best for her to act.' Oh! it was true—quite true. She ought not to have said so; but she was right. I had nothing to reply; and I left her to come to talk with you, my brother, who I know love me; and who, I am sure, can and will feel for me."

"My dearest sister, I pity you from the very bottom of my soul. Shall I see Julia; shall I speak to her?"

"No, no, no; that would only do harm. I have learnt my lesson of maternal duty too late. I now see that I have been in error from the beginning. Home is a girl's sole, proper sphere; in it all her hopes, thoughts, wishes,

and affections, ought to be entirely centered. The first impulse that urges her to look abroad for the gratification of vanity, is the first step towards the depravation of the tenderness and delicacy which constitute her highest praise and virtue."

Several loud and successive raps at the street door had by this time warned my sister that it was high time for her to descend and receive her visitors; and ejaculating, with a deep-drawn sigh, "This hateful party!" she left me to myself and the contemplation of her distressing relation. How fondly did my heart revert to my own Emma, and thank God that she was so unlike her cousin. The servant who came up to inform me that dinner was taking in, placed a letter from my dear son, John, upon the table. It had been brought, he said, from Devonshire by a servant of Lord Biggleswade. I longed to open it, and learn how you were all getting on at home; but the time would not allow. So, putting it aside, as a pleasure in reserve, I descended to the drawing-room.

The party appeared to me to be larger than I ever remember to have seen assembled for dinner, except on some public occasion. They were in the act of pairing off to go down-stairs when I entered; and, having fallen back to the centre of the room, I offered my arm to a young, rather *embonpoint*, but very agreeable-looking woman, near whom several men, sufficiently well-dressed, but of an equivocal and somewhat underbred appearance, were standing, with an air of awkward embarrassment, and allowing to leave the room alone.

"I am so glad," said my companion, as we followed our leaders down stairs to dinner, "that you came to my assistance. I've an inveterate horror of all that fry of authorlings, from whose hands you so chivalrously interposed to rescue me."

"Were all those gentlemen authors?"

"Yes; persons of incalculable influence in the literary world, liberal contributors to the reviews and magazines, periodical dispensers of celebrity, whose favour a great many of my friends, as well as Mr. Augustus Seymour, think it most important to conciliate. You never dine at the house of any affluent or aristocratic member of the scribbling fraternity, about the time of his publishing a new work,

without encountering a bevy of them. They get their dinner, as a remuneration in kind, for articles expected or received—the solid puddings paid for empty praise."

On entering the dining-room, my companion was summoned, by the title of "Lady Mary," to a seat near the head of the table; but, after a little finessing about her fear of the door in one place, and of the window in another, she settled herself about the middle of the table, whispering me, as I took possession of the chair she pointed to on her right, "It's invariably so dull near the host or hostess, that I always get as far away from either as I civilly can."

The table, though stretched to the fullest extent allowed by the apartment, was as much too short for the large party of to-day, as it had been too long for the small party of yesterday. Several of the guests seemed most inconveniently crowded. My attention was particularly attracted by the distressed countenance of one lean and hungry-looking gentleman, who sat pinioned in his chair between two highly dressed and highly accomplished friends of Julia, with his head peering above the confluence of their gigot-sleeves, fated, like a second Tantalus, to be continually eyeing and catching at the dainties pendant at the end of his fork, and which the continually interposing waves of gauze and blonde prevented his finding an opportunity of conveying to his mouth. I was myself more fortunately situated; for, though considerably constrained by the latitude of Lady Mary's sleeves and person, the figure of my other neighbour, a young and extremely well-looking man, was most conveniently slim, and allowed of my finding a way to my plate by a slight infringement upon his allotment of space. This gentleman, from his dress and mildness of expression, I should have set down for a clergyman, had there not been an air of fashion about him which militated against such a supposition. I afterwards discovered that he was a poet of no slight reputation.

As soon as the guests had become sufficiently occupied with each other, and their knives and forks, to allow of my making the inquiry unobserved, I said to Lady Mary, "I suppose all the persons around me are notorious for something or other, and I rely on

your good nature to tell me who they are; for, except Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and their family, there's not a being here I ever set eyes on before."

"Then you are Mr. Foster, are you?"

"I am that rustic."

"If that's the case, we ought to be better acquainted. I've known your eldest son these five years. Why does he not come more into society? I like him very much."

"I'm rejoiced to hear he meets your ladyship's approbation."

"Oh, every body likes him very much. Elder sons are always highly popular in London: but ~~he~~ really is a most agreeable person; and, for his sake, I'll venture to officiate as show-woman to the various lions, whom you now have the high privilege of seeing at their feeding time."

"Thank you."

"Do you see," she continued, "the fat old gentleman next Mrs. Seymour?" and, as she desired me to turn my eyes towards the right, her own took an opposite direction.

"I see him—a very ponderous and unpromising-looking old gentleman he is. Who may he be?"

"His name's Bromley. And though he was never known to utter any thing beyond the most blank affirmation or denial—though a dinner-table is to him only valuable as the depository of several well-flavoured viands, and not at all as an arena for colloquial display—he's a person one is continually meeting at houses where the distinction of intellectuality is coveted."

"What, then, is his claim to consideration?"

"It is of an accumulative, and somewhat curious description. He once supped in company with Dr. Johnson—he held for half a session, till the heir of a certain nomination borough came of age, a silent seat in parliament, during the days of Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan—he has more than once shaken hands with Garrick, who used to make mouths behind his back, and dub him the most incorrigible booby of his acquaintance; and, on the strength of these pretensions, he is universally accredited and received as the intimate friend and contemporary of all the distinguished wits and orators of the Georgian age."

"Are these pretensions never disputed?"

"Who should question them? Re-

member how very few presentable individuals of his time are extant."

"By your ladyship's account, a man would appear to derive great privileges from being the last of his generation."

"Immense. However little information on the subject he may have possessed at the time, he is received as a living witness for all the details of the scandalous chronicle of his day. And if he can but make out the slightest acquaintance with any of the departed worthies of his age, he inherits by lawful descent, like the last survivor of a toutine, all the respect and deference due to their learning and wisdom, and becomes invested with a prescriptive right of deciding on all matters in debate, without the slightest expense of common sense, by an arbitrary and conclusive fiat."

"Who is the gentleman on the other side of Mrs. Seymour?"

"He is a person notorious for his Radical politics—a volunteer joint of O'Connell's tail: and, like so many of the ministers and their allies, he is the author of a published, but not acted, tragedy."

"Is he talented?"

"Not in the least. His speeches and writings evince the strongest possible desire of celebrity, and a total want of the powers necessary for achieving it."

"What may be his name?"

"Fitz-Cymon. He has the honour of being my husband."

"Indeed! You are very impartial in your judgments, and singularly candid in the expression of them."

"There is so much prejudice of one kind or another afloat in the world, that it has quite disgusted me; and I have determined to form and speak my opinion on all subjects, unbiassed by any species of prepossession."

"I can but applaud your principle. But how happens it, that in town I meet nothing but Radicals, like Mr. Fitz-Cymon and my nephew? In the country, every gentleman is a Conservative."

"You would find the case the same in London, at all houses of a higher moral and intellectual staph than this is. But here,—don't be offended at what I say."

"No; you have my full permission to deliver your sentiments as freely as you conceive them"

"In this house you meet none but

a brisk, shallow, second-rate class of people, who are nothing if not critical. They have not sufficient grasp of intellect to embrace the whole of a great work, and estimate its grandeur, sublimity, and harmonious proportions; but they can see just far and clear enough to discover the petty irregularities that lie on the surface of its several parts. Such persons are silly enough to imagine that they exalt themselves above the wisest of their ancestors, by detecting flaws where they had only admired beauties. All the self-sufficiency and priggish mindedness of the kingdom are busied in the hateful tasks of finding faults and clamouring for change. To people so qualified, nothing that is can ever appear right: and most happy is it that the ordinances of Providence are beyond the reach of acts of parliament, or we should have a majority of the House of Commons voting the abolition of wind and rain, as inconvenient dispensations; and ministers yielding a cowardly assent to the proposition, on the trust that the good sense of the House of Lords would cast out the bill."

"You astonish me by not allowing any talent to the party."

"Talent!—they have worse than none. They possess just that little measure of faculty and acquirement, which is so intoxicating to themselves, and so dangerous to others."

"Your ladyship is of the opinion of my eldest son, who maintains that the most virtuous person of every man's acquaintance, and the most distinguished person of every man's profession, are always sure to be Conservatives."

"I love him for the observation; it is true to the letter. The views of the Radicals, the Innovators, the Destructives—I don't know what to call them—are opposed by all the best and by all the wisest persons of the kingdom; by all those single-minded and simple-hearted people, who are most likely to judge rightly by intuition; and by all the highly endowed and deep-thinking people, who are most likely to come to a right judgment by discourse of reason."

"I give them every credit for their patriotism; but I believe you are right in considering them as a hot-headed and mistaken class of men."

"Patriotism!—it is a virtue incompatible with the selfishness of the

race. No; all their influence is derived from working on the bad passions of the people: and the only passions that operate on themselves are of the narrowest, most malignant, and vulgarest description. You may rely on my opinion on this point. I speak of them as I know them. I live among them. My husband is a Radical; his friends are all Radicals: and in their society I see nothing but the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, which engender the calumnies of a party of old maids at a country-town tea-table, acting in a higher and a wider sphere, upon persons of a similar moral and intellectual calibre, and inducing a bitter depreciation of every individual who is superior to themselves, and every thing which is too great for their comprehension."

"Your ladyship is eloquent on the subject."

"Perhaps so: but what is the use of a woman's eloquence? We are wise in vain. We can give no weight to our opinions. We cannot make our convictions felt. Ours is the prophetic spirit of Cassandra; but it is accompanied with her fatal incapability of making any impression on our hearers."

"It is a sad thing that the influence of the Radicals cannot be destroyed, by a union of the honest Whigs and the liberal Conservatives."

"It is a pity; but the thing's impossible."

"What should prevent it?"

"The selfishness and the baseness of the underlings of both parties. But I hate politics. Let us change the subject."

"I have heard a good deal of my niece's friend, Lady Worrymore;—is she here?"

"Of course she is. Don't you know her?"

"No; which is she?"

"The lady next Mr. Seymour, with dark hair and a scarlet velvet gown, and who leans so very forward over the table."

"Is that she? Her ladyship is very clever, is she not?"

"She's fond of having very clever people about her."

"So I hear. But what are her own qualifications?"

"Hark! she speaks. Judge for yourself."

"My dear Mr. Bromley," cried

Lady Worrymore, from one end of the table to the other, "you really must come to me to-morrow evening."

"Can't, indeed, ma'am," growled the lion-headed octogenarian.

"But you must. I'm to have Mynheer Van Ram, the Dutch fortune-teller, and Dr. Bumpus, the great phrenologist; and I intend to insist on every body's having their heads felt."

"He shan't touch my head, ma'am, you may depend upon it."

"I expect every soul in London. I have asked"—and here the lady detailed a rapid list of guests, among whom I caught the ill-assorted names of three bishops, Mr. Owen of Lanark, Mrs. Trollope, and the American minister.

"You have now," said Lady Mary, "witnessed a very fair display of the extent of Lady Worrymore's colloquial powers. All her talk, *abroad*, consists in reciting the catalogue of the various animals she hopes to assemble at her menagerie, and 'at home,' in informing you how many of them have arrived."

"Do you know the gentleman opposite?"

"Yes; he's two thin volumes of travels, and an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. But I forget his name."

"It strikes me as extraordinary that, in such an assemblage of persons, who are, at all events, pretenders to talent, there should be so very few engaged in conversation."

"There are more talking now than there will be by and by, because every body makes a sort of effort during dinner to say something to his neighbour; but when 'the feast of reason' which the table supplies has been fully discussed, you will find the 'flow of soul' that follows it fall into very few hands indeed."

"How happens that? Will so many of these clever people be content to be listeners?"

"The majority will. To write and to talk are two very different accomplishments. The very talent for conversation with us is so uncommon, that the few who share it among them are in constant request, as curious and entertaining raffles. A modern wit is exposed to as great peril of death from too much dining out, as any of his predecessors could have been from not dining at all."

"I should have thought talking was easy enough."

"It is so in an unsophisticated state, among people who are natural, and regard it, as you and I seem to do, as a mere means of communicating their sentiments and opinions; but talking becomes strangely difficult as soon as it is regarded as a science, and studied as a means of vanity, and practised from a desire of exhibition and applause."

"Do any so act?"

"A multitude. A few who succeed; and a thousand who fail."

"The very circumstance of making conversation an object of display must tend to deprave it."

"Of course it must. Even when the best artists are engaged, the performance is a very dull one. All the chief graces—the ease, raciness, spirit, spontaneity—of natural conversation are lost; and a vapid, polished string of long-studied and often-repeated sentences are reciprocated, by way of atoning for the want of them. Besides, while these stars of the dinner-table are exhibiting with so little advantage themselves, they act as a certain check on the conversation of others. No one, however rich his intellectual stores may be, unless equally prepared, can bear to set his talk of homely cut and ordinary manufacture by the side of a style so very bright, and trim, and courtly. Plain people feel that a key is struck far above the pitch to which they are accustomed; and they either never think of speaking at all, or, after screwing themselves up to a few harsh, abortive, stuttered sentences, with an attempt to reach it, fall back defeated into silence, and leave the entire occupation of the field to the talkers by profession."

The last course was now removed, and the dessert was laid. I had several times during dinner taken an opportunity of catching a look at my sister and my niece. The mother was exceedingly nervous and depressed; but I could not trace, at any moment, in the manner of the daughter, the slightest indication that any thing unusual had occurred. While the ladies yet remained with us, an endless variety of topics were touched upon and dismissed. On several of these Julia spoke, with a refinement of feeling and delicacy of sentiment, for which I should have loved her dearly, had I not been admitted behind the scenes, and learned how lip-deep they were.

I gained, however, in this part of the evening, some new reasons, of a kind that were not likely to have suggested themselves to me, for the cultivation of the domestic affections. They were speaking of an author who ill uses his wife, and never sees his children.

"It's very foolish of him," said Augustus, "very foolish, indeed. Every man who means to succeed in works of the imagination should cherish what Milton designates

'The loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother,'

to the utmost, that he may know how to describe them."

"Certainly," said Mr. Fitz-Cymon; "a man ought to have some experience of those feelings himself, or ten to one he will break down in attempting to address them in others."

"Besides," added a young lady, sighing sentimentally, "they are so picturesque."

After the ladies had retired, my attention was drawn to an assertion made by Mr. Fitz-Cymon, "that Dr. Johnson would most certainly have succeeded in parliament."

"On the contrary," answered my elder nephew, "I have very little doubt he would have failed. There were moral obstacles to Johnson's success."

"Moral obstacles!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, *moral obstacles*—his absurd sincerity, his idle regard for truth, must have been his bane. He would have yielded nothing of his opinion to the interests of his party. He would always have insisted on saying what he thought. Why, sir, twenty such men as Johnson, on our side the house, would put ministers in a minority to-morrow."

"Sir, I knew Dr. Johnson well," roared Mr. Bromley, shaking his head as he spoke, and rattling his words out of his mouth like dice from a dice-box: "Sir, he was a wonderful man. Sir, I was intimately acquainted with Dr. Johnson. He had a cat that he used to call Hodge."

"There is something, Seymour, in what you say," rejoined Mr. Fitz-Cymon; "but surely Johnson's style, language, manner, and readiness, must have rendered him most admirably qualified for the house."

"I cannot agree with you. Where

did Johnson shine? Where did he practise his oratorical powers? No where but at the dinner-table, the very worst of all imaginable schools. No table debater ever yet prospered in parliament. You remember Shrimp? How eloquent he was! Celebrated for his colloquial talent. What immense things were expected of him! But when the experiment was tried, what was the result?"

"Oh! ah!" growled Mr. Bromley, "Shrimp quite broke down in the house."

"Decidedly so. You, my dear sir, most probably must have witnessed it."

"Oh yes," ejaculated the old gentleman; "I remember Pitt, Burke, Fox, —all of them."

"And you *saw*, my dear Mr. Bromley, what an utter failure Shrimp's was. It was the fault of the school in which he was disciplined. The dinner-table style is not broad enough for parliament. Its touch is too delicate —its effects too minute. Heavens! what an impression have I not seen Charles Moffat produce, while talking as we are now, by picking up a cherry-stalk —accidentally, as it appeared —and twisting it carelessly between his thumb and finger, during the course of his story or his argument, and then, when he came to his strong point, dashing it emphatically on his plate. But how would this kind of thing tell on the house? How did it tell? He tried it. During the *one* session that he sat, and in his solitary oration there, he attempted the effect, of which in society he had so frequently experienced the advantage. And though he enlarged his apparatus, and carried a full-blown damask rose to his seat, which he contrived to get very skillfully into his hand as the moment drew near, and to cast down on the floor, with apparent indignation, at the emphatic word of his *bravura* passage, the action only excited an universal titter. Sir, if it had been a peony, the effect would have been the same. No two things have so little necessary connexion as success in conversation and success in parliament. They not only demand different talents, but they require different styles of acting."

Some slight ejaculation which here escaped me induced the good-looking young man on my right to say, "You dissent, sir, I suspect, from these opinions."

"I hardly know," I answered, "whether I dissent from them or not. I was thinking of another subject, suggested by my nephew's dissertation, but not exactly connected with it. I was considering how much more every body around me, if we judge from their conversation, seems to regard the appearance, than the reality of things."

"Yes," said my neighbour, "and so they do. Truth is every where abandoned for effect."

"All London appears to me pursuing the shadow for the substance."

"It is the natural consequence of the vain and empty thirst after notoriety, by which the whole mass of society is influenced."

"I cannot see the metaphysical connexion between the result and the cause you assign to it. I should have thought the desire of fame would rather raise than degrade the moral tone of society."

"The desire of fame—real, substantial, honest, hard-earned, enduring fame—would, I grant you, be attended by such a result. The desire of that reputation, which is founded on such labours as instruct or benefit mankind, and which is won by sacrificing all present pleasures and interests to the prosecution of an important object, is, next the hope of heaven, the most ennobling principle of action that the soul of man can entertain. But it is neither kin nor kind to the idle spirit of vanity by which society is now possessed and tortured. An appetite for that sort of popularity, which is now regarded as the sovereign benefit of life, leads to consequences diametrically opposite to those of an honourable love of fame. Instead of inducing a man to sacrifice every thing to the future, it induces him to sacrifice every thing to the present. The object sought is no more than a puff in a magazine, a paragraph in a newspaper, or a portrait in the print-shops. The distinction required is only such as may pass current for a London spring, which may serve as a sort of admission-ticket to several dinners, and a great many more assemblies; and of which it is a main concern to purchase the acquisition at as cheap a rate of labour as possible. The debasing effects of this miserable quest of notoriety is universally felt. It has led our statesmen, who should hold a firm grasp of the rudder, and steer the vessel of the state towards a fixed and determined

point, to withdraw their eye from the compass of sound principles, and only look to the ever-veering vane of popular opinion, that they may trim their course according to the changes of the wind. It has destroyed our literature, which, instead of producing a few books that might endure, teems with a weak abundance of publications, built to suit the fashion of the day, and perishing with the fashion they were built to suit. It has struck at the roots of deep and sound learning; and while all, with no view beyond the display of society, are accumulating a mass of superficial information on many matters, scarcely an individual can be found who is really well informed upon any. It has conduced to the corruption of true religion, and engendered a race of preachers in whom the simplicity of the gospel is lost sight of, and who, continually dwelling on the most vital doctrines in the most exciting way, deaden the consciences of their hearers by the unremitting application of stimulants and cauteries. It, moreover, ruins the happiness of every house it enters. The domestic affections, the prime blessings of our present existence, the only flowers which our first parents bore away with them from paradise, are always found to droop and wither beneath its malignant influences. The love of notoriety has, upon those of the upper classes of society whom it affects, the same demoralising operation which the poor-laws are said to have upon the lower: it unknits the links of family tenderness, by rendering parents and children, brothers and sisters, even husbands and wives, careless and independent of the affections of each other, and only solicitous of the praise and admiration of a world of strangers."

"But, still, if I am not misinformed, you are yourself an author."

"I am: I wrote as a child, because it pleased myself; and as a man, because it pleased my mother."

"But you must have published?"

"Not to obtain the applause of London society, believe me."

My attention had been somewhat wearied by the length of my neighbour's tirade against the love of spurious celebrity, and was easily diverted to another object, when a servant entered, and delivered my eldest nephew a letter of that peculiar length of shape, consistency of paper, and breadth of seal,

which distinguish the communications of the government offices. Seymour's eye caught the character of the dispatch; and I saw him eagerly watch the expression of his son's countenance as he perused it. From that expression, unless Seymour was better skilled in the science of physiognomical interpretation than myself, very little information could have been derived. Arthur's features, with the exception of a slight twinge of the upper lip, remained unmoved. "Is there any answer, sir?" said the servant. "My cab," replied Arthur. And then, having deposited the letter in his pocket, he quietly continued his conversation with Fitz-Cymon and Bromley, till he was called away, by the footman informing him that his carriage was at the door.

My ear was now caught by the emphatic manner of my nephew, Augustus. He was speaking in praise of some one; and the first words of the panegyric I caught were,—“so much personal beauty, and such variety of accomplishments.”

"Who," said I to my neighbour, "is he speaking of?"

"The editor of the *Quarterly Review*, I believe."

"Is he a friend of yours, Augustus?" drawled out a very near-sighted youth in a gold-embroidered waistcoat, who, with his elbows on the table, was occupied in picking to pieces the rose that he was smelling to.

"Not exactly a friend, perhaps. He's an acquaintance; that is, I have met him. He was invited to dine here to-day; but he was engaged. He is a most agreeable person."

"I hardly expected to hear *you* say so," said the dandy.

"Why not? It is the general opinion; why should mine be at variance with it?"

"Well, you certainly must be a most good-natured creature."

"On what account?"

"Haven't you seen the *Quarterly Review*?"

"No. Have you?"

"Oh, such an article!" "So severe!" "So abominable!" "So bitter!" exclaimed several voices from among the hitherto silent gentlemen of the periodical press, with a tone that to my ear conveyed a far stronger feeling of triumph than regret.

"Why?" demanded Augustus, with

an air of forced composure, "what does it say?"

"Do you really wish to hear?" drawled the dandy.

"To hear! of course; certainly I do!" As he uttered these words, I observed my nephew draw a long breath, as if inhaling strength to sustain the infliction hanging over him.

"I cannot repeat the exact expressions," said the dandy, with a gentle and complacent smile; "but the sense of what they say is, that your only receipt for the composition of a hero is to mix together in one person the most extreme and incompatible qualities; and that your only method of exciting an interest for him is by surrounding him by impossible circumstances."

"If that's all," said Augustus, taking courage, "I see not much to complain of: it's not my fault if these critics don't know how inconsistent human nature is, and what extraordinary accidents are constantly occurring in the world."

"True," continued his mild tormentor; "and it's very ill-natured of them to object to the representation of such wonderful things. But reviewers are very untractable monsters; they make no allowances. They say that, before opening the book, they predicted that your *Tschuloshnikoffe*—is not that his name?"

"Yes, you're right."

"Well, that your *Tschuloshnikoffe* would have murdered either his nearest relation or his dearest friend, in cold blood; and that he would, nevertheless, be the amiable victim of a hopeless and sentimental attachment; that, though attired in a bear-skin coat and seal-skin breeches, he would have a bird of Paradise in his cap; that, though doomed to spend his day hunting and fishing on a half-frozen ocean, he would beguile his labours by carolling the most fashionable Italian barcaroles and cavatinas; that though, like his countrymen, he would subsist upon the blubber of the seals, whose skins he was clothed in, his person would be redolent of *esprit des violettes* and *eau des mousselines*; that he would live among savages the life of a savage, with the miniature picture of his lady-love set in diamonds hanging about his neck."

"It is not set in diamonds," interrupted Augustus, with a voice stifled

with the rage he was in vain endeavouring to stifle; it's false; it is a simple gold locket, opening with a spring, and containing Euphemia's picture, and a lock of her hair."

"Oh, oh! then, Master Seymour; it's a true bill, is it?" cried one of his literary guests. "Faith! I set it all down for the reviewer's nonsense."

"What misrepresentation! what buffoonery!" exclaimed Augustus. "And this is criticism! Well, sir; and what else, pray, do they say?"

"What else? why I almost forget. Oh! about the style. The style, they say, is of the most awkward construction imaginable; at once dull and flashy, heavy and glittering."

"Abominable! Any thing more?"

"An attempt as abortive in execution as ridiculous in design, to clothe the incidents of a romance in the over-embroidered garb of an Irish oration."

"What review are you talking of?" inquired Seymour, who had only caught the last two or three sentences of the conversation.

"The last Number of the *Quarterly*," answered the dandy coolly.

"Indeed! And who is the unhappy author so severely handled?"

"Me, sir!" exclaimed Augustus, violently agitated, and in vain labouring to appear calm.

I thought Seymour would have fainted.

After this abstract of the long-expected article of the *Quarterly Review*, which was given with such ready precision by the drawing dandy as led me to suppose that, unless he was himself the author of it, he must have got it up for the occasion, very little more was said. I found it a great relief when we moved up-stairs to coffee.

It was very late. Several men went away without going to the drawing-room. The party soon became reduced, by deserters dropping off to other engagements. As soon as the door had closed on Lady Worrymore's departure, Mr. Fitz-Cymon, turning to my sister, said, with an air of surprise, "How very extraordinary it is that her ladyship should have dined here to-day!"

"Extraordinary! why so?"

"I mean, without Count Romoaldo."

"Her being here without that gentleman is easily explained," said my sister; "for the count was not invited."

"My dear Mrs. Seymour, that was extremely remiss of you. Surely, then, you cannot be aware of the tender bonds by which that pair are united?"

I looked at Julia; her cheek and forehead were crimson.

"Not I," answered my sister.

"It's reported all over London," continued Fitz-Cymon, "that when Sir John Terry's tiger and kitchen-maid went to St. George's this morning, at half-past eight, to be married, the couple who preceded them were the Viscountess Worrymore and Count Romoaldo."

My sister looked surprised, and, I thought, pleased. Julia walked to the window, and drew up the blind.

"I congratulate her ladyship on her choice," said Lady Mary. "I quite well remember seeing the count, who is so immoderately admired as an amateur singer in London, hissed off the stage, as *Pippo*, in *La Gazza Ladra*, at Naples."

My niece passed into the balcony. By a quarter after eleven the guests had all departed; and we were left in the drawing-room, a cheerless, silent, straggling family party. But the disasters and disappointments of the day were not yet over. The last visitor was scarcely well out of the house, when Saunders came into the room with a serious expression of countenance, which indicated him to be the bearer of some important and not very pleasing communication. He had a folded paper in his hand, which he presented to his master, saying, "I thought it right, sir, to bring you this letter; I found the footmen reading it. It's what Mr. Arthur received during dinner. He dropped it under the table by mistake, and put the envelope in his pocket."

Saunders, as soon as he had delivered the paper, withdrew. Seymour opened and read it; and, having perused its contents with a look of grief and vexation, which I shall long remember, handed it silently to me. The letter was as follows:—

"Downing Street, June 24, 1835.

"DEAR NOBS,—All our irons have failed. I've done what I could; but Dan's friend has got the place. That's not the worst. The top-sawyers all swear your flash speech on Monday was a trimming concern, and not all right. They won't trust you any longer. You're to accept the Chiltern hundreds, and

make room for the other man. You'll have a formal letter about it to-morrow. Come here directly; I want to talk to you about Sam's cropped-eared grey.

"Yours sincerely,
"W. W."

"P.S. You may be put into one of the new commissions, or have an appointment to India, if you like; but the new sub-sec. must have your seat for Whigborough."

I judged, from what would have been my own feelings on such an occasion, that Seymour and my sister would wish to be left alone, to discuss by themselves the successive causes of distress and disappointment which had occurred in the course of the last few hours; and, therefore, after returning the letter with a brief, but sincere and hearty, expression of my sympathy, I took a chamber-candle, and retired to my apartment. There John's packet greeted me with the following welcome tidings from my own peaceful, loving, and dearly beloved home:—

"June 23, 1835.

"My dearest Father,—You must positively return to us directly. You are wanted to decide two most important affairs, which cannot be settled in your absence. Lord Biggleswade, whom Emma, it seems, has always considered a most agreeable person, proposed to her this morning. She has requested him not to urge the subject again till you come back. The poor little girl, though my mother assures her there is no occasion for any alarm, is sadly nervous lest you should disapprove the match. She thinks you won't like his lordship for a son-in-law, because she once heard you call him a very shy young man. Do, pray, make haste home, and put the lovers out of their misery. We all think Biggleswade delightful. My mother desires me to say, that you'll find his shyness, or rather reserve, very soon wear off, and that you will be positively astonished at the talents, virtues, and accomplishments which lay concealed beneath it. But this is not the only matter which requires your presence here. A numerous cavalcade of our principal neighbours astonished Charles this afternoon with a visit. They want him to stand for our division of the county; and proved to his satisfaction that, with their support, his return must be certain, if he would declare himself a candidate on the Conservative interest. Charles has given his consent, on the condition that it meets with your approval. His definitive answer is to be sent as soon as your

determination on the matter is ascertained. Now, my dear father, do come home at once, and talk it over. Charles says he shall like being in parliament of all things, and thinks he may do some good there. He has no personal interests to serve; he has nothing but the welfare of his country to consider. His opinions, on all the great political questions in agitation, have been made up on grounds which he very distinctly understands; and, as he shall not be rendered nervous by any vain desire of oratorical display in stating and defending them, he has no doubt of being able to make them intelligible to others. Every person and every thing is going on here as well as when you left us. We want nothing but your company to complete our happiness. In full dependence on your coming, I shall drive over to Saltash on Thursday night to meet the *Highflyer*. All unite in kindest love with,

My dearest father,
Your ever affectionate son,
"J. FOSIER."

On reading this letter, I at once determined to leave London by the *Highflyer* at five o'clock the following morning; and, after sending a servant to secure me any place that he could get, descended to the drawing-room to inform my sister that urgent and unexpected business required my immediate return to Devonshire. I would not tell

them what was the nature of the business, lest its grateful tenor should jar discordantly with the present unhappy tone of their feelings.

To my utter astonishment, I found they had made up their minds to go out, and were all on the point of starting for the Marquis of Carlou's ball. The motives by which they had been induced to put so great a force upon themselves, and undertake the exertion, were, that the *world* might derive from themselves the first intelligence of Arthur's lungs being in so weak a state, as must compel him to relinquish his seat in parliament—that the *world* might perceive, from his being the first to laugh at it, how thoroughly Augustus despised the lashings of the *Quarterly Review*—and that the *world* might be quite satisfied of Julia's utter indifference towards Count Romoaldo, by hearing her *bon mots* upon his marriage, and seeing her flirtations with Lord George Puckridge.

Thursday, June 25, ¼ past 4 A.M.—I have packed, filled up journal, dressed for my outside place on the *Highflyer*, and, without having gone to bed—for I could not have slept if I had—am just starting off to the coach, with the delightful hope of seeing all my own, dear, good, happy family before sunrise to-morrow.

"THANK GOD, WE HAVE PEERS!"

When a faction we loathe would endanger the throne,
When the wise have their doubts, and the loyal their fears,
One feeling of confidence yet is our own —
One ray in the darkness—"Thank God, we have Peers!"

With all that ennobles our nature endowed,
With a mind that o'erawes, and a mien that endears,
How far they outshine the select of the crowd —
The stars of the rabble!—"Thank God, we have Peers!"

To liberty true, like their fathers of old,
All-scornful of threats as all-mindless of sneers,
They stand in the breach of the Fortress they hold,
And will die ere they yield it!—"Thank God, we have Peers!"

And, O! when the storm shall have passed from the land,
From the State he is proud of, the Church he reveres,
The Patriot's *blessing* shall rest on the band —
The true, the devoted!—"THANK GOD, WE HAVE PEERS!"

SANDHURST COLLEGE AND WOOLWICH ACADEMY.

BY ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE.

It was broadly stated in a late Number of this Magazine, that the bulk of officers in the regiments of British infantry were grievously ignorant upon the higher scientific points of their profession, when compared with the French or Prussian officers, however well-informed individuals among them might be upon other matters; and that this ignorance would probably prevail so long as the present system of non-encouragement to intellectual acquirement lasts. The attention of our readers was drawn to the prominent difficulties which exist in the way of obtaining such professional knowledge as might be essentially useful to them when placed in those highly responsible situations which they are sometimes called upon to fill. The almost impossibility of the young officer being able, even if so disposed, to overcome these difficulties was shewn, and the fact was established that, even if he could surmount them by persevering assiduity, joined to a combination of singularly fortuitous circumstances, and become a scientific soldier, he was not a whit more likely to obtain promotion than the letterless dunce who mechanically performed his daily tour of jog-trot duty. And an opinion was advanced, that the service would be greatly improved by establishing a certain fixed intellectual standard for each grade, below which none should be deemed qualified to enter, whether by purchase or seniority. But these observations applied to the erroneous system pursued *after* the attainment of a commission; and were chiefly made to shew that, if there was a faulty neglect in preparing officers when the mind was young, and capable of receiving new impressions, the case would be infinitely worse under the lately proposed plan of promoting sergeant-majors to ensigncies, whose habits would be confirmed, and whose minds would have passed the period when entirely new subjects can be successfully grappled with. There are two long-established military institutions, the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where cadets are trained for the cavalry or infantry; and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, ex-

pressly to supply officers for the artillery and engineer corps.

Now these two public institutions seem to awake little or no interest in the public. Unless by those who cast about for some military education for their children preparatory to placing them in the army, or by those who have been in it, these institutions for a public purpose—created at a vast public expense—for many years supported by the public purse—are as little thought on as if they did not exist, or did not signify. The names of other public schools are common in the mouths of all classes. Who has not heard of the “Eton bucks,” the “Winchester scholars,” the “Harrow gentlemen,” and the “Westminster —” (never mind what)? These seem to lie naturally in our path; but one must step aside to find out any thing of Sandhurst or Woolwich. Were not his gracious majesty occasionally to drive over to the former from Windsor, to pay the youngsters a visit, its name would never appear in a newspaper. And yet from these two institutions spring all the military science known in England,—in England, who alone of Europe withstood Napoleon’s arms—whose soldiers turned back the very spring-tide of conquest when at the highest—whose standing army now preserves to her those extensive colonies which are the wonder of the world—who boasts that army to be superior to any other that does, or ever did exist—in England, where the sons of the highest, the wealthiest, and the noblest in the land are striving to be enrolled as their country’s defenders. It is notorious at this moment, that, to procure an ensigncy, or a cornetcy, even by purchase, is almost as difficult a matter to accomplish as for an orthodox divine to get a bishopric. First-rate interest frequently fails to obtain for some high-bred stripling the enviable distinction of being permitted to wear a scarlet coat,—of being brow-beat by a tyrannical commanding-officer, without daring to reply,—of being exposed to a Canadian winter, or a tropical sun,—of being devoured by lions at the Cape of Good Hope, tigers at Saugur, or mosquitoes at Ma-

dras,—of encountering black-thorns and croppy-pikes in Ireland, Radical conflagrationists at Bristol, the plague at Gibraltar, “Yellow Jack” at Jamaica, brickbats at Manchester, Swing in Kent, gales of wind, sea-sickness, and sixteen in a cabin on board a transport, bush-rangers in Australasia, assaygeys in Caffreland, repeated refusals to repeated applications for leave of absence every where,—with all other miseries more than the “Miseries of Human Life,”—of having at times to be perfect in the parts of gaoler, catch-poll, magistrate, lawyer, public accountant, and public executioner,—of never being able to marry, and afterwards decently continue in the service,—and all for the magnificent remuneration of five shillings and threepence per diem. But these matters, upon which heroes must, more or less, stumble, are, in the would-be ensign’s mind’s eye, trifles lighter than a cock’s hackle, when placed in juxta-position with the seductions that peep from every button-hole of one of Buckmaster’s well-fitted scarlet coatees, or the fascinations that lie in a pair of Prosser’s patent box-epaulettes, or the loves that linger in a smart forage-cap from Hamburger’s. In adorning the outward man lives much witchcraft,—it always was so, it always will be so. Nelson himself died—literally—covered with honours. Alexander the Great was a beau; and Alcibiades was a buck; and Murat, *le beau sabreur*, was a tremendous dandy; and King David, who was a great warrior, is always represented in pictures as being grandly attired; and Pericles, the Athenian, was a very smart gentleman; and Dymoke, the coronation champion, was as fine as fivepence. In short, I am rather inclined to doubt, indeed, whether the laurel of victory did not oftenest crown the brows of well-dressed belligerents; while I am positively persuaded that a man with a handsome uniform on his shoulders will be more inclined, for very shame sake, to shew it and himself in front of a battle, than he would be were he clad in hodden grey, like a convict, and could calmly and unperceived betake himself to a less perilous position in the rear. Be that as it may, whether inspired by glory or foolery,—whether or not being deemed totally unfit for any other profession—whether or not being caught, like a mackerel, by a bit of scaulet

cloth—whether choosing for themselves, or being pushed on by their friends,—the applications for first commissions are so numerous, that I question if the united optic powers of the commander-in-chief, Lord Hill, and his military secretary, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and the sub.-sec., Major Maling, can read them all. But whoever answers these thrice-multiplied nuisances to the recesses of the Horse Guards must find the freehold of his pen any thing but a sinecure, though all the replies are necessarily of the same tenor, and almost all in the same words: “Beg to acknowledge the receipt of your application—Lord H. regrets exceedingly—list of candidates long as Pall Mall—vacancies scarce as green peas at Christmas—your son forty when his turn comes—too far advanced in life that to carry colours—try something else with the youth. Have the honour to be, F. S.” I wonder they don’t get them lithographed at once, signature and all, leaving blank places for names and dates, in order that the manifold daily profferers of these problems might be furnished with ready cut-and-dry solutions by return of post, with the most positive *minimum* of trouble.

There are more young men now-a-days hoping for commissions than there are for curacies. People of rank are striving to put their sons in the service, and subordinate personages are also infected with a tendency to this scarlet fever. Yet, with every inclination to make them officers, their preparatory education is unthought of. Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, have their universities, for the manufacture of lawyers and parsons; but the Royal Military College, however grand-sounding its appellation, sends too few men into the service to maintain a name as a school of instruction. For our hundred and three battalions of the line, seven of foot guards, and twenty-seven of cavalry, Sandhurst supplies, perhaps, an average of about fourteen cadets annually, certified after a public examination as fitted for commissions. “But one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!” And so much for economy!

I am no zealous worshipper of sudden change; nor do I call every alteration a reform; nor yet do I hold that an, even apparently, useful revolution in any long-existent system, whose

roots are deep, and whose branches are wide, should take place without due thought and mature deliberation, lest that which appears universal and essential in theory may prove partial and mischievous in practice, and cause the tree radically to rot. But at the same time, when it can be shewn that a system absolutely works badly, and that a former one did work better, or that a new one would work better still, it is weakness to continue it. I don't wish to have the military collegians discussing the rights of appointments—Lord Brudenell's appointment to the 11th light dragoons, for instance,—as all the learned doctors of law and divinity, all the A.M.'s, all the undergraduates, all the gyps, and scouts, and bed-makers of Cam and Isis, are at present busy doing, touching Dr. Hampden's filling the important chair as regius professor of divinity, and the purity of the faith displayed in the Bampton lectures; but I should rejoice to see the military college made more of a *bonâ fide* college than it is at present; and once a fame for learning established, we should find clouds of incipient scholars and budding heroes pressing forwards in the paths of knowledge as of glory. On Bagshot Heath we should have supplies of learned men to send to explore foreign countries, and to govern our colonies; and we should set the vicious scheme of promoting from the ranks at rest for ever.

The object for which the Royal Military College was first established was well worthy a great and generous nation, who looked upon the sons of those who fell fighting her battles as children of the commonwealth. The First Establishment, as it used to be called, was for the orphans of officers who died in the service. They paid no subscription to the institution, and they were found gratis in every thing except linen, after the outfit on entrance: they were permitted to remain there during the vacations, if their friends did not choose to incur the expense of taking them home. This was as it should be; and many a dying father, either in the battle-field, or in the far away foreign land, has had his last hour soothed with the consolation that his son would be taught and provided for at his country's cost, as soon as he arrived at the time of life when education becomes expensive, and the entrance into any profession difficult.

The principle upon which this establishment was founded was just, generous, and politic, though, perhaps, unintelligible to base mechanical minds, who look upon the service required to be performed by a soldier—by a soldier I mean the chivalrous spirit who follows the profession of arms, let him carry a firelock or wear an epaulette—in the light of one of their own shop-keeping contracts, to be fulfilled just up to the tale, without superadding a single grain,—who conceive that pounds, shillings, and pence, thrown into the market, will buy soldiers. Ay, and marry! will they—such soldiers as Colonel Evans now commands. But mere pay, or the mere obligation of fulfilling a prescribed duty, never yet called into existence a conquering army. What does history tell us of the times when wars were exclusively carried on by hired soldiers? What says its page of the days of Sforza and the Italian republics, where this system seemed most notorious to prevail? That battles were bloodless,—that neither side wished to injure the other, nor gain an advantage so decided as to make their paymasters aware that they were no longer wanted,—that these mercenaries became most formidable to the very states that hired their services,—and that if their tracks were unmarked by the blood of their opponents, they were clogged with that of the peasants through whose lands they passed: there was but little verdure the season after their hoofs swept the plain. Besides the daily pay, there must be something else to call the soldier heartily into action. Revenge, as with the Spanish guerilla; religious fanaticism, as with the first followers of Mahomet; reckless love of adventure, hope of great spoil, and the license of the camp, as with those whom Hernando Cortez and Pizarro led to the conquest of the New World; patriotism, as with the Swiss cantons; freedom, as with the war of independence in North America; glory, as with Napoleon's soldiers; steady, enduring love of Old England, and unflinching resolve to thresh Frenchmen, as with our own in the last war: either, or a combination of these, will make a conquering army. There must be an *esprit de corps* of some sort to sustain men through the dangers, the privations, and, perhaps, disasters, of a succession of campaigns; and the

question is, how is that spirit best fostered? There are many ways of making the mind uphold the physical powers; among these the prospect of an honourable and comfortable retirement after service may stand foremost; and next, perhaps, the expectation of a fair provision for our children. What do all foreigners, what do we ourselves, look on as the noblest institutions in the nation?

Turn to Greenwich,—look at Chelsea Hospital. What can be more cheering to men than to know, that when maimed and enfeebled they have still a noble retreat. Carry the principle still further out, and say, if their children were cared for by the public, how infinitely greater the reward. Then apply it to the officers, and ask, Will such a gift from a generous nation be not fully appreciated? Such was the case. On such notions was the First Establishment of the Royal Military College founded, when it was instituted at Marlow, many years ago.

On the “second establishment,” as it was termed, were entered the sons of living officers, on full pay or half pay, whose yearly subscription was regulated according to their rank, the lowest being but ten pounds, the highest sixty pounds, annually—the officer on full pay paying double the subscription of the one on half pay; and the “third establishment” was for the sons of gentlemen unconnected with the army or navy, who subscribed a hundred pounds a-year. Between the ages of thirteen and fifteen cadets were admitted; and of each was required a certain proficiency in arithmetic, the construction and writing of English sentences, and some elementary knowledge of Latin; which was ascertained by a rigid examination. The fact of belonging to one or other of the establishments made no difference as to the treatment of the cadet. All were on precisely the same footing; and the same good conduct and progress in study led to the same result with all, viz. the attainment of a commission. It sometimes undoubtedly occurred that the laws of discipline were almost cruelly enforced against the offenders who had the misfortune to be on the first establishment; and occasionally it happened that a delinquent on the third was spared the full measure of the punishment he had incurred. A high misdemeanour generally insured

expulsion to the former; when, to the latter, a chance for regaining a good name was often given. But this was not a fault in the system—it was only an amiable weakness in the lieutenant-governor, who for nearly, if not full, thirty years regulated and conducted all the interior detail of the college. Yet, however “Old Jim,” as he was familiarly termed when spoken of by the cadets, might have indulged his good-natured feelings towards the offspring of the prosperous, or considered it correct to deal stern justice to the offending orphan, the system pursued under his management certainly never threw impediments in the way of the well-deserving of any class towards the attainment of a commission; on the contrary, merit was always encouraged: nor did it appear that any very bad subjects were glaringly pushed forward. Those who deserved commissions got them; though, perhaps, there might have been some who did not actually deserve them that got them too. And while the service was benefited by these trained recruits, many orphan sons of gallant men, who had perished in their country’s cause, leaving their families almost destitute, were brought up as, and with, gentlemen, were well educated, and were enabled to work their way, by good conduct and exertion of natural talent, to the entrance of an honourable profession, which gave immediate independence, and promised future rank.

In 1813, the college was removed from Marlow to Bagshot Heath, where a building had been erected for its reception on a liberal scale. The situation was most judiciously selected; the building itself was noble, without being extravagant; and all its arrangements were admirably made to contain the establishment, which then consisted of a general officer, as governor; a colonel, who was lieutenant-governor; a major, who was inspector of drills and studies; four captains, a chaplain, adjutant, paymaster, surgeon and assistant-surgeon, about thirty-four professors, and four hundred and twelve cadets—though I do not think the complement^o of cadets was ever full, the highest number ever actually present, I believe, being about three hundred and seventy—with a proportional number of staff-sergeants, attendants, servants, &c. Sandhurst, taking its name from the parish in which it

was situated, in a few years put on the appearance of a grand national institution; the wild, heathery waste in which it had been planted, formerly the resort of the highwayman and footpad, as the track of the caravan is to the wandering Bedouin, assumed the civilised appearance worn by the surrounding country. Plantations gradually shewed themselves, where naught had grown since the deluge save heath and moss. Land, hitherto unproductive, became useful and ornamental; and the wilderness near Blackwater grew into a magnificent national estate, in the centre of which stood a pile of building fit for a palace,—all, too, completed at an outlay which might be about one-third of its present value.

The cadets were taught mathematics, landscape and military drawing, fortification, history, Latin, French, and German. Dalby's *Mathematics* was the book used, not, I believe, because it had any great merit in itself, but because its author had been one of the original masters at Marlow; and the system was for the cadet to go through his course of arithmetic in the first volume, then to jump to the second for algebra, which he learned to simple, but stopped short of quadratic and cubic equations; and this was all the algebra he ever studied, which usually brought him to the end of the first year, or year and a half after his entrance. Euclid's "six books" were now put into his hands; which were followed by what are known to schoolmen as Euclid's 11th and 12th books, treating of solid geometry, but which at Sandhurst were formed into three books, called 7th, 8th, and 9th—the first six and last three together making the whole of the abstract geometry. Euclid mastered, he returned to the old "Dalby" once more for practical geometry, where he learned trigonometry, heights and distances, mensuration of planes and solids, and field surveying, with the use of the theodolite and plane table, which completed the mathematical course to be gone through, previous to undergoing the ordeal of the public examination which ensured a commission. It sometimes happened that the cadet was allowed to return to the institution for a half year, after having "passed for his commission," as it was termed, when, to use another Sandhurst phrase, he "took up" spherical geometry and trigonometry,

and the stereographic projection, for which he obtained a certificate from the commissioners of the college; and if he came back for yet another half year, he "took up" conic sections, mechanical powers, and the science of forces, which entitled him to a still higher certificate. Such was the mathematical course; and it had two faults: one, that so little of algebra was taught; the other, that the higher branches of mathematics, spherics, conics, and mechanics, were only learned *after* having passed for a commission, instead of being made part of the examination for it. But, upon the whole, there was not much room for improvement in this most important branch of the young soldier's education.

Not so much could be said for the fortification course. It was badly taught twenty years ago; and the reason was simple enough,—none of the professors of fortification knew any thing really about fortification. This seems odd too; but when we recollect that no encouragement has ever been given to officers of the British service to become scientific in their profession, that the salary of the professors was too low to tempt men of first-rate science from other pursuits, and that it has been the custom to suppose, without examination, that foreigners know what we are in ignorance of, it is not so very surprising that this branch of education should have been intrusted to some three or four Frenchmen, who, though perhaps clever enough fellows in other matters—particularly in the art of *de se faire valoir*—had only a smattering from books of the science which they professed to teach, eked out with the power of copying the plans of the old French masters, and embellishing these copies with pretty printing. Fourteen large ground plans and profiles of permanent fortification, shewing the three systems of Vauban complete, and the method of Cormontaigne; twenty-one smaller, of field fortification; and one large plan of attack, were required to be executed with accuracy and neatness. It was necessary, in these plans, that the different lines drawn with the steel pen should be tidily joined, the shading properly done, and the printing—oh, the printing was to be cut as clean as copper-plate! But this was not learning fortification. It was certainly learning as much as the teachers could impart;

but lines, shading, printing, and the parrot-like power of pronouncing some hard names, no more constitute this science, than do black bottles and long corks Burgundy wine: nor are the dimensions of things much worth knowing, if their uses are hid. Not a single elevation was studied, to give the lad an idea of what he was at; there was only one plan, and that the last of field-fortification, to teach the complicated, but essential, art of defilation, or, as some call it, defilement, which requires a knowledge of descriptive geometry. There was not even a college book wherein the name of descriptive geometry was to be found; nor do I believe that one of the four fortification masters (except one, perhaps) knew what it meant. During the cadet's last half year, which terminated in a public examination for a commission, there was a sort of an apology for a set of lectures delivered to the "board squad" by the senior professor, formerly a captain of D'Amiens' hussars! in the service of Louis XVI. But the value of these lectures may be estimated by the fact, that scarce a word was said about the nature of the arms with which a place was to be attacked or defended, further than a breach was to be made with salvos of artillery, that faces and flanks of works were to be *ricoché'd* with round shot, and that mortars were to be used "*where they were required.*" All the science of artillery seemed to be studiously kept out of sight. To be sure, the Sandhurst cadets were only intended for the infantry and cavalry. But *that* was not the reason why they were left in ignorance; it was because the professors knew nothing about artillery. Fortification without gunnery!—fuel without fire!—whisky punch without the whisky! It needs no ghost to tell us that, to comprehend fortification, it is necessary, at the same time, to know a mortar from a howitzer, and a battering-gun from a field-piece; and to be aware of the distances at which these pieces of ordnance may be effectively employed.

French and German were sufficiently well taught: so was history, and, perhaps, Latin. Military plan-drawing was, and is, well attended to; though more pains are expended in producing neatly executed drawings, than in enabling the

pupil to sketch accurately and rapidly in the field: and, perhaps, this department of instruction, like the fortification one, might be found fault with, as being rather for show than for use.

No improvement could take place in the drill instruction. All the mechanical training, as soldiers, with the fire-lock, to military manœuvres, was, and is, extremely good.

The war, however, ended: soldiers found that, having threshed the French, their occupation was gone; and though for a year or two after the battle of Waterloo their services were not entirely forgotten, England, no longer in danger, did not like paying all the money they cost. Times gradually altered; economy became the order of the day. Generosity, instead of being thought a public virtue, was branded as a public vice. As it was considered that the advantages possessed by military men were too numerous, it became necessary that some of them should be docked. Clip went the parliamentary shears; and among other cheese-paring savings, which the perpetual badgering of the Whig opposition worried Lord Liverpool's administration into making, came a reduction in the annual grant to the Royal Military College. The "mealy-mouthed philanthropists," as Galt calls them, of 1819, who, with a world of cant about emancipation of Negroes, and Irishmen, and so forth, possessed not a particle of Christian charity, inveighed against the place as a "harbour for rearing the unscrupulous and ready tools of future despots."* Yellow Lambton talked about it strongly. But the most constant yelper used to be one Colonel Davies, or Davis, the Radical member, I think, for Worcester, who had himself been a cadet at Marlow, where, as might easily be imagined, he was considered incapable, through idleness or stupidity, of profiting by the lessons taught; and, naturally enough, he abused the place whenever he had an opportunity. The parliamentary grant gradually dwindled into naught; and, of course, the funds for the support of the institution were to come from the cadets. The subscription for the sons of noblemen and private gentlemen was raised from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five pounds a-year; officers were obliged to pay on a pro-

portionally increased scale; half pay and full pay were charged alike; and the orphans were called upon, if I rightly remember the sum, for twenty pounds a-year, besides having to provide themselves with books and instruments at their own expense. Miserably paltry was this, as regarded a national concern, though a serious matter to those who could so ill afford to pay it. Far more creditable it would have been to those who framed the fresh regulations, if they had decreed that the subscriptions of both the second and third establishments were to be even doubly increased, rather than thus destroy the principle upon which the first establishment had been founded. Up to 1819, the attainment of a recommendation for a commission was consequent upon having passed through the mathematical and fortification courses only, with a certain trifling proficiency in military drawing. But in this year a judicious change was made, in so much, that passing a public examination before the board of commissioners in three of the four branches of study, French, German, Latin, and history, together with a knowledge of the first six books of Euclid, and the completion of the permanent fortification plans, also gave a commission. Since then a course of practical surveying has been super-added. No improvement, however, has been made in the process of teaching fortification. The French instructors, I understand, still plod on in the old routine of thirty years' standing, carefully impressing upon the pupil the valuable changes made in this art by Cormontaigne at the close of the century before last, without troubling their brains about any of the new-fangled notions given birth to by the present one. Nor has the mathematical course been carried to the extent which, in these scientific days, we might expect, though, so far as it goes, nothing can be better.

It was stated, at the beginning of this paper, that the academy at Woolwich is exclusively for the instruction of lads destined to officer the two ordnance corps of artillery and engineers; and as higher attainments are required for these services than are absolutely indispensable for carrying on the merely mechanical duties of an infantry or a cavalry regiment, the studies pursued at the academy are necessarily deeper than at Sandhurst. The age for en-

trance is from fifteen to seventeen; and the candidate for admission is required to know arithmetic to involution and evolution, geometrical and arithmetical progression, simple interest, algebra to simple equations of two unknown quantities, first book of Euclid's *Elements*; to translate Cæsar, Virgil, and Sallust; to read and translate any easy French author; with a general knowledge of geography, ancient and modern history; and in drawing, to be able to copy an easy outline. These qualifications are indispensable: but as the examinations are intended to be by competition of four candidates for every three vacancies, an extended knowledge in all these branches of learning, with progress in the Greek and German languages, and superior skill in drawing, give the preference.

The extent of the knowledge required is very properly considerable, though not more than most well-educated young gentlemen at that age possess; but the system, which has been only introduced within the last three months, of taking but three out of four candidates, however well qualified all of them may be, to supply the vacancies, cannot improve the class of officers, and may in its effects be unjust towards individuals. The candidates are examined by masters nominated for that purpose, before a board which decide on their respective qualifications, and report to the master-general of the ordnance those *best* prepared for admission; and with regard to the unsuccessful candidates, it depends upon the nature of the report, as to each individual, whether he can be allowed a second trial. What may be the consequence? Suppose nine vacancies in the academy occur, which are to be filled up. Twelve candidates appear, perhaps all just able to struggle through their examination, and no more — nine of these twelve blockheads are admitted as cadets. At the next public examination, suppose nine more vacancies offer, and again twelve candidates present themselves, all of them, this time, very clever, well-taught fellows. What follows? Three are rejected — three who, perhaps, have individually more knowledge than the whole of the nine put together who were admitted at the previous examination; and these three are not only lost to the service, but are thrown back on their parents' hands to

seek another profession, at an age when the threshold of a profession should have been passed — with the time devoted to a preparation for the academy lost — and with minds, having received a certain military bias, rendered thereby incapable of entering heartily at once upon another pursuit. It would work infinitely better to make the test for admission as high as possible, but admit every candidate that had received a nomination, if qualified to pass that test. No man could complain if his son was refused admission on the score of inefficiency; but it might be difficult to satisfy him that others were better qualified, when his boy had fairly answered all the proposed questions. Besides, though it is not difficult to ascertain whether a lad, between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, has attained to some *specified* and well-defined step in learning, it is not so easy to be convinced, by one examination — that, too, in public — of the *exact* point where his knowledge ceases; because at so critical a moment, when he is for the first time brought before a set of strange people, of whom he stands in awe, and has the whole of his future fate in the scale, which *must* turn against one out of every four, more depends upon his nerves than upon his brains. A young friend of mine absolutely *fainted* twice during his examination for entrance, about two years ago; his extreme anxiety nearly caused his failure. Yet at the private probationary examination, which took place a year afterwards, he was reported as having been one of four who, to ascertain which was best, were examined further than had ever been known before, and whose proficiency was considered as something very extraordinary by the examiners. Had the system of taking the best three out of four been pursued then, he would in all probability have failed from sheer apprehension — he must have returned, broken-spirited, to his friends, who would have arraigned the justice of the decision; and, what is of more consequence in a public view, the service would have probably acquired some wiry-nerved, hard-headed fellow, with commonplace brains, instead of an incipient scientific officer, fit for any thing in the range of intellect, from constructing a field-work to governing a colony. From whomsoever this erroneous method of filling up va-

cancies came, it is a bad one, and the sooner the old one is re-established the better. How singular it is, that the characteristic of the present age should be experimentalising in the public institutions; and how strange it will appear to posterity, that, with all our experience, and all our data, all our boasted knowledge of facts, and opportunities of ascertaining and examining into facts, our changes are so often for the worse, so seldom for the better.

With the exception of the above objectionable clause, all the arrangements at the academy, whether for theoretical and practical instruction, for the military discipline of the establishment, or the general conduct of the cadets, are made to ensure a constant supply of scholars who are gentlemen, and gentlemen who are scholars, to fill the vacancies that take place in the artillery and engineer corps. In mathematics, an elementary course is not alone required, as at Sandhurst; but, previous to obtaining a commission, it is necessary to have studied spherics, and conics, surveying in all its branches, the science of forces, the theory of projectiles, resistance of fluids, &c.; to touch upon the differential calculus, to know the use of astronomical instruments, and to be conversant with the elements of astronomy. Fortification, including the ornamental parts of architecture, the several systems of permanent and field-fortification, the plan of attacking fortified places, and process of countermining, with all the late improvements, some of which came only first into play at the siege of Antwerp, necessarily forms an important branch of study, second but to mathematics, upon which its principles are based. Landscape drawing, military drawing, sketching ground, and reconnoitring, are taught; and French and German, history and Latin, with a course of chemistry, complete the catalogue of what cadets must learn. And when it is taken into view that Dr. Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. and F.R.S., is at the head of the mathematical department of instruction, assisted by Mr. Barlow, F.R.S., than whose name none stands higher in the scientific world, and Mr. Christie, also well known among mathematicians — that the fortification masters are taken from the artillery and engineers, after having been subjected to a rigorous examina-

tion by a board composed of certain officers under the ordnance, who are notoriously first-rate men in their profession—that Fielding teaches landscape drawing, and that Faraday is the chemical lecturer,—we may readily suppose these young gentlemen are possessed of higher intellectual acquirements, exclusive of what may be considered purely professional, than are found in most men of their age and station in life, unless, perhaps, in those intended for the learned professions. They are not so cunning, probably, in the composition of nonsense verses as Westminster or Eton boys—they know nothing of Greek—possibly but little of Latin—and still less of ethics and logic—they are but slightly acquainted with the school learning, which is usually only acquired to be forgotten, not used; but in the knowledge which enables a gentleman to pass through life with comfort to himself and improvement to those with whom he comes in contact—which prepares him, in visiting foreign nations, to comprehend their feelings, failings, manners, habits of thinking, moral and political principles, literature, institutions, and laws—to detail graphically, both with pen and pencil, the characteristics of different lands, their inhabitants, scenery, and productions,—they are as well calculated as teaching can make them, though unable to settle whether a particle be Greek or Gothic, or Dr. Hampden's inaugural discourse be orthodox or heterodox.

About seven years ago, when Lord Beresford was master-general, a proposal was made to the officers of artillery and engineers, that any who considered themselves qualified for giving instruction in the different branches of study taught at the academy should submit their names to the Board of Ordnance; and if, upon strict examination, they were found competent to the task, they should be taken from their regular routine of duty, and established as professors, with an accession of income. Who will turn schoolmaster? was the cry at once. But the advantages thus held out were too apparent to be over-crowded by senseless clamour. Individuals sent in their names, and were appointed. Their companions soon saw these "schoolmasters" were not only much better off in a pecuniary

point,—that they were relieved from the guard-bed—that they took no colonial tour; but, as their duties were entirely of an intellectual cast, they were more highly considered by the authorities than those who had shrouded their incapacity in a seeming contempt for the situation; and now several are preparing themselves to appear as candidates, should any of these professorships fall vacant.

The theoretical education being completed, and the public examination passed which decides the relative places of individuals, and which they ever afterwards retain—the choice of artillery, or engineers, according to the number of vacancies in the latter corps, being offered to those highest on the list—a practical course is entered on, and pursued for six months, the cadets still remaining at the academy, where, from its vicinity to the Royal Arsenal and garrison, they have the means of studying all the detail of belonging to the artillery service, which comprises the manufacture, uses, strengths, and packing of ammunition; the casting and recasting of guns, with their ranges; construction of gun and other military carriages; working of military engines, such as gins, sheers, &c.; and all artillery exercise. Moreover, they are obliged to attend all courts-martial in the garrison, to make them acquainted with military law, and to take lessons in the riding-school.

Another public examination in these branches frees them from the academy. Those for the artillery are immediately gazetted to commissions, and join the regiment; while those for the engineers are sent to Chatham, to complete their education, under Colonel Paisley. But the, now, second lieutenant of artillery, though he has cast the grub, and burst out a blue and golden butterfly, is not free to roam abroad in the sunshine, sipping the sweets of every flower, where he listeth, but must mount his horse, and learn his field-battery drill, under rather a taut hand, as the sailors say—Colonel Cleveland. For some six or eight months must he, day after day, at a walk, trot, or canter, drudge through the field-battery manoeuvres with patience and regularity, and attend his stables of an evening, besides taking his other duties; so, at last, when sent to join the company to which he has been appointed, he can-

not, even if he would, help being a thorough good officer at all points.

While the young artillery officer is kept hard at work under Cleveland, the young engineer finds that he has no sinecure under Paisley. He has to make himself fully master of all practical engineering, both civil and military, as the officers of the corps of engineers are employed during peace in the construction and repair of fortifications, barracks, bridges, roads, harbour-piers, &c. &c.,—in making estimates for the execution of these works,—in hiring workmen for them,—in measuring and certifying the extent, cost, and goodness of the work done; and, during war, in carrying forward all the operations of attacking and defending places, which is more properly their legitimate employment. Now, as brains and perseverance must be possessed by the youngster who enters either the artillery or engineers, otherwise he could never have worked through his academic course, even in a slovenly manner, and from the discipline both have been subjected to, they must have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, the country has at its command an instrument every way fit to execute any service it may wish to have performed.

Thus we have two national institutions for the instruction of lads destined to command in our armies,—one with a magnificent building, where but a limited portion of scientific knowledge is imparted,—the other where, in a most prison-like looking abode, an admirable course of instruction is pursued. It seems as if those who established them, went upon the well-digested principle of making a large hole in the cellar for the cat to go through, and a small one for the convenience of the kitten. What an excellent, real college might be formed by joining Woolwich and Sandhurst together; and how his majesty's army would be improved, were its officers taken exclusively from it. Neither much difficulty nor expense would be incurred in forming one great polytechnic school. It should, however, be established in the neighbourhood of some great garrison and arsenal, where access would be had to view the various operations going forward, by which alone many parts of military science can be properly learned. Here students should qualify themselves for

the different services,—those possessed of the highest attainments to have their choice, of engineers, artillery, cavalry, or the line, according to the vacancies then existing, and to receive commissions without purchase; those who could afford to pay for them to be allowed to purchase in the line and cavalry, after having gone through a certain course of study, short of that required for a commission, *gratis*; and those whose progress in study, whether through idleness or incapacity, was unequal to the time employed, to be sent back to their friends. And to make it worthy a great and generous nation, the sons of officers who have died in the service should be educated and provided for at the public expense, even should the cost of the entire establishment be defrayed by the subscriptions of living officers and private gentlemen.

It has been frequently objected to us by foreigners, that scientific men have not met with the encouragement due to their abilities which other courts of Europe have always held out. It is asserted that learned men languish in obscurity and penury in England, who in other countries would have been both honoured and pensioned. We are said to have an aristocracy of blood, an aristocracy of wealth, but no aristocracy of intellect. While titles have been bestowed upon soldiers, sailors, bankers, lawyers, and politicians, scarcely even a stray K. C. H. has lighted upon a scholar, or a man of science; and men of this age, whose names belong rather to Europe, from the benefits their learning has conferred upon mankind, than to England, where they have been born, are better known abroad than they are at home. Lately, indeed, some few caught the honours that have been going. Halford, Brodie, and Bell, have had "Sir" prefixed to their names; but, still, I fear it is too true, that, as a nation, we deserve the stigma.

Now, if such a polytechnic establishment were formed, there would at once be the means for instructing the students, and providing a home and a stipend for many a learned and scientific man. It is apparently contrary to the wishes of the present men in power to bestow gratuities for past services, or even (recollect the difficulties about Faraday's pitiful pension) to encourage learning; they prefer paying ready money for what they actually

want at the moment. But if an institution of this kind existed, where the services of learned men would be compensated upon a liberal scale, applications for pecuniary assistance would not be demanded.

At the present time, alas ! both learned men and fighting men are rather at a discount ; and, considering the state of Europe, it would be wise, perhaps, to look narrowly into the organisation of the latter, even if we neglect the former.

But what is the state of Europe ? What is to be the result of our *non-interference* in the bloody struggle in Spain which disgraces this civilised age ? Non-interference, indeed ! pretty non-interference between Carlists and Christinos, forsooth ! When, to say nothing of the encouragement given to the embodying an army, nor even supplying the *matériel* of war from our own arsenals, our *non-interference* consists in landing seven hundred British marines, commanded by Major Owen, at St. Sebastian, there to act under the orders of Colonel Evans, in keeping up two government steamers armed with mortars, for the express purpose of firing upon the Carlists,—and in giving Lord John Hay, commanding the *Castor* frigate, *carte blanche* to harass, shoot, and destroy, to the best of his ability, all belonging to one of the parties with whom we profess not to interfere. How is this non-interference to terminate ? Is Italy so tranquil that her independent cities and petty sovereignties may be supposed to hold no seeds of commotion ? Does insolvent Greece, with her boy-king and bauble sceptre, shew a picture of harmony, as an independent monarchy, or is she a province hanging at the autocrat's skirts ? Have the treaties dictated from the south side of the Balkan established the sultan's authority in Roumelia, or will the fiscal regulations therein insisted upon open the Euxine to the Mediterranean, and give Russian ships an outlet to the Atlantic, besides curtailing Austrian and Hungarian commerce by commanding the Danube from Belgrade to its mouth ? Austria, feyding, doubting, temporising, between Prussia and Russia, trims her sails to every shifting political puff ; and Metternich vainly endeavours, while looking to France and England for assistance, to steer the state vessel clear of shoals.

The custom-house regulations of Prussia exclude Britain from the commerce brought down by the Elbe, the Weser, and the Oder, thereby clipping the political influence of the smaller German and Austrian provinces laying high up their streams. Belgium is entirely French, and by no means likely to regard England with a loving eye, should any continental convulsion happen. Will our entertaining the Prince of Orange, and his sons, with reviews and dinners, make the Dutch forget how tamely we looked on while France was robbing them of Antwerp ? Portugal has been described as " that prettiest plaything of our foreign policy, indulging in all the mischievous caprices of an angry coquette." So long as Louis Philippe fills the throne of France, he will rule her with a rod of iron, and his wishes are to keep peace with England ; but how will it be when the young Duke of Orleans mounts to his father's chair ? Devoid of mental power and intellectual capacity, he has been frequently known to despond, even now that he is in no responsible situation. When his father's fingers have relaxed their grasp of the reins of state, a single *émeute* will probably snatch them from his hand ; and then those feelings inimical to the English which still rankle in the remnant of the old Jacobins, from whom France has not been purged, will shiver the brittle links that bind British and Gallic friendships. But the low murmurings of coming commotions may now be heard from the east. Russia is too mighty to remain at rest ; she must go on increasing, or she will shake to pieces : and while she extends a finger to the Vistula she almost reaches another to the Oxus. She is as prompt to march an army into Germany as she is to roll her myriads of barbaric horsemen towards India. Since Russia became so civilised as to take any part in European politics, she has, both by force and chicanery, extended her territory ; and her power is vastly too gigantic to be resisted by any of her neighbours. The nursery for her soldiers is exhaustless ; she has no internal commotions to dread, as her people are still too ignorant to be stirred up by what has altered the rest of Europe—the press ; and her powers, wielded by one arm, may be so combined, from the peculiar despotism of her autocratic government, into one or more

mighty efforts, as to make her ascendancy supreme. For a long time she has turned a wishing eye towards our eastern possessions; and the time, pregnant with fearful events, seems merging towards the point when we shall hear of a Russian army in the Punjab. Alexander fought Porus on the Attock; Nicholas may see nothing wonderful in the prospect of numbering Lahore among the provinces of his empire.

Does this state of Europe warrant us in neglecting to render our armies not so much numerically as substantially efficient? Are all our interests

with foreign countries to be effectually secured by the bungling protocols of a Palmerston, or are they to be enforced by the argument of the strong hand? Are the clouds that we cannot avoid seeing gathering on the political horizon to be brushed off by the talent of our diplomatists, or are we to make a sure defence against a storm? If so, we should be in such a state of preparation as would enable us to protect ourselves when the time comes; and the essence of our strength would be found in having our armies officered by an intelligent, scientific, able set of men.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF COLERIDGE.

(PAINTED BY MOSES HAUGHTON.)

BEHOLD the Man! What wondrous alchymy
Did God and Nature blend in forming thee?
Thou treasury of Mind! thou gentle Seer!
Thou subtle, good, and great Philosopher!
Thou sweetest Bard, that erst did carol "Love!"
Thou Worshipper and Worshipped of the Grove!
Thou rapt One! we behold thee "all in all"—
So true, so well, these lineaments recall
Thy splendid brow, and lip, and eye divine!
Ah, *these were*, Coleridge, thine and *only thine*!

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—The Mail beat me last month by half-an-hour, and I had only time to seal the packet, without waiting to enclose the following questions from a paper upon General Literature, as taught in the Mechanics' Institutes, and other places of a similar description. Having now terminated the *Puck Papers*, my next letter will be devoted to an examination of the Cambridge Prize Poems, with a particular reference to the capabilities of the Examiners.

Very truly yours,

T. G.

St. John's, July 2.

A. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, mentions, among the news of the day, that an elephant in 1630 came hither ambassador from the Great Mogul, who (the elephant) could both read and write, and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty gallons of canary sack, besides nuts and almonds sent by the citizens' wives. He had a Spanish boy for interpreter, and his principal negociation was to confer with the chief Fool of State, about stealing away Windsor Castle, and carrying it to India on his back. Give a concise account of the embassy (comparing it with Lord Durham's journey to St. Petersburg), stating how far the ambassador accomplished his design upon the Castle, and conclude by explaining the nature of Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, and shewing how they differ from those of Sir Edward Parry; and investigate, in the following line of Oldham, Jonson's claim to the discovery of the compass:

"Art's compass to thy painful search we owe."

B. Relate briefly the course of geographical discovery from Cook to Back, and compare the observations of Stultz upon the needle with those of Commander Röss.

C. Draw up a list of eminent letter-writers, from Phalaris to Lord Melbourne, mentioning which was the briefest; enter fully into the controversy of Bentley; illustrate the lines of Garth—

"So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,

And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle;" and say what you understand by the phrase, "I had rather be *roasted* than *Boyled*." Of what species was the celebrated bull of Phalaris; and point out any resemblance in it to the bulls of Ireland, particularly as described by Miss Edgeworth; and the primeval bull of the *Zendavesta*. Sum up Bent-

ley's character, and prove from the following line that he was a successful angler:

"Slashing Bentley, with his desperate hook."

D. What are the differences between the Club of Hercules and the "Reform?" and say which you think would be found most formidable in a collision.

E. Demonstrate the non-existence of Mr. Rogers, and shew how natural it is that a Ghost should delight in the Pleasures of Memory.

F. What eminent English writer relates the following anecdote?—"I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in Yorkshire: he had just then finished his time, set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the alleys in the city. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer: 'Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms, monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, letters, petitions, memorials on every occasion, essays on all subjects, pamphlets for or against the ministry, with sermons upon any text, or for any sect, to be written here on reasonable terms.'" Explain critically these various kinds of composition, naming the individuals who have succeeded best in each.

G. State clearly the several sums paid to living authors for their works, contrasting the publishing system in England with that of the Grecian states; and prove, in opposition to the historians and the poets, the present to be the *Golden Age*. Give a history of the principal voyages undertaken in modern times in search of Tin, with some account of the recent expedition of a Buccaneer, with the circumstances that led to his reappearance in New

Burlington Street, in the character of an Outlaw.

H. Chaucer's "Well of English undefiled" has been often celebrated; reconcile, if you can, its acknowledged excellence with the superior skill of the moderns in *boring*, and investigate the system of Mr. Brunel; saying which you think likely to endure longest, or to be most beneficial to the world in general—Chaucer's Well, or the Thames Tunnel.

I. Give your sentiments upon the prospects and condition of Architecture in England, drawing a parallel between Blore and Phidias; define Lord Grey's attachment to his Order, and Serjeant Talfourd's partiality to the *Ionic*.

K. Have you ever seen any portion of the following character before? If so, where?

A SMALL POET is one that makes himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic, that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sits up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. You may know his wit not to be natural, it is so unquiet and troublesome in him; for as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders to prevent discovery: so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights and pots that want measure. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion and to shoot flying; which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for, as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did: for contraries are best set off by contraries. He has found out a new sort of Poet-

ical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit, like clover-glass, upon barren subjects which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times where in some men say there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there have been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them; as butchers do calves by the tail. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry—a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit, in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry.

Illustrate this passage from the history of contemporary writers; apply the Italian thief to Byron's conduct to Wordsworth, and shew the author of *Lalla Rookh* to be the Smallest poet in England.

L. Dryden, in *Mac Flecnoc*, says:

"Choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in *Acrostic* land;
There may'st thou wings display, and
altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand
ways."

What light does Addison throw upon this country, in the fifty-eighth No. of the *Spectator*? Name the principal persons distinguished for their attachment to this Land, in chronological order; and fix the exact distance from the Greenwich Observatory of the island of which Sancho was appointed governor.

M. Compare the Letter-droppers of antiquity (*Lipo-grammatists*) with the Twopenny-postmen.

N. What was Juvenal's opinion of turtle-soup, as collected from the following verses?

"Nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum
Qualis, in oceani fluctu, testudo nataret."

Give Sir Claudius Hunter's note on the passage, and compare Juvenal's Art of Cookery with Ude's.

O. Cicero, in one of his most celebrated *Orations*, has the phrase "*Ne quid DETRIMENTI res-publica caperet*;"

explain the allusion, and shew the reference to the DETRIMENT required of the students of Trinity. In which case do you consider the word most properly applied; in that of Catiline, or a senior soph? Investigate and obviate the objection which has been made against paying 2*l.* 10*s.* for injuring nothing. Have you any idea as to the objects to which these Detriments are devoted?

P. Illustrate chapel-fines from the Roman tributes, and give an account of the Publicans: what word in Scripture do we find often combined with the latter class? Need it be thus restricted? Enter fully into the subject, and prove the aid afforded to the cause of piety by the mulct of a penny per morning.

Q. Who was the last individual who smoked a cigar in Trinity Anti-Chapel? Did any intervention take place on that occasion? if, so, was it more effective than Lord Palmerston's?

R. Trace the sudden appearance of the Scarlet Fever in the New Court of Trinity during the present term to the red coat of a member of the college; what circumstances ensued thereupon; and say whether any doors changed colour upon the occasion.

S. In the bottom of the sea that washes the Cyclades the common *sponge* abounds; mention whether *sponge-cakes* are found in the same places, and what nets are employed for the service.

T. Explain the partiality of the Esquimaux to *ices*, distinguishing between water and cream, and comparing them with Gunter's.

U. Enumerate the benefits of blindness, shewing its beneficial influence on the intellect from the *Paradise Lost*. A certain member of the University of Cambridge, celebrated for Greek and eccentricity, stumbled upon a muffin-man. "Don't you see I'm blind?" exclaimed the angry peripatetic. "How should I," replied the Fellow, "when I'm blind too?" To what *Walker* does this anecdote relate?

V. Mr. Wordsworth has recently discovered at Athens, N.W. of the Pnyx, the following inscription, engraved upon a rock: 'HIEPON NTMΦAIX ΔΗΜΟΣΙΑΙΣ — SACRED TO THE POPULAR NYMPHS. Who are the most popular nymphs of the present day? Explain the Nympharum Domus of Virgil, and identify it with Almack's.

W. To what rhetorical figure do the

following specimens belong? — 1. "I called on our friend yesterday at his lodgings, and there I found him sitting all round a table by himself." 2. Louis XIV. was rallying one of his courtiers upon his increasing corpulence; the Duc d'Aumont, also a very large person, stood by and laughed. "Ah, sir!" replied the courtier, "what would your majesty have me do? I have already walked round the Duc d'Aumont three times this morning." 3. "I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related be not true." "I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused." 4. Dangeau, a French author, observed, in allusion to the perils of the Revolution, "Well, come what will, I have two hundred verbs, well conjugated, in my *escrutoire*." 5. Dr. Adams, while talking to Johnson about his *Dictionary*, observed, in allusion to the period of three years, in which he declared he could complete it, that the French Academy, consisting of forty members, had devoted forty years to the compilation of their *Dictionary*. "Sir," said Johnson, "this is the proportion: forty times forty is sixteen hundred; as three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

Very truly yours,

St. John's, July 2.

T. G.

P.S.—In concluding this subject, I take the opportunity of adding the titles of the two Publications which have been mentioned and quoted in my letters; and I would hint to Mr. Slatter the propriety of offering Mr. Fraser 100*l.* for the use of these letters, to bind up with the works alluded to. I name the small sum of 100*l.* in compliance with the general reduction which has taken place in all articles of value. Here are the titles:—*A New Art, teaching how to be Plucked; being a Treatise after the fashion of Aristotle. Writ for the use of Students in the Universities, by Scriblerus Redivivus*. Third edition. Oxford, 1835. Vincent. And, *Pluck Examination Papers for Candidates at Oxford and Cambridge in 1836*. By the same Author. Oxford, published by Slatter.

THE FOREIGN GRAVE.

They buried thee a thousand miles
 From home and friends, beside the shore ;
 And they who mourned resumed their smiles
 Before we heard thou wert no more.
 Divided in our lives—in death
 Our graves, perchance, shall distant be ;
 But while this bosom heaves with breath
 I'll sigh with fond regret for thee !
 On many a bright and busy day
 I've turned from life and light away,
 And to the woods' recesses deep
 I've borne my heavy heart to weep.
 The song, the gambol, and the jest
 Befit the young and idle breast ;
 But mine, at times, is not so free,
 And I retire to weep for thee !

How oft with envy have I seen
 The birds on wings distended race !
 “ No more should oceans intervene
 Betwixt me and thy dwelling-place.
 Could I, on pinions swift and strong,
 Speed merrily as they along,
 The barque I soon would leave behind,
 Outstrip the passage of the wind,
 And, ere the storm had gathered might,
 Within thy chamber close my flight !”
 Alas ! that dream is past—a grave
 Is all which lures me o'er the wave,—
 A simple grave, with stone that tells
 Whose form beneath it darkly dwells.
 Perchance some wild flowers cultured round
 Warn stranger feet 'tis holy ground ;
 But least they think who thither stray
 Whose heart beats for thee far away !

Three years and more have passed—a space
 Enough to heal each lighter ill ;
 But in my feelings is a place
 No other after thee can fill.
 Who can at morn my steps attend,
 Who can at eve with social glee
 Approve himself the trusty friend,
 Or boon associate, like thee ?
 Where can I seek the spotless truth,
 The wit, and worth in thee I found ?
 Far off, where beauty, valour, youth,
 Lie mouldering in foreign ground—
 Far off, beneath a tropic sky—
 Far off, beyond the rolling sea,
 Where winds and waves symphonious sigh
 A melancholy dirge for thee !
 Rest, weary spirit, tears are shed,
 And prayers and wishes breathed in vain ;
 But time's last throbs shall wake the dead,
 And we may live to meet again !

O'HANLON AND HIS WIFE.

THERE are some tragedies of *real life* which are infallibly read with extreme interest. Their effect is intense for a short time; at all events, like that of a Cock Lane ghost, or a Whig reform-bill. A good, respectable murder, like that of Weare, performed by Thurtell, is sure "to take;" though the circumstances were, no doubt, improved in *that* instance by his happening to be the son of a rich alderman. Such events are a harvest for a certain order of gentlemen of the press. Every one who can produce a new version of the story, with only a few additional particulars, or even embellishments, from his own imagination, if he comes out with sufficient rapidity before another murder superannuates him, will, doubtless, meet with both applause and profit.

The very scene of the domestic tragedy becomes classic ground. The commonest of all common things—the king's highway—to the spot becomes interesting. *Here*, at this identical butcher's stall, did the alderman's son purchase the far-famed delicacies of the supper-table; at yonder pothouse he actually procured a pail of water for his horse; at the tenth mile-stone is a toll-bar, where he was recognised by the bar-keeper, who observed, that "it was a fine night;" two miles further on is a public-house, denominated the "Pig in a Cage," where he drank brandy and water; and so on, till we arrive at the magic circle—the grand scene of action—the real field of Marathon—the profoundly interesting territory, where every turn of the garden-walk round the cottage, every branch of the trees, every ripple on the surface of the never-to-be-forgotten *pond*, excites the most intense emotions. You are overpowered by the workings of your own reflective intellect, by your vivid conceptions of the *past*, arising from the *actual presence* of this romantic scenery; and, after having lingered in every chamber of the cottage, and surveyed its contents with more excitement than would be produced by the contemplation of a king's palace, you endeavour to fix on some article which you may purloin as a relic, and, if nothing else will do, you cut a lappet out of the window-curtain; or bear away in triumph a twig from the identical tree

that droops over the water wherein the body of the "unfortunate gentleman" was discovered.

Now all this places the "public at large, or the large public," in rather an awkward predicament; yet, it must be allowed, I have said nothing which is not strictly true. The impressions derived from a murder, its history, or scene of action, one would suppose must be so disgusting, painful, and repulsive, that no one would wish to dwell on the subject whose tastes and habits are not as depraved as those of the condemned criminal, if not more so. Be this as it may, the crowd of spectators at an execution is not made up merely of the illiterate and swinish multitude, though these, of course, predominate, but, as is well known, people of all professions, classes, and ranks, may be found there. Whether they are all depraved, is a question I leave to the philanthropist and misanthrope to argue and settle as they best can. It is enough for my present purpose to remark, that impressions, which one might suppose absolutely painful and repulsive, are, notwithstanding, very acceptable to a great mass of mankind. But I did not intend to stop at this *truism*, as I have strong reasons for believing that a respectable murderer is always regarded with a very great share of esteem, sympathy, and even affection! In Newgate, at all events, he is certain of being looked up to as an eminent character; and, as "long as he conducts himself like a gemman, shall 'ave whatsomdever a gemman ought to 'ave." On a little reflection, therefore, he ought to feel as happy as a king,—for he plays a distinguished part within a limited sphere, and for a short time only. What more can be said of the greatest hero? Besides, heroes are often exposed to hard knocks, and much opposition, in the world; but the condemned murderer is treated with invariable kindness and courtesy, especially by a certain class of saints and psalm-singers, who are, of course, vastly good people. From them he receives persevering visits of condolence; and if, to strengthen his devotions, he expresses a wish to live on *hurtle*, venison, and champagne, probably the means will be charitably supplied for that purpose. It is quite

obvious that the expense falls within certain limits, and that he cannot require it long; whereas, in the case of divers other gentlemen, who are also in great need of consolation and assistance, and would also prefer good living, we cannot possibly ascertain how much turbot and champagne they might live to consume. If charitably assisted, they may finish in five days, or go on for fifty years,—a result which, to their benevolent friends, would be rather formidable. But it is not by psalm-singing parsons, or Charing Cross preachers, alone, that he is visited. Examples have occurred among the fair sex, even of young and beautiful devotees, who have visited the murderer in his cell, and spent hours in conference with him on the mysteries of religion, and his prospects of pardon and happiness in eternity.

But, notwithstanding all this, the wise public appears marvellously inconsistent,—for there is another species of tragedy in real life of which the contemplation should be quite as painful and repulsive, and to which, nevertheless, the said public attach comparatively no interest whatever. Here I allude in particular to a class of murders which are performed *gradually*, and with great refinements of ingenuity; moreover, where the murderer, though every one may witness what he has done, is yet so clever that he keeps the law of the land on his own side, and can shrug his shoulders and say,—“’Pon honour, it was all a mistake, and you cannot possibly blame me.” Now one would suppose that the protracted sufferings of a victim would afford as interesting a subject for reflection as the mere act of butchery in scooping a man’s brains out with the barrel end of a pistol.* Nor should your *slow* but *sure* performer be denied his share of notoriety and admiration. But the world thinks otherwise; and he goes on quietly and obscurely, visited with neither praise nor blame. For this glaring inconsistency in public opinion, perhaps, there are many good reasons; and, if I might venture a conjecture, I should say that, comparatively speaking, there is a total want of dignity about the class of *real-life* tragedies to which I allude, and by this means the painful effect is quite diluted and neutralised. Pity, we all know, is allied

to contempt. Your victim who screams for half an hour amid burning faggots is, no doubt, very respectable; but not so the individual who slowly pines away for a month or six weeks. Such people are too much like ordinary invalids; besides, they are almost invariably poor, and wear always a sneaking, humiliated aspect. Your contempt for them is unavoidably so complete, that it overpowers every other feeling. Then, with regard to the hero of the piece, the very perfection of his art, on which he prides himself, and by which he secures his own personal safety, cuts off all chance of *compelling* public attention. Some oddly constituted minds may, indeed, be impressed with the notion that he *deserves* the gallows yet more than such men as Thurtell. But of what consequence is this to tragic effect? What pretensions can he have as a hero, compared with the man who boldly and unflinchingly puts himself within range of the hangman’s halter, and, after having gratified you with the performance of an excellent and bloody murder, also gives you an opportunity of witnessing the very interesting spectacle of an execution?

“*Truth*,” says Byron, “*is often stranger than fiction*,” and, notwithstanding the objections just now started, I have occasionally entered into my common place-book *memoranda* of some of those obscure and undignified murders which, though I despair of rendering them very acceptable in public estimation, are yet too good in their way to be passed over in utter silence. But let it be confessed, I have myself no skill in authorship, though amply accustomed to the use of pen and ink in my profession of an accountant, an employment which has brought me into frequent contact with that class of victims who are not, like Weare, put to death because they are rich, but because they are obviously poor; and in this country, where poverty or debt is looked on as the greatest of crimes, may possibly be set down as fair game—which, by the way, is another argument in defence of the public apathy on such occasions.

The first narrative in my collection boasts for its hero a once highly respectable attorney of Gray’s Inn, named Mr. Marmaduke Diggles. I say, once

respectable,—because, after the lapse of about fifteen years, I am unable to say what has become of him. Having myself retired from the world to vegetate on a narrow income, in the county of Kent, I have not for a long time been in his quarter of the town; but he lived formerly, and perhaps lives now, at a large handsome house in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, with very dingy windows, but which internally exhibited massive though plain furniture, and, on the whole, wore an aspect indicating the owner's wealth and prosperity. Moreover, Mr. Diggle was a stout, portly man, in whose countenance Lavater would perhaps have found somewhat to commend,—for it generally betokened much calmness and decision of character, with an imperturbable effrontery, which passes exceedingly well in this world for praiseworthy self-possession and conscious independence. To those who were acquainted with the habits and principles of this *worthy*, it was no great wonder that he should for the most part retain a decided calm expression of features; for he completely escaped all that mental bother and turmoil by which some people suffer who are liable to *jarring* impulses, who have divers objects of ambition, and are plagued with qualms of conscience. Now, Mr. Maindake Diggle had only one object of eager and affectionate solicitude; he had only one pursuit; he thought of nothing else in the universe but how to obtain money, and was not in the least scrupulous about the means of acquiring it, provided he merely avoided being “struck off the rolls,” or hanged, or transported. No one, therefore, could be more exemplary in this life for unity of purpose. As for *keeping* money when he once got it, *that* required *no thought*; he could trust in that respect to his own instinctive propensities; and those who determined to extract *argent* from his coffers must indeed arm themselves for a desperate encounter.

But, as various wise men have observed, appearances are not to be trusted; and, at the period of my acquaintance with him, Diggle was by no means so independent as he looked and assumed to be. Trusting to his own great talents, specious manners, and *pertinacity of purpose*, he had at the outset started on too great a scale; and, having gradually met the demands on him for his large house and hand-

some furniture, he had nothing left. Yet Diggle was too much of a hero to *give in*. He well knew that the only way for a poor man to subsist in the world of London is by concealing his real circumstances. There is, indeed, another expedient—that of pleading poverty, and living on compassion, which, by those who do not mind the indelible disgrace, may possibly succeed for one year, or thereabouts, but no genius on earth can protract the system longer. Benevolence and charity are virtues of rare occurrence, which work exceedingly well on a sudden impulse, and for a short period, but are very easily tired out. Diggle might almost have desponded at the predicament in which he was placed; but, on the contrary, he lay calmly in wait for opportunities of gain, not despising even the smallest fractional profits; and, as if Fortune especially favoured him, opportunities always occurred in one shape or another, though not to such an extent as he could have wished.

With his own household, indeed, there could be no disguise; but (clerks excluded) the establishment consisted of only one hideous old woman, and a starved foot-boy. *They* were but too well aware that in the large and carefully locked wine-cellar the bins were empty, and that the handsome mahogany dining-table, with its inviting satellites of well-stuffed morocco chairs, was never used,—for Mr. Diggle did not dine at home. Moreover, the clerks grumbled that, although there *certainly* was “business in the office,” yet it did not always *pay*, and payment they absolutely must have. Indeed, their employer was quite aware of this, remembering the time when he was himself a clerk, and when he would have found it extremely difficult to get credit for a dinner. *Whither* he himself went to enjoy the pleasures of the festive board no mortal ever discovered. I have some reason to believe that he had a favourite haunt in the Borough, near the King's Bench Prison, where a delicately dressed dish *à la mode Française* was always ready for him, and where such luxury cost him about sixpence per day. From this quiet retirement, having a small parlour to himself, he could hear, or fancy, that over the neighbouring high walls he heard the groans of his suffering victims.

Let me not be misunderstood in this last expression. Mr. Diggle certainly was a respectable practitioner. He had been known to act very generously on various occasions, when it happened that the said generosity did not subject him to any pecuniary loss; but to humanity and perseverance he laid no particular claims. If he had any fault, it was only that of over-zeal for the interests of such creditors as employed him for the recovery of debts: in such cases he became always a decided partisan; and if the creditor was outrageous, he made it a point to appear even more so. According to his reiterated opinions, those who were not perfectly sure that they could pay their debts with the most rigid punctuality, should never contract any; and people who had unfortunately acted in apparent contempt of this rule deserved no mercy. This led occasionally to a mode of procedure which seemed rather harsh,—in a word, it was sharp practice; but all the world admitted that the *principles* on which he acted were undeniably correct; or, if he had not all the world, he had, of course, a respectable majority in his favour.

But such eminent men are liable to be called on for their professional services by clients of the most opposite possible descriptions. As often as they can, they, of course, promote the views of the rich in grinding the poor; but it is also their duty to assist the poor in warding off attacks from the comparatively rich; and in this latter capacity Mr. Diggles happened to be employed, in the year 1823, by a highly respectable wine-merchant, named Colonel O'Hanlon.

To the ear of an independent country gentleman it may sound odd that the titles of wine-merchant and colonel should go together; but in London, where titles of all grades, up to the rank of a British peer, may now be found in possession of *ci-devant* (or perhaps actual) soap and sugar boilers, biscuit-bakers, slop-sellers, general agents, bill-brokers, and bankers, it will not appear extraordinary. It is impossible, certainly, to draw the pay of a British officer, and at the same time to be by habit and repute a trader; and so thoroughly conscious was O'Hanlon of his degraded state, as he sometimes called it (though he would not for an instant have borne with such an epithet, if even dreamed of

by another), that he no longer used on his cards the title, colonel, but called himself *Mr.* O'Hanlon. During the war he had rapidly and signally distinguished himself; but, like many others, was unable to turn his valour to what is called "good account" in the world. He received two honorary medals, and was made a companion, not a knight of the Bath; but the honour of knighthood might well be dispensed with,—for, being a younger son from a collateral branch of an old family, he had no private fortune wherewith to support such rank. Whether the O'Hanlons were descendants of kings, being profoundly ignorant of such matters, I know not; however, they had considerable landed property, yielding an income which, equally divided, ought to have sufficed for all; but of course it was in the possession of an elder brother, who had so loaded it with mortgages, that at last there was nothing but the mere name of an estate left for himself, not to speak of junior branches and dependants. This is so customary, that it was hardly worth mentioning—an Irish estate and a mortgaged one being nearly synonymous. But if high spirits, high health, obstinacy, pride, and *hauteur*, could form an equivalent for lost riches, in such qualities not one of the family appeared deficient; on the contrary, these characteristics seemed to increase rather than diminish with their falling fortunes. They had some connexions in Spain and Portugal; and O'Hanlon, though a Protestant, had married at Lisbon an accomplished young Catholic lady, who perfectly understood the English language, being the orphan daughter of a British officer, who had connected himself with a Portuguese family of high rank. Their marriage (O'Hanlon's, I mean) was a rash one on both sides, but it was no blind bargain. Each party knew that the other was poor, and that they ran a risk of encountering some hard gales in the voyage of life.

To do O'Hanlon justice, when he married Ignatia Morris, he was impressed with the belief that he would receive through the hands of his cousin-german a certain portion of the family fortune, which, however, never arrived. The sum was expected, and was justly due, but by some means or another it swamped under the management of the cousin; and in 1819

O'Hanlon found himself established at London as a "family man," and without any other means of subsistence but his half-pay, while his agent's account was already overdrawn. He, indeed, moved in the first circles of society, who would have shut him out for ever had it been known that he laboured under any pecuniary difficulties, though this might easily have been surmised, — for at the United Service Club even his yearly subscription was in arrear. All hope of lucrative employment in his profession seemed at an end. In process of time, by retaining his commission, he must, indeed, become a general; but, meanwhile, how could he provide adequately for wife and children? In an evil hour he allowed himself to be persuaded by an officious friend that it was better to *sell out*, and, on the strength of his connexions, and intimate acquaintance with Spain and Portugal, to embark in the wine-trade! From the very moment that this step was resolved upon, there appeared a change in O'Hanlon's demeanour. There was a certain irritability in his manner, an unwonted and uncalled-for jealousy of his own importance and rank, as if his character had been liable to attacks which certainly had no existence but in his own imagination. In truth, he regretted the measures which had been adopted almost as soon as they were accomplished; but the deed was irrevocable, and he must make the best of his bargain.

Like our friend Diggles in *one* respect, though not in any other, O'Hanlon started on a grand scale. His cellars were of great extent, and his adjoining house would have been well suited for an old-established merchant worth 5000*l.* per annum. The small capital which he had to embark was soon exhausted; but, at the same time, *orders* came showering in from all quarters, and he had unlimited credit: so that, as the wine which he had purchased went out without being paid for, he could replace it by a new stock from his *friends* in the city, who did not call on him for immediate cash. "His acceptance, payable that day twelvemonths, would be quite satisfactory to them."

For any reader who knows the world, it is quite needless to dwell on this part of our story; he will comprehend in a moment that O'Hanlon's

prospects of advantage must soon change into *certain* involvement and ruin. The truth is, that in order to succeed in commercial pursuits an apprenticeship must be served — a process of education must be undergone; and O'Hanlon was quite as unfit for his present vocation as a city stock-broker, taken straight from his ledger, would be for the command of an army. Within about two years, he fell into such difficulties that his temper was soured, his peace of mind entirely broken, and he lived in a continued *worry*; embittered, rather than lessened, by the conviction that he was unjustly persecuted; that the debts due to him would more than suffice to meet existing claims; and that he had still an ample stock in trade to dispose of. But his aristocratic customers (including various members of the club) did *not* pay; he was utterly unacquainted with the artifices requisite to extort money from reckless or obstinate debtors, and, being unprepared for such a dilemma, could not extricate himself. His own creditors became pressing; there was constant uproar at the door of his house; the knocker perpetually reiterated its alarm in all possible modifications, till at last he nailed it up. Moreover, he *muffled* the bell. But such precautions were of no avail; his assailants henceforth attacked the door itself, which they thumped with ponderous weapons, blowing cat-calls by way of *intermezzo*. In order to procure some interval of quiet for his family, O'Hanlon borrowed money from his city friends, and others; to whom, in several instances, he was obliged to pledge his solemn word of honour, that within a certain time the money should be repaid. These expedients succeeded admirably well for a short interval, and quiet was restored; but after the lapse of two or three months the attacks were renewed with increased vehemence, precisely as on a troubled ocean wave succeeds to wave. O'Hanlon could launch out admirably in speculation, but he had neither pecuniary capital to fall back upon, and enable him to *wait the chances*, nor the capital resource of a patient temper, which is sometimes proof, like the armour of a rhinoceros, against annoyances. At last, a more formidable set of creditors became clamorous: the very individuals from whom he had borrowed

money, on parole of honour, came on the field, and *these* he did contrive to pay, whilst others remained unsatisfied. To the latter class, also, he administered a portion of their demands; which only added fuel to the fire of their resentment, and gave them means to set the machinery of the law in motion, without any immediate expense. On several occasions, O'Hanlon completely lost temper, and desired them to go to the devil. They did not *exactly* do this; but each man, after such admonition, did the next best thing, which was to go to an attorney, and, consequently, O'Hanlon was one morning arrested for a small sum, which he could easily have paid: but although the wise law of England would by no means allow him to do this, it, of course, allowed him to remain for a whole week at the private mansion of a distinguished legal *officiant*, where his inevitable expense was greater than the original debt. Thence he removed, for economy's sake, to the King's Bench, loaded with the various processes which other *ci-devant* friends had issued against him, instead of going quietly to the devil.

Englishmen are vastly proud of their laws, especially the doctrines of Magna Charta:—"No man shall be taken from his home, or otherwise injured, except by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land;" such law, in regard to debtors, being, "that their bodies should be free, so that they might serve the king in his wars, and protect their families." But in our enlightened age, the *mere allegation* of a debt, without one shadow of collateral evidence or proof, is quite enough. *There* sits the culprit in his dungeon, without having been honoured with examination or trial before any court; and nothing but money, or its equivalent in the personal bonds of wealthy men, can relieve him.

Under these trying circumstances, O'Hanlon, who had accidentally met with Diggles, and knew him as a well-reputed attorney, applied for his professional assistance. But O'Hanlon had not the resources usually employed by people when bereft of liberty, for, in his capacity of merchant, it was indispensably requisite that he should still endeavour to preserve credit, and conceal the misfortunes that had befallen him from those very indi-

viduals whom alone he could have called on for temporary assistance.

At this period, his wife's character seemed for the first time to be developed. She had before ventured to express her discontent with their expensive mode of life, and her wish for retirement and economy. She had also used a wife's privilege to censure or deprecate those outbreaks of temper in which O'Hanlon was too apt to indulge, when provoked by his creditors. But now, when he had become a prisoner, her whole feelings seemed to have undergone a change, and her conduct evinced a degree of firmness, decision of purpose, and self-possession, which could little have been expected from one usually so retiring and gentle. She insisted that commercial involvements, as long as life and health remained, ought not to produce indigence or despair; that quiet industry, perseveringly continued, would always *tell* in the world; and that she could herself earn, by her own labour, as much as would maintain her husband and family. She was, of course, obliged to include O'Hanlon as dependent on her efforts: for the dead in the tomb cannot be more useless or helpless than a prisoner; and the latter requires food, which is not customary with the dead. Accordingly, she put together, into a handsome portfolio, a selection from the best of her own drawings in water-colours, and, attired in a fashionable morning costume, stepped into a coach, and had recourse to an eminent dealer in such wares; to whom she offered them as the production of a young person of her acquaintance, who, under peculiar circumstances, was desirous to obtain their pecuniary value. If, for once in her life, Ignatia departed from the absolute truth, might not the fault, like Uncle Toby's oath at the bedside of Le Fevre, be blotted out in the record against her? Be this as it may, she managed admirably well. The shopkeeper, from whom she had often made purchases, actually believed that he was obliging a rich, or, at all events, independent customer; and, contrary to his usual practice, he therefore paid for the drawings most liberally. Ignatia thought that she had discovered an inexhaustible mine of wealth, and with great exhilaration drove on to the borough, and presented her newly acquired treasure to O'Han-

lon; who, roused from apathy by his wife's generous efforts and unhappy situation, covered his usually stern features with both hands, to conceal his emotion, and for some time could not reply. At last, he begged that she would take good care of the money thus nobly earned by her own independent exertions, and exhorted her to continued fortitude and patience in her lonely and deserted state; promising that, with the aid of his active and intelligent attorney, Mr. Diggles, he would soon arrange and conquer the difficulties that had "brought him to this pass."

Mr. Diggles was, indeed, at this time, vastly accommodating and assiduous. There was only one especial condition which he stickled for, as the indispensable basis of his exertions; namely, that he must have an entire and unreserved statement of his client's affairs: without which, as he observed, he would only work in the dark, and might do more harm than good. O'Hanlon did not, at first, admire this proposition. However, on reflection, he acquiesced in the idea that he must either have entire confidence in his agent, or none; consequently drew up an abstract, the contents of which he would rather have concealed, not only from all the world, but even from himself: for, by the difficulties of the last six months, he had been led into transactions which placed him far too much in the power of *soi-disant* friends, who, if they chose to take all the advantages which the law could afford them, might effect his utter demolition. The watchwords of Diggles at *this* period, however, were, "*En avant! courage!*" and after a few sittings, which he always contrived should take place in the evening, over a bottle of his client's best wine, the attorney, indeed, possessed himself of such thorough knowledge and understanding of the case as the said client himself could by no means pretend to. O'Hanlon, after these conferences, awoke every morning with an aching head and a still more aching heart, wondering *when* the result of these minute investigations was to take place in the shape of his promised emancipation.

Mr. Diggles's real views of the subject were, indeed, extremely different from those of his client. He perceived, clearly enough, that if O'Hanlon were restored to liberty and the so-styled

management of his affairs, equal difficulties would occur within a single month, or, perhaps, a single week; whilst to himself (Diggles), doubtless, a great deal of trouble, but not a fraction of pecuniary profit, would accrue. In that respect, he had already drawn all the benefit that was practicable; having, for the first time since he resided in Queen Square, given an order for wine, and received into his before empty cellar twelve dozens of his client's very best port and madeira. The latter, he observed, "was a wine unjustly neglected: when good, it had a softness and richness of *body*, with a pre-eminence of flavour, which could not be found even in the best sherry." But though, by protecting and assisting O'Hanlon, he felt convinced that he would never add to his already secure acquisition of twelve dozens of wine, he conceived, from the statements laid before him, that, by secretly taking part with certain creditors, in opposition to his client, and, in case of bankruptcy, being employed as solicitor for private assignees, he might become a gainer to a very considerable amount. In short, if to extricate his client were not a profitable employment, the fairest prospects of pecuniary advantage were held out by another plan—that of conducting him to ruin.

This idea, however, could not have arisen, and the plan could not have ripened, had it not been for O'Hanlon's imprudent and complicated transactions with the eminent house of Vigilant and Co., general merchants, in America Square. These gentlemen had been his particular friends, and, since the very commencement of his difficulties, had been willing to assist him, but never except on certain conditions; by which, though the then existing usury laws were completely evaded, yet they always secured inordinate profits. I do not consider it requisite to go into any technical detail of the questions at issue, each party complaining of promises unfulfilled, accounts imperfectly rendered, and heavy claims yet to be adjusted. If Vigilant's assertions were to be credited, the greater part of O'Hanlon's estate would, on a division, fall to their share; if, on the contrary, *his* accounts were accurate, they had been already overpaid by certain property in bond, which he had long ago assigned to them.

Possessed of these and various other

important facts, Diggles, instead of directing his attention exclusively to getting his client out of bondage, made it his business to discover the temper and disposition of those creditors who had as yet taken no hostile proceedings against him. For the most part, he found that O'Hanlon's endeavours at concealment had proved of no avail; they almost all knew of his misfortunes, and almost all were inclined to act in such a manner as would render bankruptcy inevitable. But it would have been impossible for Diggles to fix on any other creditors of his unfortunate client so admirably suited for his purpose as Messrs. Vigilant and Co., who, with manners and address the most plausible and fawning, were, when roused on a question touching their own interests, as inimitable and outrageous as tiger-cats. They complained bitterly to Diggles of losses and crosses in transactions with his client, expressing, at the same time, their sympathy and sorrow; to all which the skilful diplomatist answered by shaking his head, and saying that Col. O'Hanlon gave a very different account of the matter, which, no doubt, he would be able to substantiate.

Among certain classes of people there is a certain kind of free-masonry, or psychological magnetism, which abridges explanation, entirely supersedes the necessity of previous acquaintance, and renders them, after a fashion, old friends from the commencement. Messrs. Vigilant were flourishing, and likely to continue so. O'Hanlon was fallen in the world, and though, if assisted, he might flounder about for a long time, would never thoroughly emerge from the slough of debt and difficulty. Vigilant and Co. perceived this clearly; Diggles perceived it also; and they were quite unanimous in *one* purpose—how to turn the bankrupt's misfortunes to the best account. If the great merchants of America Square could be allowed to sustain their claim against O'Hanlon to the full extent, this would be to them of no little importance; and a lucky thought, like a gleam of original genius, started into the mind of Diggles, that he might promote their views, and thereby secure to himself some solid pelf, which he would have the pleasure of counting over as he sipped his favourite madeira. To accomplish this laudable purpose, it was requisite, of

course, that a *fiat* of bankruptcy should issue; and, further, that he should find means to vilify and degrade O'Hanlon's character in such a manner that his evidence would be regarded with mistrust, and easily overruled in any court. The means by which to secure this latter preliminary were, indeed, undeveloped; however, more than a month had passed away since O'Hanlon's incarceration. Within another fortnight he would be at the mercy of any one who chose to strike a docket against him, and, with regard to disgrace and calumny, Diggles felt convinced that these would soon follow: nor, as events proved, had he been over-sanguine in this belief.

The ground-work of a bargain with Messrs. Vigilant was admirably laid one evening, during a quiet, comfortable city dinner, at a coffee-house, where the wines were supplied by these eminent traders, and the landlord was considerably in their debt. Mr. Diggles pronounced the turtle-soup excellent (not mentioning that it was the first he had ever tasted), and the haunch was unquestionably superb; so were the wines: but of the latter he partook in great moderation. No seduction of example nor of exquisite flavour could get the better of his innate care and caution.

"Our demands are large against O'Hanlon," said Mr. Jeremiah Vigilant, over the third bottle, "and we ought, in law, to have a preferable claim; but, on examination, *he*, no doubt, will give a very different colouring to the affair; and, in equity, the case might go against us."

"Suppose," said Diggles, "I contrived matters so that you were appointed trustees, or assignees; also, that your preferable claim should be sustained, and the whole of the wines to which you have so often referred came quietly into your possession; what would you give?"

"Twenty-five guineas, perhaps," said Mr. Elijah Vigilant, in a tone of indifference.

"I will not undertake it for less than a hundred; and I must, besides, have a conditional bond."

"What do you say to that, Jerry?" inquired the elder brother of the younger.

"I think," said Mr. Jeremiah, replenishing his glass, "Diggles's proposition is a fair one. Let us drink

success to all honest men, and devil take the rogues! It is an easy matter to draw up a private and confidential memorandum, by which we are bound to pay him one hundred pounds within three or six months, provided we have in that interval been placed in the undisputed possession of certain property, and are appointed assignees of O'Hanlon's estate."

For the last half-hour I have been fretting at the *length* of my story, yet have here compressed a dialogue of an hour's duration into twenty lines! Strange as it may seem, a bond was actually drawn (for Digges always carried stamps in his pocket), and he went home quite rejoiced, having a prophetic anticipation that circumstances would favour his plans, and thoroughly aware that, if he kept his own secret, Messrs. Vigilant and Co. would keep theirs. But the best of the whole matter was, that he had now little or nothing to do. He needed only to keep up an *appearance* of activity in his client's interests, and beguile the time; for the mischief which he desiderated would move on of itself, smooth and stealthy as oil in its *progress*, however corroding in its *effects*.

Meanwhile, distress, in its most appalling shapes, had fallen upon O'Hanlon and his family; and, unluckily for one disabled by imprisonment, it was of that description which meets with no sympathy nor compassion in the world. According to his own principles, he, indeed, would have shunned exposure to compassion almost as decidedly, and with as much abhorrence, as he would have avoided touching a rattlesnake. But there are situations in which a man's innate principles, his likings and dislikings, are almost as unavailing and useless as if he had no free will, and were merely passive, like a weed tossed in the ocean-waves. O'Hanlon would have suffered privations, even unto famine and death, without one syllable of murmur or complaint: he would have borne the distresses and indignities of a prison, like the troubles of a campaign, in stoical apathy. *C'était la fortune de la guerre*. But the sufferings of others, who looked to him for assistance, he could not endure so tranquilly; and this, on his own account, was to be regretted, for his disquietude did no good. A man may

readily obtain money for the expenses of a projected voyage round the world, for building a Colosseum or an aerial ship, or for working a gold mine situated in regions about as well known in London as the volcanoes in the moon, or, in short, for any such *rational* and *scientific* purpose; but if he attempts raising the wind to save his wife and children from starvation, or to pay the doctor's fees for attending them when sick of a fever, the plan "will not work." He will meet only with opposition, reproach, contempt, and contumely. All this O'Hanlon thoroughly knew, and he therefore made no such attempts; besides, his repugnance to anything like an appeal *in forma pauperis* was an insurmountable obstacle, and yet the situation in which he had left his family wrung him to the heart.

An execution was sent into their house; and Ignatia's domestics, perceiving that order was infringed, and their own comforts abridged, took, as a matter of course, to drinking and rebellion. They either quarrelled with the bailiffs, which was a great annoyance, or collegued with them in pilfering and insolence, which was worse. All this might have been endured; but a favourite child became dangerously ill, requiring constant attendance and constant *quiet* in a house where there was no willing attendant but the poor mother, and where *quiet* could not be insured even for a single hour. Respectable tradesmen (so, at least, they styled themselves) would come, and knock, and screech, and blow their cat-calls, for hours together, in defiance of the police; being, as they said, determined not to leave the premises till they obtained their money. Thus persecuted, Ignatia (as the greatest object of her immediate ambition) cherished the wish to migrate into some humble asylum, where the mode of life would be suited to her present poverty; but, without money (having exhausted the price of her drawings), how could this be accomplished? She was exposed to even more than the horrors of widowhood; for, in her lonely and helpless state, she was not looked on as entitled to respect, delicacy, or compassion. No; her husband was within reach, and ought to protect her: but had poor Ignatia been *actually* in the hands of robbers and assassins, O'Hanlon was quite as unable to render as-

sistance as if he had been in the grave, or in the East Indies.

Without money, then, what was to be done? Diggle's thoroughly knew his client's affairs, but he would not advance any. O'Hanlon, had he been even one day at liberty, would, no doubt, have smoothed the difficulties in a trice, by personally waiting on those customers who were indebted to him, but from whom it appeared absolutely necessary that he should conceal his present embarrassment. To employ Diggle as treasurer would have been, for many reasons, objectionable; besides, his confidence in that *worthy* was considerably shaken. At last, he ventured on a decisive step. An individual of noble birth, not celebrated for his punctuality in payments, had long been on his list of debtors. To this eminent personage, with whom, as a brother-officer, he had before lived on the most friendly terms, he wrote, frankly avowing that, in consequence of many disappointments, the receipt of even a small sum was of importance; insomuch, that if his lordship would pay sixty pounds, or even half that amount, for the use of his family during his unavoidable absence, it would be esteemed a personal obligation.

There is no end to the varieties of the human character. Some people will write dunning or begging letters by the score, and with the utmost alacrity, who could by no means, short of downright force, be brought to move within the range of either cannon-shot or musketry. But O'Hanlon, who had on several occasions been the leader in mounting a breach, made so many hideous grimaces, and shewed such obstinate disgust and repugnance at writing this letter, that it seemed doubtful if it would ever be despatched. Yet the reply was a matter of feverish anxiety, for Ignatia's strength and courage were now almost entirely worn out, and he knew that his favourite child had become so ill that life was despaired of.

After many fruitless endeavours, delays, and disappointments, his lordship paid his account; and Ignatia, finding herself responsible for the management of what seemed a great treasure, endeavoured to act with becoming prudence, and almost immediately removed to a very humble but quiet lodging, not far from the place of

O'Hanlon's confinement, having previously dismissed all her servants except one, who *promised* to be faithful, and who was left in charge of the large mansion. Her only object for the present had been to fix on some abode, where, unknown and unmolested, she could watch over her invalid child; and in this humble ambition she *was* gratified. She could now even procure the attendance of a nurse, so as not to be wholly debarred her own night's rest; and in her prayers she thanked God for His merciful interposition, rejoicing also that it was possible to obtain medical assistance, without being wholly dependent on a physician's benevolence. But her anxiety and efforts were in vain: the child died within a week after the removal.

The creditors who detained O'Hanlon in prison, with the *humane* view of punishing him for not doing that which was impossible, must have been highly gratified by the sufferings of a husband and father so situated; more especially as he was possessed by the idea that, had he been at liberty, his favourite child would have survived. But this, perhaps, was only the dream of one who, because he is in bondage, imagines that he could "*faire l'impossible*," as the French express it, if only he were released. It was during this week of misfortune that Diggle and his associates saw their plans ripening in such a manner that they felt sure of ultimate success. It had, of course, been part of his policy to keep his client in profound ignorance that a *fiat* of bankruptcy hung over him; but the attorney, having a watchful eye, was perfectly aware of O'Hanlon's application to the noble lord, and contrived matters so that the docket was struck almost simultaneously with the payment of the money to Ignatia, the far greater part of which was unavoidably spent in getting rid of servants, and for various other purposes, within a few days after it had been received.

No sooner had O'Hanlon's real situation as a bankrupt been made known, than, with characteristic impetuosity, he sent for Diggle, and on his appearance reproached him, not with duplicity—for, up to the present time, he had no conception of the plots that were laid against him—but with culpable mismanagement,—with a total want of due care, energy, and

professional skill, to foresee this evil, and to realise the expectations which he had before held out. These accusations came most opportunely for Diggles, who, retaining the most perfect self-possession (which O'Hanlon had *entirely* lost), expressed his surprise and deep regret at the severe, undeserved, and, he must add, unfair treatment, he now met with; in consequence of which, he had no alternative left but to decline any further interference in the matter, and to leave it for such agents as were better qualified than he to contend with the difficulties of the case. O'Hanlon's contempt and indignation were so great, that he lost the power of utterance, and could only express by looks and gestures—significant enough!—his determination that the attorney should forthwith quit the room; which he accomplished in "double-quick time." Thus, at length, all good understanding was stifled betwixt Mr. Diggles and his client, though the former manifested no animosity, but, on various occasions, declared his unabated willingness to act in O'Hanlon's favour, were it possible that, in so desperate a case, any good could be done.

To annul the past has been noted by *soi-disant* philosophers as an impossibility, which destroys or obscures our idea of omnipotence. Time, who is the same to the fortunate and unfortunate, kept striding along in his restless course; having, among other victims, cut down with his scythe one promising plant which, but for indirect consequences of the law of arrest, might have been saved; and, after a lapse of three months, found O'Hanlon still in prison, and his family destitute. On being gazetted, his whole effects were, as usual, placed under charge of a messenger from the bankruptcy court; and no complexity or difficulty appearing at his first examination, it was assumed, as a matter of course, that every creditor would claim on his estate, and that he would, ere long, be freed from that thralldom and degradation which ought never to be inflicted for a breach of civil contract, nor for any offence short of fraud and felony. But such notions proved erroneous. Those who held him in prison were unwilling to give up their supposed advantages,—for they still believed that some private friend would interfere to purchase his liberty. So time rolled

on; and Messrs. Vigilant and Co. (who had been elected assignees) deferred their final operations for a fitting opportunity—till the plot thickened and the plan ripened—on which their now declared agent, Mr. Marmaduke Diggles, like a good pilot, kept a watchful outlook.

A friend, however, *did* interfere, and by persevering exertions prevailed on every creditor *but one* to withdraw his detainer; and, though that one seemed immitigably obstinate, it was hoped that he also would, ere long, *give in*; so that Diggles and his friends ran a risk of being defeated, and from their inmost hearts they cursed the officious and meddling fool who, without even the rational excuse of having any self-interest at stake, but, as the idiot said, "from the mere wish to do good," had impertinently "thrust his finger in the pie."

* * * *

It happened, on a mild and bright day of October, that Ignatia, in her humble abode, was busily engaged on the completion of a very beautiful and highly-finished drawing, for which, in her poverty, she would receive from the proprietor of a grand *repertorium* about a fourth part of the price which he would have paid had she been independent of such resources. Yet at this the artist murmured not. The remuneration, however small, was, at all events, certain. Only two hours more of close application were necessary to complete the work; and she rejoiced at being thus enabled once more to pay the weekly rent of her humble abode, and carry the remainder to O'Hanlon,—for during the last two months of his captivity this heroine had been his constant soother, comforter, and supporter.

Ignatia had, indeed, another special cause of gladness,—for the friend already mentioned had informed her of his success in driving (or leading) every enemy *save one* from the field; and she had herself ingeniously devised a plan for giving an entirely novel and superior effect to her drawings, by means of which she expected to earn as much sterling gold as would serve, like the touch of a magic talisman, to break the last link in O'Hanlon's iron chains. Reflecting on this, she had raised her eyes from her work, and gazed upon the small plot of garden-ground, with its brown and yellow leaves illumined

by the golden sun, while the redbreast sang with a clear and powerful voice; and within that brief minute almost allowed herself to dream that, although poor, she might yet see her husband and children happy and contented. In that short interval there was at least the enjoyment of *hope*; and of what consequence is it whether enjoyment be limited to a space of fifty seconds or fifty years? Are not these, however different in time, all the same, when compared with the fathomless ocean of eternity? While she sat absorbed in this reverie, her eldest child ran into the small square parlour in which she was seated, and exclaimed,—

“Mamma! here is a strange gentleman, who says he must see you.”

“Well; admit him by all means,” answered Ignatia, turning pale, and auguring no good; “only tell Mrs. Burrowes first, and request her to speak with me.”

A very stout gentleman was accordingly introduced, who had announced himself as Captain Dutch.

“Madam,” said he, “captain is a good travelling name; but now, as I have the honour of seeing on ye, business is business, and there’s nothing like coming bang up to the mark. I dare say ’tis but a trifle, and will soon be made all right; but the truth is, I have a warrant agin you. Don’t be at all alarmed, for I sees your delicate stivitation,” added he, politely measuring the contour of her person with the leering eyes of a satyr.

“Well, sir,” said Ignatia, calmly,—“what means the warrant? What is required of me?”

“You are only required to walk along with me, or ride if you choose to pay for it, to Marlborough Street,” said the man. “Their worships, Messrs. Stobbs and Hobbs, will tell you all about it. It is no business of mine to explain this here warrant; it’s enough that I holds it, and knows my duty. If you don’t like to trudge, I knows how to make you go, and go you must,—that’s flat.”

“Mrs. Burrowes,” said Ignatia to her landlady, who had entered during the dialogue, “will you be so kind as to read this paper for me, and give me your advice? You know I am a foreigner, and unacquainted with the laws of England.”

Ignatia’s question was completely sanctioned by the landlady’s previous

conduct, who had been most obsequious and attentive. However, she now entered the room with a very black scowl on her features, and evidently disposed for warfare.

“This comes,” said she, “of harbouring people in one’s ’ouse of whom one knows nothing. You told me as you came that your money was as good as another’s, and that never no reference was needed as to you nor your’n; and no doubt you did look respectable. But, now, see the difference! The character of my ’ouse is destroyed. Never before was such trumpery in it as brought police-officers after them. As for this here gemman that you inquires about, that he is a real police officer I am very sure, being as how I ’ave seen him afore, ven I ’as hup to make a complaint agin a neighbour. And for the varrant that you desires me to look on, I dare say it’s a right good and tight varrant, and commands you to be taken afore their vorships for fraud, as this respectable gemman says, and ’spiracy. God send you vell through the court is vat I says. But, oh, Lord-a-mighty! to think that ever I should live to witness such doings in my ’ouse! to ’ave any lodger of mine taken away by a varrant!”

In brief *memoranda* like these I can only jot down *events*. The *feelings* thence arising I must leave to the reader’s imagination. Ignatia was in her own country of noble birth, and had through life been distinguished by purity, elevation, and *independence* of character. There was the stamp of aristocratic dignity, as well as of abstract virtue, in her mind and conduct. She could endure poverty, and submit even to manual labour, as the only means of supporting herself and her children. But she could not so calmly bear with the disgrace and ignominy of being restrained, or compulsorily dragged about like a criminal; and this her present persecutor thoroughly knew. It is scarce necessary to observe that Diggles, like the devil, was the *unseen* mover of the plot; but, for various reasons which I have not particularised, his motions were now actuated by *rancour and spite, as well as avarice*. Yet in some respects he was disappointed. That acuteness of feeling which was to be expected in the victim of such gross injuries produced a sort of reaction. She knew that she had been most unjustly attacked. The lion was roused

in the heart of the lamb, and she felt that not merely herself, but all principles of humanity, of civil rights, and of religion, which ought to be sustained and revered in this world, had been outraged by this proceeding: thus indignation for a time served in place of strength. But the parting with her two children was a direful blow. She could only say to the now cold-hearted and entirely selfish woman of the house,—

"If I do not return, take them to their father. You know where he is."

"Yes, I knows where to find him, sure enough. But will he pay me for this here last week's rent? I could be charitable in my heart, if I had the means; but am a lone *widder*, and accountable to trustees for every penny that I spend. It is disgraceful conduct in people to come into a poor woman's 'ouse if they have such things hanging over them."

"Rosa, my dear," said Ignatia to her eldest daughter, "you are come, you know, to years of discretion. Keep your little sister out of harm's way till I return, and, please God, I shall not stay long."

"The magistrates are waiting, *marme*," said the police-officer. "I have other duties on hand, and cannot allow a whole morning to pass in executing a single warrant."

"I shall not detain you above a minute," said Ignatia. "But mark you, Rosa, if I should not come back soon, Mrs. Burrowes will be so good as to take you and Laura to see your father. Now, Mrs. Burrowes, will you be so good as to send one of your young people with this packet and card to Mr. Marks, the printseller, in the Strand. You will receive from him more than a sufficient sum to remunerate you for whatever debt I have incurred; but, for God's sake, be kind to my poor children."

Arrived at the police-office, poor Ignatia found that (in legal phraseology) a "very strong case" had been made out against her. She was designated not as a married woman, but by her baptismal name, Ignatia Morris, and accused of having engaged in a conspiracy with Edward Charles O'Hanlon to defraud, and of having defrauded, the honourable Augustus Roebuck, commonly called the right

honourable Lord Augustus Roebuck; of sixty pounds. His lordship was confined by a fit of the gout; but his confidential solicitor produced his deposition, and a servant was in attendance who had actually seen this wicked and dangerous deceiver, this atrocious criminal, receive the money from his master's hands, and grant an acknowledgement, dated at a time when her *pretended* husband was in prison, where he had remained for more than two months, and had a *fiat* of bankruptcy issued against him!!!

"Certainly," as the worshipful Mr. Stobbs observed, "it was a very gross, and, as it seemed to him, clearly substantiated case; and he felt himself under the necessity of holding her to bail, or in default she must be remanded."

Ignatia was alone; she had no bail to offer; nor any friend in the wide world of London from whom she might claim protection or assistance. Her very virtues had forbidden her such resources,—for she had always endeavoured to live humbly and secluded, as became the wife of a half-pay officer, and had been occupied not in social intercourse, but with the care and education of her children, or with those pursuits of art which formerly were her best amusement, and latterly became a means of subsistence. It happened, moreover, to be a crowded and busy day at the police-office, and there were many prisoners. At last this poor and fragile woman, who already, owing to her changed fortunes, her favourite child's death, and mental anxiety, had suffered more than human nature, even among the lower orders, could well bear,—this identical Ignatia Morris, who had been bred up in prosperity, luxury, and elegance, was linked with five criminals of the worst class, and in this condition forced to walk the streets to — gaol, there to await her more formal trial at the next sessions.* Her health, as I have already hinted, was now very infirm, and she found herself placed in the common ward of a prison, among characters the most depraved. A romance-writer would here, of course, devote a long chapter to the horrors of her situation, describe her feelings of disgust and terror, and all the miseries of such an abode; but, as already mentioned, my

story is a rapid outline, and I set down only the mere facts. Her sufferings, however, and the apparent risk of her speedy *accouchement*, so far moved the governor of the gaol, that she was almost immediately admitted into the invalid ward, which had recently undergone repairs and improvements, and where the damp of newly plastered walls inflicted an injury on her constitution from which she never recovered.

Meanwhile the same criminal indictment had, of course, been issued against the now truly wretched O'Hanlon, only with this difference, that, as the walls of the King's Bench were allowed to be strong enough, there was no necessity for removing him, before trial, to any other prison. His two children, meeting no longer with kindness from their landlady, ran, unattended, from the lodging, to take refuge with their father; and Mrs. Burrowes, whose principal object in life, like that of Mr. Diggles, was the laudable one of turning every thing to the best pecuniary account, gave out among her neighbours that a long arrear of rent was due; consequently seized and applied to her own purposes, not merely the price of the drawing, but whatever property had been left in her apartments. Ignatia, meanwhile, had prison allowance to subsist on. O'Hanlon, with his children, had not means wherewith to purchase one day's food.

From the torpor into which long inaction had thrown him he was roused by the necessity of providing for their wants. The debts due to him as a merchant he could, of course, no longer demand; but there were individuals whom he had assisted ere distress fell upon him, and he remembered many persons now rolling in affluence with whom he had lived on terms of friendly intimacy. Either he must do that which his proud spirit forbade, and appeal to their benevolence, or suffer his wife to perish in a felons' prison, his children to starve, and a conspiracy to take effect against him, the consequence of which would be irreparable dishonour. Without allowing himself time to reflect (for in that case nothing would have been done), he dispatched by the same post *five* letters to as many friends, after which he was obliged to beg a little milk and bread from a poor woman who kept a retail shop within the walls of his miserable prison.

My narrative is already too long,

and, without even an attempt to delineate feelings, I must hurry to its close. *Three weeks* of suffering passed away, and in that space answers should, no doubt, have been received to all the letters; but of the five estimable and rich friends, *three* very wisely "sporting mute." The other two were more courteous; and one of them said, that "the expenses of his new yacht, in which he was just embarking for Cowes, had been so great, that he had not one sixpence left at his banker's, and should be as poor as a church-rat till next quarter-day." This facetious epistle was of some length, and made up of friendly gossip, and a *tirade* at the end about politics. The second was in a very different strain, though it came from a *friend*, who had once been assisted by O'Hanlon at a time when, without such interference, he would probably have lost his station in society, and been cashiered. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—The fortune I inherited by old Dodman's demise is, I assure you, much over-rated, and brought with it many cares, which break my night's rest. Not a single guinea is at my free command, for all is bespoke; my last year's rents having turned out a failure. I am obliged to adopt the Latin adage, '*satigit rerum suarum.*' But were it otherwise, I must frankly own to you that I would rather not meddle in your affairs. The reports I have heard may or may not be unfounded; but I must be allowed to say, that the oldest friendship scarcely involves the necessity of entering into any such subjects. My means, I assure you, are insufficient for adjusting with regularity the claims against me; I must therefore be excused for not wishing to hear more on matters with regard to which I can be of no service."

Thus, the humiliations to which he had submitted proved in vain, and the calumnies industriously circulated against him by Diggles were not without effect. From *one* friend he encountered mockery, from another downright insult, and from three more absolute neglect. Meanwhile, Diggles was still a "respectable man;" respectable, also, were the Messrs. Vigilant: O'Hanlon, on the contrary, was forgotten by all the world, except by those who, shrugging their shoulders, *affected* to commiserate the distress which his own dishonourable or imprudent conduct had produced. In

this situation I found him in the beginning of Nov. 1823. The day was a dark autumnal one, increasing, if possible, the customary aspect of gloom and wretchedness in that hideous quarter of the town. As usual, he appeared imperturbably calm and self-collected; in truth, there was on his part no possibility of *action*; and he had no other mode of evincing his magnanimity but by silent, stern endurance. In a few words, he acquainted me with the circumstances under which he suffered, and which were as follows.

Without any knowledge of his own real position as a merchant, he had applied for payment of a debt justly due, and his wife had on his account received it a short time *after the docket* had actually been struck. This was, consequently, an illegal act,—for all his estate, including debts, was now the property of his creditors; and Diggles, acting in concert with Vigilant and Co., took especial care that the noble lord should be fiercely dunned for the same amount, as due to the bankrupt's assignees, and even threatened with arrest, unless it were directly paid over again. Hereupon his lordship expressed no little indignation, nor was it difficult to convince him that deception had been practised, which it became his duty to punish. But the grand move on the part of Diggles was to get up a case of *conspiracy* and fraud; for which purpose, it would be necessary to maintain that O'Hanlon and his so-styled wife were not married, but merely cohabited together. In this malicious attempt the law of England gave him ample support, for the marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant, by a foreign priest, and according to the Romish ritual, is little better than no marriage at all. Besides, where was the evidence to prove that even this ineffectual ceremony had taken place? Ignatia, according to his statement, was a mere kept-mistress; her children were bastards; and this infamous woman had conspired with her pretended husband to cheat Lord Augustus Roebuck out of a round sum!

O'Hanlon appeared calm, as I have said, but deeply care-worn; and, after the lapse of only a few weeks, looking twenty years older. For an entire month his wife had been the inmate of a felons' prison. I inquired when the trial came on, and whether he was provided with counsel?

"The trial," said he, "is fixed for the day after to-morrow. As for counsel, I have none: lawyers do not work without money, and I cannot pay them. My only resource, therefore, is to plead my own cause."

"And in so doing," replied I, "have you any other basis of defence but your mere denial of the *intentions* imputed to you; for the *facts*, I presume, cannot be denied?"

"I have nothing to rely on but the *mens sibi conscia recti*."

"Which, in any *legal arena*," said I, "would prove no better weapon of defence than a soap-bubble. In truth, it occasionally makes the matter worse. But trust to me, and, though the time is short, perhaps I shall be able to render some service."

I left him, with a vivid consciousness that the few hours in which I had to work were most precious, and resolved to abandon every other pursuit till the threatening evils were averted. My first duty was to find a solicitor, who, unlike Diggles, would act quite as readily on motives of benevolence as from the desire of gain. Of this class I knew but one, and, luckily, met with him at home. He owned that, considering the shortness of our time, it would be difficult to secure a counsel; however, he promised to do his utmost.

Fearing that he might not succeed, I adopted for one day the habits of a well-employed barrister: dined at five in a chop-house, and at six began my perambulations up and down the tottering staircases of the Temple. But, alas! though I did not go penniless (having, like Parson Adams, "great riches" in my purse—enough, at least, to pay for a consultation), yet I was unknown and unrecommended, and, after divers interviews, could not obtain one favourable hearing. At last I had too much reason to doubt, if, within the whole range of this venerable and tripartite establishment, there could be found a single heart that was not quite as cold and obdurate as its own brick walls; but meanwhile, my friend the solicitor, who possessed independent fortune and ample influence, had been more successful, having retained an eminent counsel: so that I returned home to my country-house tolerably sure of the events of the morrow.

On my arrival next day at ———

sessions-house, my first care was to ask an interview with Mrs. O'Hanlon, at the iron grate of the prison, and to inform her, that within a few hours she would, in all probability, be freed : but, from the first glance at those emaciated features, I could not help being painfully impressed with the idea that, in regard to her, a doom of another tribunal had already gone forth, and that help for this world would come too late. We have all heard the anecdote of a prisoner in the Bastille, whose mental agonies during one night were so acute, that next morning it seemed as if he had lived fifty years, and his hair had turned entirely gray. No wonder, then, that on the frail form of Ignatia the continued sufferings of a *whole month* should have produced fearful ravages ; so that, at an accidental meeting, I might have passed her without recognition.

Her manner was perfectly calm and collected, and she expressed to me, in clear and strong language, the feelings which had borne her up under this trial. She owned, that the sentiment of scorn and indignation which she could not help entertaining against the cowardly perpetrators of such an outrage, had been so powerful, that this, even more than religious principles, had sustained her. At the same time, she expressed fervent gratitude to Heaven that such persecution did not befall her during the illness of her favourite child ; for, had she been dragged from her home during his last struggles, she must certainly have died, or become incurably insane.

I then returned to the lobby of the court-house, where I found my friendly solicitor, who, as there was time to spare, proposed our adjournment to a neighbouring coffee-house.

"By the way," said he, "I have discovered that we have a strong party mustered against us ; and I suspect they will be considerably annoyed and perplexed by finding that we are provided with counsel."

It was precisely so. In an adjoining apartment to ours were assembled, in conclave, a worshipful society, consisting of the two Messrs. Vigilant, Mr. Diggles and his clerk, various witnesses, and, though last, of course not least, the noble lord whose evidence was so material in this affair. The voice of the latter was heard on the landing-place, loudly expressing his sentiments.

"Had I before known," said he, "what has been first explained to me to-day, that Colonel O'Hanlon's family were in actual distress, and that a poor woman, in the most delicate state of health, was to be imprisoned for a month, I would have paid the money ten times over rather than have sanctioned this action."

"But, my lord," said Diggles, "the sufferings of the poor woman are quite out of the question. This is a criminal charge, and, being made and substantiated, cannot be abandoned."

"I shall have nothing more to do with it, however," answered his lordship, taking up his hat ; "you may compel my attendance if you can." And with these words he abruptly retired.

"The case is already so perfectly clear," observed Mr. Vigilant, senior, "that we can succeed without his personal evidence."

"Of course," replied Diggles, "our counsel is amply instructed ; inasmuch, that *my* attendance is no longer necessary." He also prepared for departure.

At this moment O'Hanlon arrived, and caught the last words as they issued from the room occupied by our adversaries. From the workings of his countenance, I perceived in an instant what was passing in his mind. He kept the door a-jar, waiting in ambush for Diggles ; and, had we not been aware of his intentions, and forcibly withheld him, would probably have annihilated the pettifogger on the spot.

The trial came on in its due course. The charge made by the leading barrister against O'Hanlon and Ignatia Morris was so conclusive, and the evidence he quoted so overpowering, that not a doubt could be entertained of the impression made on the mind of the presiding judge. In the course of his speech, however, a sealed note was handed to him, the contents of which seemed to moderate his tone ; and in conclusion this learned gentleman "was authorised to say, that if the defendants chose to plead guilty, the 'injured party' would generously interpose his best efforts to obtain a mitigation of their final sentence."

It was actually the first time in my life that I had attended any criminal court, and it seemed to me, that if the very devil himself had been employed as counsel he could not have displayed greater cunning and malignity than

old Alley, for some time, did on this occasion. Meanwhile, I wondered at the perfect nonchalance and equanimity displayed by the counsellor on our side of the question; who, indeed, sat so composed, that he would have appeared more than half asleep, had it not been for an occasional smile that played on his features, and that he now and then took a pinch of snuff.

When the accusation finished he started up, and, with an ironical grin on his cold saturnine visage, exclaimed, "Plead guilty, indeed! This would better become my learned brother, or his employers, who probably know by this time that they are at our mercy, and must pay heavy damages when we choose to exact them. A more infamous conspiracy than this never existed. On the merits of the case I am, were it requisite, fully prepared. The charge is, in all its bearings, radically false; and on this ground I am ready, if called on, to defend my clients. But I have no need, and it would be unprofessional to take up the time of the court with such details; because the spirit of malignity has been here so fierce that it overshot the mark, and so has neglected to carry even a fair semblance of *legal* accuracy along with it."

I am a tolerable arithmetician, but no lawyer, and absolutely forget the arguments which he used to carry his point. Suffice it to say, that the indictment was not only deficient as to moral truth, but *technically* defective. In five minutes he had quashed and demolished the action, as completely as if it never had existed; though no one could entertain a shadow of doubt that, had not this barrister (or another, equally qualified) been employed, the result must have been the full committal of the prisoners. O'Hanlon's statement of his own integrity would have gone for nothing, and, instead of being strengthened, would in effect have turned out worse, on account of the vehemence and excitement with which, as a man suffering under the most cruel injuries, he would doubtless have delivered his oration.

Of course, the prisoners were entirely acquitted, and disgrace should have fallen exclusively and crushingly on the other party. But, alas! it did not. The Messrs. Vigilant appeared on 'Change as usual, dined at their favourite coffee-house, and that very

evening, by one nefarious transaction, "*netted*" a large sum. Mr. Diggles also returned to his usual employments; and in the evening, finding himself rather fatigued, refreshed himself with a bottle of his *ci-devant* client's best wine. The reader may, however, derive some satisfaction from learning, that the financial schemes, both of the attorney and his abettors, completely failed; so that he never obtained one fraction of his expected reward.

But what became of the poor Ignatia and her husband? He, of course, though freed from the *criminal* charge, was yet loaded with that of debt; which is, in one respect, worse than felony; for, give the law its own course, and there is no prescribed limit of duration to the punishment. Separated they must be, for wives are not permitted to inhabit the King's Bench prison; nor could she there have obtained the aid which her situation in advanced pregnancy required. She returned to her humble lodging, where Mrs. Burrowes, having amply paid herself by the sale of the picture, and not having found any other tenant, was, in truth, willing enough to receive her; but this willingness was disguised by a very repulsive manner, and accompanied by the words, "Come back, indeed! I 'opes in God you won't bring any more police-officers disgracing my 'ouse; as never, till you came, we had a discreditable lodger. Howsomdever, I would not be hard on any Christian; so you may come in. Only mind this—don't let me see you pray no more to images!"

With a mechanical pertinacity, after the first interview with her children, Ignatia immediately asked for her drawing-materials, in order to provide for their support; and set to work as if she had never been removed from home. But the spell was broken, and the world changed around her. There was no moral change, it is true. She had suffered before, and endured with patience. Her sufferings were increased, and she was still patient; but the light of hope had for ever faded. In plain terms, her health had been irreparably injured, and it was in vain that she endeavoured to fix her attention on the paper. The lamp of life burned feebly, and, with her utmost efforts, she could not now earn above a quarter of her former income. The purchaser of her drawings perceived

the change of style, and was aware of the sad cause: but for this he cared not; and at last said, that unless she could finish them with more care and spirit, "such things would no longer suit him."

As for O'Hanlon, he remained in bondage. All creditors had loosened their hold *except one*, who had already been paid more than two-thirds of his claim, and who had profited so much, that he now could not lose. *This* individual declared (with truth) that he cared not a rush about the money, but he had been *deceived*. No man ought to contract a debt without means to pay it in full. He was resolved, as an "honest man," to mark his sense of this injustice; and O'Hanlon might remain incarcerated till his dying hour, rather than he would sign his acquittal. [It may be as well to mention, *en passant*, that this exemplary person, though looked on as rich, shortly afterwards declared himself insolvent, obtained in due course his protection from the Bankruptcy Court, continuing to drink his three bottles of Lafitte per diem, defrauded all his creditors, and has since begun anew, and on a grand scale.]

So matters stood, and time rolled on, till the weary winter closed in. Ignatia's health evidently and rapidly declined; but her life was, as usual in such cases, preserved till the hour of her trial drew on. The child to which she gave birth lived only a short time, but longer than the poor mother, whose constitution, owing to a rheumatic fever endured in prison, was irretrievably broken. The preceding five months had on her frame done the work of fifty years; and at last, without apparent pain or convulsion, but as if thoroughly worn out, she expired. This catastrophe had some influence even on the hard-hearted Mrs. Burrowes. Death, somehow, conquers animosity that seemed to be pitiless and immitigable, and with marvellous inconsistency we lament, or pretend to lament, the decease of persons, to save whom we would scarcely have agreed to walk across the street in a wet night.

With regard to O'Hanlon, there was

a change also. *His* was a frame seemingly made of oak and iron, that resisted every blow; and if his *body* were tough, his *mind* was much more so; consequently, he *lived on*: but he became a decided misanthrope. He had requested of the marshal of the King's Bench to be allowed, in custody of a turnkey, to visit his dying wife; but this favour was, of course, sternly refused him. The feelings which then corroded his heart baffle the power of language, and the reader will, no doubt, willingly excuse me for not dwelling on them. Not a murmur escaped his lips; he bore his complicated affliction like the sternest of martyrs; but his very being henceforth was made up of hatred and resentment against that country and that nation under whose laws the system of *punishment without crime* is carried to such extremes of atrocity—where, under the hallowed name of justice, are perpetrated the most abominable iniquities; and people bearing the appellation of Christians are allowed, for the sake of a few pence or pounds, to trample on every dictate of humanity. An accidental circumstance, arising from the benevolent attendance of an eminent physician at his wife's death-bed, procured him from the highest quarter that assistance which, had it come earlier, might have saved him and his family from all their miseries. At first, he seemed almost to hesitate about accepting any such favour; but, on reflection, a sudden resolve started into his mind. He was possessed with the ardent and anxious wish to leave England for ever, and to establish his surviving children at the same Portuguese convent at which their mother had been educated. To his noble friend, therefore, through whom the offer had been made, he communicated the limited nature of his ambition; which was, of course, gratified. What has befallen him since I do partly know, and this may serve as materials for another chapter. Meanwhile, let my friend Diggles, if he yet flourishes, read this communication, and, while he sips his old madeira, "pause and ponder."

W. F. G

Maidstone, June 1836.

No. LXXV.

SIR JOHN SOANE.

IN Fielding's comedy of the *Miser*, a sycophant, Lappet, holds the following dialogue with the old curmudgeon whose sexagenarian amours he is encouraging :

" *Lappet*. But take care not to appear *too young* : she insists on sixty, at least. — *Lovegold*. This humour is altogether strange, methinks. — *Lappet*. She carries it farther, sir, than can be imagined. She has in her chamber several pictures : but what do you think they are ? None of your smock-faced young fellows — your 'Adonis', your 'Cephalus', your 'Paris', your 'Apollons' ! No, sir ! You see nothing there but handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good Father Anchises on his son's shoulders ! — *Lovegold*. Admirable ! This is more than I could expect."

We are pretty sure that no one will be so besotted as to fancy, from the appearance of yonder venerable effigy, that decrepitude and dotage are the best recommendation to a niche in the Gallery of REGINA. Have we not hung up in her pinacotheca, Cephalus Ainsworth, Narcissus Bulwer, and Parisian D'Orsay ? As a set-off to the fascinations of that distinguished trio, look to the right, ladies and gentlemen, and you will see old Soane of the Antiquarian Society, ex-Architect to the old Lady in Threadneedle Street, *an. at. LXXXII.*, delineated at full length.

"Veluti votivâ picta tabellâ forma senis."

Every one has heard of the fracas at the Literary Fund — of Maclise the painter, and of Jerdan the iconoclast. The removal of a shattered old *lutræ* furnished Boileau with materials for an epic : the disappearance of a rotten old bucket fired the muse of Tassoni : but the demolition of Soane's portrait is yet unsung. The grave objection taken to its *excessive* likeness must apply, we fear, equally to our sketch ; and it will be seen, that the features of the case have not been improved by the penknife of the *Gazetteer*. Indeed, that exploit had not even the merit of originality : the experiment of rejuvenating a tough old subject, by the process of cutting up, was long ago tried on Pelias, king of Colchis, at the suggestion of Medea the witch, and was not found to answer.

We know JERDAN to have been actuated by the most praiseworthy motives in putting out of the way what he facetiously called "a bone of contention ;" but we now learn, with sincere regret, that Sir John has allowed himself to be earwigged, by certain interested parties, into a withdrawal of his name and countenance from an unoffending charity on grounds so truly ridiculous. When those who are *born* to rank and affluence open their purse to the distressed sons of literature, they at best but discharge a debt ; for, in many an instance, their life,

"A sick epicure's dream,

Incoherent and gross, even grosser had past,

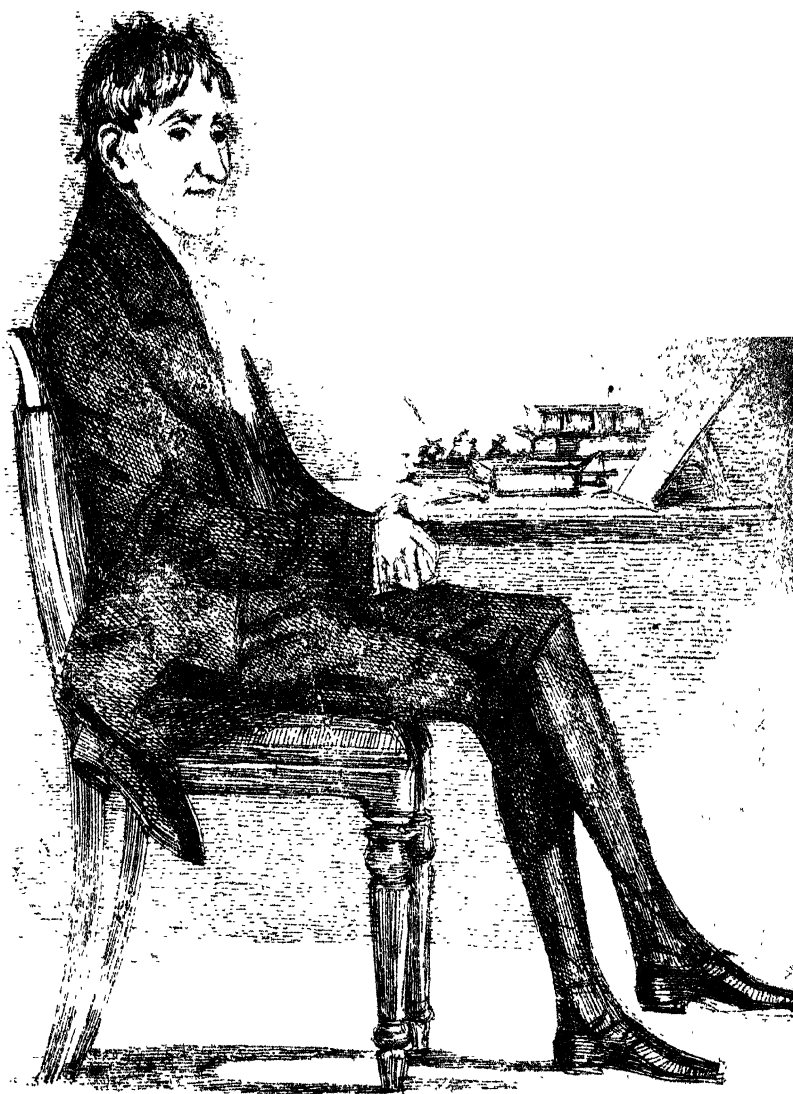
Were it not for the cordial and life-giving beam

Which genius and wit round their nothingness cast."

But has Sir John Soane forgotten the year 1777, when a poor mason's son, on a pittance of sixty pounds, drawn from an institution like this, was enabled to lay the foundations of professional knowledge on which he has since had the good fortune to raise so gorgeous a superstructure of wealth, crowned with honourable distinction ? In what has CHARITY offended ? Is it her fault that wrinkles *will* attend on good old age, that gums *will* become toothless, and checks collapsed ? While INTELLECT survives, it is yet a noble ruin ; but when symptoms of decay, such as we would fain not have thus to record, make themselves *there* perceptible, we must only sigh out our sorrowful conviction, "*fis unus* !"

Literature can do more for his fame than stone and mortar will ever achieve, and, if he be wise, he will make the Muses the caryatides of his renown. Ever since the art of printing arose, Glory has been in its gift and Immortality at its disposal : in the dark ages, says Victor Hugo, "*les llandes prenaient la forme de cathédrales*." The contemporary mind painfully and laboriously sought to eternise itself in huge fassses ; Masonry was the expression, Architecture the language, of society. Nowadays, human thought becomes a myriad of birds, and wafts its simultaneous flight to the four corners of the earth. You can demolish a monument, but you cannot grapple with *UBIQUITY* ; an MS. may be destroyed, but EDITIONS defy torch and Turk : a picture is cut in shreds, but REGINA'S GALLERY is flung open to the eye of ages yet unborn. Adieu, Sir John !

Σοί μὲν γὰρ πτίζ' ἔδωκεν σὺν οἱς ἐκ' ἀπύρηνον πύρην
ἢ τῆσιν.



John Soane

AUTHOR OF "DESIGNS OF BUILDINGS"

Engraved by James Fraser 22, St. John St. W. 1840

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE SECOND.

(From the Prout Papers.—No. XXI.)

“Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari.”—QUINCTILIANI *Instit. Or.*, i. 8.

“The lyrical part of Horace can never be perfectly translated.”

SAM. JOHNSON *apud* BOSWELL, vol. vii, p. 219.

“Horacio es de todos los poetas latinos el mas dificil de manejar.”

DON JAVIER DE BURGOS, p. 11. *Madrid*, 1820.“Horace crochette et furette tout le magasin des mots.”—MONTAIGNE, *Essais*.“Prout’s translations from Horace are too free and easy.”—*Athenæum*, 9th July, 1836.Πειρασμομαι λεγειν, Ω ΑΝΔΡΕΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ, δεηθεις ὑμων τοσαυτον, επιδαν παντα ακουσητε
κρινατε, και μη προτερον προλαμβανειτε.—DEMOST., Φιλιστ. Πρωτ.

The sage MONTAIGNE, a grave CASTILIAN,
Old Dr. JOHNSON, and QUINCTILIAN,
Would say, a task, by no means facile,
Had fallen to him of WATINGRASSHILL.
May he, then, claim indulgence for his
Renewed attempt to render Horace?....
As for your critic o’ th’ ASINÆUM,
We (YORK), unrancoured, hope to see him
Smoking yet many a pipe, an’t please ye,
With us at old Prout’s “FREE and EASY.”—O. Y.

It is fully admitted at this time of day, that endurable translations, in any modern idiom, of the Greek and Roman *capi d’opera*, are lamentably few. But if there be a paucity of successful attempts in prose, it must not surprise us that the candidates for renown in the poetical department should be still less fortunate in the efforts they have made to climb the sacred hill, by catching at the skirts of some classic songster. The established and canonised authors of antiquity seem to view with no favourable eye these surreptitious endeavours to get at the summit-level of their glorious pre-eminence, and HORACE in particular (as Mawworm, or Mathews, would say) has positively resolved on “wearing a Spencer.” To the luckless and presumptuous wight who would fain follow him, in the hope of catching at a fold of his impracticable jacket, he turns round and addresses, in his own peculiar Latin, the maxim which we will content ourselves with giving in the French of Voltaire:

“LE NOMBRE DES ELUS AU PARNASSE EST COMPLET!”

“The places are all taken, on the double-peaked mountain of Greek and Roman poesy the mansions are all tenanted; the classic Pegasus won’t carry double; there is not the slightest chance here: go elsewhere, friend, and seek out in the regions of the north a Parnassus of your own.”

Whereupon we are reminded of an anecdote of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, when the German horse-auxiliaries were routed at Ballynacoppul, in the county Wexford, by the bare-footed heroes of the pike and pitchfork. A victorious Patlander was busily engaged in a field pulling off the boots from a dead trooper, when another repealer, coming up, suggested the propriety of dividing the spoil—half-a-pair being, in his opinion, a reasonable allowance for both. “Why, then, neighbour,” quietly observed the operator in reply, “can’t you be aisy, and go and kill a Hessian *for yourself*?” By what process of induction this story occurred to us just now we cannot imagine; *à propos des bottes*, most probably.

Certain it is, that, to succeed, a translation must possess more or less intrinsic originality. Among us, POPE’S HOMER is, beyond all comparison, the most successful performance of its kind; not that it textually reproduces the

Iliad—a task far more accurately accomplished by the maniac Cowper, in his unreadable version—but because the richly endowed mind of Pope himself pours out its own opulence in every line, and works the mineral ores of Greece with the abundant resources of English capital.

Dryden's forcible and vigorous, but more frequently rollicking and titubant, progress through the *Æneid*, may awhile arrest attention; nay, ever and anon some bold passage will excite our wonder, at the felicitous hardihood of "glorious John:" but it would be as wrong to call it VIRGIL, as to take the slapdash plungings of a "wild-goose at play" for the graceful and majestic motion of the Swan of Mantua gliding on the smooth surface of his native Mincio, under a luxuriant canopy of reeds. The TACITUS of Arthur Murphy is *not* the terse, significant, condensed, and deep-searching contemporary of Pliny; no one would feel more puzzled than the Roman to recognise his own semi-oracular style in the sonorous phraseology, the *quasi*-Gibbonian period, the "long-impedimented march of oratoric pomp" with which the Cork man has encumbered him. And yet Murphy tacitly passes for a fit English representative of the acute ANNALIST, the scientific ANALYSER of imperial Rome. Our Junius alone could have done justice to the iron Latinity of Tacitus. To translate the letters of old "*Nominis umbra*" into French or Italian, would be as hopeless an experiment as to try and Anglicise the *naïf* Lafontaine, or make Metastasio talk his soft nonsense through the medium of our rugged gutturals. Plutarch was lucky enough to have found long ago, among the French, a kindred mind in old Amyot: the only drawback to which good-fortune is, that your modern Gaul requires somebody to translate the translator. Abbé Delille has enriched his country with an admirable version of the *Georgics*; but the same ornamental touches which he used so successfully in embellishing Virgil, have rendered his translation of our Milton a model of absurdity.

No one reads *Ossian* nowadays in England; his poems lie neglected among us—"desolate" as the very "walls of Balclutha:" yet in Italy, thanks to Cesarotti, "Fingal" still brandishes his spear "like an icicle," and the stars continue "dimly to twinkle through thy form, ghost of the gallant Oscar!" The affair presents, in truth, a far more ornate and elaborate specimen of the bombast in the *toscana favella* than it doth in the original Macphersonic; and Buonaparte, who confessedly modelled the style of his "proclamations" on the speeches of these mad Highlanders, derived all his phil-Ossianism from the work of Cesarotti. Of the *Paradise Lost* there happen to be a couple of excellent Italian versions (with the author of one, the exiled Guido Sorelli, we now and then crack a bottle at Offley's); and *l'Encide* of Anibal Caro is nearly unexceptionable. RABELAIS has met, in our Sir Thomas Urquhart, a congenial spirit; but DON QUIXOTE has never been enabled to cross the Pyrennees, much less the ocean-boundaries of the peninsula. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Westminster has lately sent, in Evans, a rival of the woful knight's chivalry to St. Sebastian. To return to the classics: when we have named Dr. Gifford's *Juvenal*, with the praiseworthy labours of Sotheby and Chapman, we think we have exhausted the subject; for it requires no conjuror to tell us that Tom Moore's *Anacreon* is sad rubbish, and that, in hundreds of similar cases, the *traduttore* differs from a *traditore* only by a syllable.

On the theory, as well as the practice of translation, old Prout seems to have bestowed considerable attention; though it would appear, at first, somewhat strange, that so eccentric and self-opinionated a genius as he evidently possessed could stoop to the common drudgery of merely transferring the thoughts of another man from one idiom into a second or third—nay, occasionally, a fourth (as in the case of "*Les Bois de Blarney*"), instead of pouring out on the world his own ideas in a copious flood of original composition. Why did he not indite a "poem" of his own? write a treatise on political economy? figure as a *natural* theologian? turn history into romance for the ladies? or into an old almanack for the Whigs? We believe the matter has been already explained by us; but, lest there should be any mistake, we do not care how often we repeat the father's favourite assertion, that, in these latter days, "ORIGINALITY there can be none." The thing is not to be had. Disguise thyself as thou wilt, Plagiarism! thou art still perceptible to the eye of the true bookworm; and the silent process of reproduction in the world of ideas is not more demon-

strable to the scientific inquirer than the progressive metempsychosis of matter itself, through all its variform molecules. As Horace has it :

"Multa renascuntur quæ jam cecidere."—*Ep. ad Pison.*, 70.

Or, to quote the more direct evidence of honest old Chaucer, who discovered the incontrovertible fact at the very peep-o'-day of modern literature :

.... "Out of olde feltries, as man saith,
Comith all this newe corne from pere to pearu ;
And out of olde bokis, in good faith,
Comith all this newe science that menne learn."

Scarce is an ancient writer sunk into oblivion, or his works withdrawn from general perusal, when some literary Beau Tibbs starts upon town with the identical cast-off intellectual wardrobe, albeit properly "refreshed" so as to puzzle any mortal eye, save that of a regularly educated Jew old-clothesman. ADDISON has hinted, somewhat obscurely, his belief in the practice here described, when (recording his judgment allegorically) he says —

"Soon as the shades of night prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

Should any one wish to see this truth further developed, let him purchase a book called *The Wondrous Tale of Aloy*, by Benjamin Disraeli the Younger; of which, no doubt, a few copies remain on hands.

So long ago as the seventy-second Olympiad, an ingenious writer of Greek songs had already intimated his knowledge of these goings-on in the literary circles, and of the brain-sucking system generally, when he most truly (though enigmatically) represents the "black earth" drinking the rain-water, the trees pumping up the moisture of the soil, the sun inhaling the ocean vapours and vegetable juices, the moon living equally on suction —

Ο δ' ἥλιος θαλάσσαν
Τὸν δ' ἑλίου σιλήνην

and so on, through a long series of computations and mutual hobnobbing, to the end of the chapter. Most modern readers are satisfied with moonshine.

Prout had too high a sense of honesty to affect original writing; hence he openly gave himself out as a simple translator. "*Non meus hic sermo*" was his constant avowal, and he sincerely pitied the numerous pretenders to inventive genius with whom the times abound. Smitten with the love of antique excellence, and absorbed in the contemplation of classic beauty, he turned with disdain from books of minor attraction, and had no relish save for the ever-enduring perfections of the Greek and Roman muse. He delighted in transferring these ancient thoughts to a modern vocabulary, and found solace and enjoyment in the renewed repercussion of remote and bygone "old familiar" sounds.

There is not, in the whole range of pagan mythology, a more graceful impersonation than that of the nymph Echo—the disconsolate maiden, who pined away until nothing remained but the faculty of giving back the voice of her beloved. To the veteran enthusiast of Watergrasshill, little else was left in the decline of his age but a corresponding tendency to *translate* what in his youth he had admired; though it must be added, that his echoes were sometimes like the one at Killarney, which, if asked, "*How do you do, Paddy Blake?*" will answer, "*Pretty well, I thank you!*"

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, July 26th.

Watergrasshill, half-past eleven.

In the natural progress of things, and following the strict order of succession, I alight on the tenth ode of book the first, whereof the title is "*AD MERCURIUM*." This personage, called by the Greeks, HERMES, or the inter-"preter," deserves particular notice at my hands in this place; forasmuch as,

among the crowd of attributes ascribed to him by pagan divines, and the vast multiplicity of occupations to which he is represented as giving his attention (such as performing heavenly messages, teaching eloquence, guiding ghosts, presiding over highways, patronising commerce and robbers), he originated, and may be supposed to

preserve a lingering regard for, the art of *translation*. Conveyancing is a science divisible into many departments, over all which his influence, no doubt, extends: nor is it the least troublesome province of all aptly to convey the meaning of a difficult writer. With ORPHEUS, then, may it be allowable to address him on the threshold of a task like mine —

Κλυθὶ μου Ερμῆα, Διὸς ἀγγέλι, κ. τ. λ.

Indeed, Dean Swift, in his advice to poets, seems to be fully aware of the importance to be attached to the assistance of so useful and multifarious an agent, when he knowingly penned the following recipe for "*the machinery*" of an epic:

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno set him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, to *make use of VOLATILE MERCURY*."

The quantity of business necessarily transacted by him in his innumerable capacities, has furnished that profane scoffer at all established creeds, LUCIAN, with matter of considerable merriment; he going so far, in one of his dialogues, as to hint, that, though young in appearance (according to what sculpture and painting have made of his outward semblance), he must fain be as old as Japhet in malice. This degenerate Greek would seem to look on the god of wit, eloquence, commerce, and diplomacy, as a sort of pagan compound of Figaro, Rothschild, Dick Turpin, and Talleyrand. It would be naturally expected that our neighbours, the French, should have evinced, from the earliest times, an instinctive partiality for so lively an impersonation of their own endemic peculiarities; and we therefore feel no surprise in finding that fact recorded by a holy father of the second century (*Tertullian adversus Gnostic*, cap. vii.), the same observation occurring to Cæsar in his *Commentaries*, viz. "*Galli deum maxime Mercurium colunt*" (lib. iv.). ILLUST, the illustrious bishop of Avranches, has brought considerable ability to the identification of Mercury, or *Hermes Trismegistus*, with the Hebrew shepherd Moses; and this, I confess, has been my own system, long ago adopted by me on the perusal of Father Kircher's *Œdipus*.

The twisted serpents round his ma-

gical rod are but slight indications of his connexion with Egypt, compared to the coincidences which might be alleged were it advisable to enter on the inquiry; and I merely allude to it here because Horace himself thinks proper, in the following ode, to call his celestial patron a "*nephew of Mount Atlas*:" setting thus at rest the question of his African pedigree. This odd expression has been re-echoed by an Italian poet of celebrity in some sonorous lines:

"Scendea talor degli inaurati scanni
E risaliva alle stellanti rote,
Araldo dagli Dei battendo i vanni
D'Atlante il facondissimo nipote."

We are told by Apollodorus how the god, walking one day on the banks of the Nile, after the annual inundation had ceased, and the river had fallen back into its accustomed channel, found a dead tortoise lying on its back, all the fleshy parts of which had been dried up by the action of the sun's rays, so intensely powerful in Egypt: but a few of the tougher fibres remained; upon touching which, the light-fingered deity found them to emit an agreeable tone. Forthwith was conceived in his inventive brain the idea of a lute. Thus, the laws of gravitation are reported to have suggested themselves to Newton, while pondering in his orchard of an afternoon, on seeing a ripe apple fall from its parent branch. The Corinthian capital was the result of a Greek girl having left her clothes-basket, covered over with a tile, on a plant of acanthus. The STEAM-ENGINE originated in observing the motion of the lid on a barber's kettle. Whatever gracefulness and beauty may be found in the three first statements (and, surely, they are highly calculated to charm the fancy), the last, I fear (though leading to far more important consequences than all the rest), offers but a meagre subject for painting or poetry.

The Latin name of Mercury is derived, according to a tradition religiously preserved among those hereditary guardians of primitive ignorance, the schoolmasters, from the word *merx*, merchandise. I beg leave to submit (and I am borne out by an old MS. in the King's Library, Paris, marked B. 4.), that, though the name of commercial commodities may have been aptly taken from the god supposed to preside over their prosperous inter-

change, HE himself was so called from his functions of messenger between earth and heaven, *quasi* MEDIUS CURRENS; an origin of far higher import, and an allusion to far more sacred doctrines, than are to be gathered from the ordinary ravings of pagan theology.

Among the Greeks, he rejoiced in the equally significant title of Hermes, or, the "expounder of hidden things." And, for all the purposes of life, it would appear that he was as constantly put in requisition by his classic devotees of old, as St. Antonio of Padua is at the present day among the *vetturini*, and the vulgar generally throughout Italy. It is, however, a somewhat strange contradiction in the Greek system of divinity, that the god of locomotion and rapidity should also be the protector of fixtures, milestones, landmarks, monumental erections, and of

matters conveying the idea of permanence and stability. The well-known signet of Erasmus, which gave rise to sundry malicious imputations against that eminent priest, was a statue of the god in the shape of a *terminus*, with the motto, "*CEDO NULLI*;" and every one knows what odium attached itself to the youth Alcibiades, when, in a mad frolic, he removed certain figures of this description, during a night of jollity, in the streets of Athens. The author of the Book of Proverbs gives a caution, which it were well for modern destructives were they to take to themselves, entering into the spirit that dictated that most sensible admonition (Prov. xxii. 28), "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set:" "*Ne transgrediaris terminos antiquos quos posuerunt patres tui.*"—*Id. Vulgate.*

ODE X.—HYMN TO MERCURY.

MERCURI facunde Nepos ATLANTIS."

I.

Persuasive HERMES! AFRIC's son!
Who—scarce had human life begun—
Amid our rude forefathers shone
With arts instructive,
And man to new refinement won
With grace seductive.

II.

Herald of Jove, and of his court,
The lyre's inventor and support,
GENIUS! that can at will resort
To glorious cunning;
Both gods and men in furtive sport
And wit outrunning!

III.

You, when a child the woods amid,
APOLLO's kine drew off and hid;
And when the god with menace bid
The spoil deliver,
Forced him to smile—for, while he chid,
You stole his quiver!

IV.

The night old PRIAM sorrowing went,
With gold, through many a GRECIAN tent,
And many a foeman's watchfire, bent
To ransom HECTOR,
In you he found a provident
Guide and protector.

V.

Where bloom ELYSIUM's groves, beyond
Death's portals and the STYGIAN pond,
You guide the ghosts with golden wand,
Whose special charm is
That Jove and PLUTO both are fond
Alike of HERMES!

I.

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus, et decoræ
More palæstræ!

II.

Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyre parentem
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocosum
Condere furto.

III.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, pueum minaci
Voco dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

IV.

Quin et Atridas, duce te, superbos,
Illo dives Priamus relicto,
Thessulosque ignes et iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

V.

Tu piis lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Aurea turbam, superis Deorum
Gratus et imis.

So much for Mercury. Turn we now to another feature in the planetary system. The rage for astrological pursuits, and the belief in a secret influence exercised by the stars over the life and fortune of individuals, seems to have, at certain epochs of the world's history, to have seized on mankind like a periodical epidemic; but at no junction of human affairs was the mania so prevalent as after the death of Julius Cæsar. The influx of Asiatic luxury had been accompanied by the arrival at Rome of a number of "wise men from the east," and considerable curiosity had been excited among all classes by the strange novelty of oriental traditions. Among these remnants of original revelation, the announcement of a forthcoming Conqueror, to be harbingered and ushered into the possession of empire by a mysterious star,* had fixed the attention of political intriguers as a fit engine for working on popular credulity; and hence the partisans of young Octavius were constantly ringing the changes on "CÆSARIS ASTRUM" and "JULIUM SIDUS," until they had actually forced the populace into a strong faith in the existence of some celestial phenomenon connected with the imperial house of Cæsar. Those who recollect, as I do, how famously *Pastorini's Prophecies* assisted the interests of Captain Rock and the dynasty of Derrynane, will understand the nature of this sort of humbug, and will readily imagine how the mob of Rome was tutored by the *augurs* into a firm reliance on the interference of heaven in the business. Buonaparte was too shrewd a student of human weaknesses, and had read history too carefully to overlook the tendency of the vulgar towards this belief in supernatural apparitions; hence he got up an *ignis futurus* of his own, which he called the "SOLEIL D'AUSTERLITZ," and out of which he took a particular shine on more than one brilliant occasion. Many an old infidel grenadier was firmly persuaded, that, better than Joshua the Jew, their leader could command the glorious disc to do his biddings; and every

battle-field, consequently, became a "valley of Ajalon," where they smote the sourcrot children of Germany to their hearts' content. But we are wandering from the era of Augustus. By a very natural process, the belief in a ruling star, in connexion with the imperial family, expanded itself from that narrow centre into the broad circumference of every family in the empire; and each individual began to fancy he might discover a small twinkling shiner, of personal importance to himself, in the wide canopy of heaven. Great, in consequence, was the profit accruing to any cunning seer from the east, who might happen to set up an observatory on some one of the seven hills for the purpose of allotting to each lady and gentleman their own particular planet. Nostradamus, Cagliostro, Dr. Spurzheim, and St. John Long, had long been anticipated by Roman practitioners; and in the annals of roguery, as well as of literature and politics, there is nothing new under the sun.

In Mr. Ainsworth's yet unpublished romance of the *Admirable Crichton* (which he has had the idea of submitting to my perusal), I cannot but commend the use he has made of the astrological practices so prevalent under the reign of Henry Trois, and in the days of Catherine de Medicis; indeed, I scarcely know any of the so-called historical novels of this frivolous generation, which has altogether so graphically reproduced the spirit and character of the times, as this dashing and daring portraiture of the young Scotchman and his contemporaries.

The mistress of Horace, it would seem, had taken it into her head to go consult these soothsayers from Chaldeæ, as to the probable duration of the poet's life and her own—of course, fancying it needless to inquire as to the probability of their amours being quite commensurate with the continuance of their earthly career; a matter which circumstances, nevertheless, should render somewhat problematical—whereupon her lover chides the propensity, in the following strain of tender and affectionate remonstrance:

* The expressions of Propertius are very remarkable:

"Quæritis et cælo PHENICUM INVENTA sereno
Quæ sit stella," &c. &c.—Lib. ii. 20, 60.

ODE XI.

AD LEUCONOEN.

I.

Love, mine ! seek not to grope
Through the dark windings of CHALDEAN witchery,
To learn your horoscope,
Or mine, from vile adepts in fraud and treachery.
My LEUCONOË ! shun
Those sons of BABYLON.

II.

Far better 'twere to wait,
Calmly resigned, the destined hour's maturity,
Whether our life's brief date
This winter close, or, through a long futurity,
For us the sea still roar
On yon TYRRENEAN shore.

III.

Let WISDOM fill the cup : —
Vain hopes of lengthened days and years felicitous
FOLLY may treasure up ;
Ours be the day that passeth — unsollicitous
Of what the next may bring.
TIME flieth as we sing !

I.

Tu ne quæsieris,
Scire nefas,
Quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Di dederint,
Leuconoë,
Nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros.—
Ut melius

II.

Quidquid erit, pati,
Seu plures hiemes,
Seu tribuit
Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis
Debilitat
Pumicibus mare *
Tyrrenum !

III.

Sapias, vina liques,
Et spatio brevi
Spem longem rescres.
Dum loquimur,
Fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem,
Quam minimum
Credula postero.

Horace has been often accused of plundering the Greeks, and of transferring entire odes from their language into Latin metres. The charge is perfectly borne out by conclusive facts, and I shall have many an opportunity of recurring to the evidences, as afforded in the subsequent decades of this series. The opening of the following glorious dithyramb is clearly borrowed from the *Ἀναξίφορμυγυγίς* 'Χμνοί of Pindar ; but I venture to say that there is not, in the whole collection of the Songs of Horace, a more truly Roman, a more intensely national effusion, than this invocation of divine protection on the head of the government. The art of lyrical progression, the *ars celare artem*, is nowhere practised with greater effect ; and the blend-

ing up of all the historical recollections most dear to the country with the prospects of the newly established dynasty, the hopes of the young Marcellus, and the preservation of the emperor's life, is a masterstroke of the politico-poetical tactician. The very introduction of a word in honour of the republican Cato, by throwing the public off its guard, and by giving an air of independent boldness to the composition, admirably favours the object he has in view. A more august association of ideas, a bolder selection of images, is not to be found within the compass of any ode, ancient or modern—save, perhaps, in the canticle of Habakkuk, or in the "Persian feast" of Dryden.

ODE XII.—A PRAYER FOR AUGUSTUS.

" Quem virum aut heroa." •

Aria—" Sublime was the warning."

I.

Name, CLIO, the man ! or the god . . —for whose sake
The lyre, or the clarion, loud echoes shall wake
On thy favourite hill, or in HELICON'S grove ? . . .

Whence forests have followed the wizard of THRACE,
 When rivers enraptured suspended their race,
 When ears were vouchsafed to the obdurate oak,
 And the blasts of mount HÆMUS bowed down to the yoke
 Of the magical minstrel, grandson of Jove.

II.

First to HIM raise the song! whose parental control
 Men and gods feel alike; whom the waves, as they roll —
 Whom the earth, and the stars, and the seasons obey,
 Unapproached in his GODHEAD; majestic ALONE,
 Though PALLAS may stand on the steps of his throne,
 Though huntress DIANA may challenge a shrine,
 And worship be due to the god of the vine,
 And to archer APOLLO, bright giver of day!

III.

Shall we next sing ALCIDES? or LEDA's twin-lights —
 Him the Horseman, or him whom the Cestus delights?
 Both shining aloft, by the seaman adored:
 (For he kens that their rising the clouds can dispel,
 Dash the foam from the rock, and the hurricane quell.) —
 Of ROMULUS next shall the claim be allowed?
 Of NUMA the peaceful? of TARQUIN the proud?
 Of CATO, whose fall hath ennobled his sword?

IV.

Shall SCAURUS, shall REGULUS fruitlessly crave
 Honour due? shall the CONSUL, who prodigal gave
 His life-blood on CANNA's disastrous plain? —
 CAMILLUS? or he whom a king could not tempt?
 Stern Poverty's children, unfashioned, unkempt. —
 The fame of MARCELLUS grows yet in the shade,
 But the meteor of JULIUS beams over his head,
 Like the moon that outshines all the stars in her train!

V.

Great DEITY, guardian of men! unto whom
 We commend, in AUGUSTUS, the fortunes of Rome.
 REIGN FOR EVER! but guard his subordinate throne.
 Be it his — of the PARTHIAN each inroad to check;
 Of the INDIAN, in triumph, to trample the neck;
 To rule all the nations of earth; — be it Jove's
 To exterminate guilt from the god's hallowed groves,
 Be the bolt and the chariot of thunder THINE OWN!

Next comes an ode in imitation of Sappho. Who has not read that wondrous woman's eloquent outburst of ecstatic passion? In all antiquity, no love-song obtained such celebrity as that which has come down to us in the form of a fragment; but though many attempts have been made to divest it of its Grecian envelope, and robe it in modern costume, I am sorry for the sake of the ladies to be obliged to say, that it can never be presented in any other shape than what it wears in the splendid original. This is the more to be regretted, as, in a recent

volume of very exquisite poetry, Miss Landon has devoted six glowing pages* to the development of Sappho's supposed feelings. If kindred eloquence could be taken as a substitute, and if the delicate instinct of a lively and fervent female soul may be imagined fully capable of catching the very spirit of Greek inspiration, then may it be permitted to apply the words of Horace occurring in another place:

"Spirat adhuc amor
 Vivuntque commissi calores
 Lætitiæ fidibus puellæ."

Lib. iv. ode ix.

* Pp. 115-121 of the *Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems*, by L. E. L. 1 vol. small 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

But, returning to the ode before us, it is not my province to decide whether the jealousy which our poet here describes was really felt, or only affected for poetic purposes. From the notorious unsteadiness of his attachments, and the multitudinous list of his loves, including in the catalogue Lalagé, Glycera, Leuconoë, Næra, Cloris, Pyrrha, Nerine, Lycé, Phidylé, Cynaris, &c. &c. (by the way, all *Greek* girls), I should greatly doubt the sincerity of his ardour for Lydia. It is only necessary, for the explanation of "*dente labris notam*," terminating the third stanza, in reference to Roman ideas of proper behaviour towards the ladies, to record what Flora says of her

friend Pompey, in Plutarch's life of that illustrious general: — *Μνημονεύειν της προς τον Πομπειον ομιλίας ως ουχ ην εκεινη συναναπαυσάμενη, ΑΔΗΚΤΩΣ απιδιδιν.* For the right understanding of that singular phrase in the fourth stanza, the "quintessence," or "fifth part," of NECTAR, be it remembered that the sweetness of the celestial beverage so called was supposed to be divided into ten parts, the tenth or tithe whereof constituted what men call *honey*: Το μελι, ινατον της αμμερσιας ζιμερος, quoth Ibycus. From which it is as plain as Cocker, that Love, being the fifth part, or $\frac{1}{5}$, gives a fractional sweetness of much higher power and intensity.

ODE XIII.—THE POET'S JEALOUSY.

"Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam," &c.

I.

LYDIA, when you tauntingly
Talk of TELEPHUS, praising him
For his beauty, vauntingly
Far beyond me raising him,
His rosy neck, and arms of alabaster,
My rage I scarce can master!

II.

Pale and faint with dizziness,
All my features presently
Paint my soul's uneasiness;
Tears, big tears, incessantly
Steal down my cheeks, and tell in what fierce fashion
My bosom burns with passion.

III.

'Sdeath! to trace the evidence
Of your gay deceitfulness,
Mid the cup's improvidence,
Mid the feast's forgetfulness,
To trace, where lips and ivory shoulders pay for it,
The kiss of some young favourite!

IV.

Deem not vainly credulous
Such wild transports durable,
Or that fond and sedulous
Love is thus procurable:
Though VENUS drench the kiss with her quintessence,
Its nectar Time soon lessens.

V.

But where meet (thrice fortunate!)
Kindred hearts and suitable,
Strife comes ne'er importunate,
Love remains immutable;
On to the close they glide, mid scenes Elysian,
Through life's delightful vision!

VOL. XIV. NO. LXXX.

I.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam,
Cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vae! meum
Fervens diffideli
Bile tumet jecur.

II.

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet;
Humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus
Macerer ignibus.

III.

Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros
Immodicâ mero
Rixâ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem
Dente labris notam.

IV.

Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum
Dulcia barbarâ
Ludentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui
Nectaris imbuat.

V.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet
Copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius
Solvat Amor die!

Quintilian (lib. viii. 6) gives the following address to the vessel of the state as a specimen of well-sustained allegory. It appears to have been written at the outbreak of the civil war between Octavius and Marc Antony, and of course, as all such compositions ought to do, explains itself. There is, however, a naval manœuvre hinted at in st. ii. admirably illustrative of a passage in the Acts of the Apostles (cap. xxvii.

v. 17), where the mariners are described by St. Luke as "*undergirding the ship*" that carried Paul. Ropes, it appears, were let down, and drawn under the keel of the vessel to keep all tight: this is what Horace indicates by *sine funibus carinæ*. I recommend the point to Captain Marryat, should he make St. Paul's shipwreck on the isle of Malta the subject of his next nautico-historical novel.

ODE XIV.—TO THE VESSEL OF THE STATE. AN ALLEGORY.

AD REMPUBLICAM.

I.

What fresh perdition urges,
GALLEY! thy darksome track,
Once more upon the surges?
Hie to the haven back!
Doth not the lightning shew thee
Thou hast got none to row thee?

II.

Is not thy mainmast shattered?
Hath not the boisterous south
Thy yards and rigging scattered?
In dishabille uncouth,
How canst thou hope to weather
The storms that round thee gather?

III.

Rent are the sails that deck'd thee;
Deaf are thy gods become,
Though summoned to protect thee,
Though sued to save thee from
The fate thou most abhorrest,
Proud daughter of the forest!

IV.

Thy vanity would vaunt us,
Yon richly pictured poop
Pine-timbers from the PONTUS;
Fear lest, in one fell swoop,
Paint, pride, and pine-trees hollow,
The scoffing whirlpool swallow!

V.

I've watched thee sad and pensive,
Source of my recent cares!
Oh, wisely apprehensive,
Venture not unawares
Where GREECE spreads out her seas,
Begemmed with CYCLADES!

I.

O navis, referent
In mare te novi
Fluctus? O quid agis?
Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus

II.

Et malus celeri
Saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant,
Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

III.

Æquor? Non tibi sunt
Integra lineæ,
Non Di quos iterum
Pressa voces malo;
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,

IV.

Jactes et genus et
Nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus
Navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum
Quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium,
Curaque non levis
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

The same "*intérêt de circonstance*" which may have given piquancy to the allegory, possibly attached itself also to the following spirited lines. Antony and Cleopatra must have looked on the allusion to Paris and Helen as libellous in the extreme. Considered merely in the light of a political squib,

the ode is capital; but it has higher merit as a finished lyric; and Tom Campbell evidently found in it the form as well as substance of his popular and spirited effusion:
"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day,
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in
battle-array."

ODE XV.—THE SEA-GOD'S WARNING TO PARIS.

"Pastor cum traheret," &c.

I.

As the Shepherd of Troy, wafting over the deep
Saw Perfidy's freightage, bore HELEN along,
Old NEREUS uprose, hushed the breezes to sleep,
And the secrets of doom thus revealed in his song.

II.

Ah! homeward thou bring'st, with an omen of dread,
One whom GREECE will reclaim!—for her millions have sworn
Not to rest till they tear the false bride from thy bed,
Or till PRIAM's old throne their revenge overturn.

III.

See the struggle! how foam covers horsemen and steeds!
See thy ILION consigned to the bloodiest of sieges!
Mark, arrayed in her helmet, MINERVA, who speeds
To prepare for the battle her car and her ægis!

IV.

Too fondly thou deemest that VENUS will vouch
For a life which thou spendest in trimming thy curls,
Or, in tuning, reclined on an indolent couch,
An effeminate lyre to an audience of girls.

V.

Though awhile in voluptuous pastime employed,
Far away from the contest, the truant of lust
May baffle the bowmen, and AJAX avoid,
Thy adulterous ringlets are doomed to the dust!

VI.

See'st thou him of ITHACA, scourge of thy race?
Gallant TRUCER of Salamis? NESTOR the wise?
How, urging his car on thy cowardly trace,
Swift STHENELUS poises his lance as he flies?

VII.

Swift STHENELUS, DIOMED's brave charioteer,
Accomplished in war like the Cretan MERYON,
Fierce, towering aloft see his master appear,
Of a generous stock the illustrious scion.

VIII.

Whom thou, like a fawn, when a wolf in the valley
The delicate pasture compels him to leave,
Wilt fly, faint and breathless—though flight may not tally
With all thy beloved heard thee boast to achieve.

IX.

ACHILLES, retired in his angry pavilion,
Shall cause a short respite to Troy and her dames;
Yet a few winters more, and the turrets of ILION
Must sink mid the roar of retributive flames!

Horace first burst on the town as a satirist, and more than one fair dame must have had cause, like TYNDARIS, to fall out with him. There is a graceful mixture of playfulness and remonstrance in the following *amende honorable*, in which he dwells on the un-

seemly appearance of resentment and anger in the features of beauty. With reference to stanza v., it would appear that the tragedy of *Thyestes*, by Varus, was at that moment in a successful run on the Roman boards.

ODE XVI.—THE SATIRIST'S RECANTATION.

PALINODIA AD TYNDARIDEM.

"O! matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior."

I.

Blest with a charming mother, yet,
Thou still more fascinating daughter!
Prythee my vile lampoons forget—
Give to the flames the libel—let
The satire sink in Hadria's water!

I.

O! matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,
Quem crimosos
Cunque voles modum
Pones iambis; sive flamma,
Sive mari libet Hadriano.

II.

Not all CYRELE's solemn rites,
Cymbals of brass and spells of magic;
APOLLO's priest, mid Delphic flights;
Or BACCHANAL, mid fierce delights,
Presents a scene more tragic

II.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum
Incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Coryhantes æra,

III.

Than ANGER, when it rules the soul.
Nor fire nor sword can then surmount her,
Nor the vex'd elements control,
Though JOVE himself, from pole to pole,
Thundering rush down to the encounter.

III.

Tristes ut iræ: quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis,
Nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Juppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

IV.

PROMETHEUS—forced to graft, of old,
Upon our stock a foreign scion,
Mix'd up—if we be truly told—
With some brute particles, our mould—
ANGER he gathered from the LION.

IV.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus
Particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

V.

ANGER destroyed THYESTES's race,
O'erwhelmed his house in ruin thorough,
And many a lofty city's trace
Caused a proud foeman to efface,
Ploughing the site with hostile furrow.

V.

Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere, et altis
Urbibus ultimæ
Stetere causæ: cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris

VI.

Oh, be appeased! 'twas rage, in sooth,
First woke my song's satiric tenor;
In wild and unreflecting youth,
ANGER inspired the deed uncouth:
But, pardon that foul misdemeanour.

VI.

Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem;
Me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, et in celeres iambos

VII.

Lady! I swear—my recreant lays
Henceforth to rectify and alter—
To change my tones from blame to praise,
Should your rekindling friendship raise
The spirits of a sad defaulter!

VII.

Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quaro tristitia;
Dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

Here follows a *billet-doux*, conveying to the same offended lady (whose wrath we must suppose to have vanished on perusal of the foregoing) a gallant invitation to the rural mansion of our author. To perceive the difference between a *bonâ fide* invite and a mere

moonshine proposal, it is only necessary to collate this with Tom Moore's

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all-spangled with dew!"

ODE XVII.—AN INVITATION TO HORACE'S VILLA.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

I.

Oft for the hill where ranges
My Sabine flock,
Swift-footed FAWN exchanges
ARCADIA'S rock,
And, tempering summer's ray, forbids
Untoward rain to harm my kids.

II.

And there, in happy vagrance,
Roams the she-goat,
Lured by marital fragrance,
Through dells remote;
Of each wild herb and shrub partakes,
Nor fears the coil of lurking snakes.

III.

No prowling wolves alarm her;
Safe from their gripe
While FAWN, immortal charmer!
Attunes his pipe,
And down the vale and o'er the hills
Of USTICA each echo fills.

IV.

The GODS, their bard caressing,
With kindness treat:
They've fill'd my house with blessing—
My country-seat,
Where Plenty voids her loaded horn,
Fair TYNDARIS, pray come adorn!

V.

From SIRIUS in the zenith,
From summer's glare,
Come, where the valley screeneth,
Come, warble there
Songs of the hero, for whose love
PENELOPÉ and CIRCÉ strove.

VI.

Nor shall the cup be wanting,
So harmless then,
To grace that hour enchanting
In shady glen.
Nor shall the juice our calm disturb,
Nor aught our sweet emotions curb?

VII.

Fear not, my fair one! CYRUS
Shall not intrude,
Nor worry thee, desirous
Of solitude,
Nor rend thy innocent robe, nor tear
The garland from thy flowing hair.

I.

Velox amœnum
Sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo
Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.

II.

Impune tutum
Per nemos arbutos
Quærunt latentes
Et thyma devæ
Olentis uxores mariti:
Nec virides metuunt colubras,

III.

Nec martiales
Hædulæ lupos;
Utcunque dulci,
Tyndari, fistula
Valles, et Usticæ cubantis
Levia personuere saxa.

IV.

Dî me tuentur;
Dîs pietas mea
Et musa cordi est.
Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

V.

Hic in reductâ
Valle caniculæ
Vitabis æstes,
Et fide Teiâ
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

VI.

Hic innocentis
Pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbrâ;
Nec Semeleius
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prælia; nec metues protervum

VII.

Suspecta Cyrum
Ne male dispari
Incontinentes
Injiciat manus,
Et scindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

ODE XVIII.

This drinking song is a manifest translation from the Greek of Alcæus. To the concluding words, "*perlucidior vitro*," I have ventured to attach a

meaning which the recent discoveries at Pompeii, of drinking utensils made of a kind of silicious material, would seem fully to justify.

" Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem," &c.

Μηδὲν ἄλλο φύτευγης προτιρεὺν δένδρεν ἀμπέλῃ, κ. τ. λ.—ALCEUS apud ATHENÆUM.

I.

Nullam, Vare, sacræ vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catili:
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.

II.

Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero

III.

Debellata; monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
Quum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
Invitum quatiâ: nec variis obsita frondibus

IV.

Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

I.

Since at TIVOLI, VARUS, you've fixed upon planting
Round your villa enchanting,
Of all trees, O my friend! let the VINE be the first.

II.

On no other condition will Jove lend assistance
To keep at a distance
Chagrin, and the cares that accompany thirst.

III.

No one talks after wine about "battles" or "famine;"
But, if you examine,
The praises of love and good living are rife.

IV.

Though once the CENTAURS, mid potations too ample,
Left a tragic example
Of a banquet dishonoured by bloodshed and strife.

V.

Far removed be such doings from us! Let the THRACIANS,
Amid their libations,
Confound all the limits of right and of wrong;

VI.

I never will join in their orgies unholy—
I never will sully
The rites that to leaf-y-crowned BACCHUS belong,

VII.

CYBELÈ may silence her priesthood, and calm her
Brass cymbals and clamour;
Away with such outbursts, uproarious and vain!

VIII.

Displays often followed by Insolence mulish,
And Confidence foolish,
To be seen through and through, like this glass that I drain!

In the first decade of Horatian songs, it became my duty to supply in the original Latin, from the Vatican *Codex*, a long-lost effusion of the Sabine farmer, called "*Virent arundines*;" or, as the Scotch have it, "Green grow the rushes, O!" I am equally happy to be enabled, owing to the late Sir Humphry

Davy's experiments on the calcined volumes found at Herculaneum, to supply, in concluding this second essay, *another* lost ode of Horace, which has been imitated both in French and English (unconsciously, no doubt) by two modern verse-mongers.

ODE XIX.

I.

LA CHÛTE D'EMMA.

Ah! maudite soit l'heure,
Quand del' humble demeure
D'EMMA, le faux seigneur
eut franchi le seuil.
Pauvre fille! la lune
Pleura ton infortune,
Et couvrit son visage
en signe de dueil.

II.

Bientôt la lune étale
Sa clarté de Vestale,
Et de son chaste front
les nuages s'en vont.—
Mais la tache qui reste
De cette nuit funeste,
Qui pourra l'effacer?
ou réparer l'affront?

III.

La neige virginale
Couvrait tout l'intervalle
Du superbe manoir
au modeste réduit;
Et la blanche surface
Garda plus d'une trace
Des pas du faux seigneur
cette fatale nuit.

IV.

Un rayon du soleil,
A son premier réveil,
Effaca pour toujours
les vestiges du parjure;
Mais, EMMA! il te faut
Une lumière d'en haut,
Qui verse un doux oubli
sur ta mésaventure!

I.

EVELINE'S FALL.

Ah! weep for the hour,
When, to EVELINE'S bower,
The lord of the valley
With false vows came.
The moon hid her light
In the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds
For the maiden's shame.

II.

The clouds pass soon
From the cold chaste moon,
And the heaven smiled again
With her vestal flame;
But who shall see the day
When the cloud will pass away
Which that evening left
Upon EVELINE'S name?

III.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
Where the lord of the manor
Crossed over the moor;
And many a deep print,
On the white snow's tint,
Shewed the track of his footsteps
To EVELINE'S door.

IV.

The first sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of the passage
Where the false lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow
Of EVELINE'S fame!

I.

LAPSUS EMMAE.

Heu lachrymor horam
Cum fraudibus malis,
Dux virgine coram
Apparuit vallis.
Non tulit impuné
Congressum misella, . .
Cor doluit LUNÆ
Pro lapsâ puellâ!

II.

Quæ condidit frontem
Sub nubium velo,
Mox vultum insontem
Explicuit cælo.
Sed utinam casti,
Sic nominis gemma,
Quam tu inquinasti
Claresceret EMMA!

III.

Tegebant rus nives,
Cum meditans crimen,
Pedem tulit dives
Ad pauperis limen.
Et ager est fassus,
Vel indice calle,
Quâ tulerat passus
In candidâ valle.

IV.

Exoriens, mané
Sol uti consuevit
Vestigia plané
Nivemque delevit;
Puella! par lumen
Quod sanat remorsum,
Misericors Numen
Det tibi deorsum!

ION, AND THE PROVOST OF BRUGES.

Moods of the mind govern what we write—one while splenetic, and at other times overflowing with the milk of human kindness. No man, or set of men, is always alike; and this plan of composition is the most genial to a critic, who feels it his duty to realise a poetic state of soul when ratiocinating on poetry. Articles sacred to service so divine should be lyrical in their flow, in their transitions, and in their ecstatic combinations. Such a critic, in a word, should be a poet, or the reflection of one; and such articles should be poems, or magic mirrors in which they may be present, though really absent;—as living, even though dead—nay, in process of dissection.

Ion has not only been published, but performed: we are, therefore, called upon to do the duty that we promised, or threatened—a pleasant duty, at all events, in either sense. But we love Coleridge and Wordsworth, and we love whatever represents their influence in streamlike continuity; and therefore (notwithstanding his Whiggism, and abominable vote on the appropriation clause) we love Sergeant Talfourd, and only wish that he were more or other than he is. If not a man of genius, he is a man of exquisite taste; and *Ion* is (in general conception, though, as we have already hinted, not always in execution and detail) both classical and graceful, full of pathos and of sentiment, of which the world dreamed nothing fifty years ago—but which, five thousand years before, was as fresh as the dews of morning, and clear as the rivers which watered the paradise of Eden, the garden of God.

The previous editions of *Ion* were dedicated to Dr. Valpy, of whom Sergeant Talfourd was the sometime pupil. He is now dead; and we have, accordingly, a notice, instead of a dedication, containing an eloquent tribute to the memory of the revered master and friend. Our opinion of Dr. Valpy is not so high; nevertheless, his pupil is justified in entertaining the highest.

Among other things, the writer says of Dr. Valpy, that “there was a propriety in seeking the association of his name for a work which was prompted by love of those remains of antique beauty which he had taught me to know and to revere; which assumed that form of poetry in which he had chiefly delighted; and which, although meditated in broken hours, and at long intervals, had always mingled with the recollections of those happy days, when he first awakened within me the sense of classical grace, and of those after-seasons, when the exquisite representations of Greek tragedy, which he superintended, made its images vital.”

These words contain a candid account of the genesis of *Ion*; and suggest the proper course of criticism upon it, within the channels of which we shall be anxious to let flow the stream of our eloquent discourse—discourse, we say, for our aim is to write as we would talk. And we will commence talking, as if *Ion* were executed as well as it is conceived, and its conception were pure, instead of being confessedly mixed up with foreign elements, as it is.

It has been remarked, that the Grecian and Gothic architecture are not more different than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a tragedy of Shakespeare. The one is as simple as the other is complex. Man in his highest perfection, according to the first, exhibits only a refined sensuality; hence concord and proportion were easily attained with elements so few, and so little contrarious, as compose the mere natural harmony, which is all the music that accompanies the earlier form of human well-being. This simplicity of development is better expressed by sculpture than by painting; indeed, it has been affirmed that we can only become acquainted with the tragedies of Sophocles before the groups of Niobe and Laocoon. The persons of the Greek drama are deities and heroes; and the end of the action was to establish the relation of man

* *Ion*; a Tragedy, in five Acts. By Thomas Noon Talfourd. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1836.

The Provost of Bruges; a Tragedy, in five Acts. London: John Macrone, St. James's Square. 1836.

with heaven. The highest was that which represented a brave man struggling with adversity; and we are required to contemplate the spectacle not only as deserving of our deepest sympathy, but as a worthy object for the regard of the immortal powers. Beauty, rather than fidelity of representation, was the aim of the poet: hence, in all things, the imitation proceeded ideally and rhythmically. Their persons, accordingly, were at least heroic, sometimes superhuman, and always graceful. Character, also, was of the greatest importance; and to these influences passion was subordinate. In the storm and tempest thereof, so far from outstepping the modesty of nature, they reduced her tones within the rules of a severe art, which scarcely permitted a discord to enter into the texture of the strain; which was only not a pure melody, because no composition, either in nature or art, could by possibility embody an imagination so ideal. Nothing individual was permitted among the actors: an Apollo or a Hercules had the face, not of a vulgar performer, but that which was given to a mask, which was a fine work of art. Thus the players were as so many statues in the grand style, endowed with life and motion. The analogy between ancient tragedy and sculpture acquires appositeness, from the fact that both Æschylus and Sophocles produced a Niobe, and that Sophocles was also the author of a Laocoon. In the marble groups, connected, as they are, by an action of the most painful kind, and implying agitation the most afflicting, something still impresses us with a sense of patience, charms us into composure, and disposes us to serene contemplation. Equally careful is the tragic poet of Greece to preserve, under all circumstances, that repose which is essential to the display of beauty. It may be, of course, in motion—nay, the most violent bodily or mental anguish may be represented—but he finds means to moderate the expression by manly resistance, calm grandeur, or inherent sweetness; so that, though the emotions may be imitated with touching truth and effect, the features of beauty shall, nevertheless, in no degree be disfigured. This supremacy of beauty and character, over the wreck and crush with which passion would otherwise threaten that order of which art

is the childlike image, induces the sublimest reflections on the being and the destiny of man; as it doubtless was the result of an instinct closely associated with the fact of the soul's immortality.

The tragedies of which we have thus written—and of which these things, and many more, have been before us already, and as well, or even better, expressed—were the models presented to the youthful mind of Talfourd; and from much meditation on these the poem of *Ion* grew. 'Take the poet's own account of the character: "That of a nature essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought—not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach—vividly conscious of existence and its pleasures, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty." To involve such a character in circumstances which might excite grief, terror, or joy, the author found it expedient to resort to the notion of destiny, peculiar to the drama of the Greeks—"of destiny, apart from all moral agencies; and to a prophecy indicating its purport in reference to the individuals involved in its chain." Such was the author's idea, for which he deserves praise; and would have deserved more had he worked it consistently out, which he has not.

Necessity and liberty—the great problem from the beginning until now, which sage and poet have equally endeavoured to solve—perplex us, both on the stage of life and of the theatre. Our own Locke solves it by a decision, involving the paradox that man is both a free and a necessary agent. Clear it is, that, though will and liberty be synonymous terms, expressive of one and the same power, yet that the act in time is subject to the same law which all other objects within that medium must obey. In relation to the material world, man is constrained on every side; and the great struggle is to extend the liberty of his interior being into the recesses of the nature by which he is surrounded. And to a certain extent he may prosper; but never entirely, save by escaping into another region of endeavour—an untried (relatively to the individual), and, therefore, uncertain endeavour. Nevertheless, the endeavour has been often made, the escape tried—for the

soul is *felt* to be free ; and whether, in a separate state, it can be enchained by its own act, awaits demonstration. Now, into this state of material necessity, a man has no remembrance of entering willingly—nor, indeed, at all ; over the peculiar circumstances of his introduction he had no control. These conditions were, therefore, by the ancients, wisely ascribed to a higher power, which they called Fate ; and as their gods were but sublimated human beings, they also are described as submitting to or rebelling against the same influences. To make all this apparent, which can only be done by contrast, the heroes of Grecian tragedy are for the most part innocent individuals involved in the meshes of destiny. They are placed in ignorance of the moral effect of their acts, and commit crimes without knowing them to be such ; or even when acting virtuously, as in the grand fable of Prometheus, still suffer from a divine despotism, which places obstacles even in the way of goodness itself, that heroic energy may be compelled, even by pain, to realise its utmost development and highest triumph. Prometheus, however, is a willing sufferer ; he is aware of the decrees of destiny, but bravely, for the sake of man, makes head against them. Accident, in fact, with the Greeks, forms no concomitant of fate, unless in some of the dramas of Euripides. Æschylus and Sophocles avoid the sport of chance ; with them, chance is but the lowest expression of a higher power, and not on any account to be substituted for that irrevocable Providence which uses chance for its plaything, as a means to an end. The co-efficient and final cause was ever in their minds ; and hence these poets derive their sublimity and majesty, their beauty and harmony : for, resting in this faith, they could afford to repose in pious confidence, and perceived an adaptation of instruments and purposes in all the perplexities of existence, and the mighty rebellions of the human will.

Shakespeare's Othello is a purely Grecian character, being operated upon by extrinsic motives to act as a jealous husband, without being one. A noble character, superior to suspicion, is made to feel all the agonies, and perform the crimes, consequent upon the meanest of passions. Hamlet also feels compelled to effect a vengeance repug-

nant to a gentle and studious nature. The same excuse is invented by the poet for Macbeth. Lear, likewise, is represented as "a man more sinned against than sinning." It would seem, indeed, unsafe, in the conception of a tragic hero, to exhibit him as a wilful sinner ; a spell must be on him—compulsion from a higher power or surrounding agency. An apology for his sufferings must be rendered, not a justification. Hence the character of Miss Baillie's Romero is simply disgusting, and unfit for representation ; at any rate, it is a doubtful experiment, and scarcely deserves to be successful, notwithstanding the skill with which the passion is analysed.

This fate is sometimes represented by the old poets as one incomprehensible essence, and sometimes as many ; and as such multitude, it is thus apostrophised by *Ion*, in the tragedy before us—

"Ye eldest gods,
Who in no statues of exactest form
Are palpable ; who shun the azure heights
Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy ;
Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held
Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful watch
On falling nations, and on kingly lines
About to sink for ever ; ye, who shed
Into the passions of earth's giant brood,
And their fierce usages, the sense of justice ;
Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
Through the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt
Portents of ruin,—hear me ! In your presence,
For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate
This arm to the destruction of the king
And of his race ! O keep me pitiless !
Expel all human weakness from my frame,
That this keen weapon shake not when his heart
Should feel its point ; and if he has a child,
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it !—
Was not that thunder ?"—Act iii., Sc. 2.

As unity, it is perhaps addressed in the following :

"Gracious gods !
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now ; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,

Beyond ye, that hath breathed through
 all your shapes
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives
 In earth and heaven—to ye I offer up
 This conscious being, full of life and love,
 For my dear country's welfare."

Act v., Scene 3.

It is in such passages that the poet has alluded to the supernal influence to which his persons were subject. For the rest, the play is written as if for a Grecian audience, to whom the notion was familiar. For such the simple announcement of an oracle was sufficient. It was, perhaps, more sublime from its simplicity, as the awe was presumed, and was, besides, sure of justifying its presence. Sergeant Talfourd's taste prevented him, in this instance, from departing from his models; but he relied not on this element of his tragedy alone—he had recourse "to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine by which fate may work its purpose on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action, most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue." The employment of *both* these expedients the author seems to have thought improper in a piece designed for representation; but the result proves him to have been mistaken. In fact, during the performance of the play, the agency of fate scarcely impressed the audience at all; but that of the fascination alluded to had considerable effect in procuring it success. It must, however, be allowed that the principle of destiny, being mixed up with another, had not fair play; and that, therefore, the general decision is not affected by the result in this instance.

Euripides' tragedy of *Ion* gave the first hint of the situation in which Sergeant Talfourd's like-named hero is introduced,—that of a foundling youth, educated in a temple, and assisting in its services. While thus employed, a pestilence afflicts Argos, the sages and priests of which seek safety within the sacred walls; from which none is allowed egress save the youth Ion, who had won the dangerous permission from Medon, the high priest of the fane. When told of this, Agenor, the first of the sages, expresses much astonishment, describing the interesting foundling as one

"Whose nature such ethereal aspect
 wears,
 As it would perish at the touch of wrong.
 By no internal contest is he trained

For such hard duty; no emotions rude
 Hath his clear spirit vanquished. Love,
 the germ

Of his mild nature, hath spread graces
 forth,

Expanding with its progress, as the store
 Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals,
 Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
 To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
 Hath filled his eye save that of thought-
 ful joy,

When, in the evening stillness, lovely
 things

Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
 If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
 Raised to the tone of anger, checked its
 force,

As if it feared to break its being's law,
 And faltered into music; when the forms
 Of guilty passion have been made to live
 In pictured speech, and others have
 waxed loud

In righteous indignation, he hath heard
 With sceptic smile, or from some slender
 vein

Of goodness, which surrounding gloom
 concealed,

Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath
 flowed

From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and
 pure

Alone are mirrored; which, though
 shapes of ill

May hover round its surface, glides in
 light,

And takes no shadow from them."

Act i., Scene 1.

This is the poet's ideal of his hero, prettily expressed; but, of course, omitted in representation, from the length and gossamer style of the description. For a youth so angelic, an equally angelic mate is found by the poet, in the person of Clemanthe, daughter of the high priest, and his playfellow in the sacred courts wherein both have been nurtured. Love has never yet been confessed on either side; but now the pestilence gives rise to circumstances which enforce its telling. Considered as expressing the anger of the gods, on account of the supposed crimes of Adrastus, tyrant of Argos, the latter has secluded himself, with his flatterers, within his palace chambers, yielding himself up to drunken revelry. Medon thus states the facts:

"Yes; I believe he felt our sufferings
 once;

When, at my strong entreaty, he des-
 patched

Phocion, my son, to Delphos, there to
 seek

Our cause of sorrow ; but, as time^s
 dragged on
 Without his messenger's return, he grew
 Impatient of all counsel—to his palace
 In awful mood retiring, wildly called
 The reckless of his court to share his
 stores,
 And end all with him. When we dared
 disturb
 His dreadful feastings with a humble
 prayer
 That he would meet us, the poor slave
 who bore
 The message flew back smarting from
 the scourge,
 And muttered a decree that he who next
 Unbidden met the tyrant's glance should
 die."—Act i., Scene 1.

Notwithstanding these circumstances,
 Ion, in the innocence of his heart,
 cannot help conceiving a notion that
 some pulse of good must still live in
 Adrastus' nature, and offers to seek
 audience of the king, and try to wake
 it.

"O do not think my prayer
 Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send
 me !
 The coarsest reed that trembles in the
 marsh,
 If Heaven select it for its instrument,
 May shed celestial music on the breeze,
 As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
 Befits the lip of Phœbus. Ye are wise,
 And needed by your country—ye are
 fathers ;
 I am a lone, stray thing, whose little life,
 By strangers' bounty cherished, like a
 wave
 That from the summer sea a wanton
 breeze
 Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
 Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in
 breaking."—*Ibid.*

This is the trying crisis which takes
 the veil from off the love of Clemanthe.
 Anticipating only a disastrous end to
 the mission, she exclaims :

"What will to me be father, brother,
 friends,
 When thou art gone—the light of our
 life quenched—
 Haunting like spectres of departed joy
 The home where thou wert dearest ?

Ion. Thrill me not
 With words that, in their agony, suggest
 A hope too ravishing, or my head will
 swim,
 And my heart faint within me.

Cle. Has my speech
 Such blessed power ? I will not mourn
 it then,
 Though it hath told a secret I had borne
 Till death in silence. How affection grew

To this, I know not ;—day succeeded day,
 Each fraught with the same innocent de-
 lights,

Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
 Of sisterly regard which veiled it well,
 Till thy changed mien revealed it to my
 soul,

And thy great peril makes me bold to
 tell it.

Do not despise it in me !

Ion. With deep joy
 Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
 Since I have learned to tremble midst our
 pleasures,
 Lest I should break the golden dream
 around me

With most ungrateful rashness. I should
 bless

The sharp and perilous duty which hath
 pressed

A life's deliciousness into these mo-
 ments—

Which here must end."

Act i., Scene 2.

And thus the mutual secret is revealed ;
 and, after some affectionate struggles,
 she yields to the claims on his honour.
 "If thou shouldst fall," she says to
 him,

"I shall be happier as the affianced bride
 Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest for-
 tunes—
 Thine, ever thine !"

The second act presents Adrastus,
 into whose presence the youth presses,
 undeterred by threats. Firm in the
 faith that something good is at the
 bottom of every heart, and therefore
 of the tyrant's, he reminds the king
 that, as such, in his a nation's fate lies
 circled, and that the evil consequent
 upon royal crimes falls on the subject.
 He calls upon him, by the recollection
 of his own childhood and his mother's
 love, to think of the condition of pa-
 rent and children in this season of
 punishment, and by this appeal draws
 out the secrets of Adrastus' soul.
 Something also in the tone of his voice
 mysteriously excites sympathy. Fate
 had doomed Adrastus from his birth,
 uttering "from the hearth's vacant
 space" oracular words—these :

"Wo unto the babe !

Against the life which now begins shall
 life

Lighted from thence be armed, and both
 soon quenched,

End this great line in sorrow !"

Act ii., Scene 1.

A brother soon cheered his parents
 for the curse which threatened their

eldest hope—or rather dread—and won from Adrastus all his parents' love ; but, " falling from a crag which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb," he died. Suspicion went abroad that Adrastus in envy had slain the boy. Disgusted with his kind, Adrastus sought the wild haunts of nature, where, in a wood-encircled valley, he fell in love with a rustic maiden, whom he married, and they had two children, a daughter and a son. Tracked by his parents' myrmidons, he was deprived of the latter.

" While jocund smiles
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet
spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us;—seized the
child ;—
Dashed through the thicket to the beet-
ling rock
'Neath which the deep wave eddies : I
stood still
As stricken into stone. I heard him cry,
Pressed by the rudeness of the murder-
er's gripe,
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever ;
And could not stir to save him !

Ion. And the mother——
Adrastus. She spake no word ; but
clasped me in her arms,
And lay her down to die. A lingering
gaze
Of love she fixed on me—none other
loved,
And so passed hence. By Jupiter, her
look !

Her dying patience glimmers in thy face !
She lives again ! She looks upon me now !
Ther's magic in it. Bear with me—I
am childish."—Act ii., Scene 1.

The magic is natural ; for, though mutually unknown, they are father and son ; and it is the secret influence of this relation that induces the king to pardon this intrusion of *Ion*, and to indemnify him from the consequences. The fact is afterwards proved by a scroll given to *Irus*, a young slave of *Agenor*, by a kinsman, at the moment of death,—having, upon returning, after long absence, to the shores of *Argos*, been plague-smitten. *Agenor* had given *Irus* leave to tend him : when he found death approaching, he called for parchment, and, writing on it the important document, requested that it might be taken instantly to the high-priest, *Medon*, by whom the contents are thus indicated :—

" The kinsman of that youth
Was with another hired to murder him—

A babe. They tore him from his mother's breast,

And to a sea-girt summit, where a rock
O'erhung a chasm by the surge's force
Made terrible, rushed with him. As the
gods

In mercy ordered it, the foremost ruffian,
Who bore no burden, pressing through
the gloom

In the wild hurry of his guilty purpose,
Trode at the extreme verge upon a crag
Loosened by summer from its granite bed,
And suddenly fell with it ; with his fall
Sunk the base daring of the man who held
The infant ; so he placed the unconscious
babe

Upon the spot where it was found by me ;
Watched till he saw the infant safe ;
then fled,

Fearful of question ; and returned to die.
That child is *Ion*."—Act iii., Scene 3.

Penury of invention is shewn in there being two tales of a crag in one piece. This, however, is a speck ; and we have now to point out great beauty. Concurrent with this discovery, *Ion* is joined in a vow with some *Argive* youths to rid the land of the tyrant, and the lot had fallen upon him ; for *Phocion* had returned with the response from the oracle, while the king was giving the audience that he had promised *Ion* to the sages of the realm, and which answer announced that

" *Argos* ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease ;"

and, accordingly, the council was broken up in wrath, and no remedy left to patriotism but in tyrannicide. *Agenor*, hearing from *Clemanthe* the mortal errand on which *Ion* had gone, hastens, by a secret way, to the scene, and announces the relationship of both, while the son is on the point of stabbing his father. This, however, fails to save *Adrastus*, as the devoted brotherhood of avengers rush in, and by one of them, *Ctesiphon*, who has personal motives of malice, the king is slain. As the decree of the oracle, however, and the vow taken by *Ion*, are against the race, he feels the duty of self-sacrifice onerous on his soul, and piously and patriotically performs it, amidst circumstances of much interest.

All this is managed with great grace and effect,—with beauty and pathos which deserve analysis. The fascination under which *Ion* acts, as before suggested, gives to his part a commanding charm. Exclaiming, " 'Tis sealed !"

Ion retires aside from the councillors after Adrastus had left them, rapt in meditation on the result of fate's decree. To adopt Shelley's fine verse, he seems to see, "as from a tower, the end of all." A supernatural impression then comes on him that he is doomed to perform the dreadful service.

"O wretched man, thy words have sealed thy doom!

Why should I shiver at it, when no way, Save this, remains to break the ponderous cloud

That hangs above my wretched country? Death—

A single death—the common lot of all, Which it will not be mine to look upon,— And yet its ghastly shape dilates before me; I cannot shut it out; my thoughts grow rigid,

And as that grim and prostrate figure haunts them,

My sinews stiffen like it. Courage, Ion! No spectral form is here; all outward things

Wear their own old familiar looks; no dye Pollutes them. Yet the air has scent of blood,

And now it eddies with a hurtling sound, As if some weapon swiftly clove it. No— The falchion's course is silent as the grave That yawns before its victim. Gracious powers!

If the great duty of my life be near, Grant it may be to suffer, not to strike!"

Act ii., Scene 3.

In a subsequent interview with Clemanthe, Ion gives a further account of the state of his associations.

"Clemanthe! thou wilt find me A sad companion; I, who knew not life, Save as the sportive breath of happiness, Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,

With grave experiences; I dream no more

Of azure realms where restless beauty sports,

In myriad shapes fantastic; but black vaults

In long succession open, till the gloom Afar is broken by a streak of fire That shapes my name; the fearful wind that moans

Before the storm articulates its sound; And as I passed but now the solemn range

Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery

Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone Bent on me instinct with a frightful life That drew me into fellowship with them, As conscious marble; while their ponderous lips—

Fit organs of eternity—unclosed, And, as I live to tell thee, murmured, 'Hail!

Hail! Ion the Devoted!"

Clemanthe. These are fancies, Which thy soul, late expanded with great purpose, Shapes, as it quivers to its natural circle In which its joys should lurk, as in the bud

The cells of fragrance cluster. Bid them from thee,

And strive to be thyself.

Ion. I will do so! I'll gaze upon thy loveliness, and drink Its quiet in. How beautiful thou art! My pulse throbs now as it was wont; a being

Which owns so fair a glass to mirror it Cannot shew darkly.

Clemanthe. We shall soon be happy; My father will rejoice to bless our love, And Argos waken; for her tyrant's course

Must have a speedy end.

Ion. It must! it must! Clemanthe. Yes; for no empty talk of public wrongs

Assails him now; keen hatred and revenge

Are roused to crush him.

Ion. Not by such base agents May the august lustration be achieved: He who shall cleanse his country from the guilt

For which Heaven smites her should be pure of soul,

Guileless as infancy, and undisturbed By personal anger as thy father is, When, with unswerving hand and pitious eye,

He stops the brief life of the innocent kid Bound with white fillets to the altar; so Enwreathed by fate the royal victim

heaves, And soon his breast shall shrink beneath the knife

Of the selected slayer!

Clemanthe. 'Tis thyself Whom thy strange language pictures— Ion! thou—

Ion. She has said it! Her pure lips have spoken out

What all things intimate; didst thou not mark

Me for the office of avenger—me?

Cle. No; save from the wild picture that thy fancy,

Thy o'erwrought fancy, drew: I thought it looked

Too like thee, and I shuddered.

Ion. So do I! And yet I almost wish I shuddered more, For the dire thought has grown familiar with me.

Could I escape it!

Cle. 'Twill away in sleep

Ion. No, no! I dare not sleep; for
well I know
That then the knife will gleam, the blood
will gush,
The form will stiffen. I will walk awhile
In the sweet evening light, and try to chase
These fearful images away.

Cle. Let me
Go with thee. Oh, how often, hand in hand,
In such a lovely light, have we roamed
westward,
Aimless and blessed, when we were no
more
Than playmates: surely we are not
grown stranger
Since yesterday!

Ion. No, dearest, not to-night;
The plague yet rages fiercely in the vale,
And I am placed in grave commission
here
To watch the gates: indeed, thou must
not pass.

I will be merrier when we meet again—
Trust me, my love, I will; farewell!

[Exit *ION*.]

Cle. Farewell, then!
How fearful disproportion shews in one
Whose life hath been all harmony! He
bends
Towards that thick covert, where, in
blessed hour,
My father found him, which has ever been
His chosen place of musing. Shall I
follow?

Am I already grown a selfish mistress,
To watch his solitude with jealous eye,
And claim him all? That let me never be.
Yet danger from within besets him now,
Known to me only: I will follow him.

— Act iii., Scene 1. [Exit.]

This, it must be confessed, is passing
lovely, and exquisitely poetical: it has
all the tenderness, without any of the
false sentiment, of Euripides. We
wish we had room to extract the scene
where, under similar influences, Ion
rushes in among the conspirators, and
offers to partake the chance of the lot;
but we must content ourselves with
one brief specimen. Says Ion,—

“The gods have prompted me, for they
have given
One dreadful voice to all things which
should be
Else dumb or musical; and I rejoice
To step from the grim round of waking
dreams
Into this fellowship, which makes all
clear.”

Again:

“Methinks I breathe more freely; now
my lot
Is palpable, and mortals gird me round,

Though my soul owns no sympathy with
theirs.

Some one approaches—I must hide this
knife.

Hide! I have ne’er till now had aught
to hide

From any human eye.

[He conceals the knife in his coat.

Enter *CLEMANTHE*.

Clemanthe here!

Cle. Forgive me that I break upon
thee thus.

I meant to watch thy steps unseen, but
night

•Is thickening; thou art haunted by sad
fancies,

And ’tis more terrible to think upon thee
Wandering with such companions in thy
bosom,

Than in the peril thou art wont to seek
Beside the bed of death.

Ion. Death, say’st thou? Death?
Is it not righteous when the gods decree it?
And brief its sharpest agony? Yet, fairest,
It is no theme for thee. Go in at once,
And think of it no more.

Cle. Not without thee.
Indeed thou art not well; thy hands are
marble,
Thy eyes are fixed: let me support thee,
love.—

Ha! what is that gleaming within thy
vest?

A knife! Tell me its purpose, Ion!

Ion. No;

My oath forbids.

Cle. An oath! O gentle Ion,
What can have linked thee to a cause
which needs

A stronger cement than a good man’s
word?

There’s danger in it. Wilt thou keep it
from me?

Ion. Alas! I must. Thou wilt know
all full soon. [Voices call *ION*.]

Hark! I am called.

Cle. Nay, do not leave me thus.

Ion. ’Tis very sad! [voices again.] I
dare not stay. Farewell! [Exit.]

Act iii., Scene 2.

Clemanthe’s soliloquy, consequent
upon this, brings out her character in
an interesting light—nay, gives the last
finishing touch to it.

“It must be to Adrastus that he hastes!
If by his hand the fated tyrant die,
Austere remembrance of the deed will
hang

Upon his delicate spirit like a cloud,
And tinge its world of happy images
With hues of horror. Shall I to the pa-
lace,

And, as the price of my disclosure, claim
His safety? No! ’Tis never woman’s
part

Out of her fond misgivings to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom she
cleaves;

'Tis hers to weave all that she has of fair
And bright in the dark meshes of their
web

Inseparate from their windings. My
poor heart

Hath found its refuge in a hero's love :
Whatever destiny his generous soul
Shape for him, 'tis its duty to be still,
And trust him 'till it bound or break
with his. [Exit.]

Act iii., Scene 2.

With this, our extracts from this play must terminate. The scene of recognition between Adrastus and Ion, as father and son, at the very moment when the latter is prepared to slay the former, is, very effective; and that of Ion's self-devotement is also beautiful. But we must pass off to some reflections which arise out of the subject.

This reference by the ancients to fate as the solution for the perplexities of mortal life may itself be most readily solved, as intended for an acknowledgement of ignorance as to the source of evil. Even at this day, all but a few minds dread to approach the arcanæ of this mystery. Why the human being should have been made capable of misery is generally deemed a question above reason to answer. Indeed, by no process of speculation is it to be satisfied,—no path will lead to the desired end but an induction of facts, as produced, by a practical genesis, in the rational being itself. As the sensual suffers, the spiritual receives more and more developement, and by a triumph over pain redeems it into happiness again. All is a state of transition. As "heaven lies about us in our infancy," so those courses which end in misery proceed from happiness; and only because man is capable of pleasure is he capable of pain. Two names for one feeling, they express its highest and lowest degrees, which are its two poles. The first sensation of a burn is pleasing,—it is its continuance which renders it painful. All sensuality is sought as pleasurable means, and is such to a certain extent; and to such extent is lawful, and is only so limited, that the being may not mistake them as ends, and prefer the lowest to the highest happiness. In cases where pain meets the agent on the road of well doing, it would seem that the purpose was to shew that such

pain was not capable of becoming misery, while conscience was free from stain, and that death could only give to a good cause augmented lustre. An eagle accidentally inflicting pain and life-long inconvenience by dropping a stone on the head of the passing traveller, may become the means of shewing the strength of patience in the sufferer, and so far forth improve his moral condition; or, let him die of the blow, as Æschylus did of the tortoise, who shall call death an evil which sets the soul free from all such or any accidents in future,—to say nothing of the immunity gained from the positive evils to come? "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?" particularly when the latter is only preventive or remedial, for the preservation or the improvement of the creature of his will. The process of this improvement is first natural, next intellectual, and thirdly rational. According to the degree of either, both pain and pleasure are refined, and are capable, indeed, of infinite refinement. To the cultivated man, objects will give pain which to the profane are indifferent. By this state he is preserved in the grade of perfection to which he has attained, and is induced to remove far from such objects to better. The company of imperfect beings is disagreeable to the more advanced; but, let it be remembered that, in proportion to the disagreeableness of it, the being that feels this species of pain is imperfect. The most perfect being is the moral, and about the highest attribute of morality is benevolence; and the benevolent character will transmute this pain into the means of highest happiness, and fully accomplish that end by a sincere endeavour to improve the nature of his companions: Were it not so, the most perfect being would be driven from society; and, as such, the Author of all beings would be secluded from his creatures. Byron rightly predicates, in the character of Satan, infinite misery to such a being banished to his solitude. But the proposition of his infernal majesty defeats itself; for he describes Deity as eternally creating—therefore, in fact, never solitary,—which, we are bold to say, is the true statement.

"Let him

Sit on his vast and solitary throne,
Creating worlds, to make eternity

Less burthensome to his immense existence
And unanticipated solitude.

He! so wretched in his height,
So restless in his wretchedness, must still
Create, and recreate!"

But solitude and society cannot co-exist either in time or eternity; so that the demon's remarks need no confutation but the exhibition of their absurdity. The Creator never being in the wretched state predicated, it is surely possible that creation has a happier source; and it is far more rational to deduce the generation of life from love than from hate, which desires the death of the creature, and not that it should live.

The destiny of the Greeks had no relation to the moral being—none to the improvement of the suffering individual or the species—save only so far as it exhibited the unconquered will in the person of the hero. It, indeed, logically suggested the probability of a better state of things, where error interfered not with the course of goodness, and virtue was free to express herself in her own image, and not compelled to wear an alien mask. It justified the commission of crime by external compulsion leaving the agent intact. He was involved in the mazes of a dream, from which, by waking, he would escape. The ill of which he was the instrument had no reality in the soul. This was the natural conclusion from a sensual creed; but man, whatever his creed, is essentially a moral being, and the moral power in him stood in opposition to it. Hence it was impossible to avoid exhibiting heroic virtue as struggling against adversity, and recognising it to be so glorious a spectacle that it merited to have gods for its witnesses. But when a fuller revelation dawned upon the world, it was discovered that this external evil stands not in opposition to the good in man, but to the evil, and exists as a barrier against the ravages which sin was calculated to make in and about him. Our tragedy, accordingly, has taken the impression of the truth thus developed; and, however much it may excuse the hero of the piece, still represents him as a moral agent, and partly culpable for the consequences of his thoughts, his feelings, and his actions. Thus, when death closes the scene, the soul is not only set free

VOL. XIV. NO. LXXX.

from the incumbrances of a body subject to a law of necessity, but is convinced of transgression, and by confessing its fault shews itself in a state of moral light which the material circumstances have all tended to evolve.

The tragedy of *Ion* suggests, as its moral, one quite opposed to that of its models, namely,—the mischievous operation of a creed so narrow even on an innocent nature. This moral, which is a reflection from a later age than the Grecian, is, in fact, embodied in the character of Clemanthe, and expressed in a speech of hers before quoted:

"An oath! O gentle Ion,
What can have linked thee to a cause
which needs
A stronger cement than a good man's
word!"

The unsophisticated feeling of woman is always right. Man's reason often, if not always, fails when applying mere speculative tests to things of a moral quality. Tyrannicide—or death in the abstract—"is righteous when the gods decree it," in the estimation of Ion, without any reference to the nature of the decree, by shutting out which the mind shuts out all possible evidence whether the decree be from the gods or not. It entertains no question whether the oracle be or not forged, but listens to the voice with a mere sensual belief—substitutes the historical for the practical faith, and thus produces those contradictions in character and conduct which make even the good problems of intolerable complexity, and leave us in doubt how to justify or even vindicate the ways of Providence to the race of man.

The performance of a play founded on a superstition so remote was indeed an experiment on an English audience. Its success, with all its defects, of which its attenuated style is not the least, proves that they who attribute the decline of our drama to the size of the houses, or to the public taste being adverse to the poetical and elevated, are mistaken. The management of the patent theatres only is to blame. The licensing system may have been ridiculously administered; but we do not think that its use or abuse has led to any of the evils of which we complain. They have simply arisen from the persuasion that has possessed managers in general, that the eye rather than the ear was to be gratified, and

that the former was more easily pleased by parade and spectacle than by the exhibition of passion or humour. And wherethis misapprehension was avoided or defeated, there still remained certain rules of judging adopted by the same parties, or their readers, according to which a manuscript play would be rejected, unless it was seasoned with certain stage topics, and was constructed after a particular fashion. The poet was not suffered to obey his genius, and elaborate an original creation by the law of his own being; but he was required to work after a pattern, and produce an imitation. A certain convention has been tacitly established, and thus a pseudo art imposed upon the dramatic aspirant, who should have been left to the liberty of nature, as the only chance there was of any effective addition to the stock of acting plays. It is well, therefore, that a tragedy like *Ion*, written in defiance of all these formula, should have been produced, and met with such decided success that the prejudices *de théâtre* to which we have alluded may be dispelled for ever. These things can no longer be declared necessary to the success of a piece. Good writing and good acting are the only requisites.

The merits of *Ion* lie in its conception, and partly in its construction; its defects, as we have said, are those of execution. The style is not dramatic; neither is its poetry imaginative. The whole is a sport of the fancy acting upon the materials of memory,—the recollection of the Greek drama, in this instance, as taught and misrepresented at school. It is composed of associations from this source, and certain speculations of Schlegel on the subject, of which the two passages that we quoted touching Fate considered as a unity and a multitude are versified traductions. "Fancy," says Wordsworth, "depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value; or she prides herself upon the curious subtlety and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities." A specimen of this occurs in the following:

"It is little:

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,

The blessings which the weak and poor
can scatter

Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by feverish
lips,

May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned,
'twill fall

Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense—
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honoured death-bed of the
rich—

To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels."

The lines we have marked in italics were judiciously omitted in representation. They belong to the profusion that Wordsworth speaks of, and are mere sports of fancy, which are out of place in a drama. Many more are permitted to remain; yet, as we said before, these defects, if defects they be, were insufficient to sink the representation. What, then, might be hoped for from a better work—a product of the imagination, such imagination as every tragedy should exhibit, although emancipated from those conventional limits which both actors and managers have hitherto thought needful for the success of a play?

For the production of this tragedy we are indebted to the taste of Mr. Macready, by whom it was chosen for his benefit. Its prosperity was not a little connected with some recent circumstances, in which Mr. Macready seems, like the character he enacted, to have been made an agent of destiny. The manager of Old Drury had proceeded during the season on the plan of filling his pockets, without reference to the cause of the legitimate drama; and, acting on the erroneous apprehensions which we have above indicated, resorted to spectacle for an end which the production of *Ion*, and other pieces of which the world knows nothing, but ought to know all, would have answered quite as well, or better, and certainly with advantage rather than injury to the public taste. For such purposes not needing the services of such a man as Macready, yet com-

pelled, for obvious reasons, to retain him, and both being bound in legal contract to each other, the mutual relation of the parties was far from pleasant. At length the time came when the manager wanted no longer any actor of eminence, having engaged Madame Malibran for a specific period; and it became a point of policy to get rid of unnecessary hands. Any means were sanctified that would attain this end; and in Macready's case insult was added to injury. The character of the actor seems to have been depended on for the safe carrying through of this system. That character was without blot—was that of a man and a gentleman; and there was no doubt that Mr. Macready would act as such. But Mr. Bunn forgot that there are cases of aggravated wrong against which the moral rises as well as the natural man, and both, alarmed into a storm of indignation, translate the very reason itself into an element of feeling, and in the prosecution of a righteous anger become thoroughly possessed and o'erinformed with phantasy, in which all choice and will are absorbed in one mighty resentment, and the sense of an intolerable yoke which must be thrown off. The effects of this Mr. Bunn was made to feel; and though, on reflection, Mr. Macready was annoyed at having been deprived of self-mastery, the result has produced an influence on the fortunes of the drama which may yet continue a salutary operation. The audiences who have since witnessed Mr. Macready's performance seem to have awaked to a sense of the state in which things theatrical were fast sinking,—they have hailed and welcomed his endeavours for their preservation,—and he now holds the enviable situation of champion of the legitimate drama.

At the former part of the season Mr. Macready had been the means of introducing one of the prettiest plays that we ever witnessed on the boards of the theatre,—we allude to *The Provost of Bruges*. This is a production much inferior to *Ion*, as evincing little poetic taste in the conception; but it shews much dramatic skill in the construction and execution. The few passages of poetry which occur in it, it must be confessed, are commonplace, about flowers, and stars, and similar joint-stock properties of verse-makers by profession; but the applause which

they received from the house is another proof that, whatever actors and managers may think, the audience have no design nor desire to banish poetry from the stage. To be sure, such passages require excellent elocution; but if they fail for want of this, it is clear that the fault is not in the poet, but in the performer; and it is equally clear that the remedy is not that the poet should write down to the performer, but that the actor should act up to the poet. We confess that there may be a little inconvenience in this; but it is a wholesome one—one which, if legitimately removed, would relieve the stage of many who now burden it, and make room for the introduction of talent that may now be pining for employment.

The author confesses to having been indebted to Mr. Macready's judgment for the success of this piece. The manner in which the scenes are sustained is certainly very exemplary. The following is one of the shortest, and will serve to give the reader an idea of the nature of the subject. It is the second and last scene of the first act.

"A magnificent chamber in the Château of BERTULPHE. CONSTANCE discovered seated at a window, through which the sun is seen setting.

*Con. (watching it). How fast he sinks,
that glorious orb of light!
To see him seated on his mid-day throne,
Who but had deemed him fixed for ever
there,
So high, so proudly rode he o'er the
world?
And is it thus with love? whose early
beam
Shines out as full of promise, as it never
Could know decline? Has love its setting
too?
Look! now he fades—and now—he's
gone!—poor world!
But poorer heart, whose light of love is
sped.
A few small clouds are lingering in his
place,
Bright with contending dyes,—call these
ambition,
Fame, glory—vapours that usurp love's
seat,
And shine awfully with a fictitious splendour
When he is gone—then follow into
darkness.
There ends the likeness! The departed
sun
Will ride again as bright a course to-morrow;*

But love, once set, can know no second rising.

(*Advancing*) Alas! I'm wond'rous sad to-day.

Enter BOUCHARD.

Bou. Indeed!

Con. (*running to and embracing him*).

Bouchard, I did not mean to give thee welcome!

Thou hast been absent for so many hours, I had resolved to chide thee. I have grown even sad for very lack of occupation. My father absent and my lord away, I deemed myself neglected—thee unkind.

Bou. 'Twas needful business that claimed my care.

Con. You are not angry?

Bou. Nay, indeed!

Con. Yet still

There dwells a heaviness upon your brow I was not wont to see, when we two met, Though parted but an hour.—Perhaps you are ill?

Bou. Dear Constance, this is very wilfulness.

Con. Then be more merry. I have grown, Bouchard,

The fool of fondness, and you took, indeed,

A heavy charge in making me your wife: I have been nursed so tenderly, that never A cloud has shadowed o'er me. First my father,

My dear, dear father, watched me with such care,

I never had a wish, but ere it grew, 'Twas lost in the possession. Then you came

With love, that strove to make his love seem small,

So fondly did you cherish me;—then frown not

Upon the child yourself did help to spoil! Nay, that's so sad a smile. In sooth,

dear husband, I had rather see you frown than smiling thus.

Something is ill.

Bou. If aught displeases thee,

Then all is ill. Yet say, I am not merry; The fit will pass—the sooner if unmarked.

That were a barren clime where all was sun;

And the heart needs these little shades of care

To feel its bliss as bliss. Where is thy father?

Con. Not yet arrived, although his messengers

Bid us expect him hourly. [*A trumpet.*]

Ha! he is here!

Quick to the gates—lose not a precious moment!

Oh, how I long to feel his circling arms, And hear him bless his child! My dear, dear father!

Bou. Constance! shall I be jealous?

Con. Not of him!

Not of my father—he who gave you that, Which, flatterer that you are, you have sworn so oft

Was all your wealth—who cherished with such care

The growing flower—unworthy of his pains,

Indeed—but all his garden yielded, and Then gave it you to wear;—no, not my father!

Had you been six days' absent, I would fly With as much joy to welcome your return; (*Hesitating*) Perhaps with more.

Enter BERTULPHE.

Father! my own dear father!

Ber. All watchful angels guard and bless my child!

So, thou look'st bravely!—not a trace of care—

A light and dancing eye, a healthful cheek;

No vigils have disturbed the wanton smiles

That dimple there! Traitor, there was a time,

When, had thy father been a week away, Thou wouldst have chid the leaden-

footed hours,

Pined in thy chamber, saddened in thy sports,

And wearied every saint for his return! Bouchard, beshrew me, but I grudge thy share

In that young heart, that once was all my own.

Love her, my friend! She has been fondly cherished,

And scarce is fitted for the ungente world;

But she is safe with thee.

Bou. Safe as the blood

That warmest circles in my heart of hearts;

Which should be sooner drained than she be wronged.

Ber. I thought so, or I had not given her to thee.

Con. You are weary, sir, with travel; will you sit?

Ber. Why, ay (*sitting*). Bouchard, these things make old men feel

Their sand run low,—the easy cushion'd chair,

A stranger at their hearth, and all they loved

Given to another—a new generation

Hustling us to our graves; while little sprouts

Shoot fresh and green round the old withered trunk,

Sheathing decay with renovated life: We'll have them all anon.

Con. You are merry, sir.

Ber. And wherefore not so, girl? I have grown sick

Of the turmoil and care of the great world.

I'll give my place up now to better men,
And nurse my grandchildren. You smile,
Bouchard :

These arms have dandled her a thousand times,

When I had more of care upon my heart
For her, than thou shalt ever know for thine :

They shall be *princes* ! I will give them that,

That they shall bless the old man's memory

When I am dust.

Con. Father, some other theme.

Ber. Well, be it so. Thou art a silly child !

Come, then, the news, Bouchard ? The sun, no doubt,

Has not stood still because Bertulphe was absent.

What do they at the court ?

Bou. Nothing of note,
Beyond the following up the late caprice,
Now laws against the serfs.

Ber. Indeed !

Bou. The last

Was strange, tyrannical beyond example.
Lest any serf, escaped from vassalage,
Should fence himself behind a noble's power,

By marriage of himself or of his child,
It is decreed, such marriage being proved
Within a year, the freeman so connected,
Whate'er his rank, shall forfeit his degree,
Even though knightly—lose his wealth
and lands,

And, taking taint from the unnatural match,

Himself become a serf.

Ber. (*starting up*). Impossible !

Ha ! ha ! I see you have been play'd upon,
Or you would play on me. It is not ill :
These late caprices are indeed so wild,
One might in sport say it would come to this.

Bou. Believe me, sir, I jest not—'tis most true.

Ber. Again ! Would you persuade me Charles has done this

Without my counsel ?—seized the very moment

When I was absent ? Sir, I'll not believe it.

Con. My father, you are strangely moved.

Ber. Moved !

Humanity, our common nature outraged ;
A leprous taint fixed on our fellows' blood,
Contaminating all that touches it.

And yet 'tis strange that I am moved ?
Fie, fie !

A man's a man ; nor can another claim
The right to buy, sell, or inherit him,
Because he sprang from off a lower branch

Of the great tree. Yet this is but a part :
He who would have *one* fellow for his slave,

Soon, step by step, would fetter all mankind.

Such is not Charles's nature : this brave plot

Is from another source. I see the hand
That plays the puppet with him—see the motive

That guides it too.

Bou. What motive ?

Ber. Have you eyes,
And yet perceive it not ? Do you not see,
Since I opposed these laws from the beginning,

Their strength displays my weakness ?
He whose hand

Would rule the helm, as I confess would mine,

Must find it answer to his ready touch
Upon the lightest breeze ; which, if it do not,

He knows his power is gone ; and this alone

Would fret some men. You smile, and think this nothing.

Go to ! you are young : the practised seaman knows

The coming tempest in the little cloud

That specks the horizon only.

Bou. 'Tis strange !

Ber. (*impatiently*.) Sir, what is strange ?

Bou. To see you shaken

By what to me seem things of trifling import.

Ber. Did you, then, sit unmoved to hear these projects ?

I know you did not—*could* not. Yet, at last,

Perhaps you are right. It is the old man's folly—

We see too far. No more on't—let it pass.

Child, I am weary ; bid them bring refreshment.

Stay—kiss me ere you go.

[*Embracing her, and holding her ; some time gazing on her.*]

There !—leave me, leave me.

Ha, ha ! [Exit CONSTANCE.]

Bou. What mean you ?

Ber. Why, sir, look you,
That noble creature, in whose form and soul

All glorious things that dwell beneath the sun

Are studded in a galaxy of brightness—
She—might be made a serf by wedding you,

If in your blood ran one polluted drop.

I pray you, see 'tis pure.

Bou. You do not doubt it ?

Ber. No, not a jot, sir ; but I would have you see

To what such laws might lead. Now, fare you well !

I am weary—somewhat fevered with
my travel,
And would be left a little space alone—
So tell my daughter; and, for what you
have seen,
Your finger on your lip. Remember,
power,
Is to the old what love is to the young;
And both are jealous, if their mistress
frowns,
To keep the gossip from the prating
world. [Exeunt.]

Act i., Sc. 2.

This is good, if not powerful writing.
The next scene between Bertulphe and
his son-in-law needs also extracting.

"Enter BERTULPHE, hastily.

Ber. You are well met, sir. What
report is this
I hear of brawlings in the street? Men's
tongues
Make feast of your contentions. This is
ill, sir—
I like it not. This is no time for strivings,
When we most need to treasure all our
strength;
We must make friends, not foes. I pray
you, let
Your foolish quarrel, whatso'er it be,
Be reconciled—atoned for.

Bou. 'Tis impossible!
The affront was palpable, and public too.

Ber. No matter, sir.
Bou. But Thancmar—
Ber. (suddenly). What of him?
Was it with Thancmar you had question?

Bou. Ay.
Ber. I knew not that; why was it kept
from me?

A public insult? He must answer it.

Bou. He shall!
Ber. You'll fight with him?
Bou. I'm pledged to it.
Ber. (eagerly). To the death?
Bou. If need be.

Ber. (grasping his hand.) Good!—that's
well—that's very well!

Your honour must be kept an unflawed
gem,

Else you are not the husband of my child.
Bouchard! I hold you are the chatelain's
match.

You have practised much of late; I know
you have.

Look he escape you not. His life,
Bouchard!

Bou. I do not understand.
Ber. No matter, boy!

We'll fix the day—you shall have all
support

Myself and what I can call mine can
give you.

Come, we will to the earl, and gain his
license

To bring this quarrel to an issue. Ha!

Proud Chatelain of Bourbourg, I have
trapped thee,
And thou shalt not escape with unclipped
wings.

So, to the earl, my son—to the just
earl! [Exeunt.]

Act ii., Sc. 2.

The reader understands now the po-
sition of the different parties. The
earl, Charles of Flanders, is drawn as
an impersonation of abstract justice.
Noble, wise, and virtuous, one would
have wondered that he should have
consented to so rigorous a statute as
that which makes the misery of this
play, but for this attribute. Says St.
Prioux:

"Why, man, it is his virtue, his staunch
justice,

Resolved to give to any one his own;—
My serf is mine,—his justice gives him
to me.

Bou. 'Tis thus for ever that ill-judging
zeal

Goads virtue into vice. 'Tis but degree
That marks the storm from the propitious
gale—

The torrent from the fertilising stream.
This justice, over urged, grows tyranny."

Act i., sc. 1.

The attribute on which Bertulphe
relied accordingly is found to operate
against himself, when, in the end, it is
discovered that he himself had been a
serf, and won his way up from the
ranks. The effects of it, too, are ag-
gravated by Bertulphe's previous con-
duct; for when the earl would have
stepped between, and made an honour-
able compromise, Bertulphe, intent on
vengeance with his rival in favour, re-
fuses all overtures of mercy. His cha-
racter, likewise, as may have been
seen, is marked by pride, if not arro-
gance; and this quality is sometimes
imprudently exhibited. An old man,
named Philippe, is the depository of
the secret of his birth.

"A parched and haggard wretch, infirm
and bent

Beneath a pile of years that none can
count;

His feeble foot just balanced on the brink
That severs life from death—yet shrewd
and cunning,—

Greedy of gold, and of a spleenful malice,
That loves to wound, as 'twould compen-
sate thus

The body's impotence, by the tongue's
sharpness—

He dwells beside the church of Notre
Dame."

Act ii., sc. 1.

Such is Thancmar's description of him; who, shortly after, relates an incident that has considerable bearing on the catastrophe. He continues:

"I knew him in my youth, and even then I thought him old. And yet the crabbed churl

Had a strange fondness for me, and would talk

In his sour fashion with me by the hour. I lost him then, to find him here in Bruges,

Where he arrived, when first Bertulphe grew great.

He has lived in much seclusion, and the boors

Dread him, as one with more than mortal dealings,—

And he has dealings I would fain unriddle;

For I have had him watched, and been assured

The provost's secretary visits there At cautious hours, and gold is heard to chink

When he arrives!

Hebert. Indeed! that's strange.

Thancmar. I know Bertulphe profuse,— Generous, as fools would call it; but I know

He scatters not his gold without a motive.

He cannot love this man,—then he must fear him,

And, it may be, is even in his power!

Bertulphe is proud, and such discordant natures

At length must jar; in this has been my hope.

I have waited patiently for my occasion, And it has come. Philippe this morning watched

The Provost's path, and would have spoken with him;

But he dashed proudly by: I marked the old man,

And saw his sunken eye gleam with such malice

As told he hated him. He turned to me: I thought he would have spoken; but he checked

His struggling passion, and went slowly home,

The better there to brood on it."

Act ii., sc. 1.

Under the influence of the feelings here described, Philippe seeks Thancmar, and contracts with him for putting off the combat. He waylays, for this purpose, Bertulphe, on his progress to the lists, and is repulsed and stricken. Conveyed from the crowd to his own

home, he sends a message to Thancmar, who leaves the lists, and arrives in time to receive, before the old man dies, the proofs of his rival's selfishness. Accordingly, on returning, he refuses to fight with Bertulphe's son-in-law, whom marriage has degraded in rank. All parties are thus brought into terrible collision; and excellent scenes occur between Bouchard and Bertulphe, Constance and Bouchard, and Bertulphe and the earl. The *dénouement* is very defective. The idiocy of Constance, consequent upon the firing of her husband's halls, and occurring amid the blazing ruins, is not only unpleasing in itself, but in the worst style of the *Mimerva* process.

Whether this blot in the conception of the piece, or managerial trickery, caused it to have a short run, notwithstanding its successful production on the early nights of the performance, we are not prepared to decide. We rather incline to the opinion that the essentially democratic nature of its plot was the canker at the core. What, after all, in a *poetical* point of view, can Bertulphe appear but as an impostor, whose miseries are consequent upon a species of usurpation? Nor would it seem that he acts upon principle; that is, for others as well as for himself. His is only a selfish career, and his death-boast is that he is "no serf." When Bertram exclaims:

"I die no felon's death!

A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul."

We sympathise with him,—for he is never less than archangel ruined. But Bertulphe falls not from a rightful elevation; his position was a delusion; and if he was not a serf he was nothing. By surrendering the public principle, he thus gave up his private right. Let the democratic drama be then defensible in itself, nay, even superior to the aristocratic, if you will, the *Provost of Bruges* is found offending against the very elements essential to its existence. The first three acts and a half, are, however, so good, that it would be well for the writer to recompose the remainder on consistent grounds; and he might then put his name on the title-page with confidence and applause.

THE FAMILIAR LETTERS OF COWLEY,
WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE, AND SKETCHES OF SOME OF
HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES,

NOW FIRST PRINTED.

Continued from page 409, Vol. XIII.

COWLEY, on his return to Cambridge, seems to have devoted himself with renewed energy to his classical studies. The Cam carried him to Parnassus; and, in the solemn retirement of those beloved haunts, he indulged some of the most delicious dreams that visit the breast of a scholar—now playing the lute of Anacreon and Horace—now talking with his master, Virgil—and now idling the spring hours with the beautiful Pyrrha. Graver fancies, too, occupied his mind; and the poetic child of Spenser already began to trace an epic poem, which hope whispered might at some future period be inclosed in the same emerald urn with

the song of Troy divine, and the precious writing of the *Fuëry Queen*. That this delightful anticipation has never been realised, interfered not with the happiness of the youthful poet: the blue sky of the summer morning takes no shadow from the evening cloud. The brightest feeling of early life is joy without fear; that furnishes at once the flame and the substance on which it feeds, and throws a light before as well as behind. When Hope decays, Memory rises in her place. But to return to Cowley. The following letter is addressed to “my beloved friend, C. F.” and opens a slight glimpse of the student’s pursuits.

“Anacreon at Cambridge—Lyric Poetry—Pindar and Sappho.
With a Notice of the *Dauids*.”

“Why don’t you come here, Charles? The distance cannot present an obstacle; for Anacreon has been staying with me all the week, and is exceedingly popular at college. We walk, and sit, and quaff sack, and lie under the trees together; and think of nothing but flowers, and love, and poetry. I charm him with Cambridge eyes, and he burns me up with Ionian. Last evening, I rendered his Hymn to the Grasshopper into English, for which he has promised me the myrtle crown. The Grecian grasshopper is unlike any you will find at Tottenham; you may, therefore, like to hear its music—so I send it:

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee!
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning’s gentle wine;
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
’Tis fill’d wherever thou dost tread—
Nature’s self thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee—
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee doth sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou.
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.

Thou shepherd gladly hearst thee,
More harmonious than he;
Thou country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou,
Dost neither age, nor winter know;
But when thou’st drunk, and danced,
and sung,
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!
Sated with thy summer’s feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

Isn’t this very agreeable chirping for a warm evening in May?—something like the rich nightingale we heard last summer in the woods, when every step we took through the thick foliage let in a shower of moonlight. But, probably, you are not acquainted with Anacreon, whom you esteem inferior to our dear Marino. Then listen! Lyric poetry attained a very high degree of perfection in Greece; from the accompaniment of music, implied in the title, it derived its peculiar

character. The Ode demands unity of purpose, with harmony of the parts and the language. In the Epic, you behold the hero; in Tragedy, the sufferer; in the Lyric, the poet. He goes out of himself into his poem, informing it with his own soul, and filling its veins with the life of his own intellect. The epos and the drama have undergone the changes incident to the revolutions of taste: the rich and discursive melody of Ariosto succeeds to the clear-flowing tale of Virgil; Juliet fills our eyes with tears instead of Electra. Comedy has been shaped in the new moulds of Fashion and Habit. But the Lyric still breathes the sweetness of Grecian lips. The story of love and of patriotism is still woven upon the same loom. The lover courts his mistress with the lute of Anacreon; the patriot arouses his country with the lyre of Tyrtæus; and Beauty burns and weeps over the songs of Sappho. Horace said that love breathed from her strings; it breathes from them yet.

"But the brightest name in Grecian poetry, after Homer, is Pindar. How solemnly rolls on that unnavigable song,—deep, harmonious, luminous! I seem to see him even now, sitting in his ion chair, and delivering his oracular verse from the temple of Apollo. Horace followed the glowing river of his verse; and the triumphant Emathian conqueror spared the house of him who was called the Mouth of the Muses. Quintilian has pronounced a noble eulogy upon him: 'Lycorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentia, sententiis, figuris, beatissimus rerum, verborumque copia, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Iliatus nemini credit eum imitabilem.' When reading his poems, we ought surely to remember that they were not written merely to gratify the wits of that day, much less of ours, but that they were haunted by choruses, and that the combined charms of music and poetry were still further enlivened by accompanying dances; for it has been supposed that Pindar, like the tragic poets, had a particular chorus assigned to him, which he transported to the different places where his hymns were recited. Thus their representation comprised the attractions of a spectacle, with all the splendour and allurements of the Muses. But, *quo me Musa rapis?* Here am I flying on the shining back of Pegasus, a thousand miles in a minute, and thinking of the golden trees in the Islands of the Blest, and streams gilded over with shadows of sweet faces, and many other delightful things, which we can talk about when we take another walk in the pleasant shade of Gray's Inn. Meanwhile, that I may not leave you without an agreeable companion, I send you a little portrait of a beautiful girl, Pyrrha. It is copied from the original in my possession, which was drawn, as you know, by one of the most graceful of the Italian painters; although I fear you will not recognise the delicate pencil of Horace.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?

To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover—
And, with large bounty, open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy changed faith complain;
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so chameleon-like a hue—
That still their colour changes with it too.

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackness of the skies;
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,

And see the billows rise.

Poor inexperienced he,
Who ne'er, alas, before had been at sea!

He enjoys thy calm sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;

In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.

He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy he
T' whom thou untry'd dost shine;

But there's no danger now for me,
Since, o'er Loretto's shrine,

In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

"Farewell!—The Poem proceeds: this evening I am going to sing with David under the window of Michol, and will tell you our success when we meet, which will not be later, I hope, than the 30th. Do not the hedge-rows, and the green fields, and the soft May, and the thrush, and the nightingale, all sing,—The Poet is Coming!

"Trin. Coll., May 8, 1637.

"A. C.

"P.S.—Tell Carew that I drank to his muse yesternight in a cup of Canary. If you see Suckling, my love to Aglaura."

Alas! the passer's foot was soon to tread over the early grave of the young, the beloved, the gifted Carew, whose melody and sweetness of style were full of the highest promise, and whose version of the 137th Psalm is a delightful specimen of sacred minstrelsy. Suckling, too, was doomed to a melancholy and premature death. The circumstances of it have been variously related. But the account given by Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, is generally credited. He says that the poet, having been robbed by a servant, put on his boots with great haste, and pierced his heel with a rusty nail, which brought on inflammation. Thus unhappily, at the age of thirty-three, departed the lively, the good-natured, the courted Sir John Suckling. So much wit, eloquence, and poetry, all swept away by an old nail! What particularly surprises us, in the remains of Suckling, is the versatility of talent which they indicate; the pleasantness of his letters, the sagacity of his brief political remarks, the fancy of his dramatic attempts, the unrivalled faci-

lity and mirth of some of his songs, and, above all, the tone of grave meditation, of thoughtful earnestness, and even of learned inquiry, displayed in his *Account of Religion by Reason*, addressed to the Earl of Dorset. All these qualities, so rarely seen in combination, cannot but impress us with a very favourable opinion of his powers. It is so unusual to hear Suckling spoken of in the character of a serious thinker, much less of a writer upon theology, that we add in a note a curiously reasoned passage from the treatise already alluded to.* With more talent than the celebrated Rochester, he had much of his humour and extravagance; and rather prided himself on being *de bonnes fortunes* and a good player at bowls, than upon his literary accomplishments. Thus he sings of himself, in the *Scission of the Poets*—

“ Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear ;

But straight one whisper'd Apollo'the ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the muses so well as his sport :

* We quote the passage merely as a singular illustration of Suckling's character, without at all entering into his theological correctness :

“ St. Austin plainly says the word Person was taken up by the church for want of a better. Nature, substance, essence, hypostasis, suppositum, and persona, have caused sharp disputes among the doctors; at length, they are contented to let the three first and three last signify the same thing. By all of them is understood something complete, perfect, and singular: in this only they differ, that nature, substance, essence, are communicable, *ad quid* and *ut quo*, as they call it; the other are not at all, &c. We then hold God to be one, and but one; it being gross to suppose two omnipotents, for then neither would be so. Yet since this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodness cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it must be inordinate, we conclude a second co-eternal, though begotten. Nor are these contrary (though they seem to be so), even in created substances; and one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes not be before that which comes from it, as in the Sun and Light. But in these high mysteries, similitudes may be the best arguments, &c. There is an hidden original of waters in the earth; from this a spring flows up, and of these proceed a stream. There is but one essence which knows neither a before nor an after, but in order (and that too) according to our considering of it. The head of the spring is not a head but in respect of the spring; for if something flowed not from it, it were no original; nor the spring a spring, if it did not flow from something, nor the stream, but in respect of both. Now all these three are but one water; and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things), yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of reason needed no more the spectacles of faith, than for those things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the loadstone, &c. Nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant, for this is distant and removed from sense, those near and subject to it; and it were stranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ab extra*, thus one and distinctly within himself, because I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding, than if a clown should say the hand of a watch did not move, because he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreasonable, because I do not understand it, that it would be unreasonable I should. For why should a created substance comprehend an uncreated—a circumscribed and limited, an uncircumscribed and unlimited?”

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said
'Twere fit that a fine was set on his head.

In another poem, of a most affecting character, he laments that passionate devotion to beauty, of which he has left too many proofs in his remains. With much to be blotted on the score of good taste and feeling, the "Ballad on a Wedding" will retain its place by the side of Cowley's "Chronicle." His picture of a lovely cheek,

"For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun,"

is original, delicate, and poetic. But who is Aglaura? Aglaura is the name of one of Suckling's plays, probably known to very few of our readers; but it contains that famous song, "Pry'thee, why so pale, fond lover?" which has bound up his name with every poetical miscellany. Cowley must have seen the play in MS., or have heard it mentioned by the author, because its appearance was subsequent to the date of the present letter. As might naturally be anticipated from one of Suckling's volatile and dissipated temper, the chief beauties of Aglaura consist in occasional prettinesses of fancy, indolently scattered by a gentleman of true genius, writing with ease, who enjoyed a good hit at bowls more than the diligent construction of a plot, and valued the melting glance of a black eye more than all the favours of the muses. He wrote as he would have talked; and in both characters displayed, perhaps, much of that festive brilliancy, for which the company of a modern imitator is prized in the saloons of Lansdowne House and Kensington Gore. We can easily imagine such roses as these dropping from the lips of the poet of *Lalla Rookh*—

"Those softer hours of pleasure and
delight,
That, like so many single pearls, should
have
Adorned our thread of life."

Or to hear him describing love, with Aglaura—

"Oh, sir, consider what a flame love is.
If by rude means you think to force a
light,
That of itself it would not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave yourself i' the
dark."

Or seasoning an anecdote with a fragrant simile, like the following—

"As wantons, entering a garden, take
The first fair flower they meet, and
Treasure it in their laps;
Then seeing more, do make fresh choice
again,
Throwing in one and one, till at the
length
The first poor flower, o'ercharged with
too much weight,
Withers and dies."

The poem to which Cowley alludes was the *Davideis* , in which he hoped to leave a memorial of his piety, his genius, and his learning. Various circumstances combined to prevent its completion, and we have only two or three courts of the temple from which to form our judgment of the structure. The *Davideis* was an unsuccessful poem: its appearance seems to have been hailed with little applause; and his biographer remarks, that there are not many examples of so great a work, by an author generally read, that have crept through a century with such slender attention. Whatever is said of Cowley is meant of his other works. The *Davideis* never appears in books, nor emerges in conversation. By the *Spectator* it has once been quoted; by Rymer it has once been praised; and by Dryden, in *Mac Flecnoe*, it has once been imitated. Johnson's criticism was not calculated to disperse the cloud: "Conceits," he said, "are all that the *Davideis* supplies." This was the sentence of the Thunderer, and no person has attempted hitherto to remove the millstone from the poet's neck. That the *Davideis* abounds in those curious resurgences of thought which Davenant considered wit, cannot be denied; but Johnson ought not to have closed his ears to the fervour, the beauty, the ingenuity, of many of the thoughts, or the grace, the vigour, the polish, of many of the lines. His Muse was clothed, indeed, in the fantastic garments of the day; but she had listened to the sweetest strains of the Attic shell, and her feet were familiar with the greenest haunts of Italian minstrelsy. She loved the lute of Marino, but she was not ignorant of the solemn harp of Tasso; but her most frequent pilgrimage was to the sacred ground of Mantua.

His plan embraced twelve books, after the pattern, he said, of his Master Virgil; and the poem was to have

closed with the pathetic lamentation of David upon the death of Saul and Jonathan. "For I had no mind," he wrote, "to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron; because it is the custom of heroic poets never to come to the full end of their story, but only so near that every one may see it: as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident they can win it, but lay down their cards and take up what they have won. This was the whole design, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob—the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderness—the funeral of Samuel—the love of Abigail—the sacking of Ziglag—the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites—the witch of Endor—the war with the Philistines—and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories in the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations."

Undoubtedly, this was a noble design, and he might well demand what worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasures of past times, than the life of this young prince, who, from such small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellences, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth. Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour, than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? Whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart? Such was the eloquent inquiry of the poet at a later period of his life, when years, and many cares, and much sorrow, and a wide acquaintance with the world and man, had saddened, while they elevated, his contemplations. But, in his earlier days, a strain of piety, not less sincere and unaffected, was visible both in his letters and conversation; a tender and a chastened heart beat under his purple gown; and then it was that he resolved to recover Poetry out of the hands of the tyrant, and restore it to the service of the temple of God; then it was that he determined to baptise the Muse in

Jordan, since he knew that she would never become clean by bathing in the waters of Damascus; then it was that he invoked the Celestial Spirit to guide his feet along

"Those untrodden paths of fame;"

and that, forsaking the wanton allurements of poetry, he exclaimed—

"From earth's vain joys and love's soft witchcraft free,
I consecrate my Magdalen to Thee!"

A page or two cannot be unwisely bestowed in collecting a few specimens from this forgotten poem: why the *Davidis* should not be read in an age which has welcomed twelve editions of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, I leave to Mr. Jerdan to determine. Where could the gentle Poet of Chertsey reappear with greater propriety, than arm-in-arm with REGINA?

In the first book, while Saul is devising schemes to destroy David, the innocent youth is represented sleeping in happy and undisturbed quiet.

"Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,

The threatened youth slept fearless on his bed;

Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take,

For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.

Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony,
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,—

There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light,

Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find.

Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,

Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.

For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.

* * * * *
*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last."*

The lines in Italics will, perhaps, strike the reader as very forcible. It may be necessary to point out, as a proof of Cowley's curious and careful reading, that "the foldings of the sky," in the fifth line, is a literal translation of the *εὐχαινοί πτυχάς* of Euripides.

Again.

"A dreadful silence filled the hollow place,

Doubling the native terror of hell's face."

Has Dryden any thing more graceful
than these couplets?

"The furrows of their brow, so rough
erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a smile."

'Thy cursers, Jacob, shall twice cursèd
be,
And he shall bless himself that blesses
thee."

Or more bold and vigorous than the
following?

"Tyrants dread all whom they raise high
in place,—
From the good, danger; from the bad,
disgrace;
They doubt the lords, mistrust the peo-
ple's hate,
Till blood becomes a principle of state!"

When the angel Gabriel descends
from heaven to visit David, he carries
light with him through the thick woods,
and

"A sudden spring waits on him as he
goes."

His wings

"He gilds o'er with the sun's richest
rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure streams, on
which he plays."

This is in the picturesque style of
Cowley's early master, Spenser.

A happy expression:

"The sea itself smooths his rough brow
awhile,
*Fluttering the greedy merchant with a
smile.*"

The picture of Goliath deserves to be
quoted, if it were only for the sake of
Milton's imitation.

"The valley now this monster seem'd to
fill,

And we, methought, look'd up to him
from our hill;

All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of
war,

(A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.
The sun himself started with sudden
fright,

To see his beams return so dismal bright.
Brass was his helmet, his boots brass;
and o'er

His breast a thick plate of strong brass
he wore;

*His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast
should be.*"

Thus elevated by the old man eloquent:

"His spear, to equal which the tallest
pine,

Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walked with."

Cowley thought it necessary to vin-
dicate the extravagance of this image,
in one of those learned and interesting
notes, which Johnson has very rightly
praised as valuable contributions to
English criticism, then in its unripe
infancy.

The character of Jonathan is drawn
in beautiful colours: the versification
is remarkably flowing—

"This generous bounty of his mind,
That with wide arms embraces all mankind.

* * *

As never more by heaven to man was
given,

So never more was paid by man to heaven.
And all these virtues were to ripeness
grown,

Ere yet his flower of youth was fully
blown."

Images round a fountain:

"Nor through carved shapes did the
forced water pass;

*Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid
glass.*

A portrait of "The Press," not with-
out its application to the nineteenth
century:

"Writing, man's spiritual physic, was
not then

Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.
Learning, young virgin, but few suitors
knew;

The common prostitute she lately grew,
And with her spurious brood loads now
the press;

Laborious effects of idleness."

Would Milton have disdained this
noble couplet?

"Full of Himself the Almighty sat, His
own

Palace, and, without Solitude, Alone."

Or these?

"With richer stuff he bad heaven's
fabric shine;

And from him a quick spring of light
divine

Swell'd up the sun.

* * *

He smooth'd the rough-cast moon's im-
perfect mould,

And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred
gold.

'Be thou,' said He, 'Queen of the
mournful Night;'

And as He spoke she rose, clad o'er
in light,

With thousand stars attending in her train;
With her they rise, with her they set again."

The rage of a warrior for the combat,
kindled by the sight of his enemy :

"As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light
Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight,
The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
He claps his joyful wings."

Saul preparing for the sacrifice of Jonathan :

"Not Saul's proud heart could master his swollen eye,
The prince alone stood mild and weeping by;
So bright his sufferings, so triumphant shew'd,
Less to the best than worst of fates, he owed.
A victory now he o'er himself might boast;
He conquer'd now that conqueror of an host!"

The influence of prosperity, upon a mind naturally amiable, is portrayed by a very striking image :

"Power and violent Fortune, which did find
No stop, or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind;
Till, deluge-like, the natural forms deface,
And brought forth unknown monsters in their place."

The domination of vice :

"As to a sudden war the town does rise,
Shaking and pale, half dead ere they begin
The strange and wanton Tragedy of Sin."

A singular comparison of the joyful anticipations of lovers :

"Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's lingering birth,
As saints assured of heaven enjoy 't on earth."

An agreeable parallel :

"Merob's long hair was chestnut's glossy brown,
Tresses of palest gold did Michol crown;
Such was their outward form, and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the mind.
Merob, with comely majesty and state,
Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate;
Such humble sweetness did soft Michol shew,
That none who reach'd so high, e'er stoop'd so low.

Merob rejoiced in her rack'd lover's pain,
And fortified her virtue with disdain;
The griefs she caused gave gentle Michol grief—
She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief."

The haughty Merob despises David, even after his conquest of the Philistine; but her gentler sister looked on the shepherd youth with other feelings :

"She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
Should make all fame to come so soon his own;
She saw, and wonder'd how a shepherd's crook
Despised the sword at which the sceptre shook.
Oft had she heard, and fancied oft the sight,
With what a generous calm he march'd to fight."

The son of Jesse regards the affectionate Michol with eyes of equal tenderness; and communicates his passion under the window in the following song, which the reader will thank us for transcribing.

"Awake, awake my lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail—
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire.
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony!

Hark! how the strings awake;
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves, with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye!

Weak lyre! thy virtue, sure,
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound—
And she to wound, but not to cure:
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My passion to remove—
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre!
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie—
Sleep, sleep again, my lyre, and let thy master die!"

The transformation of Lot's wife :

" In vain to speak she strove ;
Her lips, though stonè, a little seem'd to
move.

One eye was closed, surprisèd by sudden
night ;

The other trembled still with parting light."

A pleasant glimpse of Jordan :

" The waves of Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded by
the sun."

Theocritus, in the 24th Idyl, " Hercules, the Lion-slayer," has a very noble picture of an infuriated lion, which has been lately translated with great spirit by Mr. Chapman. On being struck by an arrow from the bow of Hercules, the beast is represented gazing around —

" The thick he closely eyed,
His bloody head uplifting from the
ground,
And ghastly grinned, shewing his teeths'
terrific round."—CHAPMAN.

Cowley has a very animated sketch of a famished lion, suddenly excited by the appearance of a well-fed beast. The reader will perceive the vividness with which the expressive *διδραμειν* of Theocritus is rendered, or rather represented, by the English poet :

" His bloody eyes he hurls around, his
sharp paws
Tear up the ground ; then runs he wild
about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out."
Davidéis, book i.

Cowley, inattentive as he generally was to the harmony of his versification, has, in the *Davidéis*, made various experiments in what we may call representative melody — not, indeed, always, it must be confessed, with striking success.

" I am sorry," he says in a note,
" that it is necessary to admonish the

most part of readers, that it is not by negligence that this verse is so loose, long, and, as it were, vast. It is to paint, in the number, the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this poem, that else will pass for very careless verses : as before,

' And overruns the neighb'ring fields with
violent course.'

In the second book :

' Down a precipice deep, down he casts
them all.'

And,

' And fell a-down his shoulders with
loose care.'

And many more ; but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that, out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to : neither have our English poets observed it, for aught I can find. The Latins (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their prince, Virgil, always ; in whom the examples are numerous, and taken notice of by all judicious men."

We are inclined to think, with Johnson, that Cowley has failed in realising his own theory. But one specimen he has produced, which that critic has doubted whether any other English line can equal :

" Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise.
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him
shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall
run on."

The next letters of Cowley contain some interesting notices of his reappearance in London.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY AND HIS NOVEL.*

THERE is a set of persons in London, who most particularly pique themselves on being men of elegance, wit, and refinement, and who are continually declaiming against people who are not gentlemen. Their set, and their manners, and their ideas, are to form all that is worthy of imitation in this world. They can talk—and some of them talk pretty well too—of horses, and carriages, and operas, and parks, and the last parties, and so forth; and their own sayings are recorded among themselves as miracles of talent and genius. Their boots and their hats, and all tailorly ingredients of appearance occurring in the intermediate space between these zeniths and nadirs of attire, are irreproachable, or at least they deem them so; and their conversation is lauded by themselves as the summit of perfection. We think that these persons should be contented with such trophies, without wandering out of the dignified and high-minded sphere in which they are won. If they consulted their own interest, they would certainly take our advice. But fate is imperious; and it often drives men to shew the utter futility of their pretensions. We do not know one of these fellows who, when he comes forward from the circle in which he is a “gentlemanly man,” does not prove himself to be a blockhead, and something worse. When he takes a pen in his hand, he not only displays a dire ignorance and stupidity, but, in nine cases out of ten, an utter meanness of thought and manners, and a crawling vulgarity of soul.

This may seem paradoxical. People may say, here is a man brilliant at a dinner-table—elegant at a *soirée*—dressed after by the men—run after by the women—and why should it be that he is a leper, wretched of heart and lowly of thought. It is the fact, nevertheless; and the paradox, after all, exists only in appearance. These people know nothing beyond the conventional

slang of society; but as the society in which they move is of that rank which will always command the attention, and ought always to command the respect, of other classes, what they say and do is matter of wonder to the tuft-hunter, and, we admit, fairly a matter of curiosity to those who, like the ladies in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, love to tell about dukes and lords, and knights of the garter. But slang is slang, no matter how disguised, or to what purposes used. The slang of the gilded cornices of St. James's, is not in essence one whit more dignified than the slang spoken over the beer-washed tables of St. Giles's. He who is possessed of a perfect knowledge of the tone current in Buckeridge Street, would outshine the cleverest master of the art who had not dwelt amid the select circle of that interesting locality. Ask this star of Hibernian emigration to write, or to dictate (if he has not acquired the art of writing), the results of his long experience in the style and manners of the region which he adorns, and you will find that he breaks down. The jest is lost unless he prints his face. Pierce Egan, or Jon Bee, or even Edward Bulwer—but, above all, Boz—Boz the magnificent (what a pity it is that he deludes himself into the absurd idea that he can be a Whig!—Mr. Pickwick was a Whig, and that was only right; but Boz is just as much a Whig as he is a giraffe)—any of these authors—thou, too, among the rest, Vincent Dowling, whom we shall no longer call the venerable Vincent, since it gave pain and sorrow to thy most pugilistic soul—would in half an hour extract all that the most celebrated hero of the Rookery had invented, thought, and devised, during the whole current of his life.

So in the case of the other saint, the patron of Spain, St. James. The chatterers and praters there have nothing in them. We forget what is the exact distich† of Pope, describing the

* Berkeley Castle, a Historical Romance, by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M. P. 3 vols. Bentley. London, 1836.

† Distich.] We greatly admire Mr. Grantley Berkeley's opinion of the meaning of this word. Of course, as he writes a historical romance in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, he must have legends, and prophesies, and mystic rhymes. How Sir Walter manages these matters it is now somewhat useless to say,—for we rather

conversation of the party at the *Rape of the Lock*; but it is something like this—

"In various talk the instructive hours
they passed,
Who gave the ball or had the party last."

But we shall not go on attempting to quote from memory one of the nicest pieces of ornamented verse ever written, for, undoubtedly, we shall spoil it if we make the attempt; but we remember that the poet sums up his opinion of the style of such conversation by describing it as "*all that*"—which is, indeed, sufficiently expressive of its merits. The men, or things, who shine in this sort of work, can do no more than the hodman jester of St. Giles's, to whom we have already alluded. If nature had ever bestowed upon them brains—a fact very much open to dispute—those brains are always wasted by the frivolities in which they constantly engage, and the silly talk which forms the staple of their existence. But we shall go further. There are gentlemen among them, no doubt; but the trading practitioners of the party are any thing but gentlemen. If we wished to speak harshly, we should say that they were in general the shabbiest of mankind, constantly occupied in mean arts of raising money, of defrauding creditors, of keeping up appearances by the most gripping and pinching penury and wretchedness where no appearance is to be made—bragging and boasting of conquests never made—hectoring and bullying when they think it safe so to do—tame and quiet enough where they think that sixpence is to be had, or a kicking to be anticipated—swelling and turkey-cocklike as Pistol himself to inferiors—cool and impertinent to all who do not belong to their own coterie—and servile and booing to those from whom they may expect a

place or a dinner;—such are the characteristics of the club-haunting gang, and such do they display in full relief whenever they are so far left to themselves as to write a book.

Here is *Berkeley Castle* lying on the table before us. In the first place, what awfully bad taste it is in Mr. Grantley Berkeley to write a book with such a title. What would be thought of Lord Prudhoe, if he were to sit down and give us a book upon Alnwick? We should say it was very absurd indeed. And yet there is no blot on the scutcheon of the Percys, and their family played a most distinguished part in all the transactions of war and peace throughout England, "since Norman William came." We should think, nevertheless, that Lord Prudhoe might have left the narrative to somebody else. But, in the present case, how absolutely disgusting is the conduct of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He should have been among the last people in the world to call public attention to the history of his house. Why, may we ask him, is his eldest brother pitchforked into the House of Lords by the title of Lord Segrave? Why does not he sit there as Earl of Berkeley? We are far from being desirous to insult, as the paltry author of this book does, the character of woman; but when matters are recorded in solemn judgments, there can be no indelicacy in stating that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father as his mistress, and that she had at least one child before she could induce the old and very stupid lord to marry her. All this is set down in the journals of the House of Lords. Why, then, under such circumstances, bore us with long panegyrics upon the purity, antiquity, and nobility of the Berkeley blood? Why torment us with a book vilely written, without any other end, object, or aim, but to prove

[apprehend that our readers know as much about it as ourselves. How Mr. G. B. takes use of them will be seen from the following charming effusion:—

"Lord Lisle and his party came hither to dine,
But Berkeley hath chased them from venison and wine,
And lest a live witness a lie should record,
Here hangeth a dead one to stick by his word."

"After laughing heartily at the attempt, Sir Maurice added, 'by my faith I doubt much whether the party we have so lately discomfited will return to profit by thy distich.'"

Mr. Grantley Berkeley is under what Peter Robinson would call a considerable offuscation of ideas as to the precise meaning of *distichos*; and for "*distich*" we recommend him henceforward to read "*fiddlestick*."

that the Lord of Berkeley was a great man once upon a time; and that if there was a Lord of Berkeley now who could prove that he was legitimate, he would be a great man again. If the author were a man of the slightest spirit, of the smallest approach to the character of a *true*—mind, not of a *club*—gentleman, he would have absolutely shuddered at writing the following sentence: "It was believed (though he never avowed it) that he had held a command in the regiment raised *by my grandfather* in forty-five!"

By my grandfather! Every body, we suppose, has two grandfathers; and we take for granted that this great lover, admirer, and adorer of women, would prefer his *maternal* to his *paternal* grandfather. *By my grandfather!*—Truly, his maternal grandfather was a man of blood, who wielded steel and axe. He was, in short, a butcher in the market of Gloucester, or some adjoining town, who sold mutton-chops, and other such commodities, to all that would buy, and had the honour of being parent in the second degree of the illustrious author of *Berkeley Castle*. *By my grandfather!* What impudence!

Of the Berkeley family in general it may be said, that not one of them was in the slightest degree distinguished. They cannot, indeed, date from the flood, and their most antique title is somewhat blemished by the addition of "Fitz;" but their blood has crept through the channels mentioned by Pope as long as they are known. We shall not go further than this very stupid book before us. We shall not unravel the documents which its learned author says are preserved "*apud Castro de Berkeley*," [The *Latin* school-master, at least, is not abroad.] We take the goods the donkey provides us. He fixes his tale in the days of the wars of the Roses; and in that war, when all the honourable or the hot blood of England was up,—when the flowers in the Temple gardens set every bosom that had courage or noble bearing within its keeping in a flame,—in those days the Berkeleys were distinguished only for carrying on a lawsuit among themselves; and skulking, like cowards, from the field, to appear as beggars before whatever faction ruled the court. They were "beating smooth the pavements between Temple

Bar and Westminster Hall" while York and Lancaster fought for the throne of England; and here we have a descendant of theirs writing a book about the days of those spirit-stirring and gallant wars, in which he describes the great men of his lineage lying quiet in their halls, locked up for fear of bailiffs—a dread which, we rather imagine, has extended to some of their posterity,—and actually has the impudence to put into the mouth of such a skulking laggard as the last Lord Berkeley of his line, some impertinent observations upon the king-maker, which "renowned Warwick" would have most liberally recompensed by a kick. In fact, we do not recollect any thing in our history about the Berkeleys, except that one of them was considered the proper jailor for Edward II.; and that another, if Horace Walpole is to be credited, proposed to George I. to kidnap his son, when Prince of Wales. Of honourable actions, we do not at the present writing remember any-thing.

As for the book, it is trash. There is not the shadow of a story in it. We defy Grantley Berkeley himself to make out the skeleton of the tale so as to occupy twenty of our lines. He has no knowledge, either literary or antiquarian. For example, he calls Drayton, twice, Michael Draydon (vol. i. pp. 30, 31); he makes a groom read our authorised translation of the Bible in 1468 (vol. ii. p. 172), before printing had reached England, and when not one man in a hundred, out of the learned professions, could read at all, and when any Bible but the Vulgate (and that hard to be pronounced) was a sealed book; he gives us a transcript of a servant maid's letter, *temp. Hen. VI.*, as thus:—

"Other folks does not know it, but there is one there as knows the length of his foot, which he may be proud on, as good right he has to do. I wish to give him notice that the watches is to be doubled and set every night, as from marks about the wall they knows as some one must have gotten over. Should her as you knows on need assistance, there shall be a white flag shew himself up at top of Nibley Knowl, when them as loves her may make in. So now no more from one—

"As is not so bad as they supposes."

He imagines that the Highlanders came to the south-west of England as

friendly guests in the fifteenth century. He makes one of them talk in such language as this, long before even Gawain Douglas's time:—

"Some days after this, Lord Berkeley, who set his face against all jokes, whether practical or not, desiring to make Sir Andrew acquainted with the fertility of his estates in comparison with those of the Highlands, took him to Slimbridge, and shewed him also the rich meadows lying along the banks of the Severn; concluding his illustration of their capability with the remark, that were he, a month later in the year, and over-night, to stick his riding-wand in the grass where he then stood, the growth of the herbage and luxuriant vegetation was so great, that he would not be able to find it on the following morning.

" 'Conscience, my lord,' said Sir Andrew, as usual, who made it a rule never absolutely to contradict any thing, 'but there my puir Hieland estate wad match ye in fertecility. By my saul, were ye to tether your beast (pointing to the great white war-horse which Lord Berkeley had been riding) on the hill-side just afore sunset, and be ever sae preceese as to the exact spot, 't wad be a muckle chance if ever ye set ees on him again.' "

Now, this *patois* is lowland Scotch, and very indifferently executed lowland Scotch, of the present century. To those who know any thing about it, the Highlander of the days of Henry the Sixth spoke Gaelic, and in the present day speaks nothing like the dialect here crammed into his mouth. He (Mr. G. B., we mean) takes it for granted that the kilt was the ordinary dress of Highlanders in those days, and actually sends a man so arrayed to fight against a man at arms! He is so careful of the colour of his conversation, as to make his characters at one time speak in this style:—

" 'Dress!' quoth Watts with emphasis, setting down the iron bit about which he had been engaged, and looking full into Will's face—'What has the like of she to do with flams and finery,—she never looked so well as she used to do in her plain stuff gown and a cowslip in her bosom. Now, forsooth, naught but silk and satin please her; instead of, 'Ingram, help me to this,' it's, 'Mister Watts, be good enough to wash your hands, and step this way.' You admire her dress, do you? umph, 'the crow thinks his own bird the fairest.'

"And again he set to work rubbing

the rusty bit as if he had not an hour to live.

" 'But,' rejoined Will, 'why, my friend, should she not set off her person to the best advantage? I have heard that some one's groom, not far hence, used to admire her, and that she received from Wotton fair the gayest gown the place could boast.'

" 'Thou hast heard—and what signifies it what such a hair-brained gowk as a forest archer either hears or sees. I tell thee when folks—when girls—dress above their station in life, it is an outward mark of contempt for the males that should match them, and but as a sign held out over the door of an inn, or hostlery, that there is good entertainment for their betters. Why thou, in thy generation of wisdom, thinkest that thou art down upon me; but, to speak in thine own terms of woodcraft, there's a better buck than thou art at the head of the herd; and the white doe minds thee no more than the flies that tease her ears.' "

And again, to introduce the same speakers, favouring us with such bits as this:—

" 'Bless ye, zir,' was his reply, 'I could not plat like that. 'Twas my young lady as did do't, the evening afore her did go; all the time speaking to, kissing, and patting the poor dumb animal—my heart—as if he had been a Christian soul.'

" 'I left the stall for a seat on the corn-bin, or I could not have gone on with my examination.

" 'And tell me, Watts, did Miss Isabel take her dog with her?'

" 'I suppose, so, zir, as a an't left behind.'

" 'Did Annette go with her?'

" 'It's likely, zir, as she an't in the house.'

" 'How did they go—what was their conveyance, and when did they leave the place?'

" 'They had horses, zir, and they left last night.'

" 'How many were there of the party?'

" 'It were dark, zir, and I did not just zee.' "

Language, similarly refined, is put into the mouth of the person to whom he applies, while he, in a dozen places, calls the *soubriquet* (and we suppose the man pretend^s he can talk French, or knows something about it) of Black-hill—. But it is idle to break such a cockroach as this upon the wheel. In every thing the novel is stupid, ignorant, vulgar, and contemptible; and will be forgotten, before our pages appear,

by that fragment of the reading public by which it was ever known.

One thing, however, we must make a few remarks upon. The pseudo-aristocratical impertinence which makes the author take it for granted that his hero should resign the pledged mistress of his soul, because his superior fell in love with her, we may pass by with nothing more than the contemptuous remark, that it must lead to the conclusion, that the man who formed such a conception would be ready to do so himself, and to fetch and carry letters, frame associations, lie and pimp, under any circumstances, with as much alacrity as the cherished model of his brain—if one by whom he could make any thing—commanded it. What Herbert Reardon, described as being deeply in love with Isabel Mead, did in furthering, in the manner of Sir Pandarus of Troy, the passion of Sir Maurice for the aforesaid Isabel, we have no doubt that Mr. Grantley Berkeley knows, or supposes that he knows, a person who would do. All the women in this dull book are more or less tainted. It looks to be the production of a man who has never kept company, at least habitually, with ladies of soul. Take the following passage :—

“ Though by disposition easily accessible to the charms of beauty, and to a great degree imbued with a romantic nature, still I never sought her confidence purposely for a mere personal gratification, or to gain an ascendancy over the mind, in order that I might then control and direct her actions. No, it was not this desire that instigated me ; but there was a something so refined in the female idea ; so vividly brilliant in the situations in which man may be placed in the society of woman ; and so much delightful danger, if it may be thus called, in the mutual confidence of the young and ardent of opposite sexes, whose undisguised friendship ever trembles on the verge of love, which, after all, is but another name ; that, time after time, I have found myself, and often almost involuntarily, attracted to explore the mind, and elicit the jewel from each fair casket which chance has thrown in my way. That I have been deceived in many instances, and that some few of my experiments have brought me into situations the taking advantage of which it was not in human nature to forego, matters not now.”

There are some dozen passages of

the same kind, and all evidently pointing to Mr. Grantley Berkeley's personal experiences. Now, that he has the mind or the talent to “ elicit the jewel,” as he most stupidly phrases it, from the mind of any woman worth the affection of a man of taste, honour, or intellect, this novel of *Berkeley Castle* is quite enough to prove. But that he may have sometimes ventured to ascend from the servant-maids, by whose conduct and feelings he estimates those of all the female race, and to offer his foul-smelling incense to women above that condition, is possible enough. We shall, however, venture to lay any odds, that when the lady, for whatever reason, wished to make no noise upon the subject, he was rung out, and when a gentleman was appealed to, he, the author of *Berkeley Castle*, was kicked out. It is quite time that these bestialities towards the ladies of England should be flung forth from our literature.

What, after such a declaration, are we to think of the dedication. Here it is in all its length, breadth, and thickness :—

“ DEDICATION

TO THE

COUNTESS OF EUSTON.

“ IN the dedication of these volumes, the Author has the deepest gratification, not from any idea of their value, for of that he is diffident, but merely in the opportunity of proving his feelings for one whom he hath ever regarded with affection.

“ As they are the first from his hand of this particular description which have sought the public praise, so has he naturally the greater anxiety for their success ; and though, at some future time, he may produce a book more worthy of acceptance, still, he never can one in the fate of which he will be so thoroughly interested.”

The horribly vulgar and ungrammatical writing of this dedication is of no consequence—it is just as good as the rest of the book. But does the man, in writing to the Countess of Euston, that she is one “ whom he hath (*hath!*) ever regarded with affec-

tion," mean to insinuate that *he* was ever placed in a position to be able to use, without the most absurd impertinence, the following *quotations* from his work:—that his "undisguised friendship trembled on the verge of love," and that "taking advantage of certain situations is not in human nature to forego?" It is a downright affront! They call Lord Euston the thin piece of parliament—could he not borrow a horsewhip? We assure him he might exercise it with perfect security.

In the midst of all this looseness and dirt, we have great out-bursts of piety in a style of the most impassioned cast.

Coupling this with the general tendency of the book, we are irresistibly reminded of Foote's Mother Cole. Perhaps Mr. Grantley Berkeley derives his representation, as well as his birth, from another Mrs. Cole. At all events, this book puts an end to his puppy appearance any longer in literature, as the next dissolution will put an end to his nonsensical appearance in parliament. *Berkeley Castle* in conception is the most impertinent, as in execution it is about the stupidest it has ever been our misfortune to read. It is also quite decisive of the character of the author as a "gentleman."

MAMMON. A FRAGMENT.

A TIME there was, when, 'mid the quiet woods,
 I sought not inspiration, but it came
 Unlooked for in the mountain solitudes;—
 No mighty gift I ween, no potent flame;
 But yet enough for one whose fancy broods
 On landscape beauty, without loftier aim,
 Than with the murmuring brooks, the wild wind's sigh,
 To blend his tribute of wild minstrelsy.
 Such time has been, and will return no more.
 The landscape smiles, the lake-waves gleam in vain;
 And if I seek that fervour to restore
 Which animates the bard's melodious strain,
 'Twere meet some powerful spirit to implore,
 Whose guidance may the faltering strength sustain
 Of one whom Age has struck, whose palsied hand
 No longer can the harp's high tones command.
 I leave the "Muses nine"—Apollo, too—
 All uninvoked. Henceforth, *one* Power alone
 My homage claims, whom Christian, Turk, and Jew,
 Alike adore, all trembling at his throne.
 To woodland scenes henceforth I bid adieu—
 The visions of youth's pilgrimage are flown:
 No more I roam in "Fancy's" glittering "maze,"
 But wake the "moral song" in Mammon's praise.
 In Mammon's praise! A theme unsearchable,
 Whereof all poets might for ages sing;
 Nor find fit space and eloquence to tell
 The wonders that from his dominion spring,
 So manifold the workings of that spell
 Wherewith he rules o'er peasant and o'er king;
 So numberless and mystic are the changes,
 In soul and body, whereso'er he ranges.
 And he is omnipresent. All in vain
 You search in distant climes for an abode
 Where savage tribes, who luxury disdain,
 May live unharmed by passions that corrode
 The hearts of citizens, who toil for gain:
 'Tis Mammon's worship in another mode.
 Instead of gold they've glass and cockle-shells,
 But in each heart the same devotion dwells.

His worshippers are fervent; in *their* creed
 Is no hypocrisy; they rather veil
 Their own austerities, which oft exceed
 The rites of those ascetic schools where frail
 Humanity is made to groan and bleed
 In fruitless penance. Nor will courage fail,
 Even to the last, but with a dying grasp
 True votaries will their hard-won treasures clasp.

You cannot trust the "saint" with looks demure,
 In crape or lawn array'd, whose eloquence
 Is framed the listening multitudes to lure;
 His fervour may or may not be pretence.
 But bid him give his fortune to the poor,
 Or some small portion of his wealth dispense:
 Let this the touchstone be, and, ten to one,
 He answers you, in angry voice, "Begone!"

His faith in Mammon is immutable,
 For whatso'er he teaches, or is taught,
 On points of doctrine, and of heaven or hell,
 Hinges on themes with controversy fraught;
 But Mammon's grace can every doubt dispel—
 Gold gives the power to *realise* each thought
 Of sublunary bliss: the rest he deems,
 Perchance is truth, perchance is only dreams.

* * * *

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

I. THE HOUSE OF PEERS. II. THE MINISTRY.

I. THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

To excuse or palliate their perpetual defeats in the House of Lords, the Radical journals usually—nay, we may say constantly—resort to falsehood. They tell us that—although a majority of the Peers (looking to numbers merely) may be with us—the ancient nobility, and the most wealthy of the aristocracy, will always be found voting in their ranks. Our majorities, they constantly repeat, consist solely of the modern creations of the Pitt and Castlereagh ministries. These representations have been abundantly made use of, to palliate their defeats during the past month. Knowing them to be altogether untrue, we took the trouble to dissect the list of the great division on the Irish Corporation-bill, and will now state the results.

It is very true, that a great part of the large majority obtained on that occasion consisted of the Irish and Scotch peers, and the bench of bishops; but we are not ashamed to admit this: nor does it at all detract from the real strength of our array.

Look, first, at the peers of Scotland and Ireland: these are a select class—the elected out of a large number. The peers of Scotland meet, and choose sixteen out of their whole body. Does it not naturally follow, that if a Conservative bias prevails among the electors, the whole number of the elected will probably be chosen for their Conservative principles? If the peers of England were to be "reformed" according to some of the Radical schemes, and were to choose a hundred out of their whole number as an acting house of peers, would not those hundred, in all probability, be all, or nearly all, Conservatives? And should they be lightly spoken of, and treated with small respect, simply because they were the elect of the whole body? Surely not! Where, then, is the rationality of speaking with contempt of the elected peers of Scotland and Ireland, simply because they are a select class taken out of the general body? To us, it is rather a matter of pride that the Scotch and Irish peers, being the elect members of a numerous native aristocracy, are almost wholly Conservative.

Another section of the house, to whose conduct on the late division we refer with pride and satisfaction, consisted of the bench of bishops. On the immediate question at issue, that of Corporations in Ireland, their lordships might have pleaded, with some show of reason, their little connexion with, and knowledge of, the question. The moment, too, was a remarkable one. Three or four of the best sees in England stood vacant, and, according to the vulgar supposition, might be looked to as the probable reward of desertion to the ministerial ranks. But this circumstance evidently quickened the promptitude of their lordships. They felt that any hanging back, at such a moment, would be eagerly laid hold of by the Radical party, to fasten on them the charge of subserviency and truckling to men in power. They therefore came forward in full strength — scarcely one being wanting — in support of those principles which they had always professed. Shall we be ashamed of these votes? Shall we not rather feel proud of them, beyond any other in the whole list? When we are told, in future, of the subserviency of the spiritual peers, and of their sharp look-out for the chance of promotion, shall we not refer the slander to this division, when, with three or four of the richest prizes in England in their hands, the Melbourne cabinet could not triumph in a single episcopal conversion.

But now, to come to the lay peers of England. The assertion is, that the ancient peers, and the richest class of them, are all, or nearly all, with the Whigs. This assertion is, like most others from the same quarter, grossly untrue: it has no foundation whatever. Divide the peers as we will, into two, three, or four classes, the result is, that in every way, in every class, the Whigs are in a minority. We selected, for instance, all those whose first patents were of more than a century's standing — all who had been peers of parliament previous to the days of George the First; — and we found the list to be as follows:

Tories.

De Roos	1264
Clinton	1299
Delawarr	1299
Beaufort	1307
Berners	1455
Willoughby	1492
Leeds	1509
Rutland	1525
Plymouth	1529
Hereford	1550
Pembroke	1551
Devon	1553
St. John	1559
Dorset	1566
Exeter	1570
Newcastle	1572
Abingdon	1572
Stamford	1603
Salisbury	1603
Chesterfield	1616
Manchester	1620
Warwick	1620
Winchelsea	1623
Westmoreland	1624
Lindsey	1626
Poulett	1627
Cardigan	1627
Sandwich	1660
Shaftesbury	1661
Doncaster (Buccleuch)...	1663
De Grey	1663
Dartmouth	1682
Tankerville	1682
Guildford	1683
Cholmondeley	1689
Jersey	1690

Whigs.

Norfolk	1139
Dacre	1321
Shrewsbury	1442
Stourton	1448
Dorby	1485
Huntingdon	1529
Bedford	1539
Winchester	1539
Howard of Effingham ..	1553
Petre	1603
Saye and Sele	1603
Suffolk	1603
Marlborough	1603
Arundel	1605
Devonshire	1605
Dorner	1615
Teynham	1616
Northampton	1618
Thanet	1626
Essex	1641
Byron	1643
Carlisle	1661
Grafton	1664
Richmond	1675
Scarborough	1681
Albemarle	1696
Cleveland	1699

Tories.		Whigs.	
Hertford	1702	Sutherland	1703
Bristol	1703	Ferrers	1711
Aylesford	1703	Boyle	1711
Hay	1711	Brandon.....	1711
Bathurst	1712	Oxford	1711
Macclesfield	1715	Torrington	1721
Onslow	1716	King	1725
Buckingham	1718		
Falmouth	1720		
Orford	1723		
Buckinghamshire	1728		
Harrington	1729		
Talbot	1733		
Hardwicke.....	1733		
50		34	

Of the whole body, therefore, of the nobility, of more than a century's standing, who voted on that occasion, *fifty* were Tories, and only *thirty-four* Whigs. Let us hear no more, then, of the ancient nobles having been swamped by modern creations.

We next took the peers of the present century. These, as far as they appeared on that division, were 114. How did they divide? *Fifty-five* with the Whigs, and only *fifty-nine* with the Tories. Clearly, then, it is not the modern peers who contribute most largely to the Conservative majority.

In this calculation we took the English peers only. Had we mingled the Irish and Scotch peers, we should, of course, have doubled the odds against the Whigs, as these two sections of the House of Lords are almost wholly Conservative. But it seemed the fair way to take the English peerage apart, and its result is seen above.

The other Radical boast is, that they have all the wealth of the peerage. We grant them six or eight great names; but, taken as a whole, we boldly aver that the Whig noblemen are generally the poorer section of the house. We cast an eye over the list above alluded to, and easily selected the following names:

Tories.		Whigs.	
Duke of Buccleuch		Duke of Norfolk	
Northumberland		Cleveland	
Beaufort		Sutherland	
Rutland		Bedford	
Wellington		Devonshire	
Marq. of Abercorn		Marq. of Breadalbane	
Hertford		Westminster	
Salisbury		Lansdowne	
Exeter			
Camden			
Cholmondeley			
Ailesbury			
Bristol			
Earl Manvers		Earl of Derby	
Lonsdale		Fitzwilliam.	
Brownlow			
Cardigan			
Harewood			
Eldon			
Lord Carrington			
Rolle			
Ashburton.			

These fictions, then, of the "*liberal*" press, may be wholly discarded. As to ancient or modern creations, the simple truth is, that every administration which ever existed has found it both expedient and necessary to create some peers; — expedient, to gain strength; and necessary, to satisfy claimants. But no ministry, whether Whig or Tory, ever manufactured peers at a more rapid

rate, or after a more wholesale fashion, than the Grey and Melbourne cabinets of our own day. They have, in fact, issued *fifty* patents in *five* years: can any but a revolutionist wish to go beyond that? If the peerage has not already been swamped, it is not for want of trying it that the Whigs have failed.

And as to wealth, a clear preponderance is with the Conservatives; and, were two names taken away, their scale would kick the beam most surprisingly. Those two names are, Sutherland and Westminister: Sutherland, who, as Earl Gower, was the Tory member for Staffordshire in several parliaments; and Westminister, the Earl Grosvenor of Pitt's creation. Take these two change-lings away, and what is the wealth of the Whig nobility?

II. THE MINISTRY.

There is an illustration of the expediency of union between parties not fully agreeing, of which the advocates of unprincipled coalitions are always very fond. "My friend here is for going to Windsor; I am for stopping at Hounslow. But why should we not travel in company, so long as we are both going the same way?"

This illustration carries with it, however, an inference which is unavoidable, and which, at the same time, is very inconvenient to some of these reasoners. It is this: your concord or agreement is but for a time; if you proceed onward, a period must very soon arrive at which either the one or the other must change his plans, or in which you must finally part company. When you have reached Hounslow, which is your present destination, either you must wholly alter your views, or, if you retain them, there you must stop, and leave your companion to proceed without you.

Now, this is strictly true and applicable with regard to that heterogeneous mass which it is the fashion to call the "liberal party." Not to descend into minute variations and differences, there are obviously two great sections in this body—the Whigs, who are only for going to Hounslow, and the Radicals, who are for pressing forward to Windsor itself. And the practical difficulty of their situation is this; if either of these sections venture to maintain their own principles, and to oppose the other, a third party, far stronger than either, and only coerced by the union of the two, steps in and throws both out of power. Yet, how is this to be avoided? Only in one way,—by a plain and positive surrender of principle. Some day or other, and, in all probability, very soon, it will come to this—that either the Radicals must give up Radicalism—must abandon all idea of carrying those measures which they assert to be essential to the welfare of the country, and must aid the Whigs in keeping office, and carrying on the government on Whig principles; or else the Whigs must abandon *their* views, to purchase the support of the Radicals, and must submit to propose measures which in their hearts they believe to be dangerous. This is the dilemma in which the government must inevitably be placed; this is the beauty and felicity of an "unprincipled coalition."

The Whigs assert that many reforms are required in various departments of the state, but no organic changes. The Radicals admit the want of these reforms, but they do look for, and demand, various organic changes; and plainly aver that mere reforms will avail little without those changes. Now, it is plain that the nearer the parties approach to "Hounslow,"—the greater progress the Whigs make in these "necessary reforms,"—the nearer is that moment in which an irreconcilable difference must arise, in which the one party must protest against stopping short, the other against going further.

"Hounslow" has latterly been once or twice in sight. Do not the following letters, from two befooled and discontented Radicals, plainly betoken this?

" TO THE ELECTORS OF SOUTHWARK.

"GENTLEMEN,—True to my resolve, not to hold a seat which is unsustained by the firm and entire sanction of my constituents, I avow my intention to retire from the representation of your borough before the close of the present session. Considerations of a political and personal nature, though very unequal in degree, have strengthened my purpose. It has ever been my opinion that the representatives of large constituencies ought to stand aloof from party—the bane of all good government—and, as the heralds of the public voice, frequently and fearlessly to advocate and urge

on those political changes, which, however unpalatable to the 'privileged orders,' are justly considered as essential to the good government of an enlightened people. Expediency, as you are aware, is the compass of party; but I have ever repudiated its guidance, from the conviction that public men are bound to pursue the dictates of duty, without regard to partial and incidental evils. To act differently is at all times censurable—at the present moment it is criminal—at least, such is my conscientious opinion; and, if I have erred in this respect, it is I alone who pay the penalty,—for a greater political sacrifice can no man make. But it must be made,—for I cannot consent to be a mere mute member—a passive numeral—flattered by a Treasury summons, to swell the ranks of a division, upon any question which two contending parties shall so dexterously select, that no one is committed, save their blind adherents. It would be well for mankind if none others were made the dupes of the game.

"The Irish Tithe Bill is not the sole measure of the present government from which I dissent. Their entire policy is temporising and timid—disheartening to their friends—while it inspires their political foes with audacious courage. A rude and trembling hand is doing something to every thing, and doing nothing well; and so matters will remain, until firmer and sturdier hearts shall strike out a course of government, having for its sole objects the safety, and happiness, and liberty of the people. * * * * *

"Interdicted by your remonstrance from the expression of opinions at variance with the measures of what some of you are pleased to denominate a 'Liberal government,' and disdaining the anomaly of being a free man in fetters, you cannot be surprised at my determination to fall back into the ranks of my fellow citizens, there to pursue, in tranquillity, a branch of my profession from which I am debarred by a parliamentary order; and which, though it lies not in the high and thorny road of public applause, leads to honourable competence—secures peace of mind—and, above all, protection from the restless and unreasonable meddlings of popular discontent. * * * * *

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"D. W. HARVEY.

"Great George Street, 8th July, 1836."

"TO THE LIBERAL CONSTITUENCY OF DUNDALK.

"London, July 5, 1836.

"FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,—The donation of religious liberty—tendered by the Commons of England to the Catholics and Presbyterians of Ireland, was debated last night.

"I am proud to inform you, that as your representative, and holding the opinions I do, I did not degrade you or myself by giving the sanction of my vote to this pitiful offering; insulting no less, as respects the amount, than as respects the condition of the offer. * * * * *

"This is what was voted last night—this was what I did not vote for—I retired from doing that which, in my opinion, would be the record of your dishonour; at the same time I did not vote with the opponents of your rights.

"But an important consideration arises in my mind. I do not disguise from you that I am directly and unequivocally opposed to the compromising policy adopted on this and other late occasions by the distinguished leader of the Catholic body. He has possessed your confidence, and the confidence of his countrymen. Now the question is this—Do you require me to support this policy? That I will not do; but I will do another thing. I am ready at any moment to surrender back into your hands the trust which I have received from you.

"Feeling that I cannot be of the least possible service to my country by remaining longer here—feeling that no practical good has been done, or, under present circumstances, can be done for my country, I shall leave London this day, and I shall, with as little delay as in my power, forward to you a more particular statement of the views under which I have acted.

"On your approval, and on the course determined on by the people of Ireland, it will depend whether or not I shall again return to this metropolis one of the representatives of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament.

"The representatives of England talk of doing Ireland justice; but if you come to the point, what will they do? Will they gave up the tribute of the slave which you pay to their Church? No such thing. They will give back a mite, to be allowed to rivet the remainder of the load the firmer on your shoulders.

"Will they now come really and truly to issue with the Lords on your Corporation Bill? You know they will not. They have already sacrificed the essence of it to avoid that collision."

"The people of England may be disposed to do you justice; but if you expect their support, be true to yourselves. Let there be no blustering swagger in words and mean submission in action: act so as to obtain your own respect, then you will obtain theirs also; and then, and only then, can you command or deserve their assistance."

"I remain, fellow countrymen,

"Your faithful servant,

"W. SHARMAN CRAWFORD."

Here we have, as distinctly as possible, the one party, the Whig government, drawing the rein — the other, the Radical allies, vigorously applying the spur.

A still more distinct exhibition of this inevitable difference was given on the 22d. A measure of real reform, but of moderate, cautious, and statesman-like reform, was proposed by the government to be applied to the higher departments of the Established Church. The larger sees were to be divided, the richer sees to be reduced in emolument, a few smaller diocesses to be reduced, and the incomes of the sees in general to be, as far as practicable, equalised. The whole scheme was so rational, and so clearly desirable, that even the Radicals themselves were surprised into a momentary fit of honest approbation.

But after a while the political Dissenters began to stir in the matter. They saw at a glance that the result of the whole matter would be to strengthen the church,—to strengthen that church which they had doomed to utter destruction. They ran to their friends, the Radicals, in great alarm, and said, "You are going to agree to that which will immensely injure our chance of pulling down the church. You are reducing the great revenues of some of the sees, which at present form such an excellent topic for declamation; you are getting rid of *commendums* entirely, and of translations for the most part: and cannot you see that, when all these things are done, our probability of success against the church will be exceedingly small? What are you about, then? Stop this Church-reform, or we shall never get a Church-demolition."

The Radicals instantly saw the force of these arguments, and they fell in great fury upon the ministers for bringing forward that very measure which they themselves had, previously, highly applauded. Lord John, alarmed at the symptoms of mutiny, called a meeting at his office; and that meeting, in place of accommodating matters, only increased the irritation, and made the schism more manifest.

Subsequently, by a broad and unhesitating use of the *ultimate argument*—a threat that he would resign, and let in the Tories, the ministry succeeded in bringing the Radicals into a forced and dissatisfied acquiescence. The measure has passed the house, and the ministry has not resigned. But does not all this shew that we are very near "Hounslow?"

What is the present position, then, of the "unprincipled coalition?" Let us first look at the Radicals.

Their position is any thing but a pleasant or prosperous one. Instead of making any way, their favourite fancies of "the Ballot," "Short Parliaments," and the like, are becoming regular *boreds* in the House of Commons. On the day taken for the discussion of the first, forty members could not be got together to form a house; and whether the question of "Triennial Parliaments" has been brought forward or not, has quite escaped our recollection. Above all, what has become of that grand question which, as we were told last autumn, was to supersede all others in interest — a Reform of the House of Lords?

The Peers have not evaded the attack, nor pacified their assailants, by any timely concessions; but have rather augmented their offences, and added to their "unpopularity." Yet not a single shot — no, not even a pellet, has been let off against them. They have come forward more boldly than ever in their new character, which the necessities of the times impose upon them, of real and active supervisors of the rash and hazardous propositions of the Commons. In this character they have assumed greater authority, and have exerted more *direct* influence, on the legislation of the year, than ever before; yet the promised

“Reform of the House of Lords” sleeps a slumber which is like the slumber of the dead.

Another circumstance, which, though propitious to the Whigs, is not at all so to the Radicals, is that of the tide of prosperity which has, of late, flowed over the country. Whenever left for a few months undisturbed by political excitement, the industry and spirit of England always produces an overflow of capital, and that surplus capital gives birth to enterprizes which demand a vast amount of labour. Thus, at the present moment, what with rail-roads and harbours, and a steady flow of foreign trade, the whole labouring population of the island may be considered to be in good and sufficient employment. Hence spring advancing wages and decreasing poor-rates, and all other things which accompany what is called “national prosperity.” Clearly these circumstances greatly favour the government—that is the Whigs,—whose main object is to keep their places; but not at all the Radicals, who look to “organic changes,” and who need a certain degree of discomfort and discontent among the people, to assist them in “getting the steam up.”

On the whole, therefore, the Radicals may be considered to be, and so their own journals fairly represent them, in a decidedly uncomfortable situation. They are the *movement* party, and yet they are compelled to stand still. The wind has dropped; the tide is low; and they have bound themselves to keep company with a consort who has neither the power nor the wish to be furiously active. Thus, with twice the numerical strength they possessed in the last House of Commons, they are even less effective as a party than in 1834. They then could speak or vote as they chose, without fear of consequences. Now, the dread of “letting the Tories in again” palsies every limb; and, with the most daring designs in their minds, they are the most timid of all parties in their course of action. And so much for the Radicals!

Nor are the Whigs much more to be envied. They are endeavouring to conduct the government, having in *their own ranks* only about one fourth of the House of Commons. Of course, therefore, every step they take must be in fear and trembling, lest their allies, who, as they very well know, have not the least affection for them, should take it into their heads to be displeased with some point of the proposition. The very last instance, of which we have already said something, is full in point. The ministers bring forward the Established Church Bill, which is a measure of *real*, but at the same time of *Conservative*, reform. Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell both expressed, and we doubt not sincerely, their high approbation of it; but, for the very good and sufficient reason that it had nothing *destructive* about it, the Radicals bitterly oppose it. What, then, remains to be done? Nothing but the last argument in all such cases,—“The bill must pass, or we must resign.” On this urgent motive, then, the bill is allowed to pass. But how often, we beg to ask, can this course be repeated?

In fact, recurring to our first illustration,—is it not clear that, just in proportion as the Whigs proceed to maturity with measures of reform, and thus clear away all the matters on which there is an agreement between moderate Whigs, moderate Tories, and moderate Radicals;—in that very proportion do they advance towards that point at which their co-operation with the Radicals must cease. All such questions being settled, as they soon must be, it will then remain to be seen, whether they will fall into the ranks of the Radicals, to retain their places, or remain Whigs, part company with the Destructives, and *resign office*!

Meanwhile, their increasing weakness is producing a result of a nature quite unlooked-for, and assuredly quite unintended on their part. By foolishly setting themselves in array against the House of Lords, without having the power of carrying their threats into effect, they are forcing the House of Lords into the position of being, in fact, *the government* of the country. A dozen years ago it was enough to know, of any measure proposed in parliament, whether it was “one which the government would sanction.” Now the question is not at all what the ministry will do with any measure; it is, “what the House of Lords will do with it.” A very little longer continuance in this course, and we shall find ourselves quietly reposing under an oligarchy!

But is this the fault of the House of Lords? Not a whit. The course that house is taking is just that which they are compelled to take by the folly of the ministerial mismanagers. The Whigs have attempted to govern the country in

despite of, or opposition to, the House of Lords. This position it was rank folly for them ever to take, except they meant to maintain it. They marched up to the House of Lords with guns pointed and banners flying, and summoned it to surrender. The Lords would not surrender, and the Whigs never thought of a serious attack. What remains but a foolish and contemptible retreat, leaving the antagonist in possession of the field?

But, again we say, let the game of the last two sessions be repeated for another year or two, and the people will cease to feel any interest in the proceedings of the House of Commons, and will come to look wholly to the House of Lords as the real seat of government. No, say some of the ministerialists, the people will get so irritated against the House of Lords, that the peers must give way, to save themselves. This is a foolish dream. The people will see and understand well enough that the peers are not exceeding the powers which the constitution gives them, and that the grand mistake was, for any party to dream of governing the country in despite of the peers.

What, then, is the position of the Whigs, considered as men of honour,—as men, some of whom, at least, would shrink from the prospect of going down to posterity with the stigma of having clung to office with a tenacity which nothing but the love of salary and patronage could inspire. What is the situation of such men at the present moment?

The king, as every one is well aware, looks upon the O'Connell* ministry as one forced upon him,—as one in whose principles he has no confidence,—as one of which he would be delighted to be rid:—

The House of Lords, by a majority of 220 against 123, has once more declared against them:—

The people, in the great midland county of Warwick, by 1873 votes against 1354; and in the important borough-town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, by 1576 votes against 1528, have declared against them:—

But a majority of the House of Commons is still in their favour. And what a majority? The *Spectator*, a journal of ultra-“Liberal” opinions, has shewn that that majority is not above twenty. Another dozen returns like those of Newcastle and Warwickshire will cut away even this slender pretext.

But what is the pretext in itself? The sovereign being against them, the House of Lords against them, what ought the majority of the lower house to be, to give a decent colour to their otherwise indecent clinging to office. Whatever we might call it in numbers, it ought to be a clear, decided, overwhelming majority, making it obviously impossible for the government to be carried on, except on the principle so espoused by that majority.

Now no such majority exists at this moment. All that they have is just what Lord Brougham so aptly termed a “measuring-cast” majority! *Twenty* is the total amount. Deduct, then, “the *tail*,” and you are at once in a minority. Take the representatives of England, and you are in a minority of nearly *thirty*. Let the ministers themselves stand aside, and let the rest of the house decide upon their continuance in office, and they are instantly ejected.

Such is the desperate predicament of the O'Connell administration. The present plans and projects of the more reckless of them are said to be of this description,—to call Parliament together again in November; then to reproduce the Irish Corporation-bills and Tithe-bills, and to send them (if they can) up to the upper house. If the Lords once more reject them,—to demand of the king a dissolution; in order either to augment their majority, and thus alarm the Lords, or to ascertain their defeat, and then to resign.

In this position of affairs, then, how all-important is the registration now commencing! It is too late, indeed, for the indolent among the Conservatives to tender their claims; but it is not too late for the active Conservatives to give every attention to the revision of the lists. Arouse, then, your Associations and Committees, and fight the last Registration Battle that can intervene before another election. That election, come when it will, will probably decide the fate of the monarchy. Let the Conservatives be ready to say, on the 1st of November next—

“Now, then, we are prepared for you; dissolve when you please!”

TWO SONNETS ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

I.

THE first of August! Full a hundred years,
 And twenty-two besides, have past and gone,
 Since kindly Anne, sad-sinking without moan,
 With finger slow, amid the bursting tears
 Of menials—who, when prelates fled, and peers,
 Remained firm with her—pointed to the clock,
 Which told her minutes numbered. Sad the shock
 To those who once were called the Cavaliers,
 But then the Jacobites. To us, the time
 Is one of festal greeting. The good queen
 Of Marlborough's glories, lady of our days
 Augustan, to us, men of English clime,
 A thought of love and reverence still has been.
 But her departure placed the crownal rays

II.

Of England's throne upon the house which now,
 In the good-humoured form of Will the Fourth,
 Wears, with a love called for by honest worth,
 Its diadem upon an honest brow.
 Hail to this day! With reverence deep I bow
 To its observance, and my glass I drain
 To the last drops that in its cone remain,
 Pledge of the allegiance of my frequent vow.
 But at the present, with more jocund glee
 Fill I my bumper, midst this joyous rout;
 Because it is quite plain—at least, to *me*
 (If others choose, I blame them not, to doubt)—
 That, if we live another month, we'll see
 The thieving Whigs for fifty years turned out.

M. O'D.

*Bryant's Hotel, Conduit Street,
 July 29.*

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IRELAND, AND THE CONCILIATORY SYSTEM.*

WE have here the greatest possible contrast. In the first book we see a man with good intentions, but some very absurd prejudices, trying to get a just idea of the real state and condition of Ireland, in the course of a visit commencing on the 6th of October 1835, and ending about the middle of November. Had his mind been in a fit state to admit the truth, he might possibly have attained in that time just such a general notion of the case as to have made him a very conversible person in society, when Ireland was the topic under discussion; but it can hardly be considered to be any thing less than an instance of that sort of presumption which characterises the present day, for such a pleasure-taker gravely to attempt to decide, in print, on questions till then new to him, and which concern the weal or wo of a whole nation, and on which far higher evidence than his is already attainable. The great mischief of the book, however, consists in this, that having previously adopted some most mischievously false ideas, the book is pervaded by a continuous series of erroneous fancies; and thus every fact and circumstance is presented to us in a distorted aspect, and through a discoloured medium.

The second volume now before us is

one of far less pretension, but ten times greater value. It furnishes us with the testimony of one who has long been a resident in that unhappy country; and who thus speaks, not of *what he has been told*, but of what he has seen, and felt, and experienced.

Nor is his account of the matter open to any of the ordinary objections. He has left "the seat of war," and is no longer affected by the strife and din of the contest. He describes what he has personally experienced; but he describes it from a quiet retreat, and after mature recollection and consideration. He is a disinterested witness, having no concern with tithes or tithe-proctors; nor being in any way interested in tithe-bills or appropriation clauses. It would be difficult to conceive of a person better fitted to give a just and accurate view of the real evils of Ireland, and their appropriate remedies;—yet never was a work of such value presented in a more unassuming form, or with less affectation of fancied importance or pretension.

But the preceding author—whose name, we understand, is *Mathewson*—will, perhaps, claim for his "*Journal of a Tour*" the credit of an especial degree of modest reserve. It is unpublished—not a copy has been permitted to meet the vulgar eye. This sounds well; but

* *Journal of a Tour in Ireland, 1835. Privately printed.*
Ireland; its Evils traced to their Source. By the Rev. J. R. Page, A.B., formerly of the Diocese of Tuam.

there is sometimes a reserve which is intended to attract observation, as well as a mock-humility, which is nothing but concealed pride. Does the author imagine that the world cannot distinguish between a work privately printed with a *bonâ fide* view to confine its circulation to partial friends and family connexions, and a volume like the present, kept with studious care from the critic's eye, but yet sedulously handed about, as something choice and *recherché*, among all the leaders of the Conservative party in both houses of parliament? We know that this has been done;—the copy now before us has passed through episcopal hands; and that not against the author's consent, but by his own act and deed: and with the knowledge of this fact, any hesitation we might feel, as to our own line of duty, wholly vanishes.

The book is a mischievous one; and its chief danger consists in its professedly Conservative character. The author assumes the character, and we would hope not dishonestly, of a zealous and earnest friend of the United Church of England and Ireland. But he makes the grand mistake of forgetting, all through his tour and his work, that his favourite Church is a *Protestant* Church, and that the moment it withdraws its protest, it of necessity falls before the Church of Rome. If Popery be not a false religion—if the Church of Rome be not an apostate Church—if her doctrines be not of a soul-destroying character,—then must we stand abashed and without excuse before the Romish priesthood, and confess that our fathers schismatically separated from their communion, and that we are only persevering in that separation from base and unworthy and contemptible motives.

But if Popery be, as it really is, the chief curse and destruction of Ireland—if it works the demoralisation of the people of set purpose, in order, with more ease, to maintain its tyrannical power over them,—then the chief and almost only problem ought to be, how to weaken and uproot Popery from the land. And to do this, in the face of such power as is arrayed on her side, demands the active co-operation of all Christians,—of all Protestants. In such a contest as this, with *six* millions banded together against *two*, is it a time for the numerically weaker party

to be disputing among themselves, on the minor points of church government, when the foe requires but a little more vantage-ground to drive them altogether from the field? Yet the tourist now before us evidently shrinks far more from the approach of his Protestant, but Presbyterian, brother of Ulster, than from the Jesuit or Friar of Maynooth or Rome. Would the latter only abate somewhat of their exclusive pretensions, would they only permit him to hope for a fair and equitable union, it is abundantly clear that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to advance at least half way. But to him whose faith is the same as his own, but who differs on a single point of church government, he appears to have no sympathy of soul whatever. There is nothing throughout his whole book to indicate the least wish for that which is the great want of Ireland, a cordial union of *all* Protestants for the defence of their common faith. But there is abundant evidence, that the main obstacle to his cordial fraternisation with the Papists consists solely in their unwillingness to receive him. He advances towards them; he frequently asks to be allowed to call himself their brother. But they feel too well their vantage-ground with such a Protestant, and refuse to bate him one inch of the demanded submission. Take a few specimens: first of his placability towards Popery.

“Rather more disposed than I had been to think favourably of the Romish system as practised in Ireland.”—P. 30.

“If this be a fair specimen of Romish preaching, I like it better than I expected.”—P. 36.

“If I had been in search of a servant, and could not be made acquainted specially with any one's character, I should have preferred taking a boy from the chapel.”—P. 80.

The Romish chapel, rather than the Protestant church!

“I sent my respects to Father M'Henry, and my landlord introduced me to him. We walked up and down the avenue together, and I enjoyed his conversation exceedingly. He realised, in his appearance, my *beau-ideal* of a priest.”—P. 81.

“The rector and curate appeared to enter as little as others had done into my ideas respecting the possibility of friendly intercourse and co-operation with the priests.”—P. 82.

“If both our souls had been required

of us when thus united by prayer to God, must death have divided them for ever, because we belonged to different communions?"—P. 88.

"That elegant and accomplished scholar, Dr. Baines, of Bath."—P. 95.

"A sash was worn over one shoulder, to which the holy ointment was appended, and with it he anointed the external organs of the senses, through which she might have committed sin, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He did not kneel in prayer, but stood over her, reciting in Latin the service of the Roman church, with such rapidity that I could not follow his words. She could not understand them; but her spirit was in communion with his spirit, and God, who heard his prayer, could see into her heart. Hero, therefore, was no lip-service," &c.!!—P. 105.

"I have made the acquaintance of two more priests; both young, agreeable, and gentlemanlike—but one of them is a man of letters." "I felt it quite refreshing to be able to commune thus quietly, on subjects of everlasting interest, with a man of taste and cultivated intellect. He afterwards pointed out to my attention some of the most beautiful of the Latin hymns in the Parisian breviary, and read them with much feeling and *gusto*. Oh, who that ever saw them could return to Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tato and Brady!"—P. 115.

The tourist going to hear Dr. Murray, the Romish Archbishop of Dublin, some one

"Said, he had not seen Archbishop Whateley there to-day, but he generally came when Archbishop Murray preached."—P. 158.

What says Mr. Matthewson to this sort of charity, or indifference?

"On such an occasion, I should have liked to see all the clergy in Dublin under one roof; and if the priests would not go to our churches afterwards, so much the worse for them."—P. 158.

Such is his theory when Papists are in question. But it is otherwise with Protestants.

"The Protestant children all went to St. Mungin's Sunday-school, after church, for one hour and a half. A Wesleyan Methodist preacher came every Wednesday evening, and sang, prayed, and preached." "This seemed to me a very curious arrangement under a Church establishment." "How could the children be brought up in communion with the Church and with Dissenters at the same time."—P. 139.

The tourist had boasted, a dozen times, of having "enjoyed communion" with Popish priests. But communion with a Methodist, who, in fact, is not a Dissenter, but only an *irregular* Churchman, is quite inconceivable to him. The simple truth is, that he is far more Papist at heart than Protestant.

He visits the Kildare Street School, and "examined the children as minutely as I could, and they answered very well all my questions in Scripture history and general Christianity. The head lady appeared very intelligent and zealous. She had been invited to join a National school, but refused on conscientious grounds."

Yet he calls this school "a nursery of sectarianism." And why? Because the prayers of the Church are not used. Yet he warmly advocates the National system, and wishes the Protestant clergy to join it, although no prayers can be used in schools conducted on that plan. Whence comes the difference? Because, in the National system, the union effected is an union with Papists; in the Kildare Street Schools, the union is with Presbyterians. This makes all the difference in his eyes!

But this brings us to the main question—the drift of his general views with reference to this *National System of Education*. And, first, we find that its defects, and its gross unfairness, met even his partial view every where. At p. 203, he finds the Popish prayers actually used, contrary to the principle of the system, in a National school.

In another place he finds a National school-house (at Tarbet), with the name of the priest as "Roman Catholic rector" painted over the door. On mentioning this at head-quarters, he has since been told that it is "*promised to be erased*." But, of course, any one can see that a school-house, over which the priest has such complete control as to cause such an inscription to be made, is, in fact, *the priest's school*.

At Clonalkin, the National school-house is, in fact, part of the Mount Joseph Monastery. At Belfast, it adjoined the Popish chapel; and the like circumstance is several times remarked in other places.

He also has it clearly explained to him, that the children of the poor belong always for the major part Romanists, the master must accordingly be always of that religion. Thus, with a school

annexed to the Romish chapel, the master appointed by the priest, and the priest himself always directing the management of the school, it must inevitably be always impossible "to make head against priest and school-master both, without the Bible."—P. 55. And yet, with all this fully explained to him, so decided is his predilection for an union with the Papists, that he writes as follows :

"I pointed out how, by staying away from those schools as now established, where they might have ruled with a divided sway, Protestants had left the priests absolute masters."

"I said, that if I lived there I would go to every National school near me, and take care that they were carried on in perfect accordance with the intentions of the commissioners."

"The tree of knowledge has been planted. The question is, who shall watch over its growth—who prune its branches—who gather in its fruits—who distribute them over the land, and profit by their influence? If the Protestant Conservative party will not, the Popish Radical party will, and then God help us! But will he do so, unless we first try to help ourselves? If we leave the education of our tenantry to priests, and nuns, and friars, and purgatorian associations, do we not aid and abet the very cause against which we protest?" &c.—P. 85.

Now this is, at least, a heap of confusion,—not to charge the writer with wilfully misstating the case. The leading fact is, that, upon the very principle of the National System, the priest *must* have the nomination of the master, and, through him, the control and direction of the school. By merely keeping at a distance, then, the Protestant clergyman throws no additional power into the priest's hands; except it be so represented to leave him to deal with the children of his own adherents as he thinks fit. Of course, by giving no countenance to the system, but establishing a Protestant school for the Protestant children, the evil is kept from spreading itself into quarters already uninfected. But, in joining these schools, and sending the Protestant children to attend them, you would expose them to certain loss and danger, without any reasonable hope of doing any good to the Romanists. The only result, therefore, of the quarrel as it now stands is, that the Protestant government of Great Britain systematically

refuses all aid to schools conducted upon Protestant principles; but gives 50,000*l.* a-year to assist in propagating that which in its own laws and institutions it designates as superstition and idolatry!

We have already the clearest and strongest evidence of the utter futility of that line of conduct which to Mr. M., and to all similar half-papists, seems so desirable, in the following letter, which has happily appeared immediately after Mr. M's gentle persuasions.

"To the Editor of the *Dublin Record*."

"Killinchy, August 9, 1836."

"Dear Sir,—When first the 'National Board' was established, I was tempted, out of respect to 'the powers that be,' and with a view to make trial of its plan of education, to avail myself of its support; and have since, through the indulgence I have experienced from the Commissioners, been encouraged to continue my connexion with it, hoping that the skeleton form which its system of instruction assumed at its birth would, after the political storm in which it was cradled had subsided, be filled up with the substance and life-blood of God's word; and that, in the meantime, we might pursue unobserved the noiseless tenor of our course, taking advantage of every help that lay in our way, and pressing it into the Lord's service. But time passes on, and the spectro-nursling is still cherished and recommended in its original heartless form; and, instead of vanishing away, or assuming a more substantial Scriptural form, is growing in sapless strength. Seeing, then, no immediate prospect of its being made an available channel for imparting Scripture truth through the land, and considering that the hope of admitting any beneficial light upon the body of the people by means of a system of instruction through which no ray from heaven can find free passage, is a fearful delusion, I beg you will (if you think the cause of God may be served thereby) state by paragraph, or in any form you please, that another of the original supporters of the National Board has withdrawn. And I am strengthened in my determination to adopt this course by seeing that much stress is laid, in the last Report, upon the number of Protestant clergy who have joined the Board, thereby throwing a great responsibility upon their shoulders, who, in proportion as the fears of many begin to be realised, must stand in the no very enviable position of adding their weight to the end of a lever directed to prostrate Scriptural education,

among the ruins of which we may look in vain for that 'righteousness which exalteth a nation.'

"I am, dear sir,
Your obliged and faithful
HENRY WARD."

But enough of Mr. Matthewson and his "Journal." When will men learn that, however allowable and sometimes amusing a lively account of a trip to Vienna, or Niagara, or the Pyramids of Egypt may be, it is nothing else than impertinence to interfere in a vital and sacred question like this, with the gossip picked up among a dozen or two of priests, and half a score of nunneries. It is a vast change to turn from such genteel trifling as this to the earnest and simple statements of a man who has lived for years among the most Popish portions of the Irish population,—who has well ascertained the truth and certainty of every thing he states,—and who now writes, on calm recollection and consideration, his deliberate judgment on the real evils which press down unhappy Ireland.

Hear, first, Mr. Page's description of Newport, one of the principal towns in the county of Mayo:

"I know not any town possessed of more natural beauty, or of greater capabilities of improvement; and oftentimes, when there, did I indulge my mind with the pleasing picture of what Newport might have been, had it been placed in this country, or had it been peopled otherwise than it is. Indeed, the God of nature has done much for that place; and its present state is one of those many painful proofs, which frequently meet the eye, of the extent to which Satan can mar the handy-work of our beneficent Creator. Popery, that yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear, has bowed down the energies of the people; or, to use another figure, it has swept the place with its pestilential blast, and has blighted all that might otherwise have been beautiful and refreshing to the soul. With all its advantages, Newport is one of the most degraded towns which it is possible to conceive. Distress, filth, ignorance, superstition, idolatry, and vice, flourish as in the most congenial soil; and, at certain seasons of the year, famine and sickness grievously afflict that town and the surrounding district. In short, had I not seen it myself, language could not have conveyed to me an accurate description of the state of things in that wretched place.

"Oh, that I were describing to the reader a solitary place! but, alas, it is not so. Other towns in Ireland, which are, to the same extent, under the same influence, too much resemble—exceed they cannot—the picture which I have drawn of it. '*Ex uno disce omnes.*'

"On my first arrival in Newport, I found the people suffering from an awful pestilence (dysentery and very bad English cholera), which carried off great numbers. The bell of the Romish chapel tolled continually, and, even when it ceased, the painful sound still seemed to vibrate in our ears. Every day new victims fell. I seldom conversed with any of the poor who had not been severe sufferers. One lamented a father—the wife her husband—the husband his wife—and the father his children. I then occupied the parsonage-house, in the absence of the rector, who had been obliged to remove for the benefit of his health. His house was always well supplied with medicines, which he freely administered to the poor sufferers. Members of his family were engaged for hours in the day, giving out relief to all, without any regard to their profession of religion. And here I must say, that but for the kindness of those 'hard-hearted monsters,' as some would represent us, I know not what would have become of the poor. During the absence of the rector, the disease broke out with more violence, and the poor Romanists crowded to that door where they had been so often relieved. I can never forget the scenes which I then witnessed, nor can I cease to think of the misery of the poor creatures. How thankful ought they to be who are spared these trying scenes! How thankful we all should be, who have necessary comforts in seasons of sickness and sorrow! Every day crowds surrounded the parsonage-house. This gave me an opportunity of learning their state of suffering, poverty, ignorance, and degradation. All these were to be seen in the strongest light: and, to add to the wretchedness of the place, there was not a dispensary in the town. At length I forwarded a statement of their sufferings to the agent of the principal estate, who authorised me to order medicines and nourishment for the poor. Another landed proprietor agreed to take care of his own tenantry. Soon the disease abated, and then disappeared. What will you now say, you upon whom a liberal Providence has bestowed not only the necessities or comforts, but even luxuries of life, when I inform you that the great body of this poor afflicted people had nothing to drink in this fearful season but cold water, and nothing to eat but, to use their own words, 'the dry potatoe?' Immediately after this

pestilence disappeared, a famine arose. It was, indeed, for a few weeks, most severely felt by many, but was not general: neither was there an unusual scarcity of provision; but the price was so high that the poor could not purchase food. When this distress abated, and the new crop appeared, was the condition of the great body of the people much altered and improved? Yes, they had food to eat, and to bestow upon their poorer neighbours; but the potatoe was the only food of many.

"At the latter end of this year, I was removed to Castlebar, the county town, where, if possible, greater misery was to be seen. It is not necessary to say much of the famine of 1831, only that it was very severe and extensive. Having been in the midst of the painful scene, I can truly say that multitudes must have perished, but for the mercy of a gracious God in raising up so many friends for them. There was, no doubt, much exaggeration, imposition, and misapplication. But let not those, who have the power and the will to relieve distress wherever it may be found, regret having forwarded their bounty; neither let them be unwilling to assist again, if called on (for to hear at any time of numbers of the people of the west of Ireland being either without food, or without the means to procure it, would be to me no matter of surprise); only let them be more particular through what channel they send it. But why dwell longer on this head? for, from the beginning to the end of the year, dire distress prevails in that part of the country. During a part of the year, the poor have food to eat; but will the 'dry potatoe' supply all their wants? Will it remove painful sickness, or ward off the inclemency of winter's cold? Under such afflictions, to what or to whom are the poor to apply? Were there not dispensaries and other public institutions to meet their wants? some will ask. Not only in the last-mentioned place, but even in the county town of Mayo, there is not a dispensary, nor any fund to meet the demands of a people whose misery I have so often witnessed, but which is beyond description."—P. 12-15.

Yet it is among such a people as this that such a system of extortion as the following is carried on:—

"Concerning the exactions of the Romish clergy, I shall give this extract from a letter, written by me to the Rev. James Hughes, parish priest of Newport:

"Under the Tithe Act, the parish of Burrishoole pays the Rev. Mr. Galbraith (the rector) 350*l.* per annum. What does this same parish pay you? It is not in my power to state the entire of your

income out of it; yet, after a diligent inquiry amongst your own flock, I am enabled to lay before the public a certain portion, made according to a moderate calculation. There are about two thousand houses in this parish, from each of which you receive two shillings, making 200*l.* per annum. Besides this, there are *voluntary* contributions at Easter and Christmas, from both householders, and also unmarried people and servants, &c. by which, when I say that you receive 2000*s.* (100*l.*), I am under the sum. There are about five hundred baptisms annually, for each of which, I understand, you receive 2*s.* 8*d.*, making in all, say, 130*l.* per annum. I shall say eighty marriages, though I am sure this is under the number, for which say 80*l.* These several sums amount to 510*l.* per annum. Besides which, there are large sums received when 'holding stations,' for hearing confessions, and giving absolution; add to which, the sums of money received for administering extreme unction to the dying, and the sums afterwards received for the release of souls from purgatory by masses. Here I must ask you, is it not a fact that there are at present in this parish women, who, since their last confinement, have not returned the usual thanks publicly to God for their safe deliverance, *solely* because they are not able to pay you the sum of 5*s.*, which you demand from each. Many times have I heard the people groan under these exactions; and also complain of their being 'called out' in the chapel by you, for the non-payment of these your enormous fees."

"This has not only never been replied to, but all with whom I conversed invariably declared that I undervalued the priest's income. I was informed, upon the best authority, that the very year in which I state there were eighty marriages, there were one hundred and twenty at least. And whereas I only give 1*l.* as the fee, it was in some cases 1*l.* 10*s.* to the priest, and 6*s.* to the Romish bishop (1*l.* 16*s.*.) And a few days after the publication of my letter, this was spoken of in my presence, and that of a young man just married, who, upon being asked, admitted that he paid 1*l.* 16*s.* As to the matter of churching women, I have not charged any item for this; only have mentioned that at the time there were women who had not received this rite. I have not either made any calculation for the fees received for masses (and I heard from Romanists that the friends of the poorest deceased pay 2*s.* 6*d.*), which are sometimes very considerable; for, as has been observed by one, this their doctrine of the mass is most profitable, whereby nearly as great a host of monks,

friars, and priests, have been kept up, as the king has of a standing army. There is not, I should observe, a separate fee exacted in that parish (Burrishoole) for extreme unction—all is included in the fee for masses : but I know that in other parishes a fee is paid for extreme unction. Now, by this it will fairly appear that the priest's income is about double that of the rector out of the same parish : and although I would not argue from a particular to an universal, yet this I must say, that certainly the great body of the papal priesthood is not less exact in collecting their dues ; and I am persuaded that the priest of Newport would not be allowed to collect any special fee, or charge higher than his brethren. Besides this tax upon the people, I shall mention another. The parish priests pay their curates a very small sum,—the average thirty pounds per annum. Their curates, then, are also obliged to appeal to the people, who, in many places, pay voluntarily—or rather, indeed, involuntary—offerings of yarn, oats, hay, butter, &c. This is a great grievance, which the poor feel very much, when the priest (the curate), with his man, goes the rounds to *enforce these free-will offerings* ! I must now mention another tax upon the poor. Throughout the year the priests go their *profitable* rounds, and hold ‘stations ;’ *i. e.* they visit certain places, or town-lands, continually, and fix upon some house therein, where they hear confessions and give absolutions. They give notice what houses they will visit, and the poor owner is obliged (even should it be necessary for him to part with some of his household goods) to make ready a feast for the priest and neighbours. Breakfast and dinner must be provided, and too often a great plenty of whisky, and also one bottle of wine for the priest. It is a fact that this tax affects them even for succeeding months. I know a poor man in another county (as sincere a member of the papal church as any in it), who, when the priest gave notice that he would hold a station at his house, locked it up that day, and kept out of the way. When afterwards the priest met and reproved him for his neglect : ‘Here it is,’ said he, pointing to a pair of new shoes on his feet ; ‘would you wish to eat my brogues—I think them better on my feet than in your belly.’ Now, these exactions greatly depress and impoverish your tenantry ; and the more so, because the income thus raised from them returns not through any channel to them again. I addressed Mr. Hughes thus : ‘Not to speak of the sums expended by the rector in relieving the sick, and the poor Roman Catholics, his money flows back through the very many channels amongst

the people from whom he derives it. What, sir, becomes of your income ?’

“ This letter to the gentry of Mayo, calling upon them to interpose between their tenantry and the priests who thus oppressed them, had scarcely made its appearance, when a most extraordinary circumstance transpired, which more than corroborated my statement. The Roman Catholics of a very extensive wild district rose up as one man, and presented an address to their archbishop, complaining of (to use the language of the person employed to forward it) ‘the exorbitant exactions of our parish priest, and stating the harsh and cruel treatment which we have experienced from him.’

“ The parish was upwards of thirty miles from Castlebar, the place in which my letter was written and published, and a place in which I was not even known. Had it been otherwise, it might have been said that I had influenced the people to come forward, and confirm what had been written by me on this subject. So wonderfully did both statements agree, with this alone difference, that, according to that given by the poor sufferers, mine was far *short* of being a full picture of their misery.

“ I shall now give a few extracts from this petition, that the poor may speak for themselves.

“ ‘ From the first day that Mr. Lyons came into the parish, in the year 1825, he has received half-a-guinea for every marriage for the use of the chapel, besides the usual fee ; he has been frequently travelling through this country and England, getting subscriptions for the chapel, while his poor parishioners are neglected ; he has charged seven shillings a-year for forms in the chapel, and five shillings a-year for seats at the altar to each individual ; and all this money, which must amount to an enormous sum, is unaccounted for, and the parishioners do not know how he has expended a single penny of it.

“ ‘ We have many good and respectable schoolmasters in the parish, who refused teaching free-schools heretofore, whom he denounces for no reason at all, and are forced to live idle, while others, brought in by Mr. Lyons himself, after trial of a long series of time doing no service, were dismissed by himself ; (for Erris, though secluded, has ever been an enlightened country.) Although our good teachers are walking about doing nothing, our parish chapel is by turns employed as the work-house of the slater, cooper, sawyer, carpenter, and thrasher, with his consent ; while our children are thus neglected—the only thing we feel most for. He got a railing made round the altar, and forms for the greater part

of the rest of the chapel, and charges five shillings for every individual inside the railing, yearly, and two shillings and sixpence for those on the forms; and those unable or unwilling to pay this are disrespected. He ordered and tore down the pew allowed and erected by one respectable man, James Cosgrave of Binghamstown (whose family's character and his own is well known to every clergyman ever known to reside in Erris), for the use of his little family and wife (the daughter of a respectable Protestant), to hear the word of God in, which was thrown out of the chapel, merely on account of becoming the agent of Major Bingham, on the complaint of a man named Collins, whose family or himself have not, for many years past, had the benefit of confession or sacrament, through premeditated malice, as aforesaid.

“ And further sheweth, that many married women, respectable in name and character, for want of being able to pay such heavy dues as are hereafter set forth, or for some alleged family fault, remain unchurched from two to more years past, and still; while those bearing illegitimates are churched through the favour of those for whom they bear such children. He trespasses on the world, but who dare trespass on him? for the sheep, the lamb, or any other beast, trespassing on any of his farms, must pay double trespass; or a person going to do the penance enjoined by himself across any of his fields, which they were wont to cross, and was their way—shoe, stocking, and perhaps hatless, as enjoined—are hindered and reproved; among whom one going a horse path-way, his mare was taken, impounded, and not released till his mare picked foal. Good . . . ! compare this with the benevolent conduct of him whom he would denominate tyrant, before the hall-door of whose castle the barony at large might come on horseback, and leave their horses on his lawn or meadow, whilst warrants or summonses were granting, perhaps, the whole day long during their examinations; and who dare impound such cattle? Erris at large is defied to deny this. Or did this tyrant (denominated so only by him) allow any of Major Cormick's tenants' cattle, just nearing his estate, to be impounded by his herds? No; his words were: ‘If I keep a dog, he must bark for me; my herds must keep them off.’ But what avails this to his enormous salary, and taxes on the poor, which in some instances exceed some creature's yearly rent, and taxes to king and country, viz.: his annual salary on man and wife, three shillings and twopence, and for every child ten years old in that family (for

they must go to confession at that age), one shilling; together with twenty sheaves of oats or barley, or one shilling and sixpence in lieu thereof; and if one sheaf of the bart is deemed bad, the residue is kept, and the one and sixpence charged with all; besides duty work to do his spring harvest and other jobs, and offerings at Christmas and Easter, collected by collectors in each village, and those who don't pay are called out in the flock; and yet, what is more ridiculous, the creatures who cannot afford to pay those dues and demands are forced to work for his farmer and builder, at one job or another; and others are paid by him for their labour by the charity given by England to support those unfortunate, starving subjects, or slaves rather, and accounted for, paid by his salary; for every baptism from 3s. 1d. to 3s. 4d., and this for twins as well as one; and a candle, which, if it should be a half-penny one, is kept, and a penny charged besides, although all christenings are performed in the chapel, or house adjacent, in open day, perhaps many at once—except for such persons as those for whom respect is due, or from whom some benefit derives.

“ Legacies for the dead, five shillings, and one shilling for extreme unction as often as it happens, besides two shillings and sixpence for blessed clay, and no corpse dare be interred without it, although the priest wont go to bless the grave, but sends this clay by some lay person; as if this consecrated ancient burying-ground and grave-yard, and the clay thereof, was not as blessed as clay sent in this way by those renounced denounced sinners. Marriages from 1l. 11s. 6d. to 3l. each, as solvent or adequate to pay; and holds some in suspense after the match is concluded, to the great shame, risk, and danger of the young woman, for some months, until this and other dues aforesaid, not only due by the young couple, but their kin on either side, as far as known, is fully paid, to an extent unbounded and hitherto unheard of.

“ This petition was sometime afterwards the subject of a lawsuit, Mr. Lyons, the priest, having taken an action against some of the parties. Of this I need not say more, than that the facts stated respecting Mr. L.'s fees and demands, not even exempting the charge for blessed clay, were all proved on oath in the court of King's Bench, Ireland.”

But how can the priests apply a sufficient power to screw out of such a miserable population sums so vast as these,—vast, whether we look at the miserable poverty of the individuals

paying, or at the immense aggregate which the country at large must yield, on this system, to the whole body of the priests. The following instances will give some idea of their power :—

“ In a county adjoining that in which the above occurred, I had a very extensive acquaintance with the lower order of Roman Catholics ; having been in the habit of visiting them in their houses, in the schools, and having given them tracts and Testaments. To the people of one townland I gave many, and, at their own desire, some very strong controversial tracts, disproving the right of their faith to be called Christian. The poor of this place were at that time in the habit of meeting at night, when their work was done, to read these. And many of the inhabitants of that place cared so little for popery, that had they protection or any temporal inducement to forsake the communion of the Romish church, they would have done so without the least hesitation ;—not that they were all sincere inquirers after truth, but that they were unanimous in their indifference to popery. Not far from this people lived an aged man, in whose welfare I took much interest, in consequence of my knowing that he passed many of his evenings at the house of a Protestant neighbour, hearing and reading the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I called one day on this man. He walked out of his house with me, and we stood on the road side conversing about subjects that interested him. I gave him a Testament, and said, ‘ You can now read this precious volume in your own house, whenever it is not convenient to you to visit your neighbour.’ He took the book, and seemed much pleased ; but before we parted a gloom had settled over his countenance, and he handed back the volume, stating that he was afraid of the priest. I reminded him that he was now an aged pilgrim, and that, as his days drew to a close, he would find much consolation in these words of life. He drew a deep sigh, which indicated his assent to what I said ; but added, ‘ Ah, sir, I could not bear to wither away under the priest’s curse.’

“ Another poor man had courage to flee out of this mystical Babylon, and renounce the doctrines of popery. Immediately after this he lost two cows, and was thereby reduced to actual want. He one day met the priest, who held out to him tempting offers if he would return to mass ; promised to get him a school, and to lend the chapel for the purpose. This poor man, for whom I had the highest regard, and from whose conversation I often derived profit, cast all the

priest’s offers to the winds, and was content with his poverty, and other afflictions, so long as he could call the unsearchable riches of Christ his own. Afterwards, when the priest met him, he pointed at him before the people as one who was withering in his substance since his curse had been upon him. I never had a doubt respecting the fate of this man’s cows. They were, I am persuaded, poisoned : and often did I wonder that his life was spared ; for he lived in a very remote place, where his only security was the protecting wing of that Saviour for whom he suffered the loss of all things. This man was a very good Irish scholar. I was enabled to employ him as a Scripture reader, at a salary of, I think, about three pounds per annum. When I say that I employed him, this requires correction. He was a voluntary unpaid agent in this work of faith and labour of love, amongst his benighted fellow-sinners, before I obtained for him this small salary.

“ During the famine of 1831, he suffered in common with others from that visitation. He was employed for a few weeks as inspector of a new road then being made, for which he received a few quarts of oatmeal per day. The people of that district (the same already referred to in another part of this work, as having voted an address to the Protestant clergyman) were much won by the kindness of the Protestants in that trying season. As a proof of it, he came to me one day with this, to him, good news : ‘ That even the women (such were his words) said to him, while engaged on the road, ‘ Well, God bless you ! You are amongst good people. We will not give you any more trouble.’

“ These facts I state from my own personal knowledge, and have selected them from amongst others. To enumerate all that was known to myself of the working of this inquisition in Ireland would occupy too much time. I shall therefore content myself with one other, an extract from a petition presented from the writer to the House of Peers, by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, during the last session of parliament :

“ ‘ Petitioner has often been visited by night, and privately by day, by members of the Church of Rome, who complained much of their hard yoke of ignorance on the one hand, and of the exactions of the Romish priests on the other.

“ ‘ That petitioner could furnish many instances of such persons being compelled to remain in the communion of the papal church by fear of being persecuted, and perhaps murdered. That one man had courage to avow his change of mind ; and did some months after-

wards, when he thought himself at the point of death, send expressly for petitioner to administer to him spiritual consolation. That this man (having, contrary to expectation, recovered) was immediately afterwards deserted by his wife, in consequence of his having sent for a Protestant clergyman, or one of the devil's ministers, as the lower order of Roman Catholics are taught to regard the clergy of the Church of England. That on the next Sunday night a large party, disguised, broke into this poor man's house, beat and otherwise maltreated him, in a manner which decency forbids your petitioner to describe, and at length departed, leaving him as dead. That this party during the attack repeatedly reproached him as a turncoat; that petitioner next day visited this man, and found him in a most deplorable state, with several of his ribs broken, and incapable of being moved. That immediately after this petitioner was waited on by a Roman Catholic, who had been with him on several occasions, and had informed him of others equally anxious with himself to receive instruction in the principles of true religion. That this man, referring to what had happened, said to your petitioner, 'Sir, unless such work is put down, I need not call on you any more: I cannot have myself shot from behind a ditch, or have my house broken into, and myself and family murdered.'—P. 152.

Again the question recurs,—How can this tyranny be tolerated, or by what means can it be kept in constant operation? And this brings us to the last point,—the terror with which the priests are regarded by many of the nominally Protestant gentry; and the base subserviency with which, to gain their own purposes, these false Protestants will pander to the pride and insolence of the Romish priests.

"The insolent daring of the Romish priesthood has ever since been advancing, and with such rapidity that it is in many parts of Ireland quite uncontrolled, and bids defiance to every effort to bring it into subjection. They direct all things as if vested with unlimited authority. They dictate to the very rulers of the nation, and that in the most insolent and overbearing tone. They send members to parliament, who dare not think for themselves, but must obey the commands received from the agents of the Roman pontiff. They watch over even the private conduct of Protestants, and dictate what they must follow, and what avoid. I knew an instance of a Popish bishop having issued an order to

a Protestant member of parliament to withdraw his name from the list of subscribers to the Bible Society. The order was not, however, obeyed; but the impudence of Popery is not the less evidenced. When I had been some time in Newport, where accommodation could not be easily obtained, I was invited to occupy some rooms in the mansion of the proprietor of the town. And because I was obnoxious to the Popish priest for merely defending my brethren and religion from an unprovoked attack made by him on both, he was daring enough to write an order to the proprietor to turn me out of his house; for that, if I were suffered to remain in it, the 'people' must conclude, that in 'my efforts to disturb the country' I was instigated by him. And so certain was the priest that his order would be obeyed, that it was reported in the place (before the landlord's answer was known) that I was turned out. I heard the report, but never understood the meaning of it until I heard of the priest's letter and modest demand. The landlord did not comply with his request, but always treated me with respect, which I mention with the more pleasure, because, in that degenerate part of the world, few act contrary to the wishes of Rome's priesthood, except, perhaps, in those cases where their own interest is at stake. Many more facts might be mentioned to shew the intolerance of the Romish priesthood in Ireland. But why mention their effrontery there, when even in England they have commenced the same system, and issue their commands to Protestants. Not long since a brother in the ministry (who travelled to obtain funds for the education of the Irish) mentioned, that in a certain part of this country there has been very lately a Popish chapel built chiefly by Protestant money, and that this threat was held out to enforce obedience to the papal order, that the goods of the merchants should not henceforth be sold in Ireland, if they did not comply. The consequence was, that some Protestants were mean enough to contribute to rear an altar for idolatry; and one was mentioned who subscribed fifty pounds for the purpose, and who, when solicited to assist in educating the poor Irish in the knowledge of their Redeemer, counted out a few shillings!! Oh! is it any wonder that Heaven's curse should overhang the land, and sometimes burst like a thunder-clap upon it, when principle is so set at defiance, and when such abomination is committed under England's sun?

"But to return. Such, then, is the power and insolence of the Romish priesthood. And, in some places, it is

felt so very much by the nobility and gentry, that they pay in *public* all manner of worship to men whom in *private* they abuse, and whom in their hearts they detest. This I myself have heard and known. I have also seen the highest nobleman of a county take, in the public streets, a Romish priest (for whom he had not any love) by both hands, and shake them so heartily, that you would suppose he had met, after a long absence, his dearest friend; while the same person shewed little or no attention to the Protestant clergy around him, unless something were to be gained by so doing. And their only crime was, and is, that *they* do not countenance base and time-serving conduct, and that, like Micah of old, they never prophecy good for those who, forsaking the command and truth of God, would set up or encourage falsehood in the land. I remember, also, to have seen a gentleman, since a member of parliament, walking arm in arm, and as if connected by the closest tie of friendship, with a most degraded man, an outcast from all society, except that of those who court him, because he is a powerful tool in the hands of the papal priesthood. Never shall I forget the impression this made upon my mind. I went home sick at heart, and thought that I had lived long enough, too long, to behold the day when Protestant principle should be thus prostituted to Popish influence. And not very long after this the very same gentleman was openly despised, and grossly insulted, by this man whom he so meanly courted. And he has since been turned out of a county which his family have represented for, I suppose, half a century, if not more: such is the just judgment of God, that men should be most despised by the unworthy instruments they use. In most instances the priest is keen enough to see that he is courted merely for that influence which he possesses. This makes him more exalted and overbearing.

"Again—if we required any other proof of the papal power in addition to this, that nobility and gentry pay a mean and often unwilling homage to it, it would be found in the vast sums of money given by Protestants from time to time to build Popish chapels, and to educate the youth in Popish error; while some, who are thus liberal, are very unwilling to assist the Protestant clergy in the cause of truth. This proves how much the authority of the Romish priesthood is felt and acknowledged, when many are obliged thus to bestow large sums of money as a sop to Cerberus. Let me mention two facts to illustrate this:—The church of the

county town of Mayo was condemned, thrown down, and a new one commenced. It was about seven years in building. The delay was chiefly caused by want of funds. The parish did not perform its engagements, and many persons (nobility and gentry) who entered their names as subscribers, never made good their promises. Now during the years that this town was without a house for the worship of the true God, in 'spirit and in truth,' the Protestant nobility and gentry of the county were giving large sums of money (some third donations) to build the Popish cathedrals of Tuam and Ballina. And, indeed, the Popish bishops scarcely thank them; for they view their meanness in its proper light. And just about the time that I saw a notice in the public prints acknowledging twenty-five pounds from one gentleman, he told me that he met the Romish bishop in Dublin (the very man to whom he gave this subscription), and that he passed him by with dignified contempt, merely because this gentleman had signed some public document which did not meet the approbation of his *lordship*. I could not avoid telling this gentleman that I was very glad to hear it, and hoped that it might prove a useful lesson to him and others who were so forward to worship the Popish priesthood.

"Again—part of the parish now alluded to was in a very desolate state for want of a school. The anxiety of the people to have one for their children made the state of things more distressing. The parents were willing to make sacrifices; and one offered the use of a house for the purpose. When visiting there one day I was so concerned to see the people without this blessing, seeing that they were so anxious to possess it, that I desired a competent person to commence the instruction of the children, stating that I would be responsible for the first quarter's salary, and would write to the landlord representing the state of the place, and the number of children of both persuasions anxious to have the advantages of which they had hitherto been deprived. I never received one line from his lordship respecting his poor tenants; but some time after my application I had a message from his agent stating, that, for the future, five pounds per annum would be given, but that nothing could be done for the past. This, I need scarcely observe, was nothing more than an excuse to avoid doing any thing; for the small sum of five pounds could not support the school, and the situation, and its being removed from other properties, would take away any claim which it might

otherwise have had on other landlords. I must now add, that at the very same time that I established this school I saw in the public prints an advertisement from the Romish priest, acknowledging the receipt of ten pounds from this same Protestant landlord, to bring up children in the knowledge of what he had sworn to be idolatry; and other sums from several Protestant gentlemen who did not contribute one farthing to support scriptural schools. The subscription of ten pounds would have paid for the instruction of twenty-seven Protestant and many Roman Catholic children (whose parents were most anxious for our school) for the term of fifteen months.

"These are but few of the many instances that might be brought forward; but they are quite sufficient to shew that the priesthood of Rome possesses uncontrolled influence in Popery's dominions in Ireland; and that there, too many landlords have, by their conduct, established an authority superior to their own, to which they themselves must now bow the knee.

"Having now shewn the influence which the Romish priests possess over Protestant landlords, let us ask the question—what the poor Romanist thinks of this state of things which he daily beholds. Either (he must say) these great men are afraid of our priests; and, if they fear, must not we tremble before them? Or they believe in their hearts that ours is the true religion, when they bestow so much of their influence and wealth to support it, while both are too often employed against the clergy and religion of Protestants. In either case the effect must be to confirm the poor deluded Romanist in his apostasy, and make him tenfold more the slave of the priest than he otherwise should have been, and consequently more determined to risk every thing, even life, if necessary, to further the views of those whom his superiors so much dread, and make so many sacrifices to appease."—P. 26-32.

Such are the fruits of the "conciliatory system." Yet still it goes on: in parliament, in the government, and among nominal Protestants of every description, Popery now extorts aid, encouragement, patronage; and all to do what? To raise her own power to that elevation which will enable her to set her foot on the necks, alike of the legislature, the government, and the nominal Protestant, so assisting her.

A Protestant and Conservative landholder fancies it his wisest policy not to oppose, but to court the priests. If he can gain their support, his return

for the county will cost him little; without it, it will cost him thousands: and that, perhaps, to be unsuccessful at last. He decides, therefore, on gaining, if possible, the priests. He gives them land on which to build their chapels, or school-houses; subscribes largely to the erections themselves; and looks coolly on the clergy of that faith to which he professes to belong, refusing them the least countenance or support.

But how long does this hollow compact last? Are the priests duped by this servility? Not in the least! How long, then, does this friendship, so purchased, endure? Just until a favourable opportunity occurs of shewing how lightly the priest estimates such interested kindness. Ask Vesey Fitzgerald, of Clare—ask the Brownes, of Mayo—ask Sir Henry Parnell—ask Spring Rice himself, what sort of gratitude or attachment they reaped for all that they had done for the Romish priests? Or Mr. Matthewson shall answer the question for them. He observes a column raised to Spring Rice in Limerick, and he says,—

"I wished to hear a priest's opinion, so I said to the next I met, 'Is Mr. Rice, then, such a very popular man here?' 'He has been, and deserves very well of the town for his zeal in promoting its interests,' was the reply. 'Has been! what do you mean? Is he not so now? what has he done?' 'Nothing; but Whigs, at best, are not to be trusted,' he answered: 'I could not conscientiously interest myself now for a man whose object would be to make our support contribute to *English views and interests*.'"

This is the account given, be it observed, by one greatly disposed to admire the Romish priests. That he has falsified the reply he received, no one can suppose. Yet, if this be the feeling shewn by the leaders of the Roman Catholic mind in Ireland, what shall we say to the hypocritical outcry raised by the O'Connell faction, when they were lately described as "alien in blood, in language, and in religion?"

The simple truth is, and it is nothing short of madness to close our eyes to the fact, that the Romish Church in Ireland will never be satisfied to be less than the dominant church there; and that Roman Catholic Ireland will never sit down content to be governed by heretic England. Till their church is established on the ruins of Protest-

antism, and their government in the hands of Irish Roman Catholics, they will continue to "agitate;" or, in other words, to keep the country so near to rebellion as to harass the government, and still just so far within the line as to save their own necks from the halter.

There may be moments like the present, when, seeing the government actively employed in doing their work — in depressing Protestantism and exalting Popery—they will both profess and feel a momentary satisfaction. In like manner, they erected a pillar to Spring Rice in Limerick; but, not long after, Rice was compelled to resign his seat for that town. And just so, when the Whigs have gone as far in their present course as they can go, without utterly shocking the mind and heart of England, the priests will turn round on them, scoff at all they have done, and tell them plainly, that a man who sells himself to the devil is not at liberty, just when he chooses, to stop

in the midst of his allotted task, or to endeavour to abandon his compact.

The Romish priests in Ireland mean nothing less than the entire reconquest of the island to their church. You may "conciliate" them any day, for the present moment, by some substantial concession;—just as the woman satisfied the pursuing wolves, by casting her child into their jaws. But the wolves renewed their pursuit when the infant was devoured; and so will the Irish priests perpetually renew their demands, as step by step the vantage ground is surrendered to them, and the probability of a full and entire triumph becomes more clear. Meanwhile, much evil attends this foolishly protracted absurdity. Far wiser were it either to resolve, once for all, to make a stand at all hazards; or else, if all must be surrendered, to evacuate the island at once, and to withdraw the Protestant population out of the reach of the threatened Inquisition.

THE PEERS OF ENGLAND.

BY SHARA.

"In the name of our God will we set up our banners."—*Psalm xx. 5.*

'Sir Robert Peel said, they were answerable to God.'—*Speech of Mr. O'CONNELL*

I.

IN the name of the Lord we have set up our banners,
In the cause of our Country, our King, and our God;
While they wave o'er the halls of our fathers' old manors
We never will swerve from the paths they have trod.
The blood in our veins has descended, through ages,
From England's first champions of freedom and right,
Whose deeds are enshrined in her history's pages —
Their firmness in council, their boldness in fight.

II.

IN the name of the Lord we have set up our banners,
And taken our stand by the altar and throne;
To crush to the earth all the miscreant fanners
Of treason, rebellion, and discord, we own.
Yet say not, vile slave! while thy utmost we're braving,
That we're reckless, like thee, of the path we have trod;
Though we scorn to attend to thy insolent raving,
We know for our course we must answer to God.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

SHAKESPEARE and ARISTOPHANES may well be sufficient precedents for Mr. Knowles's performing in his own plays. He has too much good sense to expect us to say that we imagine that his plays will cut as great a figure in the world as *Hamlet* or the *Knights*; but there is some good stuff in them, nevertheless. He is to Beaumont and Fletcher what those literary brothers are to Shakespeare. Let him not think that this is a niggard allowance of praise.

He derives his name from a man who could write a comedy, though he did not soar into regions of blank verse, or else from the lexicographical papa of the red-snouted author of the *School for Scandal*. We do not know that he is related to the Sheridan family, though we think we have heard he is; but, at all events, he and his father share between them the glories of the elder Thomas and Richard Sheridan: Knowles *père* writing dictionaries; Knowles *fils*, comedies. Both are from the same country, "the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," as the men who make the flower to stink, and the gem to dim to the lustre of an oyster-shell, are fond of calling the country cursed by their birth; and we understand that our dramatist dates his origin from that beautiful city called Cork, where his father instructed the juvenile minds of the rising Corcagians, somewhere in the last decade of the last century, within a few doors of a *quartier* dear to the beefsteak-devouring population of that city, Fishamble Lane. Among the pupils of this seminary was, we believe, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, to whom, it is to be presumed, he communicated the secret of pronouncing the canine letter, R, in the manner which distinguishes that now retired orator.

Of the movements of the elder Knowles we know nothing more; of those of the younger Knowles, we scarcely know any thing at all. He is a tolerably good actor, and would be voted much better if his fame as a dramatic writer did not stand in the way. People are unwilling to allow supereminent merit in two capacities to any man; and if Farren were to write the *Hunchback*, it would be said that he did wrong in jeopardizing his well-earned histrionic fame by producing a middling comedy. He may console himself by reflecting, that the highest part which Shakespeare himself ventured to attempt was the Ghost of Hamlet — or, perhaps, Old Adam, in *As you like it*; and yet no one but professed inquirers into our dramatic history knows who was the Hamlet or the Rosalind that drew down thunders of applause, while the author was, in a mediocre manner, getting through a third-rate part.

He thinks proper to be a Whig, and he makes speeches on that side of the question sufficiently absurd. Now this, in all men, or imitations of men, wrong, is in Sheridan Knowles peculiarly culpable. All actors and dramatists worth a fig's end have been, in all ages, essentially Tory. They were Cavaliers, and fought like the best of Cavaliers, in the days of Charles; and such should ever be their characteristic politics. They are engaged in visibly representing all the honourable and noble emotions of the soul for public admiration, and of holding up to general contempt all that is mean and base. How, then, is it possible that they can look otherwise than with contempt on the swindling Sir Giles Overreaches, the blustering Pistols, the lying Parolleses, the stupid Dogberries, the Morpeth-visaged Apollo Belvis, the battered Lord Oglevies, the dinner-hunting Sylvester Daggerwoods, the begging Jack Rags, the parodies upon Jack Cade, and so forth, who compose the cabinet and its tail? But in Mr. Sheridan Knowles's case the matter is still worse. In the name of Melpomene and all her sisters we put it to him, who *can* write a play, to say honestly and truly what is his opinion of a party which is led by the author of *Don Carlos*, in which the author of the *Siege of Constantinople*, or something of the same kind, holds a conspicuous place; and which sends Mulgrave, whom Knowles would not employ as cad to a call-boy in any theatre, to govern his native country in the badly filled cast of first gentleman. He must despise the whole troop; and his pretended acquiescence in their politics is merely professional. It is only a piece of acting. If otherwise, he must resemble his own hero, Master Walter; only, that the Hunchback had only an unfortunate twist in his body, while its author has the unfortunate twist in his mind.

It would be awfully wrong were we to conclude this page without saying that the gentleman opposite is one of the best of good fellows.



J. V. Mitchell

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BACCHANALIA MEMORABILIA.

BY NIMROD.

No. IV.

DRINKING EXPERIENCES CONTINUED.

It was well said by Seneca, that every man should endeavour to leave something behind him which may prove useful to society,—in compensation, perhaps, for the injuries he may have inflicted upon it. His tyrant emperor having stripped him of every thing, he bequeathed his life to posterity for an example; but mine, I fear, would be a worthless legacy, unless it were as a beacon, to warn others from the rocks and whirlpools which I had not the foresight, or, I may rather say, the prudence, to steer clear of myself. I have, however, the satisfaction of being told that, although it is not my province to reform the age, good may be the result of “Nimrod’s Memorabilia Bacchanalia,”—not so much from the exposure of the evils of wine-bibbing as from the advantages and benefits set somewhat conspicuously forth in them of a temperate life. Believing, then, as I do believe, that in the active, practical, and useful operations of society, and the various arts of life, my countrymen leave far in the shade all other nations whom I have as yet been enabled to form an opinion of; and having witnessed, as I have, so many of the cleverest of them *spoiled by excess in drinking*, it would indeed be a satisfaction to be able to persuade myself that I may be the means of contributing, in however small a degree, to check what has, I fear, been too truly designated, “the besetting sin of the English people.” Morally speaking—since the days of Lot and his naughty daughters—of all social evils, drunkenness has been productive of most crime; and physically speaking, to use a homely phrase, it spoils a man for every thing. Again,—see the reproaches that have been cast upon it by all writers, of all ages, and of all nations, from the mention of the drunkards of Ephraim to the present day. They are not exaggerated by Pliny, in his striking portrait of a confirmed drunkard; and the severest reproach that Homer makes Achilles cast upon Agamemnon is, that he was *ὀϊνοβαγής*, or stupidly drunk. That it is the parent of most other popular vices is admirably set forth in a humorous

tale, written originally in Latin, of the dying man and his three sons. One was a gamester, another an insatiable whoremaster, and the third a confirmed drunkard,—the most criminal of which was to be disinherited under his will. The cause being heard before the judges of the day, and after the manner of mutual re-crimination, the verdict was given against the drunkard, as the most vicious character of the three,—fortifying that verdict by numerous examples, as well as representing the unhappy sot not only useless to mankind, and worthless to himself, but in consideration of his crime leading to the commission of the other two.

But away with moralising for the present! I will now more fully illustrate the homely phrase of men “spoiled,” that is, made useless, by drinking to excess, and I will do so by examples drawn from the living and from the dead; and, although it is said no man since Julius Caesar should be allowed to speak of himself, I must again allude to myself, as also to those of my own blood. From what cause was it that I was able to assert, in one of my former papers, that at the age of fifty-seven I felt equal to the same fatigue, had the same alacrity of spirit, the same activity of body, and the same powers of digestion that I had at the age of thirty-seven? How was it that my father, although he moved in the gay circles of life till the age of forty-five, when he married, lived to the age of eighty-six, and at the age of eighty-two was equal to all the enjoyments of life? Why, by adhering to generally temperate habits both in eating and drinking, and avoiding spirituous liquors. My father having been an only son, I can go no further in his line. I had, however, four maternal uncles, all of whom may be said to have committed voluntary suicide; three of the four having drunk themselves to death, as the term is, before they reached their fortieth year; and the other never saw his fiftieth, from the same cause. But the first three, “own brothers” to my mother, as we say on the turf, deserve

particular notice, forasmuch as they were all six-foot men, of great physical powers, and of finely proportioned frames,—so much so, indeed, in the case of one of them, as to acquire for him at Oxford the name of “leg Wynn.”* Moreover, he could take up a table in his teeth, and carry it round a room, and thrash the best man in the University, whether gownsman or raff! But was there not some physiological cause, some hereditary disease, some phthisical taint, to account for the premature deaths of these brawny young Welchmen? None; their two sisters set this question at rest. One of them—the mother of eight children, seven of whom, including myself, are still alive,—attained the age of seventy-three; and the other—the mother of four children, two of whom are still alive—is now heartwhole, and well, in her ninety-second year! Now, reader, was this suicide? If not, will you give it a name? Then, pursuing the dead, and despite of the proverb, “*de mortuis*,” &c., have you read the Life of the late John Mytton, which the talented editor of the *Literary Gazette* says, “will be read with advantage by every young man in the country?” and if you are an old man it will do you no harm. You will there find the following striking, if not appalling, fact,—namely, that the strongest frame and soundest constitution given by nature to man cannot withstand the destructive effects of twenty years repeated excesses in wine and brandy. Reader, are you a sportsman, and somewhere about my own age? If so, look back, and call to your mind how many good sportsmen have been spoiled by drink; and, on the other hand, observe how many have continued to be good sportsmen to a late period of their lives, by a temperate enjoyment of wine. For example,—see a Musters, an Assheton Smith, an Isham, a Musgrave, and a Peyton, still among the best and boldest horsemen of the present age; and think of a Lynedoch, a Lockley, or a Dorset; and remember what they have done in the saddle, in almost extreme old age!

Who that has hunted in Oxfordshire can efface from his recollection a victim to the bottle in that county, in the person of one of the neatest horsemen, the best sportsmen, the cleverest coachmen, and most gentlemanlike men of his day! Again, when I turn towards Shropshire, another martyr to the bottle presents itself—a quondam master of foxhounds. Had I been called upon during his lifetime for a model of, to my eye, a handsome Englishman, coming under the denomination of a country gentleman and a sportsman, the person I allude to should have sat for that model. Had I been asked to define the form and proportions of the human frame most likely to sustain health and life to the latest period allotted by nature to man, his should have been those by which I would have formed my rule. But nothing mortal can resist a suicidal hand. This handsome Englishman, this fine sportsman, this clever man, and most entertaining companion, fell like a flower before the scythe, at the early age of forty-five, another victim to the life-destroying bottle!!

But of all men in the world, as far as the enjoyment of their pursuits is concerned, it most behoves sportsmen to be temperate. Independently of loss of nerve, all bodily capability is destroyed—at all events, very considerably weakened—by repeated excesses in wine. How admirably is the picture of a drinking sportsman drawn in the character of James I., and his “cup of comfort,” or his hunting bottle, in a note to the tenth chapter of the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Roger Coke says of him, that “he became so lazy and unwieldy, that he was trussed on horseback in the field; and as he was set so he would ride, without stirring himself in the saddle; nay, when his hat was set upon his head, he would not take the trouble to alter it, but it sat as it was put on.”

Again, reader, have you been, like myself, an amateur of the coach-box? If about my own age, you may have seen—and if younger, it may do you no harm to hear of—a coachman on the

* The following fact, in corroboration of this assertion, was told me by an old Welsh squire, who witnessed it. The county of Merioneth having been very severely contested, it was necessary to place a guard at the gate of the castle yard, at Harlech, the county town, in which the voters on one side were assembled. My uncle, it appeared, was on the opposite one; and on his being seen approaching, a voice was heard to exclaim, “*Double the guard at the gate; there is Bob Wynn coming, three parts drunk.*”

London and Worcester mail, named Taylor, who drove from Moreton-in-the-Marsh to Worcester, doubling the ground every day. He was one of the few flash coachmen of his time; remarkably clean in his person, particularly correct in his conduct, carried a very civil tongue, and was one of the very safest and best mail-coachmen I ever sat by the side of on the road. Now, mark his fate. He commenced his fatal career with one glass of hot rum-and-water, on his ground; then advanced to two; and so onward, progressively, until it began to tell upon him: but still no one ever saw him drunk, nor was he even generally suspected of drinking to excess. It, however, told upon him so effectually, that he was obliged to give up the box; and he took a public-house, in which he soon ended his days, at about the age of thirty-five. Being very often on the box with him, I was enabled to watch the progress of the slow poison that was consuming this fine young man,—for he was above the common stature, and of a very agreeable aspect. The first symptoms I observed was the want of his usual nerve, when any difficulty presented itself; and he had some queer cattle to deal with, likewise one very bad hill to descend. The next was, his inability to wear boots,—for his legs became swollen at the ankles, and, as it were, hung over his shoes. I was myself a young man at the time I am alluding to, and this coachman's case made a lasting impression upon me, and the more so for having a respect for him in his calling. But what nerves, or what constitution, can stand long against hot rum-and-water, bad, no doubt, of its kind? Who remembers Jack White, on the Devonport mail, one of the strongest and boldest dragsmen of present times? The answer to my inquiry after him lately was, that he had taken to drinking, and had not nerve enough for a pair-horse coach!

But is there any situation in life that drunkenness does not mar? The excesses of soldiers are partly attributed, by the Duke of Wellington, to women; but the parent of crime with them is drinking to excess. And it was always so, since the time that Turnus attacked the Trojan camp. We cannot wonder, then, at the Lacedemonians of old forbidding the use of strong wines during their campaigns. Neither was it without a good effect that amongst

other ancient nations the dietetic science formed a considerable part of their morality; and that even among the Greeks, at the Areopagus, important affairs were examined fasting, it being found that turbulence and confusion were the result of post-prandial deliberations. The Scriptures inform us that both priest and prophet have erred through strong drink; and although "*Sine Cerere et Baccho, friget lex*," may be an old proverb, it is said that many of the clauses of our acts of parliament smell stronger of the bottle than of the lamp. Indeed, I once saw a noble lord, a schoolfellow of mine, since dead, rise in the House of Commons to make a speech when he was in a much fitter state to be put to bed,—for he could scarcely articulate his words.

"*Lingua et tardescit; lingua sepulta mero.*"

To the literary man hard drinking is destruction. He rises after a debauch with a confused head, and nerves and memory unstrung; has no steadiness of purpose, and, consequently, gets behind hand with his task. Then comes the rub. He pays back with usury the hours he has lost; he draws too hard upon his powers; and though brilliant may be his sun, it generally declines in the morning of his days. I could produce many instances in proof of this assertion; and, although a scribbling magaziner like myself may have no pretensions to be classed with "literary men," I can speak from experience of the evils of paying back lost hours with usury. Bodily exertion never brought me to a *stand-still*; but more than once have I been so exhausted by writing, when driven into a corner for time, that I could not have written six more lines for as many pounds sterling!

I have been drawing on my recollection for persons of my acquaintance reclaimed from a habit of hard drinking, and my list amounts but to three. I believe, however, that of all the slaves of Satan the drunkard least frequently escapes out of his snare. In fact, he can seldom put on resolution to do so,—for, as was said of the drunken Nabal, his heart dies within him, and becomes as a stone, when the wine is gone out of him, and he is not himself again until the diffusive stimulus is renewed. The mention of this, however,

reminds me of an anecdote of a very old friend of mine, now in his grave, who, like Nabal, was greatly addicted to follow strong drink. He was a sportsman; and making his appearance in the New Forest Hunt, Hampshire, in which he was a great favourite, at the usual period of spring hunting, he was greeted by his friends at the cover side, as he was always wont to be. But so downcast was his countenance, so grave his deportment, and so unlike was he to himself in former years, that the question was put to him whether any thing serious had befallen him! "Nothing of that sort," was his reply; but I am quite an altered character: *I have left off drinking.*" "Indeed!" said one of the party, rather astounded at the assertion; "and since when?" "Since two o'clock this morning" was my poor friend's facetious reply, his countenance resuming its usual cast, which, indeed, was the very type of good-humour and mirth. Alas, poor man! he did leave off drinking soon afterwards, for his reason, that noblest gift of God to man, left him, and he died in a lunatic asylum!

Dr. Paley, indeed, in his excellent chapter on drunkenness, in his fourth book of *Moral and Political Philosophy*—although, like the great moralist, Johnson, he is somewhat indulgent towards a vice to which society is indulgent (and there is certainly something of social goodness in it)—admits the extreme difficulty of overcoming the passion for drinking, especially in cases where it is indulged in to sottishness, which he emphatically denounces as "the basest degradation to which the faculties and dignity of human nature can be reduced." He that attempts to conquer it must bring all his resolution to the task; or, like Virgil's boatman rowing against the stream—

"Si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præseps prono rapit alveus amni."

Paley's distinction, however, between the casual falling into what he liberally denominates "a social and festive vice," is well set forth in these words:—"It is one thing," says he, "to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard;" and he is equally correct in saying, that drunkenness is a local vice, found to prevail not only in certain countries, but in certain districts of a country. By this time, perhaps, there may be a reform in

them; but some years back I could have drawn a pretty correct line through three approximating counties, which would most accurately have confirmed the assertion of our moral philosopher. He is likewise correct in attributing this to popular examples, of whom I could bring a very ample list. But this leads me to one more reflection. Seneca says, the passions that tyrannise most over us are not those which are born with us, and, therefore, as strangers, they may be more easily banished. Now, no man is born with the passion for strong drink; but the irresistible force of this passion, when acquired, is a powerful illustration of the old and fly-blown maxim, that use becomes second nature.

It has always been to me a matter for surprise, that example does not operate more powerfully than we find it does in deterring persons from hard drinking; and that, leaving out of the question the inability to enjoy most of the other pleasures of life which the hard drinker subjects himself to, the dreadfully painful diseases, and the too often lingering death, produced by drunkenness, do not cause him to pause, before he runs headlong to meet them. Perhaps, the coffin and the skull, handed about at the feasts in years of ancient times, might have had that effect; but in my experience of mankind I have not found that the sight of the tremulous hand, or even paralytic limb, has acted *in terrorem* towards warning a drunkard of his danger. Had I been a drunkard, however—and I was very near being one, as has been already stated and accounted for by the force of habit and example—I think I should have been induced to "hold hard" by some appalling victims which have come under my observation during my residence in France. I will name one case, that of an Irish gentleman, of ancient family and comfortable independence, who, although only in his fifty-fourth year, of a remarkably robust form for his height, and with an expanse of chest that promised something like a century of existence, dropped into his grave two years back from this cause alone. He was my next neighbour; and, finding a kindness of disposition and open-heartedness about him that I liked, I cultivated his acquaintance, and we exchanged visits. But shall I ever forget the *last* visit he paid me? Having accidentally called

upon me, I prevailed on him to stay dinner, as I thought I had something which he might relish, and his appetite was delicate to an extreme. But all the dainties of an Apicius were of no avail to him,—for his powers of digestion were destroyed, neither had he any inclination to eat. Then the sequel—dreadful to contemplate. Three days afterwards he took to his bed; and *at the end of six months of most severe suffering* I followed his remains to the grave.

Among the negative precepts of a very ancient people, “Thou shalt not drink *strong drinks*” was one. Wine, however, having lost its power over this unfortunate gentleman’s stomach, he had yielded to the practice of drinking spirits,—a practice by which it is admitted the health, morals, and *circumstances* of the middling and lower orders of society, both of his country and my own, are suffering to a fearful extent. It is a false science that would sacrifice the morals of a people to the increase of the public revenue; but, unfortunately for England, the wants of her treasury have been in great measure conducive to the spread of this evil, in the duties derived from the manufacture of cheap gin. Yet this leads me to the following remark: Where is gin cheaper than in the part of France in which I now reside? And although there may be no “*paluces*” to drink it in, where are there more houses in which cheap spirits may be purchased and drunk than are to be found all over France? If drunkenness, then, is become, as it is said to have become, the besetting sin of the lower orders of the British people, is it become so from the fact of there being splendidly fitted-up houses for them to get drunk in, although without a chair to sit themselves down upon, or because gin is cheap? Certainly not. I am enabled to say, that a five years’ residence in France has convinced me, that a multiplicity of gin-shops, and the cheapness of gin, or any other ardent spirits, do not necessarily tend towards making a drunken people. Is it not notorious that, in all towns and villages in France about every sixth door leads you into a liquor-shop; and that even in Calais, said to be 50 per cent beyond the mean prices of the Continent in all consumable articles, strong brandy is to be had at one shilling per quart, and gin for still

less? Notwithstanding this, with the exception of the undrawn conscripts, whose joy at their escape naturally leads them into some excesses once in the course of the year, I have not seen a hundred Frenchmen drunk in the streets or roads during five years’ residence amongst them, and in the neighbourhood of a very populous town; neither did I see one intoxicated person in the streets of Paris during eight days’ residence in that crowded city a few months back, and that during the period of horse-racing and fêtes. Was there one drunken Frenchman to be seen in the streets of Calais during the late grand Musical Festival, which lasted two days, and at which thousands of strangers from other parts of France were assembled? No, friend Yorke, the *causa causæ* is not in gin-palaces or in cheap gin; the people—the common people of England, if I may be allowed so to term them—are unhappy. They have been tampered with; their minds have been unsettled by that demon on earth, the “schoolmaster abroad.” He has disappointed them; he has raised their mind from its low estate, but left their body more grovelling than before; and, as Burke foretold of him when I was a child, he has caused the poor man to calculate wealth which he cannot possess, and to dream of happiness which he cannot enjoy. Nor is this solely applicable to large towns. The rural population—and I watched them narrowly during the last ten years I resided amongst them, in a district purely agricultural—have likewise suffered from this scourge, this inconsiderate diffusion of cheap knowledge, which has corrupted their morals, as well as bewildered their understandings. They have lost much of their domestic character; and instead of, as formerly, spending their evenings with their families, they resort to the ale-house, or the beer-shop, either to read, or have read to them, the anti-every-thing-that-is-good (I can find no epithet for it) trash that is put before them, and which is soon likely to become worse. As I said before, reforming the age is not my province; neither would I join in querulous declamation against it: on the contrary, I admit its general superiority over those that are gone by; but these remarks have been drawn forth from a regard for the country that gave me birth, as also by the recollection

of the comparatively moral and happy state its rural population was to be seen in before this demon stalked abroad.*

It is a lamentable fact, that, exclusive of crime and misery, the personal appearance of the lower orders in London, and other large towns, has been altered by this gin-drinking system. Formerly, if their dress were mean and their faces dirty, still there was to be seen, in the complexion of six out of ten men of a certain age, some remains of their natural complexion. In fact, their faces might be said to have exhibited a not unpleasant admixture of black and red, whereas now it is changed to black and white, or a deadly pallid hue. That of the wine or ale-drinker's face is wholesome, compared with that of the spirit-drinker,

("Cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, and cloves,
That's it that gives me this jolly red
nose,")

who can always be detected by his countenance, and the glassy appearance of his eyes. In short, what may be called the spirit-drinking disease can be said now to have a place in nosological arrangement; and, next to distress of mind, it is found to be the prevailing cause of madness.

The worst feature in the case of those who habituate themselves to the immoderate use of ardent spirits is, that they seek a cure for the disorders produced by them in the very source of those disorders—a treacherous palliative of the ailment, which is sure to return the next day. Thus the basis of Dr. Solo-

mon's nostrum, under the entrapping appellation of Balm of Gilead, was spirit of wine, which was greedily swallowed by those whose stomachs were injured by hard drinking. But what will such persons not swallow in the shape of spirits, when labouring under that "faintness and oppression, *circa præcordia*, which it exceeds the ordinary patience of human nature to endure,"† but which invariably is the result of a long continuance in that practice. When the late Mr. Mytton was forbidden the use of any spirituous liquors in his illness, he drank the *Eau de Cologne* that he pretended he required for the use of his person externally, until the quantity consumed raised the suspicions of his attendants; and, in the openness of his heart, he confessed that he had swallowed it! But a young woman in London, I find, beat him hollow, the other day. I have heard of "a tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye," typically representative of retributive justice; but I never thought I should hear of a young Englishwoman selling her teeth for gin, which this young woman did. Then, again, but a short time previously, a melancholy scene of depravity was exposed in the other sex. It appeared that a party of young men were in the habit of meeting in a certain tap-room in the city of London, and after having consumed all their ready money in gin, sent their clothes to the pawnbrokers, swallowed the proceeds of them, and returned to their homes nearly in a state of nakedness!

Colonel Thompson (as I read lately

* I am aware that I may subject myself to animadversion, by opposing the diffusion of knowledge among the lowest grades of society; but, as Sir Francis Burdett once said, "Give me not theory, but results." I have now before me a statement of persons committed for various crimes, in England and Wales, during ten years, namely, from 1825 to 1834, inclusive, and it stands thus:

Grand total, 1825	14,437
Ditto 1834	22,451.

Here is a balance of one part in three against the ends of the diffusion of cheap knowledge, which is evidently the correction of morals. But I stand not alone here. I have Cobbett on my side, a man who wrote from what he saw and knew. Then, again, I heard Sir John Vaughan's charge to the grand jury of Kent, in the criminal court of that county, in March last. "I have been a public servant," said his lordship, emphatically, "upwards of ten years, but, in the whole course of my experience, never do I remember to have seen a more dreadful catalogue of crime than that which now lies before me. The sanguine supporters of education certainly thought that ignorance was the chief cause of crime, and that the diffusion of knowledge tended to prevent it. But I agree in the observations made in an eloquent and admirable discourse by the learned divine (the sheriff's chaplain) on my right hand, that unless that knowledge was based on sound religious principles, it too frequently furnished motives to mischief and crime." These words were nearly echoed the other day by M. de Morogues, a peer of France, in the French chamber.

† Paley.

in the *News* London journal) says, he has seen more disgraceful scenes of filthy drunkenness among the rich, than he has ever seen among an assembly of operatives. No doubt he has, because I should imagine he has oftener been in the society of the former than of the latter; neither do I attempt to refute his assertion. Nevertheless, a gentleman drunk, and a working man drunk, do not exactly stand in the same degree of reprehension—at all events, not exactly in the same light as to consequences. The one may exhibit “the frolic spirit of the bowl,” and commit many excesses while under the influence of wine; but the “*fas atque nefas*” that Horace speaks of, are too often alike indifferent to the other, under the Circean spells of gin or beer;—proved by the fact, that the greatest part of those crimes which blacken the character of human wickedness—arson and murder, in particular—have not been perpetrated until the perpetrators of them have fortified their courage by the aid of strong drink; and most of the great robberies in the country are traceable to the same cause.

“They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the
ground
For kissing of their feet.”

Tempest, Act iv. sc. 1.

Such is the forcible description given by our immortal bard of a party issuing forth from their cups, *ripe for mischief*.

But does not the rich man rather encourage the poor man to drink? If he gives him a shilling, he says, “Here’s a shilling to drink;” and a shilling will now make him as drunk as a lord. This was humorously alluded to the other day in the French chamber. Prince Charles de Rohan stated that he had given an old grenadier six francs “to drink his health,” accompanied by a recommendatory letter to a friend to give him employment. He executed his orders so faithfully, said the prince, that the person to whom he recommended him would have nothing to say to him, owing to the dreadful state of intoxication in which he presented himself before him. Then who forbears laughter at the sight of a drunken fellow in the streets? It is often impossible to do so, any more than at the dialogue between Iago and Cassio, from Shakespeare’s pen; and

a most amusing scene was witnessed by myself, a short time back, in the town of Calais. An English sailor, in a state of extreme intoxication, was lying on his back in the street, his face and head bleeding profusely from his wounds by falling on the stones. The police humanely placed him on a hand-barrow, with a view of carrying him to his quarters. They did not, however, proceed far with their load, when Jack, opening his eyes, threw himself violently on the pavement, exclaiming, with an oath, that “no *Frenchman* should carry him.” He was replaced on the barrow; but there was not the power to keep him there, as he was an unusually powerful man, and his falls had the effect of sobering him. But I witnessed a richer scene than this with a drunken man, some years ago, in the suburbs of Dublin. He was lying on his face, by the road side, apparently in a state of physical unconsciousness. “He is dead,” said a countryman of his, who was looking at him. “Dead!” replied another, who had turned him with his face uppermost; “by the Powers, *I wish I had just half his disease!*”—in other words, a moiety of the whisky he had drunk.

A cure for this evil, however, is now said to be at hand; and undoubtedly it has worked wonders in the New World, if all be true that we have heard. I allude to the Temperance Societies, of which some lately published statistics have shewn one half of the male population of America are members. It is also stated that four thousand distilleries have ceased operations in that country; some from the conscientious conviction of the owners of them, that to distil a poison, and, above all, a moral poison, is a crime; and others, from the demand for the produce of them having ceased. Twelve hundred drunkards are said to have been reclaimed, from this cause alone, in a short space of time; a diminution of sick or mad persons, by thousand, is another result; and, whether bound to the icy sea or the torrid zone, American sailors have been induced to dispense with their grog. Newspapers, likewise, are devoted to advocate this temperance reformation, and to blazon it forth to the world. All this sounds well and inviting; but to me there is something exceedingly *snobbish* in the idea of a man enrolling himself in a Temperance Society. In fact, it appears to be only

one remove from putting the setting muzzle on the racehorse, or chaining his head to the rack, to prevent his gorging himself with food. No; I should be sorry to see my countrymen submitting their reason and conduct to such thralldom as this, and binding themselves—supposing it does bind them—to relinquish one of the great enjoyments of life, namely, the moderate enjoyment of the bottle with their friends, which the law of nature admits of. Besides, I doubt the permanent effect of these temperance societies, since even legislative efforts have been known to fail. Cæsar enacted a sumptuary law for his degenerate Romans, but he found it easier to corrupt than restrain them. That humbug, Mahomet, to be sure, proscribed the use of wine, and a considerable part of the globe abjured it, at his command. But, as Gibbon says, “these painful restraints are, doubtless, infringed by the libertine and eluded by the hypocrite;” and it was only in his character of legislator and prophet that Mahomet himself abjured wine; for, as the same elegant historian says of him, “in his private conduct he indulged the appetites of a man, and abused the claims of a prophet.” But, away with all fanatics, and their kill-joy attempts at depriving the human mind of free will, and muzzling the English people, who have lately, in one instance, so wisely resisted them on the threshold! At the very sight of them, says one of her historians, philosophy abandoned Greece to return thither no more. Virtues as well as vices are constitutional. A dull imagination and a cold heart ensure the possession of some of the former, amongst which we may safely name temperance; whereas, a warm imagination and great sensibility of heart too often lead to the other extreme; but against which man’s reason, if he exerts it in earnest, will at length avail.

The poet says,—

“Our bane and physic the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.”

Thus, brandy, which makes such havoc with the human race, is at the same time in such esteem as a medicine as to acquire for it the appellation of “the water of life.” But I could produce some dreadful instances of persons becoming confirmed drunkards from being ordered to drink brandy-and-water instead of wine—formerly a favourite prescription of the English M.D. Perhaps, the most remarkable of any was the case of a physician himself, who resided at Chester, when I was a boy. He was a clever man in his profession, an elegant scholar, and temperate almost to an extreme. His digestive powers, however, becoming deranged, he was induced to drink brandy-and-water to restore them; and, mark the result! He began with a little, and weak; but, unlike the pyramid, that becomes “beautifully less,” his glass increased in an inverted ratio, and his measure amounted to two bottles per day of the best Cognac; and he died a driveller and a sot! Yet experience has shewn that, although I have almost every day in my eye living examples of the life and soul-destroying effects of bad spirits; and although one of our celebrated English physicians has pronounced all spirituous liquors to be “the evil spirit,” and will not suffer them under his roof, it has been found to be a task of some difficulty, and occupying a long series of years, to destroy a naturally sound constitution by a daily maximum quantity of really good brandy. I can name one remarkable instance within my own personal knowledge, of a very conspicuous character in the sporting world during the last century, and great uncle to one of the first sportsmen of the present age. His daily allowance of brandy for the last fifty years of his life was two bottles per day. I saw him heart-whole and well, in the hunting-field, in the eighty-fourth year of his life, and he reached his ninety-first! This beats the modern Trigongius (as Nivellius of Milan was called), of whom I spoke in a former paper,* forasmuch as the fortress generally yields sooner to brandy than to wine; and it appears

* Since this paper appeared, I have seen a letter from Mr. Clark, the present landlord of the Ram’s Head, Borough Market, Southwark, not only corroborating the statement given of the almost unheard-of quantity of wine this person—Mr. Van Harn, a Hamburg merchant—drank, but adding that he (Mr. Clark) is in possession of a portrait of him by Canaletti, of St. Mark’s, Venice, which he will be happy to shew to any person who might wish to see it.

Dr. Johnson was of this opinion; for, until he heard that it took a great deal of strong punch to make a hard-going Scotch lord drunk, he considered his life to be in no danger from his drinking. This reminds me of one of my earliest friends, who died a victim to port wine, with the following expression constantly in his mouth: "I certainly drink too much wine; but I never touch spirits,"—unconscious, perhaps, that in every bottle of his favourite liquor he was swallowing a fourth part of alcoholic spirit, in addition to the genuine strength of wine.

One word more on the great evil of gin-drinking, and I have done. It is my opinion that it never would have arrived at the present height in large towns (London excepted), and certainly not in small ones, nor in the country, had it not been for the almost total disappearance of home-brewed ale—decidedly the most wholesome and nutritious liquor that working people can drink. As to what is called "brewer's ale," with a few exceptions, I never tasted any that I could make myself believe was not impregnated with some drug; and that the *most poisonous* drugs are occasionally mixed with it I can speak from my own personal knowledge of the fact. It is also notorious that the human race is degenerating in size and strength from this cause—the substitution of gin for ale—as any sergeant beating up for recruits would prove.

But talk of the tricks of ale-brewers—ay, the tricks of horse-dealers! Why, if all we read in books written on the theory of wines be true, the deceptions in wines throw them all into the shade. No horse-dealer can make three horses out of one horse; whereas, by Mr. Cyrus Redding's late work on this subject, it appears that the like profitable multiplication is only a fair average of one pipe of the genuine juice of the grape. Up to the year 1574, it seems the wine we call port was nearly pure when it left Portugal, only a very little good brandy being allowed to be added to it, to prevent its running into acetous fermentation on the voyage; but it is now loaded with it to such an extent as to contain, on an average, two-thirds as much of alcohol, or pure spirit, as brandy does. Nor is this the worst of it. As the world grows more wicked as it grows more wise, the most horri-

ble compound in the shape of brandy is said now to be mixed up with it from the press; manufactured from all kinds of refuse ingredients; and, honest souls! it was not their fault if it had not been distilled from the pods of the locust. Hear this, ye toppers of port wine, who, like my friend that was killed by it, may boast that you never drink ardent spirits! although it may be true, what Sir Humphrey Davy assures us, the action of this alcohol on the stomach is modified by being mixed with the extractive matter it meets with in wine. Observe, however, that, according with his tables, the average quantity of it in port wines is a little over 25 per cent, and in the best brandy only a little over 53 per cent! "Not a spoonful of headach in a hogshead of this wine," have I heard old port wine drinkers exclaim, in praise of a favourite bin; but the vacuum has been made up by either gout or the stone. Then, again, it appears, in order to subdue all this fire, it is necessary to keep the wine so long as greatly to deteriorate the genuine virtue of the grape. Really, all drinkers of our strong wines should read this book of Mr. Redding's, and especially the chapter on their fiery adulteration; and, if they are not already convinced that there is "death in the bottle," they will no longer be sceptics on that point. But it appears drugging of wines is of very ancient date; and although, as Martial says,

"Seclus est jugulare Falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sava mero,"

few nations have been allowed to drink of the pure blood of the grape. Nevertheless, choice wines have been eagerly sought after in all ages of the world, and made the theme of glorious panegyric, as they will ever continue to be. We have, in fact, Bible authority for this. It celebrates the vines of Sorech, and the wines of Heblon and Lebanon, and, no doubt, many others as well. That of the former was the favourite beverage of the Persian kings; and the fragrance of the latter is made a type of God's blessing upon Israel. The Greeks had their Maronean, which Homer says was fit for gods to drink—so rich and unadulterated, and so strong as to be mixed with twenty measures of water; as also their Phanæan (which Virgil calls the king of wines); and

others from the famed island of Chios;* not forgetting that of Merœ, which Cleopatra displayed at her feast to Cæsar. The Romans had their Falernian, which, according to Virgil, Horace, and others, was the best and strongest wine of their day, and is supposed to be what is now called *Lachrimæ Christi*. Of one thing, however, we may assure ourselves,—although we can have but a faint conception of what wine was two thousand years ago—namely, that the wines of Italy and Greece are now out of fashion, as inferior to those of France, and Germany, and the other countries from which Europe is supplied. In the time of Homer the vine grew wild in the island of Sicily, and most probably in the adjacent continent;† but a thousand years afterwards the vineyards of Italy arrived at perfection, whatever that may have been. The pureness and wholesomeness of wine, however, depending on the complete process of fermentation, the more perfectly that process has been understood the purer and more wholesome have been the wines—those, at least, which have been allowed to remain pure.‡

But, how the fashion and taste for wines have altered within my recollection! Not only has sherry got the upper hand of Madeira, Burgundy seldom asked for, or given; but highly flavoured or loaded clarets are fast yielding to the unmixcd, unadulterated Bordeaux wines, not many removes from that known throughout France as *vin ordinaire*, or the common wine of the country. The palate of an Englishman, however, is not immediately reconciled to this comparatively simple beverage. It is evident my own was not, as, in describing it to a friend soon after my arrival in France, I said, “it appeared all to come out of the same cask, so much alike was one bottle of it to another;” and I then accounted for the jumble between the words *οἶνος* and *οἶζος*—wine and vinegar—in several versions of the New Testament, by de-

claring that, after the first bottle of it was deposited in my stomach, I began to think I had swallowed the vinegar cruets, by mistake. But my experience of this wine, when really good of its kind, has more than removed all silly prejudices; and if a man wishes to get up in the morning with a clean tongue and a clear head—to avoid disease, and yet to enjoy his glass, let me recommend him to the pure Bordeaux wine of *la belle France*. I may add, with Horace,—

“*Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbrâ;*”

for, if brought to table cool, in the summer season, it is a most refreshing beverage, and strong enough for any one who wishes to retain his reason. It resembles, it is true, the *οἶνάριον*, the little wine of Athenæus to which Bacchus gave *ἀτίλιαν*, or immunity from drunkenness; but drunkenness is certainly not the end for which wine was intended; although that to which I allude will accomplish it, if enough of it be drunk. The price in this country does not exceed two francs the bottle, from the merchant.

Amongst other changes, that in the most approved age of wines has been great. Provided the vintage have been a good one, no port wine drinker wishes his to have exceeded its eighth year; so that the lately esteemed epithet, “old,” has lost its charm here. Old hock has also given way to young hock, so that it is no longer *seniores priores* there. George IV. reversed this order of things; and who could dispute his taste?§ The same may be said of clarets; and well, indeed, may be it said, for, unless they be the growth of some peculiarly good season, they will not keep to become old. The ancients did not, it seems, like old wine, which they compared with an old man who had lost his strength by age; and Pliny goes so far as to condemn it after its twentieth year. Still, judging from a

* Virgil calls these wines (*vina Arvisia*) nectar; and makes Menelaus offer them to Daphnis—*alias*, to Cæsar—as superexcellent. Horace also speaks of the wines of Cæcubum as fit for priests to drink—not bad judges, no doubt, in those days.

† See *Odys.*, l. ix. v. 558.

‡ A writer on wines says, “When we see a man call for a bottle of pale sherry, over which he is smacking his lips, and squinting through the glass, he little dreams, perhaps, of cherry-laurel water, gum be.oin, and alum-cake, which he is unconsciously swallowing.”

§ It must be observed that it is the Hock wine, of the growth of a very warm, and, consequently, very favourable season only, that can be drunk when young.

specimen I lately met with of their Sicilian wines, they will now bear a great age—"totidem durare per annos," as Virgil says of those of Argos. During my late tour in Scotland, I drank Syracuse wine at Mellerstain, the seat of Mr. Baillie, one hundred and one years old, possessing both flavour and strength—and, indeed, I may add, richness.

Another change has also been effected in the opinion formerly entertained of the German wines, namely, that they abound in acid, and, therefore, liable to produce gout. This is now proved to have been a vulgar error; on the contrary, from the completeness of the process of fermentation of these wines, they are peculiarly fitted for gouty habits. I certainly saw no gout during my visit to Germany, though I saw wine enough drunk to produce it; but I am able to state the fact of two of my friends in England having kept off gout for several years, the one by drinking nothing but hock, and the other Moselle wine.

The best native wine—and I drank hock at Hockheim, and most others the country produces—that I tasted in Germany, was one called straw wine. This is the produce of grapes so ripe, as not to require to be pressed; but the liquor distils itself through clean wheaten straw, from which it imbibes its colour, and which was, I believe, the colour of the far-famed Falernian. It is a very expensive wine—sixteen shillings per bottle at that time.

The effect of soils on wine forms an interesting feature in Mr. Redding's work; but that on the geological relations of the apple, as alluded to by Virgil, in his second *Georgic*, is equally, to me, incomprehensible. Some years back, I was a cider grower myself; but it was of so rough a nature as to be only fit for working people. Within twelve miles of my house, the most luscious cider was made on some farms, and a few miles further the very best in England. Thus verifying the Roman poet's words respecting vines:—

"Pinguibus hæc terris, habiles, levioribus illæ."

Cicero, in a jocose letter to Pætus, announcing his intended visit to him, tells him that he shall not spoil his appetite by an antepast of Leucanian sausages, or by cloying sweet wines,

before dinner. Of all liquors, coming under the denomination of wine, I believe none are more unwholesome than the greater part of what are called "made wines." My father was, I remember, loud in his praises of his home-made raisin-wine*, which he classically called his "*passum*;" and often ventured a hint to my brother and myself, when at home in vacation time, and rather given to swig, that it was more wholesome than sherry, or even old port. But we produced Xenophon* against him, and thus won the day. And this reminds me of an anecdote not much amiss. It is of a gentleman born and bred in the same parish with myself—a namesake of yours, OLIVER YORKE, and a thoroughbred one—which you must be, or you would have stopped long ago, for you have certainly "gone the pace;" a young gentleman of large expectations, which, for all I know to the contrary, you yourself may also be; but supposed to be somewhat imbecile of intellect, which I am quite sure you are not. The following reply of his, however, will give rather a contrary impression. He was in the habit of visiting a widow lady in his neighbourhood, who had a marriageable daughter, and, no doubt, a match between her and the young squire would have been considered a good "catch." My neighbour, however, in those days of his probation, laid harder siege to the Madeira than to the daughter, at dinner, despite of the pressing invitations of his hostess to taste her "excellent made wines, for which she had always been so famed." Having at length prevailed, she ventured to ask for an opinion. "I always give a candid one," said her guest, "when eating and drinking are concerned. *It is admirable stuff to catch flies.*"

And yet the wine of all others which I most dislike, is that cheat upon the palate called Cape Madeira, the introduction of which into England has made our sherries worse than they were before. I once met with this vile stuff at the table of a gentleman, in possession of good twenty thousand a-year. It was, however, I believe, the last time of its appearance; for on one of the party—a near relation, who mistook it for Madeira—putting it to his

* *Oinos phoiniceus*, a luscious wine, made from dates, found by him on his retreat, but which made his officers ill.

lips, he exclaimed, loud enough for his host to hear, "Oh, curse this Cape! I wish the place was sunk."

Perhaps one of the most ludicrous circumstances, connected with wine at table, occurred at that of my father, in my childhood; but the story was too often related in my presence afterwards, not to insure a correct knowledge of the facts. There resided in his neighbourhood a wealthy vicar, of great capacity, both of mind and body; the first arising from the highest endowments of nature, with the addition of a Hackney and Cambridge cultivation of them; the second from that aptitude to acquire bulk which Earl Spencer would admire in a bullock, for he was neither a gourmand nor a drinker. The worthy vicar, however, was afflicted with the gout—not only in his toes, but in his stomach; and my father, in his regard for him, generally produced, when he came to dine with him, a bottle of very old malmsy Madeira, which he called his *Arvisium*. On one occasion—and it nearly proved a fatal one—a bottle was uncorked, and the whole party partook of it; but the vicar had the lion's share, having drunk two glasses. Shortly after dinner, his complexion altered all at once, and he looked pale. "My dear," said his wife to him, "you don't look well." "My dear," he replied, "I was just going to say the same of you." However, to come at once to the climax, the whole party became excessively sick, almost all vomiting at the same time; and as it was immediately after the Salt Hill affair, when thirteen persons were poisoned to death by their dinner, they all gave themselves up for lost. As may readily be supposed, medical assistance was sent for with all haste; and arrived as speedily as the occasion required. "A second Salt Hill affair, I fear," whispered the doctor in my father's ear, who was not quite so ill as the rest; "I must immediately examine your copper stewpans." There was, however, nothing poisonous in them. "Your wine," resumed he, "I must taste that;" when, lo and behold! this fine old malmsy Madeira proved to be fine old antimonial wine! How it got where it was found never could be accounted for, unless by the fact of my mother having been in the habit of doctoring all the neighbouring poor, and having, amongst other medicines from Apothecary's

Hall, an annual supply, in quart bottles, of this, the favourite vomit of those days; and which, by an oversight of a servant, was mistaken for wine. When all danger was over, and the vicar put to bed in *puris naturalibus*—for no garment in the house would hold him—it was a subject of great mirth; and, as good is often the result of evil, his health was much improved by the sort of Augæan cleansing that his stomach sustained.

The theory of wines having been so lately before the public in Mr. Redding's book, it would be useless to enter on the subject here; neither would it be in my power to add any thing material. With respect to Burgundy wine—formerly esteemed in England as the king of wines, and of which the vineyards are said to be as old as the age of the Antonines—the following curious fact came to my knowledge since my residence in France. It is well known that, amongst the various phenomena of natural history, is that of sea air being injurious to Burgundy wine. A merchant in Calais informed me that, a few years back, he had a large quantity of this choice wine in bottles, which he feared to send to England, as he suspected the soundness of it. In fact, it would have been returned to him had he done so. Having a chateau in the country, at about ten miles distance, he sent it thither; and in one year's time it was as fine wine as he had ever had in his possession. Again, there is a prejudice against this wine, as injurious to health; but on my mentioning it to an eminent French physician, he scouted it, saying a more wholesome or more nourishing wine than good Burgundy cannot be found—taken, of course, in moderation. For my own part, I never found ill effects from a few glasses of it, which I now and then indulge in; and I have purchased some very good, in Calais, at three francs per bottle. With respect to champagne, also, I learned what I did not know before. The coloured sorts, that we think superior, are made *after the white*, which is the most pure, as not being loaded with other wines. The former kinds are chiefly for Great Britain, the principal market for all impure wines.

I now bring these papers to a close. The cause of their having been written,

as has already been said, was purely accidental, arising from a remark made over a bottle of wine; and thence their title. If they have amused your readers, one end has been attained; and should any of them perceive, in the examples I have produced, a strong resemblance to their own case—and this I doubt not—let them endeavour, before it be too late, to disclaim the relationship. Few men enjoy a bottle of good wine in society more than I myself do—few have drunk more on special occasions, though never from choice; but, generally speaking, *few have drunk less, who have had it to drink*—and for this

I now reap my reward. For the frequent mention of myself, I make no apology. Here I am, a living example of a generally temperate life, although by no means an easy one—as sound on my pins as the day on which I was born, and very long a stranger to a sick-bed. How much longer I may remain so is not for me to presume upon—it rests with Him who gave me life and a good constitution; but it is comfortable to me to reflect, that I have not been so unmindful of the precious gift as, by my own acts and deeds, to shorten the one by destroying the other.

THE POSSUMS OF ARISTOPHANES.

RECENTLY RECOVERED.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

It is well known that Aristophanes wrote a satirical comedy, which has been for ages lost. It stands in the catalogue of his works as his "*First Nubes*"—*αι πρωται νεφελαι*. Whether a clever or a dull production, its recovery may be regarded with interest.

It chanced that a collector of rarities obtained one of the old municipal Charters, voted obsolete by the Municipal Reform-bill, deeming that, at a future time, it might be considered an antiquarian curiosity. The parchment appeared soiled. Upon closer inspection, it was discovered to have borne a previous MS., the characters of which, imperfectly obliterated, might be traced beneath the more modern engrossing. Indefatigable labour, assisted by a solar microscope, was at length rewarded by the recovery of the greater part of an unknown Greek play.

The style and treatment of the subject, and the similarity of phrase, amounting frequently to identity in entire passages with the well-known *Nubes*, lead to the conjecture that it may be the long-lost comedy of Aristophanes.

In the *Nubes*, he satirises the new school of philosophy in Athens; in the *Possums*, he laughs at the new school of politics and legislation. He was, as every school-boy knows, an aristocrat; and the *Possums* breathe the very spirit of genuine Conservatism.

The *First Nubes* are referred in the catalogues to the Archonship of AMINIAS. Our recovered MS. names AMIS. This apparent discrepancy, however, so far from hurting the conjecture of the identity of the plays, rather confirms it. The facetious poet makes a sorry pun (not a very refined one) on the first syllables of the real archon's name. We may render Amis, "Lord of the Bedchamber."

The translation has not been unattended with difficulties, chiefly owing to the necessity of substituting modern terms of office, &c. for those familiar to the Athenians. The classical names of Dicast, Prytanis, and Archon, &c., are rendered off-hand, according to the franchise and municipal government of our own day; obliging us, it is true, to employ words more worthy of the mews than of the Muse. But they must serve.

Fidelity to the original, and keeping with classical custom, have prevented the paraphrase from being cut up into the acts and scenes of modern dramatists.

Dramatis Personæ.

HUCKSTERIDES . . .	<i>A petty tradesman of Athens.</i>
SOPHOSWIPOS	<i>His son, devoted to philosophy and small beer.</i>
MICROMEGALUS . .	<i>Leader in the new school of politics, and head of the dominant faction.</i>
OMEGACLES	<i>A "learned Theban," transplanted to Athens; the great O'rator there.</i>
HYDROGALA	<i>Follower of MICROMEGALUS.</i>
SOTERIA	<i>A noble matron of Athens.</i>
ASTASIA	<i>A giddy young lady from Eutopia.</i>
STABILITAS	<i>Introduced masked as bull-dogs.</i>
VERTIGO	

Chorus of Possums.

THE POSSUMS.*

HUCKSTERIDES discovered lying on a sorry bed, up three-pair of stairs.†

Oh, me! oh, me!‡
 To lie down thus, and toss, and fling about,
 And roll, and supplicate the poppy-god
 In vain! to sprinkle seeds upon my bed!
 Why did the gods invent such things as fathers?
 Why did the gods contrive such things as sons?
 Oh, *Poppoi!* why should sires be cursed with *puppies?*
 Would that I could but turn me round and snore,
 And, lost in worlds of dream, forget my son!
 Son! son! the very name is mere moonshine,
 That blinds the eyes that love it!
 Sixteen frails
 Of Zante currants!§ Ah, me! sixteen frails,
 And forty-six — nay, seven — yes, forty-seven

* In the original, *οι Δολοχουρικαληφιλαντες* — literally, "the Long-tailed lovers of hollows." It will also bear being rendered, "Long-tailed fawners." Probably, judging from his *Frogs*, *Wasps*, &c., some animals are intended. A clue is obtained from the striking lines of the celebrated American poet:

"Possum up a gum-tree!
 Up he go! up he go!
 Racoon in a hollow! (hollow!)
 Pull him (i. e. the Possum) by de long tail (long tail!)
 Down he come," &c.

The POSSUM of the transatlantic lyric evidently furnishes us with the creature of Aristophanes' chorus.

† Every classical reader will be struck with the similarity between the opening of the *Possums* and that of the *Clouds*, where Strepsiades — the Hucksterides of that comedy — is discovered unable to sleep, on account of anxiety for his profligate son, Phedippides.

‡ *ΙΟΥ, ΙΟΥ* —

Ου δυναμαι διλαιος ιυδιν, δακνομενος

Υπο της δαπανης, κ. τ. λ. — *Nubes*, l. 1—12.

§ *Φιρ' ιδω. Τι οφειλω.* — *Nubes*, l. 21.

The parsimonious Strepsiades, in miserly agony, twice repeats the sum due to the usurer. Hucksterides, by his more calm but equally accurate enumeration of the debts incurred by his son, displays a sterling and honourable desire to prepare for their liquidation. He is evidently a man of superior feeling to Strepsiades, and as evidently has no predisposition to the changing and shifting principles hereafter instilled into him. We gather from the old man's unaffected remarks, that he had hitherto pursued his humble occupation in an even tenor. His regret that his son had squandered what he himself would have invested in his useful business, establishes his character for steadiness, and strongly interests us in his favour. It is true that he confesses having indulged a youthful taste for "the diffusion of useful knowledge," but, with melancholy reminiscence, calls it "a thriftless taste."

Heaped bushels of the best Athenian figs ;
Beside ten oboli ! and all for beer,
And books upon philosophy ! Enough
To furnish new my cellar-shop down-stairs
With goods — with copious junk, and stores marine,
Chalk, candle-ends, and soap (I sell not much),
And other choice and useful merchandise.

Philosophy ! Alas, that thriftless taste
Descended to him by his father's line !
When young, I loved philosophy myself ;
Blew bubbles to illustrate cosmogony ;
Loved to develope and to ponder on
Instincts of creatures ; caught the juicy fly ;
Transferred him to the spider ; cut off legs
From lizards, to discover if they'd grow
Again ; and chopped up those ingenious worms
That have the habit of producing heads
And tails at either end when they are chopped.

To Sophoswipos, on his mother's side,
Came the young disposition to imbibe
From crockeryware or pewter. As he drained
The founts maternal with his earliest lip,
The stream nutritious told him of brown stout ;
And when she died — e'en as she dropped — she took
A drop — the last she tasted in this world.

I wished to call him Sopholeipsana *
(My soul was then enveloped in retail) ;
My wife, libation-loving, long held out
For Swipoclitus † —
We made a compromise, and christened him
A half of either — Sopho and Swipos.
Alas ! alas, that he should come to this !
My substance wasting ; and a father's pride
Of hope that he might one day soar and be
Town-councillor, or alderman, or mayor ; ‡
But now — was that a rat ?

Crish ! crash !

[He rises in bed, hurls a bason at the rat ; the crash awakens
his son.

SOPHOSWIPOS (*half-asleep*).

It was not me that broke your crockery-ware !
My mug, you see, is sound, ma'am : 'twasn't me !

HUCKSTERIDES.

My Sophoswipos ! didst thou speak to me ?

SOPHOSWIPOS (*not yet aroused*).

'Tis very small, indeed ! Is malt so dear ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

E'en in his sleep, poor fellow ! do his thoughts
Run on his mother's foible. Sophoswipos !
Hist ! hist ! my son, my young Swipidion ! §

SOPHOSWIPOS.

Dost call me, father ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

Aye, boy ; how d'ye sleep ?

* *Nubes*, l. 62—65.

† Sopholeipsana, "skilled in shreds ;" Swipoclitus, "renowned for tipping
malt."

‡ In the original, *Δυνατός, Περικλής, Ἀρχων*. Here rendered into popular English.

§ *Nubes*, l. 78 *et seq.*

SOPHOSWIPOS.

Why, pretty well, thank God, and that good beer
We sipped at our Mechanics' Institute
Last night. Yes, pretty well.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Dost love me, boy ?*

SOPHOSWIPOS.

Why, if not, let me catch the quartan ague !

HUCKSTERIDES.

Alas ! he cannot think of aught save *quarts* !
Quarts that are sending all I have to pot.
My son, if such thy love, come, promise me,
To shew thy love by henceforth following on
The path I shall direct — 'tis for thy good.

SOPHOSWIPOS.

Pry'thee, and what 's the path ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

I'll tell thee, boy,

The world's long childhood is fast going by ;
Its puling, and poor nursery habitude
Of following steady rules and settled laws,
Is wisely set aside. Our rulers, now,
Like to an onward bark with rustling sail,
Tack here, tack there — now put the helm hard down,
Now up, and chop and change, and veer about,
With most uncertain certainty.

The law

That bound our fathers, is to-day *no* law ;
Because some newer and fantastic guide
Hath been discovered. Well, as yet but few
Of Athens' wisest, noblest, wealthiest sons,
Have joined the faction of the multitude
That wrought this change. Now Micromegalus,
To swell the number of his followers,
Showers honours, and commissionships, and place,
On such as join him. Come, my Sophoswipos,
Forsake thy tippling and philosophy,
Become a public man — a liberalist
In this great commonwealth. Come, learn the art
That Micromegalus, our small-great lord,
Pursueth to derange th' established plans
Of our forefathers. Be an orator ;
Become a demagogue — an alderman,
Or, at the least, a justice of the peace —
Perhaps recorder : some well-paying place,
At any rate, shalt thou obtain, if not
A seat in parliament.† No more shall I
Then deal in stores marine, and salt, and wax,
And junk, and such like useful merchandise.
Rich shalt thou be, the heir to high renown,
And many shall contribute to thy purse.

SOPHOSWIPOS.

But must I give up my philosophy,
And the refreshing malt, to be all this ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

My son, a politician nowadays

* *Strepsiades.* Εἰπ' ἐμοί, φίλεις ἐμὲ, &c.*Pheidip.* Νῆ τον Ποσειδὶδ τουτονι τον Ισπιον.*Strepsiades.* Μὴ μοι γῆ τουτονι μηδαμῶς τον Ισπιον.—L. 82, et seq.

† Original, "a member of the Court of Areopagus."

'Tis easier to become, and nobler far
— Not to say wond'rously more *profitable* —
Than to be wise or learned.

SOPHOSWIPOS.

What, sir, give up*

Malt and philosophy for Micromegalus?
I'd see him —

HUCKSTERIDES.

Hang'd first, didst thou mean to say?

SOPHOSWIPOS.

'Twere *much* my meaning, though not *quite* the same.
I seek him?—No! Fame! Who gets fame by *him*?
Wealth! Who steal others' cannot keep their own.
Honour! *Such* honour is right onerous!
I'll none of him!† Good morning, father mine.
Give me a quarter-obolus, to hear
The lecture at our new-built Institute
To-day: 'tis on the structure of the soul,
And a dissection of a cricket's nose.—
I would not stay away for all the world.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Ah, me! he's gone — the thoughtless, thriftless boy!
To study soul and crickets' noses, when
Attendance on Lord Micromegalus
Had brought him fame, and paid off all his debts.
And who can tell if Micromegalus, ^{he}
Eager for partisans, might not have sent
The boy ambassador to Persia's king,
And filled his pocket with Athenian gold?

Old as I am,‡ I am resolved to try
My luck, and join great Micromegalus.
Straight to his school of zany-politics §
Will I repair, and learn the art, though old,
Of changing.

Ah! there stands, by the entrance of the school,
The favourite pupil of Lord Micromeg —
Hydrogala: I'll to him.

[He advances to the entrance of the school and addresses HYDROGALA.

Save you, sir, .

Is the great Micromegalus within?

PUPIL.

What thing art thou, that, obsolete with age,
Darest to ask for Micromegalus!
Away, old man! — Antiquity is sin,
By Micromegalus abhorred, accursed!
Graybeard, away!

HUCKSTERIDES.

So, save your presence, sir,
I honour *him* that he despises *me*.

* *Nubes*, l. 108. Pheid., *Οὐκ ἀνμα τον Διονυσον*, &c.

† *Ibid.* l. 102. Pheid., *Αἰβου πονηροὶ γ' οὐδα, τοὺς ἀλαζονας*. Sophoswipos is rather less rough in his condemnation.

‡ *Ibid.* 129 *et seq.*

§ "School of zany-politics"—*αφροντιστηριον* — the reverse of the word used, on similar occasions, in the *Nubes* (*φροντιστηριον*, l. 142). Aristophanes here shews a nice distinction between the two schools. The philosophy of Socrates—although, in his opinion, mere sophistry—certainly did imply development of mind and the exercise of thought; on the contrary, the principles of the novel politics, merely enforcing perpetual changes and alterations, without regard to expediency, forbade the use of the same term: for it would have recognised an intellectual process.

Old age is a most pestilent invention —
 Old iron pays, I well know, but so-so —
 Old junk will not fetch half the price of new —
 Old clothes, old nails, and such antiquities,
 Have been my study well nigh threescore years,
 And, to speak openly, I like them not.

PUPIL (*advancing with a smile, takes his hand, and says*)—

Your mind, I see, is younger than your hams.
 The *latter*, friend, are shrivelled past all hope;
 The *first* gives promise of improvement. Well,
 Thy errand, friend, with Micromegalus?

HUCKSTERIDES.

'Tis brief. I own a philosophic son,
 Whose thirst consumes my means. Debt upon debt
 Doth he contract — I have not whence to pay.
 Good is my chance of pension and renown
 By siding with great Micromegalus,
 Dispenser (to his friends) of loaf and fish —
 The thriving'st trade in Athens is your craft.
 So, craving access to your mysteries,
 I knock at your school-door, resolved to learn
 Your system. Pray, how call you it?

PUPIL.

My friend,
 The system of great Micromegalus,
 In politics, is called the — "CIRCULAR."*

HUCKSTERIDES.

Because, perchance, he issues circulars,
 To urge his friends to muster thick and strong,
 Whene'er he needs their votes, and when he fears
 The sturdy champions of the *old* regime?

PUPIL.

Not so; yet, *also* so. The "Circular"
 Points to the favourite mode of argument,
 And to the wisest means of gaining ends.

HUCKSTERIDES.

As how?

PUPIL.

Nay, pry'thee friend, not *quite* so fast;
 You want to pass to truths by the short cut —
 By the diameter: that's not *our* system.

HUCKSTERIDES.

By *Demeter*! not I. How must I pass?

PUPIL.

Through curves, and cycles, and continuous arcs;
 Round circum-conglobato-gibbo-spheric-
 hyper-perpetuo-vertigin-e-
 tern-orange-perihele-orbico-
 rotund-infundibu-rotati —

HUCKSTERIDES.

Stop!

Stay! let me take my breath. I'm giddy — ugh!
 Where am I? All things seem to turn about!

* The CIRCULAR. Aristophanes here introduces, *politically*, the idea of the "ethereal whirl," which he puts into the mouth of Socrates.—*Nubes*, l. 379.

Socrates. *Αἰθερίας δῖνος.*

Strepsiades. *Δῖνος!*

It will be seen, that in the *Possums* he enlarges upon the potency of the political application of this "divine whirl" in the "circular system."

PUPIL.

To turn about, do they! So far, so well.
Be not alarmed; you'll soon learn this, and more
Of the new policy of our new chief,
And understand it — *just as well as I.*

HUCKSTERIDES.

'Tis a most noble system! very noble!
And very "circular," I'faith! I love it much.
Did Micromegalus invent it all
Himself?

PUPIL.

Himself! Why, who else should, unless
Some God hath whispered in his noble ear?

HUCKSTERIDES.

Let me begin to learn. Come, let me in:
Open the school-door, or I'll break the lock!

PUPIL.

Be patient! At this moment he's employed
In meditation, or experiment.

HUCKSTERIDES.

I loved experiments myself when young.*

PUPIL.

Thou shalt have plenty of them. In his school,
We learn experimental policy,
Experimental circularities,
And legislate experimentally.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Let's in! let's in! I can't contain myself!
I'm full of eagerness as any sausage! †
What, no! not yet? Oh, if I must then wait,
Grant to my anxious, greedy, listening ear,
Some of his latest, best experiments —
I burst to see them. Come!

PUPIL.

Well, as I said,
His system is all circular. He tries
All matters appertaining to this curve.
But, yesterday he did outshine himself.
Catching a plump and silly scarabæus,
Hooked be a pin's-end in a semicircle,
And thrusting it clean in the insect's tail,
He worked it round through the intestine; ‡
With an ingenious twist, he tore the point
Out at the stomach. Then to the pin's-head

* Hucksterides, aware that his old age, by implying sedateness, settled habits, and aversion to change, might produce an unfavourable impression on the pupil of Micromegalus, eagerly refers to his youthful propensities (lately blamed by himself, as "*thrifless tastes*"), in order to ingratiate himself.

† *Strepsiades*. Εἰσι μοι το τραγῦμα —

Pupil. Λιζῶ —

Ψύλλαν, ὅσους ἀλλοιτο τοὺς κοτὴς ποδάς, &c.

Nubes, l. 145.

The over-reaching sophistry of Socrates is not inaptly, although slyly, thrust at, in this experiment of measuring the length of the flea's leap, by making boots of wax for the insect. The succeeding experiment to discover the origin of the mosquito's buzz, and where it carried its trumpet, would have served for the *Possums* as well as the *Nubes*; for, according to the explanation of the principles of the "circular" legislation made by the Chorus, they would appear to be *vor et praterea nihil*.

The stuffed "sausage" is a favourite, and rather hackneyed simile, of the poet.

Tying some thread, he let the beetle fly
 Far as the thread would let him — say an ell.
 The senseless insect thought he could escape
 From our great Micromegalus — poor fool !
 So, flying at the utmost stretch of thread,
 That varied not, he formed a perfect circle
 Around the head of Micromegalus :
 The thread the radius. Only think of that !

HUCKSTERIDES.

A lovely thought, indeed ! Would I had been
 In presence ! But you used the words “ poor fool ! ”
 Did they apply to Lord — or cockchafer ?

PUPIL.

Thou art too witty, friend ! Hear, but speak not.
 Next, varied he the same experiment.
 Upon the floor he placed a wheezing duck,
 Choking with thirst, and previously half-starved
 For the occasion. Took he then a crust
 ‘ Of stale and hard dry bread, and wetted it
 Just on the outside ; then he tied a string
 Tight round the middle ; then he threw the crust,
 Tough as a stick, before the greedy bird,
 Who, like a ninny, quickly gobbled up
 The bait ; which went down lengthwise : but, when down,
 Of course it settled crosswise. Micromegalus
 Hereon twitched at the string, that hung out far
 From the beast’s throat ; who, when thus twitched at,
 Did try to run away : but, being held
 By the good string hooked in its foolish gizzard,
 It could but scamper round, and round, and round.
 Th’ experiment succeeded admirably !

HUCKSTERIDES.

A very learned and most pleasant thought !

PUPIL.

And so we felt it.

HUCKSTERIDES.

And the duck felt, too,
 I dare be sworn. Hast any else to tell ?

PUPIL.

Aught else ! I think so. Thou shalt see him take
 An obolus betwixt his thumb and finger,
 And, by a jerk judiciously applied,
 Cause it to spin, whirr, whirr, upon the table.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Oh, most acute and learned legislator !

PUPIL.

Acute and learned, said you ! You shall see
 More wondrous things than these.

He’ll take a bean,
 And place it on the surface of a table,
 Then set three thimbles by. You’ll see him put,
 As openly as day, one thimble down,
 Covering the bean from sight — you see it done ;
 He’ll glide the sev’ral thimbles round and round,
 Curving and pirouetting, as it were,
 One round the other — mark ! you see it done —
 All of it ! Then he pauses, and inquires,
 “ Beneath which thimble lies the hidden bean ? ”
 You’ve seen the whole, and watched the thimble round

That held the bean ; you lift it — the bean 's gone !
Yes, gone ! nor shall you ever find it right.*

HUCKSTERIDES (*in rapture*).

By Jove ! is Micromegalus a man !
A mere sheer man ! How can he do the thing ?

PUPIL.

Oh, easily ! by the 'fore-mentioned system —
The circum-conglobato-gibbo-spheric-
hyper-perpetuo-vertigin-e-
tern-orange-periheli-orbico-
rotundi-infundibu-rotati-curri-
culari-thimblo-riggy-mutative —

HUCKSTERIDES.

Detain me here no longer ! I'll burst in !
Open the door ! Holloa ! holloa ! I say,
You inside there ! open, and let me in !
I'll wait no longer here — I'll in or die !

[HUCKSTERIDES endeavours to break into the School. His assaults upon the door bring forward the PORTER, who opens a slide in one of the panels and cautiously eyes the assailant.

PORTER.

So ! what 's this noise ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

Why, let me in, I say !

PORTER.

Away, old graybeard ! Micromegalus
Is meditating. And, if he were free,
Dost think he'd look on such old chronicle
Of other times as *thou* art ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

I'm renewed

In spirit since I saw Hydrogala.
My aged brain seeks novelties ; I thirst
For knowledge how to put away the whims
That hitherto mankind have deemed good truths.
Hydrogala will vouch for me. My tastes,
Under his tutoring, have quickly grown
Most circular, and tortuous, and uncertain,
Vagarious, and sufficiently unstable
To find, I trust, some favour in the eyes
Of your great master —

PUPIL.

Ay, I'll give my word :

You may unlock, and let the old novice in.

[*They enter, pass through a lobby, reach the door of the Sanctum, and discover a multitude of revolving wheels, whirligigs, roundabouts, up-and-down swings, and tables bearing thinkbles.*

HUCKSTERIDES.

I'faith, your school must be a merry one,
With such a playground to it !

PUPIL.

A playground !

* It would not be fair to a noble lord, who not long since applied his celebrated taunt of thimblerrigging, to deprive him of the merit of entire originality. At the time, his lordship could not have possibly been aware of the employment of a singularly similar sarcasm by the Attic comedian, whose play of the *Possums* was not then even known to be in existence.

The "bean" of Aristophanes evidently alludes to the practice of voting at Athens by "beans."

HUCKSTERIDES.

Ay, and so well stocked too! Would I were young,
 What rides I'd have upon those hobbyhorses!
 Ah, ha! by all that's droll, pray answer me:
 Who is that little fellow,* perched upon
 An old gray hobbyhorse, and lashing it
 As though it would go faster for the lash?
 He rides his wooden beast most knightly!

PUPIL.

Who!

It is HIMSELF!

HUCKSTERIDES.

Himself! and who may that be?

PUPIL.

Our lord and master, Micromegalus!

HUCKSTERIDES.

What! playing, like a baby three years old,
 Upon a hobby, in a roundabout?

PUPIL.

Call you *that* play? old fool! 'tis MEDITATION!
 This is no playground — 'tis the school itself!

HUCKSTERIDES.

This meditation! Pray, then, what is play?

PUPIL.

Ask him yourself;† I've something else to do
 Than waste more time with you. [Quits the school.

HUCKSTERIDES (*to MICROMEGALUS*).

Holloa! my lord!

He does not hear me; too profoundly wrapt
 In meditation, or in horsemanship.
 Well, then, I'll bawl out, Micromegalus,
 Whoop! Micromegalus, I say!

MICROMEGALUS.

What wantest thou of me, thou shrivel-shanks!‡
 Thou preterite! antediluvian!
 Thou age past hope! thou Paulopostfuturum!

HUCKSTERIDES.

For Heaven's sake! tell me what thou'lt doing there

MICROMEGALUS.

Practising curves, studying the circular.
 We are not Gods, but men: our mind depends
 For education on the body. Thus,
 Whilst running round and round on this machine
 That may not rest, but ever leaves some point
 Behind, and makes perpetual onward curves —
 Onward, yet ever turning — to the brain
 A wholesome TWIRLING§ is communicated;
 My thoughts forsake the past, and learn to waltz
 With notions yet unheard of. Then, new schemes
 For public good arise. For public good

* *Strepsiades*. Φρει, τις γὰρ οὗτος οὐπὶ τῆς ἀρεμῆρας ἀνῆρ;
Pupil. ΑΤΤΟΣ.

Strepsiades. Τὶς Αὐτός; — *Nubes*, l. 219.

† *Ibid.* l. 221 *et seq.*

‡ Socrates (*Nubes*, l. 222), pluming himself on his wisdom and his character of a sage, addresses Strepsiades contemptuously, Τί με καλῶς, ᾧ' φημεῖς; "What are you calling me for, you thing of a day?"

Micromegalus, on the contrary, taunts Hucksterides on account of his mature age, and consequent probable experience and wisdom.

§ The divine whirl (*αἰθερίας δῖνος*) again.

Is not like sluggish ponds, that stand all still,
 And rot for want of motion : public good
 Changes its aspect daily. So the laws
 That guard it must change daily too. The sun
 Stands still, and therefore is it fouled with spots ;
 The lordly planets dash through boundless space
 In one eternal whirl, and so would I.
 Dost take me ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

Take ? say, rather, *overtake* ;
 For, quickly as thou spinn'st, 'twere easier much
 To *overtake* thee than to *understand*.
 Pry'thee allow your master-mind, that horse,
 To stop, and get off from your wooden steed,
 And speak more plainly to me ; for I seek
 Acquaintance with your learned legislation.

MICROMEGALUS.

First tell me what thou deemest is Heaven's first law.

HUCKSTERIDES.

" Order is Heaven's first law."

MICROMEGALUS.

I thought as much.
 Old friend, believe me, thou hast to begin
 Thine alphabet again. Look at the rain
 That feeds the earth, who knows when it will come ?
 The winds of heaven that fan the venturous sail,
 How varies it each day ? The human form,
 What two men are alike ? The rolling orbs
 That smile on us whilst sleeping, is the bear
 At the same point where 'twas but yestere'en ?
 Does merry summer laugh throughout the year ?

HUCKSTERIDES.

'Tis true ; all things do change.

MICROMEGALUS.

'Tis Nature's law,
 Revolving changes and perpetual turns.
Once on this emblem of the universe
 That rolleth round and round, thy gross perception
 Will twirl into a fitting aptitude
 To comprehend the first points in my system.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Gods ! let me mount ! I'm no cavalier,
 My riding's but so-so ; and yet, methinks,
 I could maintain my seat upon that jade
 Of wood behind you, holding by the stump
 That represents a tail. Or, I'll embark
 In one of those old boats there, interspersed
 Amongst the horses of your roundabout.
 It won't capsize me, will it ?

MICROMEGALUS.

Off, profane !

Attempt it not ! As yet, look on and learn.
 Those will I call who know me, love me well :
 Them shalt thou see assist me.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Who are they ?

MICROMEGALUS.

My faithful ones ! be silent whilst I speak.
 Oh, mighty, great, and potent one ! that leadeest many by a word ; *

* See change of metre in *Nubes* ; also, Lord Byron's remarks on modern Greek metre.

And ye that worship me and him, and think we are two demigods,
Come here, appear! if any fail, we mourn a lost joint from the tail.

[OMEGACLES rushes forward, followed by the Chorus of POSSUMS.
He leaps behind MICROMEGALUS, firmly clasping his waist. The
POSSUMS spring upon the various horses, and into the boats of
the roundabout, interlacing and binding each other with their
tails; the machine revolves with redoubled velocity.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Preserve me! what a sight! — a fearful sight!
Would that I were but safe at home again!
What creatures! Forty riding there like one!
What length of tail they have, too!*

MICROMEGALUS.

My friends, you're welcome here. Speak out your nature-calling history,
And tell this stranger how and why ye serve Omeagacles and me.

Chorus of Possuns.†

Ullaboo, ullaboo,
Lillibu, lillibu, lillibulero,
Lero, lero, lillibulero,
Ullaboo, ullaboo, ullaboo!

MICROMEGALUS.

Thanks, gentlemen! Old neophyte below,
How likest thou thy friends? My friendly Chorus,
Develope now your thoughts on policy —
Unfold your legislative principles.

Chorus.

Ullaboo, ullaboo,
Lillibu, lillibu, lillibulero,
lero, lero, lillibulero,
Ullaboo, ullaboo, ullaboo!

MICROMEGALUS.

Thanks, gentlemen, again! Such principles
Are nobly founded, and are very sound.

HUCKSTERIDES.

Truly the sound may well be called confounded!

MICROMEGALUS.

Expatiate now upon our learned system;
Argue in favour of the "circular."

Chorus.

Ullaboo, ullaboo,
Lillibu, lillibu, lillibulero,
Lero, lero, lillibulero,
Ullaboo, ullaboo, ullaboo!

HUCKSTERIDES.

I'm tired of that eternal ullaboo!

Chorus.

Lero, lero, lillibulero!

HUCKSTERIDES.

Confound their lero, and themselves as well!

Chorus.

Ullaboo, ullaboo!

Faith, and 'tis we,
That cum to Athens nater than unporthed!

* *Nubes*, l. 344. *Αυται δὲ γίνονται ὄφεις.*

† *Ranæ*, l. 209, Chorus of Frogs

Βερενερερερε, κοουζ, κοουζ,
Βερενερερερε, κοουζ, κοουζ

We cum out from as swete a little land
 (Bœotia) as ever breathed !
 The foaming say
 Consithers her
 (Else bad luck to him !)
 His brightest gim. Her fields are green as figs.
 No harmful baste, nor thing a bit more noxious
 Than our own selves,
 Can live in her at all, at all. A darlint place !
 A proper jewel of a land ! that gives
 Abundance of good things — faith, every thing
 That mortal man can have. And so we cum
 To Athens, to get something more.
 Ullaboo, ullaboo, ullaboo !

HUCKSTERIDES.

A sensible resolve ! But, my good friends,
 Have pity on my stomach and my ears.
 Your ullaboo is a most touching song,
 But, if you love me, spare a repetition !

Chorus.

Arrah, my darlint ! jist the very raisin
 We'll favour you with more !
 Ullaboo, ullaboo,
 Lero, lero, lillibulero,
 Ullaboo, ullaboo, ullaboo !

HUCKSTERIDES.

I vow I'll sacrifice a hecatomb
 To Phœbus, if he will but send a shaft
 Forth from his silver bow, and still your howl
 Of ullaboo !

Chorus.

Lero, lero, ullaboo !

HUCKSTERIDES.

Sing on, my friends ! and sing all to yourselves.
 I shall retreat again into the lobby
 Until you cease, or till our noble master
 Comes to instruct me there, by word of mouth,
 In the right, NOBLE, GODLIKE PRINCIPLES,
 OF HIS SUBLIMELY NEW AND CIRCULAR
 SYSTEM OF LEGISLATIVE CHANGE. Farewell !

[*Erit.*

THE JEW OF YORK.

THE rain was dripping drearily from the wooden penthouses, and a sharp February wind came cold and keen through the narrow and crooked alleys of the ancient city of York, not un-mixed with a hard and biting sleet, caught up and whirled in a thousand eddies by the wanton and capricious blast. The night was nigh gone two hours past the curfew; the good wives were mostly a-bed; and few ventured abroad but of the thrifless and the baser sort, prowling in darkness and concealment for their prey. A light glimmered here and there from some lone casement, or from some saintly shrine; the sleet, slanting past, fell like a silver shower in the yellow gleam.

In spite of this inclement, ungenial atmosphere, there stood, by a little postern, in a retired street, a figure muffled in a heavy cloak, and scarcely betraying either life or motion. He might easily have been mistaken for one of those carved quaint images, the tutelary saints, which the pious in those ages often erected as the guardian deities of their households, had not, though rarely, a change of posture, and an involuntary shiver, announced the kindred infirmities of humanity.

Suddenly a light shot out from the casement above him; it was cautiously opened; a female looked down—a hand was stretched forth, and a billet fell at his feet. She withdrew, and so did the watcher. It was but to seek the nearest shrine, where a light was yet burning before a wooden Madonna; but it was not to worship that he sought her favour. We fear the holy mother had little share either of his thoughts or his devotion. By the flickering light which yet shone faintly from the niche, he anxiously deciphered a scrawl that threw both gloom and sorrow on his brow.

"And is there no hope?" He crushed the offending billet in his grasp. "Then welcome death, since life hath lost all that made it worth endurance." He lifted his eyes to the meek and patient sufferer before whose image he stood, and felt abashed. He thought she looked down reproachfully upon him, and he shrunk from that imaginary rebuke.

A low sharp whistle brought a little, square, humpbacked figure from some nook where he had sheltered while his master kept watch. He stood with a malicious leer, twitching up one corner of his ugly eyelids, and, at the same time, cranning what appeared to be the last visible remains of a huge pasty into his enormous mouth.

"Pampering thy greedy appetites yet, varlet? Betake thee to thy lodging speedily: we must away from the city, and that ere sunrise."

"Nay, sir knight, our departure will not fall out so on the sudden, I trow."

"How! garbage! Darest thou gainsay my commands?"

"The broken commandment will not be mine to mend, seeing that none pass the city gates before sunrise without an order from the sheriff; and he'll not bestir himself for the escape of any cast-off suitor in Christendom."

"Cast off! Now will I bray thine hide to a jelly. Ugly imp, I'll bore more holes in thy devil's skin than rents in a beggar's cloak. How knowest thou of my privy despatches! The dame I seek may yet prove gracious to my suit, for aught that has yet glimmered in thy silly skull."

"Then would not my lord and sweet-tempered master be in such haste to depart?"

This clumsy burlesque on humanity so chuckled and diverted himself in his malice, that he little regarded the prospect of a sound beating; for never did catiff run more risk of gaining his deserts from an enraged master. He skipped aside with surprising agility,—his grotesque movements exciting to laughter even the dolorous knight whose ire he had so maliciously incited. In a little while, however, the disappointed lover seemed to subside into a more temperate mood: he grew calm and placable,—his natural kindness, which the rogue well knew, soon getting the upper-hand of his resentment.

"I would we had here thy love-philtres, Hugo?" said he; "they were in thy keeping. I have a month's mind to send thee to the priory for them; it is hardly a day's journey to go and return."

"Marry, mine errand would be like

father Ambrose's long story, without an end. They have been put to a scurvy use."

"How! hast been at thy pranks again?"

"Nay, master; the prior's leman laid hold on 'em i' the buttery, as I was a telling of their virtues. She vowed I should not administer any o' these devil's potions, if she could hinder it. Soon after I learnt that she had given 'em to the swineyard, for his herd; and that the pigs routed and roared as they'd been possess'd."

"Thou hast coined this lie, now, for thy special use. I know thy tricks; but it were needless to attempt it now. I can hardly get speech from her, much less help her to a love-drink, or a drugged posset; and my flame needs not blowing by such amorous bellows."

"The keeper of the Red Tower hath a daughter," said Hugo, tenderly.

"As ugly as thyself!"

"May be; and yet she hath suitors. We have our lodging there to-night again, I reckon?"

"I reckon so. We may not tarry at a common hostelry. I had as lief not be found by any stray acquaintance i' the city just now."

"I trow not, sir knight. This same keeper's engines, slings, and artillery are not half so dangerous as that dark and deadly eye of his daughter. She hath vanquished even me!"

"Thee! why, thou scarecrow—thou abortion—thou miserable botch, patched up by some journeyman of nature,—hast thou dared to love?" And hereupon the knight vented his mirth in so loud a strain, that the echoes started from many an unseen nook where they had lain quiet for ages.

"Nay, nay," rejoined Hugo tartly, "I'm neither unwholesome nor, saving your presence, so mightily ill-favoured. Yon old crony of mine—I would fain abide with him for a season—that is, I would fain tarry until—"

"Until what?"

"Until my suit be advanced with his daughter, the gentle Madeline."

"Tis passing strange; and yet likeness begets its own sympathy I've heard. Well, I do repent me of mine haste. Peradventure, I had best en-
sconce me privily in this place. It may be that I may yet find favour in her eyes; and, at length, both our mistresses smile graciously upon our suit, Hugo."

"The Holy Virgin be propitious," said the dwarf, with great earnestness.

Away they departed through the wet and drizzling night, until, passing by the outer defences of the castle, beneath Clifford's Tower, then reckoned impregnable, they came nigh to the city wall, above which, standing dark and alone, arose an ill-contrived, unsightly building, called the "Red Tower," erected probably by the Romans, and intended originally to protect the port, or bay, now presenting to the eye nothing but a swampy marsh, called Foss Island.

In this hideous looking den sat Balthazar de Langbargh, its keeper, along with his daughter, "the gentle Madeline." At a private signal, heavy bolts were withdrawn; the huge door swung slowly on its hinges, and with some difficulty they climbed the winding wooden stairs to the second floor. A smoky lamp, fed with a noisome fat, made the chamber redolent with unctuous exhalations, and, at the same time, rendered it no easy matter to ascertain the precise nature of its equipment. Grim and mysterious engines of offence—ropes, wheels, and other appurtenances—projected indistinctly through the murky vapours; battle-axes, bows, slings, and other minor implements of warfare, were heaped indiscriminately round the walls. Had Balthazar been keeper of the royal person, or, had the safety of the realm been committed to his charge, he could not have had higher notions of his own importance, or been more vigilant of his trust.

A voice from an invisible speaker accompanied their entry.

"A murrain light on ye. Here have I, Balthazar, keeper of the king's tower, called the Red Tower, in this royal city, by gracious appointment from the late king, when his parliament was here holden,—here have I been tarrying from bed a full hour, nay, more, at the risk of my old rheum, and even of life, at this perilous season. If mischief befall me, who, think ye, can fulfil my charge to the satisfaction of our lord the king and the archbishop?"

"Master Captain Balthazar, mine host," said Hugo, with one of his most insinuating grimaces, at the same time approaching the corner whence issued this discourteous speech; "I say, Master Balthazar, ha' mercy, good

man; we've been about some business of weighty import."

"A rogue's, belike. All but knaves or fools are within doors, or those that lack a groat for a night's lodging. I should but discharge the duties of mine office were I to thrust ye both into the dungeon below, and in the morning hale ye before your betters."

Soon a fiery nose was visible through the vapour, glowing over a cup of spiced ale, just replenished. The hearth where he sat was well supplied with billets; above it was a funnel for the conveyance of smoke,—an inconsiderable part, however, found its way through the vent.

At the opposite side, on a little stool, sat the daughter of this belligerent keeper of the king's dignity in this obscure corner of his dominions; and, truly, had she been twin sister to the dwarf squire, in many respects she could not have more correctly represented him. Either from accident, or a natural deformity, her shoulders bore a hump of no ordinary magnitude. Yet her features, though wide and distorted, were not unpleasant. Her eyes were black, and of extraordinary brilliance. A hood now thrown back displayed her dark thick bushy locks in natural and gigantic curls, pushed aside, as her hands were clasped across her forehead. She sat without any apparent notice of their approach, save by the following observations.

"A fool's errand, father. Pity the silly ones should so lack discretion at their need. Think ye to rob a Jew of his treasure?"

"Knowest thou of my thrall—the misery of my lot?" said Sir Percy de Vavasour.

"Ay, sir knight, both thee and thine errand."

She looked towards him,—it was a glance so withering and scornful that he shrank involuntarily from her gaze. Taking courage, nevertheless, he again addressed her.

"And, prithee, what shall be the conclusion to mine adventure, my gifted maiden?"

"Maiden! ay, and maiden I'm like to be, as well as my betters. But Madeline has loved, and her kindness has been spurned as well as thine own——"

She was endeavouring to suppress some violent emotion.

"Let her alone, I say," cried the

doating father; "ye'll bring on one of her sullen fits. She has been unkindly dealt with, poor innocent!"

"I'm not innocent—I'm——Nay, nay, be still. 'Tis past now."

She rose up, eyeing the intruders with more calmness.

"Thine errand was to Jubbergate; thou hast long loved that beautiful Jewess. In the disguise of her persecuted race thou didst woo her; and I doubt not with many plausible arts didst win her favour. The rabbi, her father, has penetrated thy poor deception; at his command she is now betrothed to another. She has spurned thee, and still thou art hankering and hoping to renew her love. But I tell thee, she will not forsake her faith. I loved her as mine heart's blood; yet even me, too, hath she forbidden her presence, because I sought to dissuade from her betrothment."

She raised her voice almost to a scream as she spoke, and again seemed wrought up to a state of frenzy that, for the moment, was absolutely terrific. Balthazar applied the cup to his lips, and long and heavy was the draught,—much longer than the state of its contents would seem to warrant. There was silence for a space,—a sort of suspended intercourse each party was unwilling to resume.

De Vavasour was the first to speak.

"Thou knowest this Hebrew's daughter?" he inquired.

"Know her! ay, from her swaddling clothes; and, as mine own soul, I loved her."

"I love her, even now, better than life."

"Thee! ah, ah! Good," cried Madeline, in a shriller voice than before. "Thy love? The light of an April day—the mist—the cloud; liken it to any thing frail and fleeting enough, compared with mine! Your love is more akin to hate than ye wot of."

She looked fearfully askance round that dreary chamber; her eye seemed to follow some unseen form. She sat down, her face almost hidden in her lap.

"Come, come, ha' done, wench," cried Balthazar; "there's o'er much o' thy mother's temper about thee. Let that quarrel rest, prithee. Now, guests, to roost, to roost. But take a pull at the flagon ere ye depart."

After a short pause, the old castellan continued.

"Ay, ay,—into Jubbergate,—was that your errand? I thought none went there but to pawn, or to hire on usury. A wooing, but not wiving! Well, well. But take an old man's advice for the nonce; better tarry aloof just now. There's mischief a brewing towards that accursed race. They've gotten the best part o' the lands and properties here from our spendthrift citizens. Many o' the wealthier sort, too, are beholden to them for every clout, and every rag upon their shoulders. And these same scurvy infidels are become so intolerably puffed up, that they must needs appoint two o' them, with a pompous retinue, to wait on our lord the king at his coronation. The saints preserve us! to what a dainty pitch of pride and insolence are they wrought up. However, there's news just come, and they've been forbidden the court, or even to attend the pageant at Westminster. Furthermore, the populace have risen upon them, and our Jew deputies have gotten a rebuff they're not like to forget. One of 'em is missing, and the other has skulked back again hither in less compass than he went forth. The whole city is in a mighty ferment. Some would administer the same dose here, and serve 'em in such wise they've heard of in the neighbouring cities, where the people have destroyed them root and branch—fit punishment for their usuries and their insolence."

"Is there immediate danger, thinkest thou, to these persecuted Hebrews?"

"Verily there is; an' I'd have ye look to it. To-morrow our new archbishop hath a solemn entry, with great pomp I warrant ye; archbishop Roger, as thou knowest, being dead."

"I do remember. Geoffrey Plantagenet, late bishop of Lincoln, is the prelate newly appointed thereunto by the king."

"Richard is about to sail for Palestine, where he goes to deliver the holy sepulchre from the infidels; and a grievous burden it has been for the nation, already impoverished beyond endurance with wars and priestcraft. Our new archbishop is the king's natural brother."

"By Rosamond de Clifford."

"Fair Rosamond, of a surety; and a marvellous proper man he hath been among the dukes, once, or the

world strangely belies him. I remember as it were but yesterday our late king, his father,—'Good King Harry,' as we called him. His parliament was holden here some thirty years ago,—the year of grace, eleven hundred and sixty, or thereabouts; and this same youth was the admiration of all about the court. Soon after, as I heard, he fell a moping, and took to the church, and is become as austere as once he was gay and light-hearted. It is expected he will make short work with the stewards, and other indulgences. Being somewhat of a zealot, it is hoped that he will not be loath to connive at those popular excesses, and by that means to rid us of the nuisance."

"Short and bloody. A skilful leech hath a ready hand," said Madeline, without lifting her head. "But Esther shall not die!" She started up, and again looked round, as though following some phantom that disquieted her. The old man shook his head.

"She is mightily troubled at seasons with these fancies. Her mother had the same gift,—awesome enough at times. She has made my very skin creep as I've hearkened to her. She always said this daughter of ours was a changeling, and knew more o' the good people than became her."

Balthazar laughed at this strange conceit,—for the cup had been of wondrous potency. His ferret eyes twinkled and peeped with a maudlin expression of cunning—a drunken leer, with which the liquor had embellished his features. Matters had gone on much less smoothly, had his humours not been mellowed and amended by the drink he imbibed; for, in sooth, the old warrior was of an exceedingly pungent and quarrelsome temper, and spared neither friend nor foe when the corruption stirred within him.

Shortly Madeline crept into a recess; and Balthazar's eyes, after a sharp, irregular twinkle—the last expiring blaze in their sockets—were closed, and his head sunk suddenly on his shoulder.

The two visitors retired to their little dormitory. De Vavasour merely threw off his outer covering, and Hugo disposed himself on a straw mattress at his master's feet.

The morning was sharp and frosty; and the wooden shutter guarding their loophole of a window, on being thrust aside, let in a keen, but vigorous and bracing, atmosphere. The room, a

little square closet, was furnished with an oak chest, and a bed of the most homely construction. An old faded silk pall of changeable taffeta adorned the head, where a hard stuffed pillow received that of the occupant. A brasier had in some degree mitigated the damp and chill of the apartment,—though it was a luxury but rarely indulged by our more hardy ancestors.

On issuing forth into the city, they found nearly the whole population astir. The bells rung cheerily, and the chief actors in the processions were running to and fro mustering their companions.

The city companies, guilds, and other fraternities, both secular and ecclesiastic, went forth; and the whole streets, through the Foss Gate, Walm Gate, and even beyond the city walls, were thronged with multitudes, all agape with wonder and expectancy. An archbishop of the blood royal, though in a sinister degree, was not an ordinary occurrence. His route was directly across the Humber, by the King's Ferry, from the opposite, or Lincoln shore; and, as he had passed the night with the monks of St. John, at Beverley, whose magnificent church had been just destroyed by fire, the noble prelate was expected ere noon.

Old records tell of the pomp and garniture of that memorable day. Such an one was never remembered,—of the chanting, the services, carrying of relics, benedictions, masses, and all the outward ceremonies wherewith men are held in bondage by a corrupt priesthood. These were continued to a late hour, and the streets resounded with revelry and music until past midnight. The whole city was given up to idleness and dissipation. At even-song the abbot of St. Mary's had preached before the archbishop, in the great church of St. Peter's, now the cathedral, where dispensations and indulgences had been liberally distributed.

Indeed, the pagan Saturnalia could not have been celebrated with a more unbridled license when the Emperor Severus brought his court and camp to York,—when the capital of the world under the dominion of the Cæsars was transferred to an obscure island of the far west, once the "*ultima Thule*" of civilisation; but where the barbarian was ultimately destined to subjugate and drive forth the polished legions of Italy.

The church of St. Peter's had just

been completed by Archbishop Roger, after its destruction by fire in the year 1137. Leading from it, on the north side, was a small dark adjunct, called the Chapel of St. Sepulchre, a private oratory, built by the same prelate. On this same night, a withered, wasted man, clad in a hairy garment, knelt here at the confessional. His lips quivered with agony, and his whole frame seemed to suffer and to labour with some hideous disclosure. Even the eye of the priest who shrived him looked rigid with horror, as though it were some unheard-of crime that was poured into his ear. But that fearful confession never transpired: the following only remains on record.

"It hath not passed my lips until now; but I vowed that, should it please Heaven to advance me to these honours, ere I slept I would make a clear conscience. Father abbot, to thine ear only is it committed; and in sackcloth and ashes I await my penance."

The proud soul of the archbishop lay prostrate; he kissed the very stones on which he now knelt, and wet them with his tears.

"Thy brother seeks the infidel who hath profaned the Holy Sepulchre," said the abbot of St. Mary's. "But an infidel at home, within our cities, nay, at our very threshold, pollutes and disquiets even the ground on which we tread."

"Whom meanest thou? Speak, and the impious heretic shall die!"

"If Richard, to procure absolution, and a heavenly crown, go forth into the burning entrails of the east, is it not a light thing, most noble prelate, the penance I allot thee. The Jews in this our city do mightily trouble the people. Avenge—avenge the wrongs of the faithful, and let there be a speedy riddance."

The archbishop, however loath, was bound by his promise, and the hope of atonement for his sin,—the blood-thirsty abbot having thus, by reason of some private malice, made his own appetite for revenge the condition of its expiation.

In a low, ill-lighted inner chamber to the left, as you enter Jubbergate, being the Jews' quarter of the city, sat a comely damsel, apparently in deep thought; her forehead supported by one hand, of an exquisite symmetry; a string of the most costly pearls wreathed

carelessly about the wrist. Her head was bound by a richly emblazoned shawl, glowing in a thousand lustrous dyes from some eastern loom ; a loose thick robe of shot silk was flung over a short, taper jacket, buttoned in front ; and a cotton petticoat of the finest fabric. Her figure was rather below the middle size, but of such nice proportions, that the harmony of their form would have been injured by the slightest change,—the eye reposing on its matchless perfection, even as the ear on some ravishing and delicious melody ; her eyes were bright gray, tempered to a winning softness by their long dark lashes, like the cloud assuaging the light of heaven to a grateful and endurable splendour ; her mouth was small, and delicately curved, opening upon a smaller curve—the most brilliant and beautifully shapen teeth in Christendom ; her countenance was so composed, that an indescribable and transporting sweetness filled the eye of the beholder—a fascination that mere beauty never could impart ;—each individual feature, though in itself hardly perfect, yet the whole was so harmoniously blended, that the soul which animated them seemed visibly to impress its own beauty on the mind of the spectator—as it were some lamp in its transparent vase illuminating the outward casket, and giving to its earthly, its material, tabernacle a gleam of spirituality and glory.

Woman ! man's solace, and man's care,—without thee, how dull, how dreary, were life's brightest dreams and most cherished sympathies. Intertwined, involved, identified with our every hope, our utmost capacities of desire, art thou not the symbol, the excitement, of that irrepressible longing after perfection—that happiness which in our present state we are never destined to enjoy.

But we have not space for psychological inquiries, else this were a theme above all others fitted to excite and reward investigation.

Still, as a statue, or, as it might be, the creation of some cunning limner, the light swept brightly over half the face, leaving the rest almost a mass of impenetrable shadow. A deep sigh accompanied the withdrawal of her hand ; she looked up,—it was a glance either of devotion or complaint.

" 'Tis o'er ! Hence, tempter. My

kindred, my faith, forbids. The word is now spoken that separates us for ever. But, oh ! 'tis a cruel sacrifice ! And yet——"

As she arose, the light flashed full upon her features ; a trembling passed over, like the rustle of some joyous breeze, fluttering the gentle current of her affections.

" There once was hope," she continued ; " ay, such hope as woman's dreams are made of." She smiled, but it was in bitterness of spirit.

" But am I babbling of love and delights ? my people stricken, smitten unto death—hunted as the wild roe on the mountains. Alas ! few and evil are my years, nor shall I ever say the days of my betrothment are ended. My father, just returned from the king's court, hath he not escaped barely with life ? He speaks of a cruel massacre—the death of his companion, and horrors that no tongue can utter. If vengeance come, oh, my father, spare him !"

While she spake there entered an old man, gray rather with care than many years. His beard was grizzled and scanty ; but his whole cast of features betrayed their Hebrew origin. His eyes, though black and clear, by reason of infirmity had not that oriental sparkle so characteristic of his race. He wore a high cap, or bonnet, trimmed with a broad fur, the rims turned up all round ; a dark loose robe, open in front, made of coarse woollen, completed outwardly this simple and primitive costume. The broad scarlet stripe usually worn behind was removed,—this badge of Jewish disgrace not being necessarily shewn within doors.

" Esther, thy mother said, ' Give me children, or I die ;' and thou wast the first fruit of that prayer—the offspring of complaint. She sleeps with her fathers ; but thou art spared, as I fondly thought once, to be an old man's succour—his staff during the last weary steps of his pilgrimage. But, alas ! I do fear me now a partaker only of his wretchedness. I have told thee of our jeopardy. The whole of this idolatrous nation is stirred against us ; and in this city I have a fearful misgiving that some cruel catastrophe is at hand. ' Does the God of Israel sleep ?'"

He looked upwards : it was not the language of faith, but of complaint ; and the cry came back unanswered.

"I had a silly dream, last night, my daughter. Thou hast not forgotten what I have spoken aforetime of that rare and priceless jewel—that royal gem—a carbuncle of surpassing worth which thy grandfather, who was invited hither by him that men call the Conqueror, first brought to these shores. It was an ancient inheritance of our tribe, and said to have been worn even by king Solomon himself; at thy birth this sacred treasure disappeared. I do remember me well, having been for a season on foreign travel, thy mother, my beloved Rachel, giving thee to my arms, a weeping babe, and how my heart yearned towards thee, and how she wept for grief as she told the loss of our substance. 'The angel appeared to me in a dream; these were her words: 'He held the jewel in his hand. 'I take this,' said he, 'as a pledge—a thank-offering for the child. Sorrow not though it be gone from ye; if it return, in like manner shall your child depart from him that gave it.' I was reconciled to its loss, and I have worn thee, a richer jewel, in my heart!"

"And thy dream?"

"The angel appeared, and he laid the jewel at my feet; and methought I heard him say, 'Restore unto me the child.'"

"Is it this alone that troubles thee, my father?"

"Nay—I had taken little heed to the vision; but my spirit is bowed down; yea, the grasshopper is a burden; I tremble at a shadow. Fearful tokens are abroad. Surely hath Jehovah forsaken his people!"

The rabbi Jocenus was moved to an unusual softness and apprehension, even as the trees of the forest do moan and are troubled, though the air be still, and the coming tempest is afar off.

"There is no prophet in the land; the Urim and Thummim are dim; the daily sacrifice is taken away, and the abomination of desolation is in the most holy place. Surely we are forsaken; we are utterly cast off! Are thy mercies clean gone for ever? Wilt thou make a full end of thy people, and leave thy chosen ones to perish? Verily the wolf is gone up into the fold, and the ravenous beast into thy pleasant places. The spoiler hath laid waste thine heritage, and there is none to deliver."

In the emphatic and hyperbolic language of their ancient poetry did

this afflicted son of Abraham pour out his complaint; then, changing his tone to that of confidence, and a righteous but prophetic indignation, he continued.

"But the day shall come when they that trouble us shall be ashamed, yea, confounded, and brought low. They shall cry, and none shall deliver; and He shall break them like a potter's vessel. Then shall He build Jerusalem, even His holy temple, and shall be the glory in the midst of her!"

He fell back in his seat, exhausted with the vehemence of his emotion. His fervour had scarcely subsided, when a low tap at the outer door announced a visitor.

"Some borrower, by his humble knock. Ay, they'll borrow of the poor despised Israelite, the Christian dogs, doubtless expecting to blot out their bonds with our blood. Tell the greedy Gentile I am not disposed to lend a favourable ear to his suit," said he to one who made haste to answer the summons. The servitor returned.

"'Tis not the craving of the needy Gentile. He hath a message for your ear alone."

"Let him enter."

Presently there appeared the misshapen dwarf, hight Hugo, already known to our readers, who, with little courtesy, stood swinging his gray woolsey cap, assuming an air of vast superiority before these despised Hebrews.

"Mine errand is from Madeline, daughter of Balthazar, at the Red Tower yonder. She would have borne her own message, but thought it needful to tarry at home for a season. Peradventure, the great stir and tumult in the city befits not her usual habit of privacy."

"With this strange woman, Esther, I am not careful thou shouldest hold intercourse. From a babe she hath hung upon thy steps, hath watched thee, fondled thee, and ever would find excuse to enter into our dwelling; and, in sooth, thy mother inclined to her desire, and looked on her with more kindness than I thought prudent or befitting those in our condition."

"Nay, father, she hath loved me; and though of a strange, yet a pleasant aspect, and I could have loved her still, had she not in some wise spoken evil against the youth of our tribe to whom I am betrothed. Of late I forbade her my presence."

"Thou didst well. And, now, twin

monster, thy message and begoné. There be other matters that need our care."

"Troth, she's a hard mistress. I as little like mine errand as they to whom it is sent. She would fain see thy daughter yonder on business of some urgency."

"Is that the substance of what thou hast to deliver?"

"As thou sayest," said Hugo, with a grin of great contempt for the degrading errand on which he was commissioned. Even *he* thought it pollution to hold such equal parley with a Jew.

"She will not go, tell thy mistress, slave. Begone."

"I'm neither slave nor she the owner of this goodly piece of handy work," said the envoy, surveying his person with no little complacency. "My mistress is not my master yet," continued he. "Unriddle my riddle, if ye be able, whilst I render your message."

He was about to depart, when Esther hastily detained him.

"Let me, I beseech you, this once," said she, addressing her father. "Be assured that evil shall not befall me; and, peradventure, she hath some good thing to impart that may be our help in this adversity."

"Would'st bring my gray hairs to the grave in sorrow? Should mischief happen thee, how would mine enemies speak reproach! Alas in the gate."

"Be of good comfort. You did not use to be so feeble-hearted."

"Alas! my strength is gone from me. The foe is at our threshold; but even as thou wilt. If thou depart, go in peace, but tarry not. The fowler lieth in wait for his prey, and I await with trembling thy return."

During this interval Hugo remained perfectly at ease,—now and then bursting into a loud hum, the burden of some amorous ditty intended belike at another time for the ear of his mistress. At intervals the following observations betrayed what was passing in the odd jumble of his thoughts.

"Well! that a Christian woman should hold converse with a Jew in this wise. No matter—I've suspicions. Ay; but mum! I'll not speak. Sue's a precious tyrant! I would not get a word from her dainty lips if 'twere to save my neck from the noose as I did."

With such comfortable reflections he beguiled his time during the foregoing converse; not over nice, too, as to the chance of being overheard, had those about him been disposed to listen. The impudent varlet would, doubtless, have treated them with far greater contumely, had not his disposition been kept in check by a wholesome fear of Madeline's displeasure.

"I'm straitly charged to bring you safe," said he, as Esther prepared herself to accompany him. "Ye need not fear either my strength to protect you, or my fidelity. Look ye, I would wage battle with any three of his majesty's best yeomen—ay, four, at a pinch,—and wring their ugly necks off into the bargain. Never fear me; there's not a scurvy cur i' the place dare snap at a bone Hugo stoops to pick."

A wide grin displayed a ferociously large, but beautifully white and regular, set of teeth; while, raising his clenched hand, he exhibited that peculiar conformation vulgarly called "double jointed." Indeed, his strength was prodigious, and few that knew him would risk an encounter.

Attired in a thick cloak and hood, after the fashion of that era, and convenient for those that wished to pass in privacy, the maiden sallied forth, attended by her squire. Their path lay through the narrowest and most crowded streets; in the straightest of these groups of idlers and lovers of mischief were gathering so as partially to impede their progress. The evening was starlight, and their hurried endeavours to proceed seemed at times to attract more notice than was either safe or pleasant. Some commotion was at hand, some mischief evidently brewing; and it would have been difficult for an unprotected female to have passed unmolested. The trenchant squire with a long heavy stick, the usual weapon carried by attendants even at that early age, made room for what was doubtless supposed a dame of good quality.

Passing the castle, they noticed the drawbridge was let down,—armed men passing and repassing as though on business of importance. Above, lights were glancing through the narrow loop-holes of the keep called Clifford's Tower. Every thing seemed to intimate a more than usual stir and bustle about the fortress. Hugo bade his

companion make haste. He evidently had his own reasons for wishing to pass by with as little notice as possible; and his desire had possibly succeeded, but two or three fellows of the baser sort, just as they had cleared the outermost angle by the wayside, came up, and with an insolent swagger would needs lift the lady's hood. Hugo warned them to desist. They laughed him to scorn. Sufficient light was abroad to shew the diminutive nature of his person. Unawares, he laid his cudgel with such a right good will on these pot-valiant heroes, that they took to their heels incontinently. One he caught by the nape, and, with a left-handed jerk, flung him over the palisades into the ditch, where he was left in doleful plight, crying for help to his comrades. Apprehending a reinforcement, they quickened their pace; and soon the friendly roof of the belligerent Balthazar sheltered them from further annoyance.

Madeline they found sitting by the hearth, and rocking to and fro before a fiercer and newly augmented blaze. A wild monotonous chant accompanied this movement. She scarcely noticed their entrance; but the old man immediately accosted them. He was attending to the state of his armoury, and in the act of mending the ropes which produced the recoil and projection from one of his most mischievous-looking engines. His aspect was charged with a deep and ominous importance, as though preparing for some terrible onslaught. This note of preparation, however, was but little to be regarded, inasmuch as he was usually addicted to making the most of his vocation.

"His late majesty," said he with a grave aspect—"may his soul be delivered from purgatory—did not make Balthazar de Langburgh governor o' this same fortress for naught. When I, once a brave captain i' the wars, fell into great poverty, knowing the service I had done, he appointed me to this trust. There's a mighty commotion abroad, and I'll do battle for the nonce, if it come i' my way."

A heavy hogshead of stones was laid ready for projection close to the great engine; but the old man's fiery nose looked bright enough to melt even these hearts of flint.

"Come hither, child," said Madeline, her eyes following the curl of the flame, as its forked tongues flickered

and seemed to lick the yet unconsumed embers into a fiercer glow,—
"seest thou aught?"

"Where, good dame?" said Esther.

"How they quiver and dance; how they coax and curl about their prey,—every tongue like the forked arrows of destruction. Look out, my child,—there, through the casement, over the town, eastward."

Esther obeyed.

"I see nothing but a long, dim, irregular outline of black roofs. Beyond are the rising hosts, the stars, now coming up in their appointed season."

"'Tis not the time. Look again when I shall bid thee."

Hugo amused himself with a peep now and then at the master's artillery, taking little heed, apparently, to the conversation.

"Sit down, my child," said Madeline, "and listen. There's an evil spirit abroad, as thou knowest. The decree is gone forth, and mischief is assuredly intended by the men of the city; thee and thy race are given them for a prey. Thou art betrothed!"

"As thou sayest," said the maiden firmly; "but he is absent for a season, and—"

"As thou lovest thy life, nay thine own soul, wed not this unbeliever, even though thy father spat upon thee," cried Madeline, interrupting her, in alluding to this well-known custom of the Hebrews.

"No power but His before whom it was plighted can break my troth," replied Esther, rising with great dignity. "And was it for this I have been brought hither—decoyed from my father's house, that I might listen to the counsel of the foolish, and the tongue of the simple one? I will return; thy speech is not pleasant to mine ear."

"Wilful as thou art, I again warn thee," said Madeline with great vehemence. "If thou wed with any of thy doomed race, not all the prayers and tears of the holy saints can save thee from perdition!"

"These be silly words. To me they are altogether vain; they fall on mine ear as the idle wind."

"Then behold, and tremble!" She unbound her girdle with great care; but in silence she drew forth a jewel of such surpassing lustre, that her fingers were all ablaze with its light.

"Seest thou this mystic gem? Nay, keep back thine hand; 'tis the jewel

that disappeared with thy birth. What said the vision to thy mother, ere, as thou sayest, she went to Abraham's bosom? 'If it return, thy child in like manner shall depart unto him who gave it.' Thou would'st none of my counsel. Thine obstinacy be on thine own head. Thy father's house shall be desolate!"

Esther was dumb. Fear and trembling came upon her; she answered not a word. So new, so overpowering, so unexpected were the feelings which for the first time were awakened at this fearful malediction.

Madeline gazed upon the gem with unutterable horror, and a look of agony, as if the sight of this glorious jewel were like the dazzling light of heaven to the demons of darkness.

"Haste thee to the lattice," she cried, suddenly starting to look round; and she shook the astonished maiden ere she could recover so as to comprehend the injunction. Esther, hardly knowing what to expect, or even the substance of her own apprehensions, looked forth.

"What seest thou?" said Madeline.

"There is a light like the earliest dawn gathering in the east. Surely I dream, or 'tis morning. Am I awake?"

"Stay,—look forth,—and mark well what thou seest."

"The whole atmosphere brightens. Ah! I see billows of smoke reddening above; they roll as it were over a gulf of fire. Oh, Father! save them! save them! Alas! there be shoots of flame—tongues of fire that lick the very smoke, piercing the thick darkness which broods over them. Too true thy speech. Knewest thou, fearful, mysterious woman, of this horrible event? How the fierce flashes quiver on the dense pall that overshadows them; that lurid canopy gives back their gleam like the lightning-stroke. I hear the shouts, the shrieks of the sufferers. Unhappy wretches, whither will they fly? Burning missiles are projected like meteors through the air; I hear them hiss and roar. Hark! a noise like thunder; some building of great strength has fallen. The flame is deadened for a moment; it mounts up now with redoubled fury. Oh! hasten, Madeline. Can'st not help them? Art thou powerful only for evil? Art lost to all sense of pity?"

"Thou art raving, child. I cannot

stay the devouring element. 'Tis past the skill of all, until its fury have exhausted that on which it lives."

Both Hugo and Balthazar were waiting for a peep at the conflagration. Each had his own view of the case, the cause, and the consequences.

"Those accursed Jews!" muttered the governor.

"Graceless unthrifths!" said Hugo.

"This comes o' leaving their homes; and rightly they're served, if the whole city were not in jeopardy."

• Meantime, the ringing of alarm bells,—the shouts, the yells of the multitude,—the shrieks of the sufferers,—it were vain the attempt to describe.

Madeline drew the terrified maiden away from the window.

"Yon blaze will be put 'out, never fear, now that help is obtained. The city bands are by this time at their post. Esther!" She lowered her voice almost to a whisper, inaudible save by themselves. "Yes, thou art betrothed; but there is an idol in thine heart. To that, not to him unto whom 'tis plighted, is thine homage!"

"Oh! spare me, spare me! I have driven it thence!"

"'Tis false; thou deceivest thine own soul, miserable victim! Love is not cast off so lightly. Is woman's heart made to come and go,—tossed to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle? Once gone, 'tis not reclaimed. Look back, or ere it be too late. I would fain snatch thee from the pitiless gulf; 'tis at thy feet!"

"I cannot draw back. What? abjure my people and my faith for this—this deceiver? Forbid it, Heaven! Oh help me—strengthen me to endure the trial. Away, tempter!"

Esther shrunk from her as though her eye exhaled pollution. To the heated imagination of the Jewish maiden she looked like some incarnation of the evil principle again permitted to beguile the daughters of Eve.

"Oh—I cannot save her," cried Madeline, wringing her hands, "unless I am the sacrifice! 'Tis a cruel choice!" She was again silent, but it was the calm stillness of despair. She arose hastily.

"Hear me," she cried, "but this once! Thou knowest not how I love thee, wench: thou knowest not the secrets of this prison-house. Hope enters not here!"

The unhappy victim smote her

breast. "The scorpion-stings of memory! will they never die? And thou hast cast off thy lover,—one more precious to thee than life, than all, save thy people and thy faith!"

"I knew not but he was of mine own race, when first he wooed me. He took the guise, the name, of another. To free me from his entreaties I was betrothed: my father hath so willed it, and I await my future husband. But De Vavasour, I now confess with sorrow, did win my first—mine only—love!"

Esther wept sore at this confession, wrung from her in a moment of unguarded feeling.

"I cannot see thy soul perish, Esther—numbered amongst the despisers of Him whom with wicked hands ye have crucified! Oh, thy perdition hangs heavy on my soul! Shut out from all hope of pardon, it would sink irrecoverably into that flame which burneth for ever and ever!"

"Spare thy fears; my free choice cannot aggravate thy doom."

Madeline, in place of being comforted by this suggestion, broke out into more vehement lamentations; but they became raving and incoherent. She couched her head almost between her knees, and the heaving bosom alone told of the strife—the agony—within.

"The fire abates," said Balthazar; "but the multitude is more tumultuous and agitated than before. I marvel where our guest, Sir Percy de Vavasour, hath fared? He is, doubtless, abroad."

"Sir Percy de Vavasour," said Esther, in a tone of angry surprise—"here! Hath he lodgings in this very chamber? Nay, then, Madeline, 'tis no place for my sojourn. Was it to meet him that I am brought hither?" she inquired in a voice of agony and reproach. "It seems he has only been hindered by this unlooked-for accident. Truly, Madeline, 'tis a dainty office thou hast chosen!"

Madeline, stung by this unmerited accusation, raised her head. She looked steadily on her accuser.

"Thou wrong'st me, on my life!" It was her only reply; and, peradventure for the first time, this neglected outcast from society burst into tears.

Esther, moved by such unlooked-for testimony of her innocence, scarcely refrained from weeping. She took her hand.

"Forgive me in that I have done thee wrong," said the maiden tenderly.

Such unwonted kindness opened afresh the source of her sorrow; it was but for a moment. With great energy of purpose she exclaimed,—

"I will save thee, maiden! Of what poor worth is this life compared to thine?" It was the true spirit of heroism; and she was now calm, soothed, and pacified by this stern resolve.

Immediately they were alarmed by a violent knocking at the outer postern. In great haste entered De Vavasour, the individual whom at the beginning of our legend we found so patiently watching beneath the lattice of his mistress; and his lady-love none other than the Jewess who now stood trembling before him.

"Oh fly, fly! That I should meet thee thus!"

He would have snatched her hand, as he said this; but the urgency of the case, and the maiden's reluctance, admitted not of such gallantry.

"This moment only I have heard, the Jews will be massacred on the morrow! They are accused of setting fire to the city. The archbishop hath summoned the council: they are now in close debate; and it is supposed there will be a grievous forfeiture for those that survive. Whither, my beloved, wilt thou fly? Alas! I know not. The assassins will assuredly be connived at, if not incited, by the priests."

"I will seek my father," said the courageous maiden; "nothing shall prevent me from making the attempt."

"Rash girl!" cried Madeline; "must both be sacrificed to thy mistaken notions of duty; and if one must fall, age or youth, which thinkest thou?"

"I argue not. I will hence. Hinder me at your peril. If ye refuse an escort, I will hie me forth alone."

"Alas! it would be madness, the attempt," said De Vavasour; "thou could'st not pass to the Jews' quarter now: no female might venture through the streets unmolested."

She wrung her hands, for she now felt a woman's weakness.

"That I should have left him thus! Oh, Madeline, if thou lovedst me, save him, I beseech thee; or in any wise lead me forth."

Madeline seemed for a moment wrapped in thought.

"I will save them," she said, "or we perish together. But thou must tarry here until my return."

Loath as she felt to remain, Esther knew it was their only hope of safety. She had knowledge beforetime of her singular courage and sagacity. Madeline was well known, too, amongst the chief personages, and those in authority, who looked upon her as one gifted with more than ordinary powers; nay, there were some who scrupled not to affirm that she had a foreknowledge of events derived from a source they did not care to divulge.

A hasty knock announced her arrival to the rabbi Jocenus. To his anxious inquiries she replied,—

"Esther is in safety; look now to thine own. I warn thee in her name to fly. It is now three hours ere midnight. Gather together of thy people as many as thou art able. Betake yourselves, three hours ere the morning watch, ye and your goods, with what care and secrecy ye may, to the citadel. I will find means to draw away the sheriff and his garrison on some pretence. Ye shall find the drawbridge lowered, and a free ingress. Look ye to it that all is safe, and make sure the defences. Having possession of the fortress, make the best terms ye may; but be assured on the morrow, that whosoever hath not refuge therein will be slain. Even your enemies now take counsel how they may put you to death, and all your substance shall not be sufficient for a ransom."

Giving the old man no space for answer, she departed; whither, will be gathered from our narrative.

By the light of waxen tapers of a prodigious size, in a gloined chamber near the archbishop's palace, called the council chamber, sat three or four dignitaries of the church, apparently in close debate. Their hard, unbending features, early tutored to baffle scrutiny, and to feel without betraying emotion, looked, though animated, yet wonderfully in similitude to the grim carved work that surrounded them. Their feelings, blunted probably by being repressed, were rarely, even in their more private intercourse, permitted to flow in the ordinary current—the natural channel through which glides the passions, the affections of the human heart.

"Tis well," said one, the most implacable and severe; "thy former

scruples were unworthy of the high functions unto which thou art called. The welfare of our holy church demands the sacrifice, however loath we be to defile ourselves with this apparent injustice."

"I would not we ourselves commit this cruel, but, I fear me, needful, offence. We may connive without implication; while the scandal, if any, shall not attach to us, or any other, the ministers of our holy communion. We will send emissaries, if need be, to incite the people, and to urge them forward in the work."

"Thou sayest well. The office of an archbishop was not unworthily committed to thy trust."

"The abbot of St. Mary's looks with too much favour on my humble pretensions. But," the august personage who spoke added, with something of irony in his manner, "the confiscation shall tend mightily to the welfare of the church, inasmuch as it is whispered the very reverend abbot, our brother, as well divers of the clergy, have done these unbelievers (whom our Holy Mother deliver to confusion) much grace and service, by taking up sundry heavy sums on usury, doubtless for the glory of the faith, and the maintenance of our holy religion. When these heretics are disposed of, the bonds now in our public treasury will be taken therefrom, and, if needs be, cancelled without ceremony."

The abbot bit his lip. His zeal had been pushed to this extremity by the sagacious expectation of immunity from these obligations.

Three knocks announced a message. A servitor entered.

"Your grace, a strange woman is without, and will not be denied. She hath business of grave import, that craves your presence instantly."

"Let her be admitted." We deny not even to the meanest our ministrations and our cares."

Shortly there entered a muffled figure of diminutive stature. She immediately threw aside her cloak; but it was fearful to see the surprise and consternation of the archbishop. He seemed absolutely speechless with horror. Had the grave given up its prey, had the abyss opened at his feet, he could not have betrayed more unequivocal symptoms of terror. His thin, wasted features grew ashy pale,—his lips drawn in,—his eye-balls almost

bursting from their sockets,—and his fingers clenched convulsively, as though they would grasp each other for protection.

Madeline spoke not. Every eye was turned on the prelate, and for a space she stood unquestioned.

The archbishop, with one powerful effort, was the first to put an end to this inauspicious silence.

“Brethren, a sudden pain has troubled me. Now I think on’t, I remember this woman; she hath brought bygone years somewhat suddenly to my remembrance. I knew not that she yet lived. But I pray you let me question her in private.”

At this intimation, those he had summoned to the council withdrew.

“Whence comest thou?” was the first inquiry, and in a tone that shewed the proud heart even of Geoffrey Plantagenet was bowed in her presence. “I thought thee dead, many, many miserable years ago.”

“Did’st think, proud prelate, thou should’st escape? But thy secret is close housed: ’tis safe here; how long, rests with thyself.”

“That one crime, Madeline, hath corrupted every source of enjoyment,—hath wasted my frame; it hath drunk the very marrow of my bones! Long years of mortification have not assuaged my remorse. I vowed a full confession,—to endure, to fulfil, any penance that might be allotted me, if it should please Heaven to grant me the office I now hold. The abbot has heard my crime; but ere my guilt be purged I must endure what he enjoins. That done, ‘*Requiescat in pace*,’—for I am weary of life.”

“Do penance as thou wilt, the wrong must be atoned for.”

“Oh that it could,—that the cold grave could give back its inhabitants! Mark thee, Madeline. I have knelt and wept, and sought a place of repentance; but hitherto it is denied. The heavens are as brass; and the earth, iron. I may speak to thee thus; ’tis a relief that has long been withheld. We are partakers of the same crime; and guilt, like the grave, is a fearful leveller. It makes all equal—the tyrant and his slave. I knew not of thy whereabouts—since that hour when—”

“Ay, since I was sent forth with a wailing babe,—and the waters—”

“Hush! hard-hearted woman. Would’st goad me on to crush thee?

I have power and means to subdue even a woman’s tongue. Tempt me not to another crime.”

Madeline smiled in derision. She seemed to hold his threats but lightly.

“Thy wife—she is a saint in glory!”

“I know it—I know it. Cursed ambition, that tempted me to conceal my marriage vow; and when my royal parent threw the glittering prize in prospect before me, I knew those holy bonds would wrest it for ever from my grasp. And thou, accursed as thou art! did’st consent to play the murderer; and thy mistress sorrowed even to death at the loss of her babe. Oh! as sweet, as pure a martyr as ever suffered! Could’st thou, cruel monster, kill the babe that smiled upon thee—twined its little fingers about thine own,—unnatural, inhuman as thou art! I hate thy presence! Begone!”

Even the hard features of Madeline relaxed into an expression of pity. She seemed stricken either with remorse or apprehension; she covered her face, but she wept not. Seldom did the refreshing spring well from that parched desert: the sources of feeling were hidden, but not dried up; and more impetuous, perhaps, from concealment. At length she spoke.

“Every word thou hast uttered is a swift witness against thyself. Who tempted me? Who suggested, nay, urged, the cruel deed? Who gave me gold, and when—?”

“Peace!” cried the writhing criminal; every muscle on the rack, and every word like a burning arrow to his heart. “Incarnate fiend! was it for this thou camest hither?”

“Nay, I sought thee for another use; it had been long ere I would have met thee else. Believe me, I were loath as thou to seek this interview: I come to crave thy protection.”

“Thou hast it. Away!”

“Not for myself; my life is not worth the breath that would ask for it. ’Tis for these poor Hebrews I would plead; their lives are in great jeopardy; hunted like the ravenous beast, they are like to suffer by a false accusation.”

“The Jews! Pleadest thou for this vile race?”

“Verily my suit is for the persecuted and distressed. The ministers of peace—the chosen of Heaven—should succour even their enemies.”

"I cannot, even had I the will. The people are bent on their destruction."

"'Tis mockery. Is the arm of the church waxed short; is it not omnipotent either to save or destroy; here, too, in the very centre of its power?"

"I may not grant thy request. Their fate is in other hands than mine."

"Their blood be on thine own head, monster! But I warn thee. Should they perish, and by thy permission, a deadly sin will be committed that not all the fires of purgatory shall burn out!"

"I have no power, I tell thee, in this matter."

He remembered the penance, or rather that meritorious service, which the abbot enjoined as an atonement for his crime; and he knew it were a vain attempt to revoke that inexorable mandate. In such a besotted state of ignorance were even the highest and most learned of that corrupt church, that a penance, enjoined by sinful mortals like themselves, was looked upon as a response from the throne of Heaven, from the Holy of Holies; and they were bound irrevocably to its decree.

"My suit is then denied?" said Madeline.

"I have said it."

"Then their cause be mine! I will save them in despite of thy power; and then look to thyself, proud prelate."

As she said this, with an angry and threatening aspect she departed.

Ere morning broke, what was the rage and consternation of their enemies when they found great part of the Jews, their households, and their substance, safely sheltered in the castle; the gates barred, and the whole citadel in a state of complete and hostile defence. The governor, or sheriff, as it is stated, was drawn away, together with the greater part of his garrison, by a feint. Information had been conveyed to him that an armed force, some Scottish marauders it was thought, were committing fearful depredations at a considerable distance northward of the city. About midnight he set out secretly. The Jews, being prepared, soon assembled from all points, overpowered the few soldiers that were left, and, with little ado, made themselves masters of the place.

When the sheriff and his troop returned, he found the key turned upon him; and he was now fain to parley

with those whom he had so incautiously given this advantage. The Jews, perhaps unwisely, demanded most exorbitant terms for themselves, together with safety for their brethren, and a guarantee from all damage and molestation for the future.*

On Madeline's return, it was in vain she sought to detain the Jewish maiden. Nothing could move her high and virtuous resolve; she insisted on sharing her parent's good or evil fortune; and, in consequence, was now safe lodged with the rabbi Jocenus in the castle; whither, at the appointed hour, Madeline secretly conducted her.

Terrible was the clamour and disappointment of the populace, thus beguiled of their prey. The terms of surrender proposed by the Jews were indignantly rejected; and, as reported in the chronicles of Hemmingford, canon of Guisborough, "now was seen the zeal of a Christian populace; an innumerable company of armed men, as well from the city as from other parts, rose simultaneously, and begirt the fortress." We are further informed, that the high-sheriff issued his writ *posse comitatus*, to raise the whole country for this purpose. The summons brought an immense host. With these were intermixed many of the clergy, and "a certain fanatical friar, clad in a white vesture, was every where seen crying out, 'the enemies of Christ must be destroyed.' This zealot was amongst the first to suffer the destruction he announced; for, in his endeavour to fix the battering engines against the walls, a large stone fell upon his head, and his brains were dashed out."

For three days the siege was continued without intermission,—the fortress being invested night and day, so that the Jews were unwittingly caught in their own trap. Their expected refuge was about to prove a snare, rather than a defence.

Sir Percy de Vavasour was driven nigh to distraction by the loss and imminent danger of her, the object of his unalterable attachment. He earnestly besought Madeline, that, if possible, they should devise some stratagem for her deliverance. Else was it like, seeing the unexpected obstinacy of the besiegers, that, in the end, the fortress must surrender, and she would perish miserably in the slaughter that would ensue. Madeline herself was much

disconcerted by the event; her efforts for their safety were, in the end, likely to augment, though it retarded their sufferings.

"One hope only is left," said she thoughtfully. *

"I will give thee great largess," eagerly rejoined the knight.

"I will none o' thy bounty. Not all the gold of Ophir could buy what thou desirest; and yet, for her sake—"

She looked out with great earnestness through the little window towards the citadel.

"Can'st thou draw a bow, and with a sure aim?" she hastily inquired.

"The twang of the yew-tree is not strange to mine ear. Verily, I will try a mark with the best archer in either York or Lancaster," replied he.

Madeline had been brought up early in life to higher prospects, having been educated among the nuns of St. Ursula, in the city; and, amongst the rarer accomplishments of that unlettered age, was gifted with the art of writing.

A scrap was soon prepared, bound up, and introduced into the cleft of an arrow. She took down an enormous bow, such as would have baffled the best and the stoutest in this degenerate era. Her father was below, on some trifling business; he had been all day long busy charging and discharging his engines at the castle, for the purpose of annoying the besieged, but with little damage therefrom. In truth, his warfare was a source of more apprehension to his friends than his enemies. Nevertheless, the old man, with one or two assistants, was wonderfully pleased with his practice; and at every discharge of their clumsy espringolds, or mangonels, he jumped about for very joy.

It was about noon, the third day of the siege, when Madeline took Sir Percy de Vavaour on the roof. Looking over their crazy battlements, she pointed to the castle.

"Seest thou yon space above the walls on the right of the great tower? 'Tis there our billet will most readily find its owner. Now draw thy best, and Heaven speed the mark."

The knight aimed as he was directed. The arrow sped, but the shaft was drawn at a venture; and, as yet, they knew not how it fared with their dispatch.

About midnight, a figure stole cautiously under shadow of the fence, and

through the gardens below the north-eastern angle, of the sallyport,—so far eluding the vigilance of the besiegers, who did not appear to keep watch with that strict discipline and close service so needful to prevent escape. The individual now crept along the ditch, near to the palisades, then by the wall of the covered way. Climbing this with great care, the earthen mound or glacis immediately below the outer wall was gained without discovery. A wicker basket, or something convenient for the purpose, appeared to have been let down by those within. At a given signal the intruder was safely hoisted over the wall, and in this manner, unobserved by the besiegers, entered the castle.

Morning came, the fourth from the beginning of the siege, when, to the astonishment of the beleaguering army, they saw the bleeding carcasses of their enemies the Jews tossed over the walls in such numbers, that historians say more than one thousand of them perished miserably, rather than fall alive into the hands of their enemies. A mighty sum had been offered, if so be they might have been allowed to escape with their lives, but it was refused; on which, as Matthew Paris quaintly informs us, "a certain foreign rabbi, or doctor of their law, stood up amongst them and said, 'Men of Israel, our Creator has commanded that we should at any time be ready to die for our law. When he gave us life, he enjoined that, with our own hands, and of our own accord, we should devoutly restore it to him again, rather than submit to the cruelty of our enemies.' This invitation to imitate the example of the followers of Josephus in the cave of Jotapata, was embraced by many of the Jews; but others chose rather to try the victors' clemency. But, before the self-devoted victims began to execute the sentence upon each other, they ineffectually attempted to fire the castle, and committed all their property to the flames. Jocenus began the execution first, according to some accounts; but these are very confused and contradictory. So far is certain, that husbands immolated their wives and children; and when the work of carnage was ended, at last the rabbi Jocenus himself mounted the wall in the front of the main army. Cursing them in the name of the God of Illos, he stabbed himself, and his

body fell over, a miserable corpse, to glut the malice of the besiegers; and in all likelihood he was the only individual who laid violent hands on his own life—the only suicide!

At this horrid spectacle a loud yell of triumph was raised by the surrounding multitudes, and many, even ministers of “the holy church,” were present to enjoy the sight.

The survivors now supplicated for mercy, promising to deliver up the fortress. Their enemies pretending to feel compassion for their sufferings, by that means obtained admittance into the castle. Immediately these blood-thirsty savages commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, without respect either to age or sex. All the houses of the Jews in the city were plundered and burnt; unheard of cruelties being committed on the miserable remnant who survived. Reeking with the blood of their victims, they hastened to the treasury where the bonds were deposited. Those belonging to the Jews, being for monies owing by the citizens, were taken out and publicly burnt,—thus rendering a full acquittance of their debts.

When the carnage had ceased, there came the abbot of St. Mary’s, together with the archbishop, and other notable dignitaries, to view the catastrophe; and, in consideration of such meritorious service, though incidentally rendered, the abbot absolved him from his crime! The act of penance was complete.

As they stood by the gate, attended by a numerous train of ecclesiastics, there approached, without ceremony, the ugly dwarf Hugo, and, with little apparent courtesy, addressed the archbishop.

“Please you, my lord, I have a message.”

“Say on.”

“For your private ear.”

They drew aside a few moments. The prelate, returning to his company, spoke in a pretty loud tone to the abbot.

“A case of some urgency demands my immediate attendance. Meantime, I pray you, take due cognisance and inquest of these lawless deeds,—a copy whereof it shall be my business to forward to the king.”

And with that he took his departure, preceded by the dwarf, who led him straightway to the Red Tower,—his

grace being conducted into the chamber where Madeline appeared as though impatiently awaiting his arrival. Her look was more than ordinarily disturbed; her face flushed, and excited by no common occurrence. As he entered, she saluted him, but without rising at his approach.

She commanded Hugo to retire, and with great earnestness addressed the high-born dignitary who attended her.

“Can’st shrive me, the most miserable, the most guilty, and, I would fain hope, the most penitent?”

“The truly penitent alone are permitted to share in this gracious dispensation. Who is it that implores our aid?”

“I have delivered a soul to perdition, and sold mine for—gold—ay, for filthy lucre. Would that I had died for her!”

“How? Disclose thy crime more fully; make a clear confession. The all-merciful church can dispense pardon even to the most guilty.”

“Thou liest, hypocrite! thou liest to thine own soul. Thou—thou art the author and the sole cause of my guilt; and how shall he who is most guilty clear another from such foul offence?”

The archbishop was silent. She continued, with a subdued tone:

“Hast feasted thine eyes enough on yon cruel carnage?”

“We deeply lament the excesses that have been committed. The king will, doubtless, bring the guilty to account for this sore transgression.”

Here she broke out into a laugh so fraught with derision, that the prelate was for a moment put off his guard, and an angry frown suddenly gathered on his brow. Immediately, however, his features were calm and imperturbable as before.

“If thou need the offices of the church,” said he, “they will be duly administered. I am here to hearken to thy confession.”

“Then, let every word run like molten fire to thy cruel heart. When I was commissioned by emissaries from thee to take the babe new-born,—to dispose of it in such wise that it should not witness against thee—a bar to thine ambition,—I knew too well the horrid import of that command; but I did wilfully deceive those whom I then served: I reared the infant with mine own hands, amid penury and

sorrow. My father, by unforeseen misfortune, had long suffered poverty and disgrace. Wounded in the wars, he had lost all his substance in the strife. I became acquainted with the wife of the rabbi Jocenus; she was compassionate towards me. In an evil hour I listened to the tempter. Her husband had been for some months absent; the age of the babe was favourable to the deception. She proffered me a jewel of such worth, that mine eyes ached as I gazed upon it. My soul lusted for the bauble; for I knew that wealth, ample, overflowing for our necessities, might be gotten in exchange. She gave me gold, too, for our immediate wants, and I rendered up the babe as her own. But, thereafter, being stricken with unutterable remorse, I hid the accursed thing, and here it is, a testimony of my crime, and a witness of the truth."

She unbound her girdle; and as she drew forth the gem the guilty father looked as though he could not withdraw his glance from that terrible fascination. She continued:

"The child was brought up and nurtered as the Jew's daughter. I had taken a solemn oath that I would never divulge the secret, unless at the death of her adopting parents. But there was little occasion for such bond; the cruel punishment attached to my crime would have deterred me from the disclosure, had not the pangs of remorse overcome the apprehension of my doom—the fagot and the stake!"

"Where is my child?" cried the archbishop, the appalling truth but too manifest.

"By thy guilty connivance she has died in the faith we pronounce accursed! I warned thee, besought thee, to save these unoffending Jews; and now thou standest arraigned the double destroyer of thine offspring, both soul and body!"

"Fiend!" cried the distracted prelate, seizing her by the hair, "why did'st not tell me? Devilish destroyer, I will have thee torn limb from limb—I will——"

His voice became inarticulate with agony, gnashing his teeth like a demoniac as she disengaged herself from his grasp.

"Hear me. I did not let her perish without an effort. Yesternight, by a

successful stratagem, I sought her. I beseeched her, but in vain, to escape; and though the rabbi Jocenus pleaded with me in mine entreaty, yet would she not be moved. I had come prepared for this extremity, also. Infusing secretly a drug for the purpose, a draught was administered, and I brought her away safely, when deep sleep had fallen upon her. Descending from the wall, ere the bloody sacrifice begun, I brought her hither; but, alas, the potion has too well fulfilled its office. She sleeps; but 'tis the sleep of death!"

"Oh! where—where? Let me embrace her in death whom in life I have so cruelly deserted! Lead me to her, thou terrible foe—destroyer of mine hope!"

In a little recess, on a straw pallet, lay the pale, the beautiful form of the hapless Esther! Lovely even in death, her figure was like the purest marble, and almost as cold. He threw himself on the body, and gave way to a violent burst of grief, that for a while overcame his reason. Tears, hot and copious, came to his relief: he lifted up one agonising prayer to the throne of mercy,—it was the cry of the true penitent, and prevailed.

Madeline sat by the couch wailing her death-chant. The humbled and now penitent sinner, though of the lughest in that proud hierarchy, was brought down to the dust, smitten, with her, in the most abject prostration of spirit. Not penance could boast the power and the efficacy of that submission to the will of Heaven.

Starting suddenly on his feet, he gazed awhile intensely on the image of death before him. He thought a faint, almost imperceptible, flush fastened on her cheek.

"Gracious Heaven! she lives!"

Madeline could scarcely credit the glad tidings. But, with a deep sigh, the sleeping maiden opened her eyes, and the breath of life once more issued from her lips.

She awakened to a new state of existence; and, convinced by assiduous teaching as to the truth of that religion she had been taught to despise, she was baptized in the true faith, and afterwards became the wife of Sir Percy de Vavasour."



SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

WE are not now about to compare and canvass the merits of these institutions: it is enough to say that they have been nurseries of many bright names that have shed a glory on the age in which they lived. We have leisure, in a few words, to touch on the war waged in Aberdeen between the members, masters, and heads of King's College, and its Gothic spoilers; and, in the sequel, the Melbourne measure just introduced. "But," exclaims the reader, "is it worth the while of FRASER, who has higher game to fly at, to take notice of a local, and, to Londoners, uninteresting question." We reply, FRASER and all his tail (for tails are fashionable now-a-days, from that of St. Stephen's downward) stand continually on the look-out; and though not disposed to be umpires in every petty village quarrel, yet if they trace the pioneers and the feelers of Radicalism, or Infidelity, or even Whiggism, in the most sequestered locality, or in the more congenial resort of these vermin of the nineteenth century, the ale-house, they do not shrink from dragging out, to the glare of day, and to the execration of good men, the obnoxious things. And that our readers may not be shocked by meeting us after such disagreeable work, our fingers are invariably dipped in rose water, and our Lady bathed in Pierian springs, Aurora's dew, &c.

Though we do not feel responsible, as it is usual in candidates for popular favour to express themselves, to the majesty of the people, save when and where that majesty is under the guidance of sound principle and solid sense, yet to satisfy our readers that in this case, as in all others, we act on the poet's maxim—

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice
nodus"—

that is to say, let not FRASER interfere, unless there be a subject worthy of him—we will gratify our readers with an abridged summary, and the names of the pamphlets and small shot that are interchanged in the neighbourhood of the Aberdeen universities. We pass by the letters and pamphlets emanating from Al. Bannerman, M.P., the member for the city, and the representative of his majesty's ministers in assailing

the existence of King's College, and turning religion out of the Marischal College, as they are of that namby-pamby, milk-and-water stamp, that to notice them would nauseate, or something more. We will subjoin the names of one or two of the pamphlets issuing from the cloisters of King's College, which demonstrate that giants are not confined to Oxford and Cambridge, but "feed high their strength" in the cold and wintry north.

A Letter to Al. Bannerman, M.P., by Pat. Forbes, D.D., Minister of St. Machar's Parish, and Humanity Professor, King's College, Aberdeen. We cannot resist adding, on our announcement of this sound constitutional and Christian letter, that it is a powerful document. Had Sandy Bannerman been put in the hydraulic press or the steam cylinder of his own cotton-mill at the Links, he could not have been more thoroughly pressed and pounded. Dr. Forbes treats him in that cool, but awfully griping style, in which FRASER in his easiest moods deals with his antagonists.

A Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Advocate for Scotland, regarding Bills to be brought into Parliament by His Majesty's Government for the Regulation of the Scottish Universities, and particularly the Colleges of Aberdeen. By Pat. Forbes, D.D., Professor of Humanity, &c. The lord-advocate has his wig respectfully powdered in this.

The Aberdeen University Magazine, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. This is unquestionably one of the ablest magazines we meet with, after our own. There is really, to give up all fan, and adduce unvarnished fact, much solid and masterly writing in this work. We never like to intrude into editorial secrecy, but there are in this magazine some traces that indicate the presence of a professor not far from King's College, who is beyond all comparison the first theologian in Scotland. The connexion that subsists between religion and intellectual knowledge, and the dependence of the latter on the former—the objections urged against the *curricula* of the Scottish universities—the plans of the new university mongers, from him of the broom, down to him of the tail—the bill for placing these institutions

under external control—the propriety of swallowing up the King's in the Marischal College, &c., are all explicated with a clearness and a power that must tell on his majesty's government, we should say, were it not that reasons no less cogent, adduced on the Irish church, the Irish municipal corporations, &c., had no more effect on these impenetrable gentlemen, than needles on the hide of a rhinoceros. In fact, we may as well think to make mile-stones dance, by playing jigs to them, as to make certain members of the cabinet retract, retreat, or desist, or do any thing wisely and well, by dint of reason, experience, and facts. Such is the outer covering of Whig-Radicalism, that argument, and common sense, and Christian principle, cannot ooze through during years; while, by a marvellous chemistry, the lusty clamours and threats of a Popish beggar, and the Billingsgate bawlings of an unenlightened and mischievous populace, find instant and overpowering entrance; and these, fermenting, produce a rare cabinet of

“All monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear
conceived—
Gorgons and hydras, and *chimeras* dire.”

Under the mask of toleration, equal privileges, &c., there is latent in these days an inveterate enmity towards religion and all its institutions. The more any institution is identified with religion, the more heavy is the charge of exclusiveness, illiberality, &c., which is brought against it. It is not against Episcopacy, nor against Presbytery, as such, that the present onset is made. It is against the truth of God, of which these are the shells. The Irish church and the Scottish church have been respectively, though little respectfully, assailed; the former mutilated, and the latter threatened with the *reductio-ad-submission* system of starvation. The English universities have heard the thunder stamp of the March of Intellect at their gates, and have nobly driven him away. The Scottish universities, beginning at the remotest and weakest, according to the usual process of modern legislative treatment, are now to be rectified in the alembic of Whiggery, till they can be made to receive the Popish archbishop, whom the Dublin Society turned about his

business, as their patron or principal. We must never forget, as a sufficient reason for our turning attention to remote objects, that the Protestant churches and colleges of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are really one and the same. They constitute one magnificent platform, on which the liberties and moralities of our country have flourished, and our national prowess and power gathered nutriment and support. The Protestant institutions of our country must stand or fall together; and it is, therefore, imperative on all parties to merge their petty quarrels about subordinate details, and to rally round the standard of Protestantism, Patriotism, and Christianity. The English church may be the heart of our ecclesiastical constitution, but the Irish and Scottish churches are the right and left wings. Cambridge and Oxford are geographically and morally the centre, but Dublin, and St. Andrews, and Glasgow, and Aberdeen, are necessary extremities. This we are sure of, that the Gothic sledgehammer that breaks down the immunities of the latter, will make the blow be felt in the very bosom of the former. It is the policy of that spirit of atheism that has crept in, to commence its aggressions at the remote and weaker parts, and gradually to converge toward the seats of greater and central power. Our present observations on the northern university warfare must in this light be interesting, as we hope they will be profitable, to our Cambridge and Oxford readers.

Were Spurzheim or Combe to scratch the head of a certain cabinet with their discerning digits (and we may, for the benefit of our readers, induce them one day to do so), they would discover very prominently developed the bump of destructiveness. “*Ergo*” would then be the key to unlock the present unaccountableness of much of our state policy. This principle, or propensity, (*i. e.* destructiveness,) fastened its fangs on the Irish church, devoured ten of her bishops, and is now ravenous for ten times ten of her parish priests; and the Irish, proverbially cowards at home, however valiant abroad, are tamely submitting to be consumed. The same bump has turned its attention to a few nice pickings, that the rapacious ancestors of many of our Whig families left to the established church of Scotland; and, by way of a feeler of the

patient's pulse, they sent down a commission to the north, made up, according to a favourite Melbourne cabinet recipe, of ingredients hostile to all establishments; after the sage maxim, that the more a person hates a thing, the more likely he is to discern its beauties. The universities of Scotland—and among these, King's College, Aberdeen, the most ancient, and the most amply endowed of them all—are at present the objects of assault: we suppose for this reason, that these send forth the men who are able to wield the cudgel, and belabour the backs of Sandy Bannerman, *et hoc genus omne*, and thereby defend the venerable institution, and disappoint the cabinet of a surplus.

For the information of our south-the-Tweed readers, we may state that at Aberdeen there are two distinct colleges, and distinct universities also; the one, King's, in the old town, and the other, Marischal, in the new town, about two miles apart.

His majesty's government are endeavouring to starve down and to dilapidate King's College, at the same time that they have voted some 30,000*l.* for building a splendid new Marischal College in the new town. This new college they intend, in the exercise of their centralising efforts, to place under their own control; so that, henceforth, to be a professor in Marischal College, and to be a Whig, will be the same thing. The reasons we have gathered for this conduct—that is, the destruction of King's College, and the fostering of Marischal—are simply these, odd enough, certainly, in ordinary cases, but not so in our present policy: *Imprimis*, King's College is a most ancient and venerable seat of learning, having been erected by Bishop Elphinstone in 1494, under the sanction of a bull of Pope Alexander VI. Its first name was St. Mary's; but, being soon taken under the patronage of royalty, it was called King's. It is the only college in the university. Marischal College was not founded till nearly a century afterwards. The former is much anterior to the Reform-bill; the latter is much nearer,—*ergo delenda est* King's College.

2. King's College is a right-hearted, Conservative institution: its professors, with one sad exception, are all Tories, sound Christian Tories, to the sacristan and downwards. Marischal College,

with one or two delightful exceptions, is Whig-whiggish,—*ergo*, the former inference.

3. The M.P. for the city is anxious to turn the magnificent fabric in the old town into a cotton-manufactory, (vide Dr. Forbes's letter "on the 24th clause of the bill),—*ergo*, the claims of King's College for a portion of the royal grant are to be despised.

4. Mr. Bannerman and any Whig friend may, for their services, get an LL.D. attached to their names from Marischal College; whereas at King's they have, at present, no chance: *ergo*, the former inference. We leave the public to judge of the merits of the reasons assigned, and proceed to cull, here and there, a passage from the very excellent documents on our table. That Mr. Bannerman meant to destroy the fabric of King's College there can be no doubt, both from the principle of his measure and from the reply of Mr. B., when he was asked whether there would be money enough for rebuilding Marischal College, "No; but 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* will be got from the sale of the buildings of King's College." The intended measure is neither more nor less than barefaced spoliation. The following is an extract from the memorial of the senatus of King's College, presented to Parliament, which explains clearly the nature and intent of the then projected measure:—

"That the object of this bill is the suppression of the University and King's College of Old Aberdeen, as a school of arts, law, and medicine, by the transfer of the endowed chairs, and connected bursaries of three faculties, from that establishment to 'the buildings of Marischal College' in New Aberdeen—a measure the injustice of which will appear from considering that the institution, denominated the University and King's College of Aberdeen, was established a hundred years before the institution in New Aberdeen; and that the University and King's College has for many years been in a progressively flourishing state by the increase of the number of students; while, at the other College, the number of students has been progressively decreasing, in proportion as the new town of Aberdeen, in which it is situate, has become distinguished as a sea-port, with its numerous manufacturing and commercial establishments, rendering it, in consequence, less suitable for the site of a place of study.

"That, in such circumstances, the suppression of the University and King's

College as a school of arts, with its public buildings, characterised, in the language of the royal commissioners for visiting the Scotch universities, as an 'ancient and fine fabric,'—rendered thereby in a great measure useless, by the classes being transferred to a manufacturing town, where accommodation is required to be provided at the public expense—is a measure which, it is confidently expected, will never obtain the sanction of the British senate.

"That the University and King's College is a private endowment by Bishop Elphinstone, and has continued as such for nearly three centuries and a half, with the addition of 700*l.* per annum, granted by the crown in 1808, as some compensation for the loss of tithes, withdrawn for augmenting the stipends of the clergy; so that it is not for a moment to be supposed that the honourable the House of Commons will confiscate the property of this university, and countenance the sale of its venerable buildings."

So much for the buildings of that ancient seat, and the economy of the M. P. for Aberdeen, who naturally enough would prefer the tower of King's College to be converted into a chimney-stalk, its chapel into an engine-house, its class-rooms into cotton wardrobes, and its professors into firemen or superintendents of spinning-jennies. O thou classic youth! thy new pier and Aberdeen harbour exploits were nothing to this.

But we must give the sentiments of the senatus of King's College on the new constitution premeditated for the new University.

"That a Rectorial Court, constituted and empowered as contemplated by the bill, is an inquisitorial board, unknown in any British college; and which must necessarily destroy the authority and consequent usefulness of a professor, excite the students to acts of insubordination, and eventually destroy the respectability of the university.

"That the power to be vested in this Rectorial Court, the majority of the members of which may be unconnected with the institution, or have not attended a class in any university—of delaying to fill up vacant appointments, under certain conditions, until the year 1850—keeping, in the interval, the 'United University,' with its incorporated colleges, in a broken up, crippled, and inefficient state—and placing the present incumbents in the condition of cumberers of the ground—must excite surprise in the minds of all in the least degree ac-

quainted with the business of a college, and fill with alarm the minds of the inhabitants of that part of Scotland dependent on Aberdeen for the education of their sons.

"That the arrangements contemplated by the bill, as a constitution for the 'United University'—the absolute power committed to the Rectorial Court—the degraded condition of the professors during the period of their active service, and the ungracious treatment awaiting them in their declining years—the annihilation of vested rights—the destruction of charters which for ages have been respected—the transfer of funds, bestowed on the seminary of one town, to enrich that of another—the wasteful sacrifice of extensive buildings—the deprivation, during the next fifteen years, of the north of Scotland of a regular university or college—involve principles of change and spoliation never before acted upon."

Certainly, we would add, never before acted upon in universities, but in the church and in the reform-bill fully acted on; and, therefore, do not charge the Whigs with inconsistency in this matter. They are abominably and fatally consistent. We must now give our readers a few of the delicate and gentlemanly ways in which that clear-headed Tory, Dr. Pat. Forbes, handles the M. P. mouthpiece of the ten-pounders of Aberdeen. Mr. Bannerman had been trying to be jocose, like most fools that throw firebrands, and appeal, if they are not in joke.

"Of this science of waggery," says the doctor, "I never was a professor, and therefore do not attempt to indulge in what I am quite unequal to: whether this be one of your favourite studies, in which you have made great attainments, as you seem to allow that you occasionally indulge in it, you and your friends will be best able to determine. Waggery, Dr. Johnson defines to be—'Mischievous merriment, roguish trick, sarcastical gaiety.' As to sarcastical gaiety, I should indeed be very ignorant of myself and my own powers, were I to attempt it,—for I really feel that 'secantem levia nervi deficerent animique;' and I am certainly not disposed to confess, that I feel any inclination to indulge in mischievous merriment or roguish tricks—and I leave it to you to convict me of them, if you can. I have, indeed, been always of the opinion of Mr. Locke—and I wish all my countrymen were fully impressed with the sentiment—that 'it is not the waggeries or cheats practised among school-boys,' or am-

full grown boys, 'that make an *able* man; but the principles of *justice, generosity, and sobriety.*'"

There is a lesson here for other meridians than that of Aberdeen. The paragraph may be had for half-a-crown, in FRASER'S MAGAZINE. Much money has been paid from the Treasury for inferior matter: at all events, the hint is worth recollecting.

Mr. Bannerman's most vaunted exploit is his measure for dispensing with any of the professors signing the standards of the Scottish establishment—a requirement which he calls an *old Scotch act*. We tell Mr. Bannerman that this same "old Scotch act" was a *sine quâ non* of the union between England and Scotland, and that the repeal of this act may be a more ominous act than his majesty's ministers have yet meddled with.

"My conviction, therefore, arising from these circumstances is, that you were made the unconscious instrument of aiming a vital blow at the Established Church of this country, by severing its connexion with the education of the country. That this separation would be attended with this consequence, in the opinion of our ancestors, who framed the Act of Security, which they insisted on being embodied in the Act of Union, is quite manifest from the words of this last, which are—'And further, for the greater security of the foresaid Protestant religion, and of the worship, discipline, and government of this church, as above established, her majesty, with the advice and consent foresaid, statutes and ordains, that the universities and colleges of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, as now established by law, shall continue within this kingdom for ever. As also, that all professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any university, college, or school, &c., before or at their admissions do and shall subscribe the confession of faith as the confession of their faith; and that they will practise and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in this church, &c., and that before the respective presbyteries of their bounds,' &c. We may see clearly here the opinion of our ancestors, that, for the security of the religion which they had succeeded in establishing at so dear a rate, it was indispensably requisite, and of paramount importance, to have the teachers in the universities, colleges, and schools, attached to the established religion of the country; and I apprehend every reflecting person

must be of the same opinion,—for it is not in the nature of things that an established church could be permanent, or even extensively useful, without this adjunct. In England, the universities have always been considered in the light of the bulwarks and semiparies of the church; and we find that a similar attack has been made on them, proceeding, I doubt not, from the same, or a similar, quarter from which the provisions of your bill came; for I cannot convince myself that one, who has so great respect for decorous conduct as you doubtless have who attack me so bitterly for supposed violations of decorum, would not have had some scruples arising in his mind (had he himself framed these clauses and arrangements, after deep reflection, and extended inquiry into the subject in all its bearings, as becomes a legislator,) whether it was not in some degree indecorous in a dissenter from the Established Church to propose repealing its securities, so carefully guarded at the time of the union of the two kingdoms."

Dr. Forbes adds:—

"If this be attempted, I acknowledge, for reasons assigned in my letter to the Lord Advocate, that I expect the time soon to arrive when my countrymen will join in the regretful wish of Cicero, only (and may it be only) exchanging *Respublica* with *Universitas*, 'Utinam Respublica stetisset, quo ceperat statu, nec in homines non tam commutandarum quam evertendarum rerum cupidos incideret!'" *De Off.* l. ii. 1.

After the Doctor has thus exposed and commented on the intended University measures at great length, and with great perspicuity, he takes his leave of his cotton-manufactory antagonist in another quotation, which is so appropriate that, at the risk of bringing the Doctor under a charge of pedantry, by huddling Greek and Latin so close together, we will give it. Moreover, the introduction of a little classic matter may revive us a little amid our prospective horrors of King's College being made a cotton-mill.

"Of you, and of your confidential friend, I shall now take leave, addressing you in the words of Hecuba, for whose opinions, as she was a queen, and consequently a Tory, you will not care more than you do for mine, although with your friend (being a little liable to my failing,) from former recollections they may have somewhat more weight:—

Ἀχαιοὶ σὺν ἡμῶν στήθε', ὅσῳ δημιουργοὺς
 Ζηλοῦσι τιμὰς· μὴδὲ γιγνώσκουσ' ἡμῶι,
 Οἱ τοὺς φίλους βλαπτόντας οὐ φροντίζουσιν.
 Ἦν τῷσι πολλοῖς πρὸς ἡμῶν λίγηται τι.*
 EURIPID., *Hec.*, 254.

Yet, perhaps, you may not think them altogether unworthy of your notice, when you reflect that they were put into her majesty's mouth by a citizen of the most democratic state that ever existed, and who had, consequently, good opportunities of witnessing the effects of that admirable form of government. I make no apology to a *ci-devant* lord-rector, nor to a dean of a college, for the language in which these sentiments are quoted; being satisfied, that two University Reformers must consider it indispensable that all the members of the rectorial court should be intimate with the language of Hecuba."

We do not believe that Al. Bannerman, Esq., M.P., has any greater mischief in view than the transubstantiation of a college into a cotton-mill; a whim which arises from the new school of political economy. His party, however, mean this, "and something more." What an admirable principal would Joe Hume be! His connexion, too, with *Greek works*, might make the change more gradual.

We should now like to take up the contents of the *Aberdeen University Magazine*, which are the lucubrations of no ordinary mind; but we cannot spare more space than is requisite for recommending the periodical to our readers. The outrageous absurdities of the New University Court about to be introduced, are handled in that masterly way which the interests in jeopardy warrant, and with that tact, nevertheless, which kills while it appears but to sparkle. The plan proposed of fixing hours, and subjects, and lectures, by act of parliament, seems to be by way of anticipating that philosophico-millennial era when steam-power will fill the pulpit, and the press, and the professor's chair. These act-of-parliament rescripts are to be as binding as the canons of Trent—as

immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and they are, some of them already, as absurd as the acts of his celestial majesty the Emperor of China. In addition to this, the said University Court is to exercise an irresponsible control over the property of the university; a large part of which is settled in mortmain by the will of private donors. It is, therefore, a sacred obligation, which no upstart body ought to interfere with, to hold the destinations of the founders inviolate. "Such wills," says the editor of the *Aberdeen University Magazine*, "have never been violated by any civilised people, excepting in times of revolution and of great public crimes. It cannot be that such a sweeping abrogation of the testaments of the dead (*as is contemplated in Mr. Bannerman's bills*) could be tolerated in a nation in which we have so recently seen the most distinguished judges of the highest court of equity assembled, for weeks, and months, and years, to inquire into the terms of, and unanimously pass judgment to protect, the will of the late Lady Hewley, after a process that, by the solemnity and caution with which it was conducted, arrested the attention of the whole British kingdoms."

The great ends and objects which the proposed measures are intended by the government to accomplish, are not such paltry things as the elevation of the literature and science, the honour of the name, or the advantages of the educational institutions, of Scotland; but what they have had too prominently in view, in all their abortive plans and wild innovations, the pulling down, *vi et armis*, the old conservative and constitutional party, whether it be found in the church or in the cabinet, in the cloisters of a college, or in the rooms of a cottage; and the aggrandisement of a raving party and a revolutionary infidelity on the ruins of thrones, and ancient houses, and fanes, and venerable laws—the exclusion of the fear of God and the principles of Christianity from every institution doing

* For the edification of Mr. Bannerman and his cotton-friends, our Man of Genius subjoins a translation:

Bad set, those Radical new college-founders!
 Who speechify to please unwashed ten-pounders
 (Our Magazine—we do not wish to praise her—
 Yet we hope such men will ne'er be cheered in Fraser);
 Who are to friends, religion, learning, rude,
 If they but please the swinish multitude.

as the ancients often did, depriving their slaves of sense and feeling by poisonous drugs, that they might the more easily subjugate them—and the advent of that consummation when the feasting and diseased mass of society, with no correctives of its bitterness and no sweeteners of its nature, shall exhale such monsters as Robespierre and Marat, and society, enfeebled by its convulsive throes, sink down again into apathy and insensibility. The New University founders made Religion an exile from the London University; but not liking to attempt so tremendous an aggression on what they in their wisdom account the prejudices of Aberdeen, they have determined to keep all the languages and philosophy in Marischal College, and all the theology in King's; thus taking care not to adulterate the economy of Malthus and the sentiments of Smith with Christianity, and at the same time putting themselves in a position hereafter to suggest, in the further march of intellect, that as Christianity has been moved away two miles from the New College in Aberdeen, it cannot be a great deprivation to its students if they ease them altogether of a naturally uncongenial neighbour. We do not touch upon the distinctions that subsist between the English and Scottish universities, which the editor of the *University Magazine* admirably estimates, believing that, generally, the Scottish are for the *diffusion* of a very respectable amount of knowledge, and that the English are for the *concentration* of mind on one individual branch, under the high-pressure power of fellowships and other stimuli—incentives which were wrenched from the Scottish Church, at the Reformation, by a rapacious nobility. We believe, that while the universities of Scotland have much fewer Porsons and Parrs, and other intellectual Colossi, they have yet, even on the admission of English scholars, an average of graduates, as high as any in Europe. "We should be ashamed," says the *University Magazine*, "were the average attainments of our Scottish students to stand no higher than those of the troops commanded by the Cantabrigian captain of the Poll."

We cannot now enter into the comparative merits of the Aberdeen and Glasgow halls of theology; but we think it was in an *uncanny* moment

that Dr. M'Gill, of Glasgow, put himself in the hands of the editor of the *Aberdeen University Magazine*. The Reverend Professor, it appears, stated that he delivered eight times as many lectures, each session, to the students of theology at Glasgow University, as Dr. Mearns did to those at Aberdeen. On this subject the editor makes the following hit, worthy of a corner in FRASER: "Eight fasciculi, of thirty lectures each, may contain, of pretty close writing, 4800 pages for the whole Aberdeen course; which, multiplied by four for Dr. M'Gill's, gives 19,200 pages of manuscript. What a mass of foolscap goes to a M'Gill course of theology! Might not some small indulgence have been shewn to the Aberdonian method on account of *solid* contents, when, in the *superficial*, such is the acknowledged superiority on the doctor's side, that, after great deductions, a large and gratifying balance would still have remained to him." We must state, that the University of Old Aberdeen may be proud of so powerful and eloquent a defender. We are persuaded that we can trace the pen of a distinguished professor in King's, less distinguished than his merits and profound attainments as a theologian deserve. There are some cool and sly hits, which, in another shape, and a little modified, have made some would-be Dr. Chalmers wince, in the Divinity Hall; and there are other processes of thought, which remind one of the splendid lectures on the evidences of Christianity, delivered at King's, by the Rev. Dr. Mearns—lectures which, when committed to the press, will throw no less light on the subject, than they will shed lustre on the name of the reverend author.

We thank the modern Whig reformers for their doings. They have done much to rouse the energies of the friends of religion, and the sticklers for the glory and perpetuity of the British constitution. The collision is come of principle against reckless innovation, wisdom against folly, the intellectual prowess of bearded men against the mania of Radical lads; and, if the latter class will only tamper a little longer, the former will be the more thoroughly stirred, and the helm of state by and by cleared of raw experimentalists, and some pilot that can weather the storm placed in their stead. Powerful and progressive assaults are now made

on our national systems of education. Our British universities are threatened with a visit from the *schoolmaster* — our Protestant church menaced with the pseudo improvements of the “*March of Intellect*” — our very constitution, so venerable with years, so signalised by mighty triumphs, is to be depressed to the earth by that intolerable incubus, the majesty of the people; and in the pulpit and at the bar, in the university senate and in the House of Commons, in the dock where the prisoner stands, in the box where the jury meets, and on the bench on which the judge sits, “*Vox populi*” is (“be astonished, O heavens! and wonder, O earth!”) to be regarded as synonymous with “*Vox Dei*.”

Religion is the real object of attack. The altar is to be overturned, because of the glory that burns on it — the temple is to be razed, because of the voice of “righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,” that is still heard in the midst of it — the universities are to be laid bare to their foundations, and to be remodelled, in order that the spirit of truth, which dwells in their hallowed recesses as in appropriate homes, may evaporate in the process. It is not the shrine, but the God that lives within, that our modern Liberals detest. In the hands of its present leaders, Britain, as a nation, appears to play the part of Gobet, the Bishop of Paris, in 1793, who entered the public hall of the government, and, tearing off the ecclesiastical vestments, the venerable symbols of his Christianity, abjured the religion of his fathers, and embraced the “religion of liberty, equality, and morality.” Britain is tearing off her holy garments, from the homelier robes of Aberdeen, to the more gorgeous vestments of Cambridge; and, if no arrest should be laid on her present mania, and no counteraction in her system be excited, another Voltaire and another Marat, atheism and murder meetly represented, will announce the national creed in these words, “Death is an eternal sleep;” and illustrate the national tenderness by hurrying successive thousands to its oblivious repose. The big ha’ Bible, that lamp of the cottage and light of the sanctuary, will again be tied to the tail of an ass, and paraded in derision through the streets of London. Our churches, in which our nation’s gray fathers worshipped, and

by which are the graves of our parents and our infants, will be unchristened, and proclaimed to be the “Temples of Reason;” and, that the maximum of earth’s madness, as well as ferocity, may be seen, a harlot will be deified and worshipped as the Goddess of Reason. “And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over the ruins, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another.”

These “coming events cast their shadows before:” they are the natural consummation. We do not feel and fear that this period will arrive. No! we anticipate an increasing reaction, which, under the blessing of God, may retrieve the land, even *in extremis*. This only we press on the attention of all right-hearted Britons, watch and track the movement, whether it works among the turrets of our northern universities, or thunders at the gates of Oxford and of Cambridge. Let us not imagine that, because remote from us, the spirit that is now abroad is less to be dreaded:

“Obsta principiis: sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.”

If this paper on the innovations which are now, by a bill already brought in, or in a modification of it to be brought in, to be inflicted on the Scottish Universities, serve to awaken our readers in the south to the spirit of antipathy now so rank in high places towards our Protestant institutions, and to combine into one mighty phalanx the advocates of our Protestant establishments, which are essentially one and the same, it will not be in vain that FRASER has given a corner to a few thoughts on the Scottish Universities.

A modified University-bill has just been introduced into the House of Lords, with all the mischievous clauses of that which we have just been reviewing, and with additional enactments, fraught with ruin to the educational and religious interests of Scotland. The former bill, through the energetic opposition of the wise and the Christian friends of education in the North, turned out a loathed and contemptible abortion; as far as its shape, at least, was concerned: but we knew that its most obnoxious principles were cherished and tenaciously clung to by the innovators, and we judged it would, on this account, be

interesting to bring it before our readers. In the measure now introduced there is an absolute dictatorship, under which every law, however wise or ancient, concerning university matters, must give way; and this power is lodged in a court of review, the members of which may be Papists, or Infidels, or Arians—a court which may abolish professorships, or hear complaints from students against masters and professors, or change the very terms on which every professor at present holds his chair. This body may abolish any one chair, and substitute any other in its place; it may expunge the theological chairs, and substitute those of Malthus and his disciples; it may banish the Bible, and place in the stead thereof the *Natural Theology* of Lord Brougham, or the “Magdalene” novel recommended to his female literary friend by a noble lord, recently tried and acquitted; it may banish philosophy from Scotland, and substitute the vagaries of the phrenology of Combe or Spurzheim; it may, in short—and it will, in fact, under the domination of a Radical cabinet—put down Christianity within the universities of Scotland, and make these venerable seats mere appendages to that spawn of Infidel liberalism and Atheistic apathy, the London University. Ichabod may then be inscribed on the educational institutions of the north. We cannot find terms strong enough wherein to reprobate this obnoxious measure. We call upon the able men at Aberdeen who have already distinguished themselves in the controversy, and on all connected with the other Scottish universities, to petition and make the beacon-fires blaze on every hill in Scotland! But, as the new bill is now on our table, we hasten to dissect the *monstrum horrendum*, and to shew that it is an atheist’s spirit in a hypocrite’s mantle.

We have hitherto viewed the bill lately introduced by Mr. Bannerman, and the other now introduced by Lord Melbourne (for the only difference between the two is, that the latter is an outrageously worse concoction than the former), as more immediately connected with Aberdeen; for it is in Aberdeen that the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* has burst forth against the measure with greatest force. There, also, Mr. Bannerman dates his birth,

and his M. P. ability to assail ancient institutions and chartered rights. But we must analyse this *pet college-Lamb* of the Radical cabinet more minutely, and hold up to the execration of a religious community one of the most deadly thrusts that can be made at the religion, education, and institutions of Scotland. If Lord Melbourne would bring into both houses bills for guarding the sanctities of domestic life against intrusion, the sabbaths against unnecessary desecration, the church against spoliation, parliament against mountebanks, and the cabinet against beggar-men and Papists, he would signalise his name, and transmit his government to posterity honoured and eulogised; but if his lordship will persist in impugning the existence and the immunities of the best and holiest institutions of his country—in endeavouring to eradicate religion and learning as far as it is religious, from our country—he must expect to exasperate no mean portion of his countrymen, and to pass his memory, embalmed indeed, but in the odium and the contempt of the wise and the good.

But to proceed. This University-bill is not merely destructive in its objects, but dishonest in its very construction. It professes to be based on the Report of the University Commissioners of 1826, but it gives powers to the board of visitors immensely greater, and more dangerous, than any powers possessed by the commissioners of 1826; as our observations, yet to be made, will satisfactorily prove. It proposes objects altogether of a different character; it cancels many of the recommendations of the Report on which it professes to be based; and thus, under the insidious pretence of carrying into effect propositions already approved, it substitutes new and unheard-of projects, which, if sanctioned by the British legislature, will go far to demoralise the best province in the empire. Another proof of the bill’s dishonesty is found in the circumstance that it professes to be similar in spirit, principle, and detail, to an act passed in 1690, “for the visitation of universities, colleges, and schools.” Never was there greater dissimilarity between any two things. The act of 1690 was passed at a peculiar crisis, when it was believed—not without grave reasons—that men disaffected to the government, and tainted with Jacobitism, were

found in the masterships and chairs of the colleges, whose removal was necessary for the welfare, and warranted by the laws of the land; but no such specialty, no such crisis, can be proved to exist in the nineteenth century. The disaffected men of the present day are nearer the cabinet than the college, and lurking, more probably, among ministerial benches than among university chairs. The visitors of 1690 consisted of the leading nobility, and clergy, and elders, *all members of the Scottish church* (mark this, my Lord Melbourne!), bound and delighted to promote the welfare of the church, and of the institutions more or less allied to her; whereas the visitors appointed in the present bill may be, and, under existing circumstances, will be, enemies of our constitution in church and state: they may be Voluntaries or Papists. Dan himself, and the tail behind, may be appointed to sweep the universities of Scotland of Bibles and Articles of Faith, and to consign these and every free thought to the *Index Expurgatorius*. The visitors of Lord Melbourne's bill are, in reality, neither flesh nor fish—sheer non-descripts, the outlines and bodies of the creatures to be filled up by the present and succeeding Whig ministers. This is no exaggeration. One only discordant element can be admissible into the board, the principal of each college; to make the harmony the more pleasing, it is presumed, by the contrast.

"Be it therefore enacted," says clause first, "by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that it shall be lawful for his majesty, if he shall think fit, with the advice of his privy council, to appoint a board of visitors to the several universities of St. Andrews, &c.; and such boards shall respectively (including the constituent members thereof hereinafter nominated) consist of not fewer than five, or more than seven members, and shall subsist for a period of five years from and after the appointment thereof.

"2. And be it enacted, That the several principals of the universities of Saint Andrew's, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, for the time being, shall be constituent members of the boards of visitors appointed to visit the said universities respectively.

"3. And be it enacted, That a majority of the members forming each such board of visitors shall constitute a quorum of such board; and it shall be lawful for each such board to choose from among their own number a chairman, who shall preside at all the meetings thereof; and in case of the absence of such chairman from any meeting, it shall be lawful for the members present to choose from among their number a chairman to preside for the time; and the chairman shall have no deliberative vote in the decisions of such board, but shall have a decisive or casting vote in cases of equality."

The visitors of 1690 were Churchmen; those of 1836 may be any thing they like, provided they be Whigs and Radicals. The visitors of 1690 were enjoined to arrange and order according to the *foundations* of the respective colleges, and the *constitution in church and state*; those of 1836 may plough up the foundations of every university in Scotland, and abolish every tie, however slight, which connects learning with religion, the college with the church. The former, in short, were appointed to act under and according to the existing rules and statutes of the universities; and nothing, finally, detrimental, if they had been so inclined, could have been done to the interests of religion and science: but the latter are so many roving dictators, commissioned, if we may judge from the spirit of previous arrangements, to batter down whatever is old, to martyr whatever is holy, and, inverting the language that was applied to Augustus, having found the universities of Scotland constituted in a great measure of gold, to leave them composed of Whig bricks. These are the two leading quirks in this measure. Under the sanction of truth, it attempts to propagate error; and, by blinding the eyes of the universities with the acts and recommendations of 1690 and 1826, Lord Melbourne and Sandy Bannerman, "*Arcades ambo*," are resolved, *vi et armis*, to cram the bill, whole bill, and nothing but the bill of 1836, down the throats of the five learned senatuses of Scotland. We do hope H. B. will catch our meaning, and give us a sketch of these quacks inflicting their nostrums on the writhing turrets and kicking professorships of the north.

The next manoeuvre by which the bill is ushered in, is this:—Before and

during the sederunt of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland not a whisper was emitted on the subject—not a hint of any Whig cauldron boiling into consistency such heterogeneous elements. The right reverend court was led to believe that the matter was dropped, and that the manifestation of, we confidently affirm, a national disgust at previous tamperings, had scared the Whig vultures from the prey; but, mark! as soon as the Assembly was dissolved, out came the *little Lamb*—the bill—amid the obstrutrical congratulations of the ministerial papers, and the kind “speiring” of the Crim-Connellites; and, that no voice might be lifted up against the bastard brat, the shortest possible time was allowed between its first presentation and its second. This fact shewed it was begotten in the eclipse. The Whigs knew well, that if it had been exhibited before, or during the General Assembly, a protest from that powerful and weighty body would have reached St. Stephen’s, so loud and so firm that the “bratling” would have died in convulsions—a thing

“No sooner blown than blasted.”

This concealment was accounted at the time a masterpiece; the “blinds were always down,” and, if any inquiries were made, “the answer was, ‘Not at home.’”* and the General Assembly was thus hoodwinked to a sad extent. But crooked policy never prospers. The consequence of this escape of the bill from the clutches of the General Assembly is, that it has fallen into the more multitudinous and merciless hands of the Presbyteries and the Synods; and the creature will get such a scratching in every parish, and its parents such a sitting on the cutty-stools of the north, that, if reclaimable, they will not play such tricks again. If ever of any thing on earth, it may be said of the ministers’ escape from the Assembly,

“Incidet in Scyllam qui vult evitare Charybdim.”

The Whigs have a pretty extensive experience of the bad effects of shuffling and dishonesty, but to them, we fear, the aphorism of Coleridge will too powerfully apply: “To most men

experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.”

We have thus glanced at the three leading cheats practised on the masters and professors of the universities of Scotland, and we must declare, that a bill which stands in need of such disingenuous preambles must be of a very questionable character. We admit, therefore, that we enter on an analysis of the measure with a distrust of every clause—a suspicion that

“Anguis in gramine latet.”

If we find one holy Christian and useful feature, we are too honest to withhold it the meed of our approbation; but we fear, that the more we expiscate what we have only superficially glanced at, the more must we concur with our northern neighbours in their abhorrence of the whole measure. Let us, then, proceed to a fair and impartial scrutiny of the leading clauses.

The most prominent clause of this bill is that which proposes the institution of a board of visitors; to which we have already alluded, when comparing the act of 1690 with the act contemplated in 1836. The qualifications, the attainments, the creed, or conduct of these visitors, are not specified. One may be an O’Connell, as we said, with one tail; another may be a bashaw with two tails; a third may be a fire-worshipper; a fourth, a Potterow Voluntary; a fifth, a Papist; the sixth, anything-you-like-to-pay-me-for; and the seventh and last must be the principal, or head of the university, evidently introduced as a penalty on himself, as a mother might be kindly admitted to an *auto-da-fé* in which her son was doomed to the fire. We do not profess to be prophets’ sons, and to predict the precise constituency we have specified; though, judging by the signs of the times, it is by no means improbable: but we do say, that there is no guarantee for or against such members. They may be good, or they may be bad: this will depend on the ministry *pro tempore*. We grant there is some consolation in the thought, that, in a few months, the present cabinet and its feats will be placed upon

* Vide report of the case Norton v. Melbourne. We do hope REGINA will not blush at a quotation being made, nor think that we recommend her to read the nauseous recital: our two quotations are chaste and pat.

the shelf; or, more appropriately, in the cabinet of some antiquary, among

“ A fouth o’ auld nic-nackets,
Rusty airn caps an’ jinglin’ jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
“ A towmont guid,
And parritch-pats and auld saut-buckets
Afore the flood.”

We say, there is some consolation that the present ministry will be thus disposed of, and thorough good-sense Conservatives occupy their places. The board would then, in all probability, consist of more suitable and upright men; but still, in these days of change and rash experiment, we should deeply deplore the existence and management of our universities being laid at the feet of any prime-minister, past, present, or to come. It is a gross insult on the Church of Scotland, as well as on her distinguished universities, to appoint to any official connexion with, or control over her institutions, men bound by no laws and amenable to no suitable tribunal.

But it is the unbounded powers with which these visitors are invested which induce us to speak strongly on the subject. We call the attention of our readers to the following clauses, 5, 6, 7 :

“ 5. And be it enacted, That the several boards of visitors to be appointed as aforesaid shall constitute a court of review in the university to which such boards are so appointed respectively; which court shall have full power and authority to entertain and determine all questions which shall be brought before the same in relation to the regulation and discipline of the university, the management and distribution of the property and funds thereof, or under their administration, and generally in all questions touching the affairs and interests of such universities, of whatever kind or description.

“ 6. And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for such boards of visitors to establish regulations for receiving appeals to such courts of review, and for hearing and determining the same, and for regulating the meetings and proceedings of such courts; and such regulations shall be published in such manner as such boards of visitors shall think fit.

“ 7. And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful and competent for any principal, patron, or professor, in any of the said universities, or for any person having any right or interest in the affairs thereof, or for any graduate, student,

office-bearer, or other person connected therewith, to appeal to such court of review against any decision, deliverance, or regulation, made or pronounced by the senatus academicus or rectorial court of such university, or by any other court, body, or person, possessing or claiming to possess any jurisdiction, control, or authority, in regard to the regulation, discipline, property, and administration of, in, or concerning such university.”

Let us bear in mind the fact, that the visitors may be of any faith, or of no faith; and next, the high probability of their being of no faith, or of a very spurious one, under our present government; and next, read the great powers and the unlimited tether with which they are blessed in these ominous clauses. They are, first, a court of review; they are, next, to make their own rules; and they are, last, and not least, to hear and determine on all appeals that may be made to their jurisdiction. We pass by the consideration that the dignity and authority of the professors will be lowered in the estimate of the students, as they possess a court open to their complaints, and able to put down the judgment and experience of every senatus in Scotland; and if the litigious remonstrant be a Whig, and the professor have sense enough to be a Tory, willing as well as able to indulge the former and put down the latter. We pass by, with the same brevity, the comfortable idea that the visitors can feather their own nests, make their own rules, and, in short, do as they like. These are nice helps to Whig ascendancy, as they are, doubtless, rare specimens of Whig legislation. We want to look at clause 7, in which more is meant than meets the eye or ear. Our readers in the south will understand, that, in terms of the union, the power is settled in the presbyteries of the established church of Scotland to insist on every professor signing the formularies of the church at his induction into office, and also the power of expelling and removing any professor who shall teach doctrines inconsistent with the articles of the Confession of Faith. This is a most salutary law, and, in all respects, in accordance with the principles and practice of Cambridge and Oxford. Let us now suppose under the new regimen what has frequently occurred, that a professor is presented by the crown to

one of the vacant chairs in a northern university; the presentee refuses to adhibit his signature to the Confession of Faith; the presbytery insists upon his doing so, as a *sine quâ non*; the refractory Liberal instantly appeals to the University Court, made up of kindred spirits and obedient to the Melbourne cabinet, as the seat of its prospects and the idol of its worship: that court discovers, in clause 7, that it is competent for it to hear appeals "from any other court" (Presbytery, Synod, or General Assembly), sustains, therefore, the appeal, and admits the heretical professor in the teeth of the whole ecclesiastical order of Scotland. Now, the crown can present to upwards of THIRTY of the professorships of the universities of Scotland; and what can be more natural, or accordant with universal experience, than that this court, appointed by the crown, will support the claims of the royal nominee to the vacant chair, and reverse the decision of the reverend presbytery, when an opportunity occurs of taking so popular a step? Nearly other THIRTY of the professorships are at the disposal of the town-councils of the university-cities; and, aware as we are of the thorough sympathy of sentiment and feeling that now exists between the Whig ministry and the town-councils of Scotland since the passing of the Municipal Reform-bill, we must conclude that their nominees will be admitted by the University Court on similar terms: and thereby there is the possibility—nay, the awful probability—that, in the course of a generation, a large majority of the university chairs in Scotland will be occupied by men who despise the church, and deride religion, and hold all articles of faith, creeds, and confessions, as remnants of the dark ages; men, in short, who will re-echo the fearful announcement of Lord Brougham, during his rectorship of the University of Glasgow, "that men are no more accountable for their creeds than they are for the height of their stature or the colour of their skin."

It is too evident, from this part of the new Scottish University-bill, that, if sanctioned by the British legislature, it will put an end to all college discipline; it will lay the character and charters of the universities at the mercy of the prime-minister of the day, and terminate for ever that important and

intimate connexion which, for the wisest purposes, our forefathers instituted between the literature and science of the world and the religion of Christ. Never was a more atheistic or revolutionary measure concocted by a depraved ingenuity; never was a greater insult offered to the religion, and intelligence, and wishes of Scotland! No wonder that Dr. Stewart, of Erskine, remarked, in the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, "that this bill was quite of a piece with the other legislation of the present ministry, which had disgusted their oldest and most intelligent friends. He used to be a Whig himself, but was one no longer." This bill is not merely an aggression on individual rights and prescriptions—not merely an aggression on corporate laws and charters, as ancient as they are excellent—not merely on the interests of learning, and the reputation and dignity of the universities of Scotland, but a deadly and malignant blow aimed at the church and the altar—the truth that is heard in the one, and the glory that rests on the other.

The very expression, "Established Church," is carefully excluded from the bill. No allusion is made to the creed or confession of that church, at present so thoroughly associated with the functions of every college; no deference in fact, though much in name, is paid to the recorded opinions of the commissioners of 1826. The only standard that seems to have been continually before the eyes of the ministry, as the *beau idéal* of a perfect university, is that *flourishing* concern the London University. Surely the success that has attended this last institution in a vast metropolis, every one of whose representatives in parliament is a Radical, ought to deter the government from attempting to found similar schools in less favourable parts of the empire. There was a day in the history of Scotland, when no minister of the crown would have dared to try to seal up the eyes of Scotland in the blackness of a wretched Atheism—a day which, we trust, has not yet passed away.

Clause 10 is an enactment charged with incalculable mischief, against which we do hope a simultaneous and stirring protest will be uttered forth from every province of the north.

"10. And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for such boards of visitors respectively to make such regulations re-

garding the abolition of professorships within the universities to which they shall be appointed, or to the institution of new professorships therein, and also regarding the endowment of professorships instituted or to be instituted in such universities, out of the funds of the same, as shall appear calculated to promote the prosperity and success of such university, and the interest of science and learning."

The professorships of theology may be abolished, as savouring of persecution and illiberality toward the Socinians, and the Papists; and, indeed, this would be more desirable than placing in these chairs the Hampdens and the Arnolds, and the liberal licentiate boys around whom the partialities of our present cabinet have been so conspicuously gathered. Hebrew and Greek may be denounced as heretical tongues, as used to be done by Popish bishops at the commencement of the Reformation—Daniel O'Connell has taught the Whigs worse lessons, and the premier has done *worse things*; or the recommendation of a new liberal Scotch magazine may be carried into effect, which proposes the institution of one Popish theological professorship in every British university, that both sides may thus get equal justice, and concurs with Dan's *Dublin Review* in presenting the College of TUBINGEN as a paragon of excellence, and a model for imitation in this matter. Deep fishing, no doubt, to get up such a pearl as the University of *Tubingen*! As the court can abolish old professorships and institute new, perchance they will institute a professorship of Whiggery—another, of Crim-Connellism—a third in the Omnibus line, embracing all sects and systems—and a fourth, for the express purpose of proving that Mary Magdalen was the chastest woman of the sex—and a fifth, for establishing the truth of the libel of the Beggarman-ally, that the "women of England are, without exception, unchaste." Louvain, that gave birth to and reared Dominus Dens, will "pale its light" beside an institution like this; and the *little Lambs* that graduate at this new college will be fit for the budget, the home and foreign affairs, or even the premiership, with a little experience. The Bank of England will surely lay aside its interdict on the young Scotch fry that come from so illustrious a seat of literature.

An I.L.D. from any of the Scottish universities will be a passport to the high places of the land. The march of intellect will thus receive a powerful and a lasting impetus, and future poetical alumni will read, with an emphasis peculiar to their age, and applicable to our present Mæcenas only,

"O et præsidium et dulce decus meum."

We do not wish to set the matter before our readers in a light too risible, but it is really difficult at times to restrain one's tendency to hold up to contempt the projects of men who lay themselves out to rescind these laws and enactments on which the literature, and, above all, the religion of our country, rests. We do not wish to make the men detestable—far from it; we sympathise with their weakness, we pity them in their place, we sincerely and earnestly wish them better and more unerring direction: but their measures are really fraught with so dire and so numerous mischiefs, inflicted so truly at random on the undeserving institutions of the country, that it becomes necessary to shew them up in their undisguised condition and unforeseen consequences, that the Christian principle that lives in the bosoms of many, and the patriotism that springs from it, may exert such pressure from without as will drive into its native receptacle of ignorance all such university-bills as those of Bannerman, Melbourne, and Co. If these gentlemen are so anxious to get universities based on certain favourite principles, why not turn some of the old manufactories into colleges? or, why not build new brick edifices, and equip and replenish them *ad libitum*? These, of course, might be what Lord Melbourne wishes our universities to be, on a comprehensive and liberal system; the principal, a Hottentot; the sub-principal, a chimpanzee: as not a few of our modern intellects classify the creature with the genus *homo*. One professor will be a Papist; a second, a Socinian; a third, a Mahometan; a fourth, a German Neologist; and, to add variety to the selection, and to avoid all imputations of partiality and bigotry, that unwelcome personage, a Christian, might be admitted, after riding a suitable quarantine, and getting rid of any inordinate attachment to his creed, or strong preference of it

to other sects and systems. Thus an effective *senatus academicus* will be organised; and so remarkable will this cabinet of curiosities be, that the students will not only listen with profit to the lecture on naturalism, but see the living illustration in the person of the lecturer. As to subjects, or, in academical language, the *curriculum*, there will be a professorship of Voluntaryism, whose object it will be to strengthen the hands of the Ecclesiastical Knowledge Society and the British Voluntary Society, by refuting the arguments of Dr. Chalmers, the Bishop of London, and other bigots, on the subject of ecclesiastical establishments; and for illustrating and explaining a new process, by which the Established Churches may be starved out in a given time, and the Voluntary Church erected on the ruins. It will also lie in the way of this professor to carry on a correspondence with Dr. Heugh, the Knight of Kirkintilloch, him of the Weigh-house, and other living champions of the voluntary system; not omitting the Edinburgh martyrs, who preferred a week or two in prison to the payment of their just church dues. The text-books will be, of course, Angel James's *Church Guide*, editio expurgata, as it would not do to retain the observations about the fifty-pound-a-year sermons; the *Tyranny of Chapel Deacons*; also, the *Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister*; Josiah Thomson, and other classic productions of the same school. It will likewise be a chief object of this same learned professor to harmonise and unite, into one grand "interest," the various dissenting bodies, taking care not to exclude from so comprehensive a scheme of benevolence those pious and persecuted worthies, the Papists of Ireland, and to throw out of each sect any principle or tenet that might obstruct the consummation so devoutly to be wished for. The importance of this professorship cannot be adequately estimated. The remuneration will, of course, be voluntary; and the amount, therefore, dependent on the number of pupils. We would recommend to Lord Melbourne, should he get the new bill passed, or, in case of its failure, the new march-of-intellect universities founded, to have collections at the door of every class-room, by placing a grim fellow, with a begging-box in his paws, right against the door-post, to

whom the physiognomy of every student should be familiar, in order that, under the covert of a purely voluntary support for the professor, there might in fact be all the rigour, with nothing of the honesty, of a remorseless compulsory exaction.

There might also be, with advantage to many parties, a professorship of Whiggery and Radicalism, whose prime energies should be expended in demonstrating to his students how a minister of the crown might retain his place, in spite of blunders, and defeats, and the sheerest incapacity — how a Whig government might legislate about what they know nothing — how, above all, there might be a surplus, after deducting *twenty-one shillings* from a *one-pound note*. It would also come within the range of his labours, to demonstrate the new way of promising every thing the majesty of the people might be pleased to demand, and yet, after a session of eight or nine months, doing nothing. Especially will it belong to this chair to devise and strike out a highway through the constitution of Britain, and a new turnpike road right through the House of Lords. This, of course, will be tough problems; but, *nil desperandum!* *te duce Melbourne*.

Much as we want to give our readers an idea of the achievements that will follow in the wake of the New University-bill, should it come into law, and should it fail, as there is little doubt that it will, of the new Melbourne colleges, we feel that time and space will not allow us to give a much longer analysis of the *curriculum*. There must, of course, be a professorship of *tails*; to which, after the "rint" has pined away, Daniel might be appointed. A professorship, also, of railroads; to whom would be assigned the task of shewing how the seven millions of Ireland might be brought with greatest speed, at a given moment, to batter down by dead weight the outworks of the Upper House; or, at least, scare away their lordships from examining too minutely the quirks, and sophistries, and destructive principles of the new Irish Corporation-bill, &c. &c. And should the new University-bill be cast out, and these high projects fail in occupying the ancient seats of literature, we would recommend the premier to call in H. B., to give a plan of the new university,

specifying *Norton Folgate* for its locality.

We have thus touched on the new arrangements, as these regard the *curriculum*; it is now important that we should, like true patriots, present a few hints as to the degrees. We propose the utter explosion of M.A., D.D. and LL.B., and B.A., and similar barbaric remnants of the middle ages; and would suggest D.V., Doctor of Voluntaryism; M.W., Master of Whiggery; R.R.B., Bachelor of Railroads, &c. There are so many new degrees that may be appended to the names of the graduates of the new college, that we cannot take up the interesting subject in our present paper. It would form a nice article for the *Edinburgh Review*, especially at the tail of the "Oxford malignants;" or for the *Westminster*, or *Tail's*.

Instead of a steeple or tower, as is usual in the Scottish Universities, there might be elevated a BROOM; out of the top of which there might arise a FLYING MERCURY, with a PENNY TRUMPET at his mouth, indicating to the public that the cheapness and excellence of knowledge, useful, entertaining, and general, had at length arisen to the maximum. The entrance to the public hall would, of course, have a bust of Lord Melbourne, the patentee; on the pedestal of which there might be legibly inscribed the memorable words, "*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*" There would also be busts and paintings of Joseph Hume, Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth, and other distinguished coadjutors. In the Museum, there might be deposited the budgets for 1835 and 1836, the Irish Municipal Reform-bill, the new poor-laws, and other trophies of Radical triumphs. In a very prominent place, there would be exhibited the letters of O'Connell to the Jew Raphael, the dish for collecting "the rint," the list of subscriptions for the support of popery, plunder, and agitation, in the person of the King of the Beggars, headed by the greatest noble lay impropiator in England. The two secession chaplains, that said grace at the O'Connell fêted at Edinburgh, might have their portraits there, and the words of their respective graces underneath. Mr. Brewster might bequeath a shred of the hat which waved in the air to welcome O'Connell to Paisley. And at due distances might

be ranged the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Globe*, and all the Sunday newspapers, containing panegyrics on the agitator, expressive as the retaining fee was great.

Then, as to the library; the Bodleian will be nothing to this. At the entrance there will, of course, be a bust of O'Connell, followed by a tail, made up of Drs. Murray, McHale, and other clerical and lay ornaments, bearing an inscription, on one side, "Justice to Ireland," and on the other, "Rint to myself." On the shelves will rest Lord Brougham's *Natural Theology*, *Penny Magazine*, entertaining knowledge books, and a copy of Lord Melbourne's new University Bill, printed by steam at Hetherington's, and other cheap knowledge presses. We must really give up from sheer labour. The details are so interesting, and the treasures of this new college so rare, that the hot weather alone prevents us from writing out a catalogue of the "*rara aves*." Let the professors, however, know, that the above is but a superficial account of the improvements with which they are to be visited. Let them, above all, prepare to come up to the normal school in Gower Street, the London University, to learn the new nomenclature, and be acquainted with more mysteries than in their philosophy they ever dreamed of. We are not sure but the premier contemplates doing away with *animal* power, just as he has long done away with *intellectual* power in the chairs of the intended University. There has been mooted the propnety of steam power. At Aberdeen this can be easily accomplished, as a shaft can be carried from the cotton-mill, at the links, all the way to King's College, and the new philosophical-economy Radical and Greek jennies set at work. The steam-graduates will carry all before them. Only think of old Bishop Elphinstone lifting away the stone that lies upon his remains in the King's College beautiful chapel, and beholding steam-lecturers, steam-professors, and a steam-principal, and a steamy exhalation blended with smoke (this smoke will be *pro tempore* only, as a plan is contemplated for making the new steam-professors consume their own smoke) arising from every class-room, powerfully demonstrative of the laboratory below. Where did you *steam* your degree? At King's. Under what

power did you graduate? A high-pressure. What is the strength of the professor where you steamed your course last term? A sixty horse-power. The poor bodies in the north have no idea of the sublime improvements meditated for them in our cabinet.

One of the oddest *dénouements* in the whole matter is the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that the New University Bill is not understood, as it was barely known to many of the cabinet and its supporters. We began to augur something when we read the following communication in the *Edinburgh Mercury*:—

“We understand that Bailie Macfarlan has received the following letter from Sir John Campbell in relation to this bill:—

‘London, June 18, 1836.

‘My dear Sir,—I have no hesitation in saying that I will most zealously follow your instructions in opposing the clauses of the Universities’ bill which you complain of. But I would advise you to petition both houses against it, and to do every thing in your power that it may be rejected or modified. I do not think any good is likely to come from praying to be heard against it by counsel. I remain yours, very faithfully.

‘J. CAMPBELL.

‘Bailie Macfarlan.’”

And our conjectures ripened into convictions when we read the speech of Councillor Black in the town-council of Edinburgh. Neither the lord-advocate, nor the attorney-general, nor even Lord Melbourne, knew the extent of the measure, or even its real nature. Let our readers glance over the following extract of the councillor’s speech, and learn the secrets of Whig legislation.

“Mr. Black said, that as soon as the deputation were furnished with a copy of the Universities’ Bill, they gave their best consideration to its various clauses, and first called on Sir John Campbell on the subject. He was under the impression that the patronage was not interfered with; but on directing his attention to some of the clauses, especially to that empowering the Board of Visitors to recommend professors, he at once said, that if these passed the council would have no more to do than to record the decisions of the board; and he concurred with the deputation in opinion that these clauses should be opposed. Sir John agreed to accompany the depu-

tation to Lord Melbourne, who had appointed a time for conference with them on the subject. His lordship, like every one else, seemed to be of opinion that the patronage was not interfered with; but Sir John read over the clauses, and gave his interpretation of them, on which Lord Melbourne acknowledged that it looked very like taking the patronage from the council. He said he had no desire to interfere with the universities, and would be most unwilling to propose any measure connected with them in opposition to the wishes of the people of Scotland. His lordship referred the deputation to the lord-advocate, as responsible for the bill. They accordingly waited on the lord-advocate, who also said that he did not understand that the patronage was to be withdrawn from the council by the proposed bill. However, on stating our opinion as corroborated by that of the attorney-general’s, he seemed to acknowledge that it might indirectly interfere with it.”

What are we to understand by this? Is there a steam-bill maker in the neighbourhood of St. Stephens, the productions of which are to be crammed down the throats of the lieges unexamined and untried? Are bills brought forward not for being passed, but for being criticised? Are his majesty’s ministers at the mercy of hacks behind the scene? or is the bill a pill of O’Connell’s, which Melbourne must take himself, and insist on our Scottish universities taking also? We are almost sorry that we have given his lordship so much notice,—for we begin to feel that the credit or the guilt of this measure his lordship is utterly innocent of. He is ready to abandon it, if there be only pressure enough from without, as he introduced it merely to please his supporters, and is eager and anxious (such is his yet unextinguished good sense) to let the matter drop, provided he can get a reason plausible enough. This he will soon find, we promise him. Already the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, the presbyteries of Aberdeen, and many other cities, the graduates of Aberdeen resident in London, and the graduates resident in the university-towns are up in arms. And the commission of the General Assembly is summoned by the moderator, from which a remonstrance will emanate that Lord Melbourne will do well to listen to. Most effective petitions are pouring up from the north, and among the very hills there is such a

"gathering," that there will be no lack of reasons, to say nothing of dire necessity, for abandoning the nauseous bill. This measure will do more to shake Melbourne's ministry than any deed they have done since they came into office. These men unfortunately dream that a few noisy Radicals and restless Dissenters are the voice and will of Scotland. They are deeply mistaken. One or more tamperings of this kind, and the Scottish people will recollect themselves—their fathers, and their interest, and fling off their Radical representatives bag and baggage, and turn the scale in favour of religion, morality, just government, and honest and able men. We call upon Scotland to stand up and defend her venerable seats. We call upon the professors, men not surpassed by those of any university in Europe, to come forward. The professors of Aberdeen

have acted vigorously,—those, we mean, of King's College. Let others go and do likewise.

Yes, we call also on the men of Oxford and Cambridge to manifest their sympathy with their assaulted sisters in the north. *Proximus ardet* is argument enough. They may rest assured that the university empirics are watching how Cambridge and Oxford will feel, in reference to the sufferings of Aberdeen, and Glasgow, and St. Andrew's; and, should they see no emotions expressed in England at the cruel course pursued in Scotland, they will soon compound a nostrum of ingredients, truly rare and most radically cathartic. Colleges, and steeples, and creeds, are sad eye-sores to our present cabinet; so much so, that, unless we rally around them firmly and speedily, they may be swept away amid the rubbish of the "Schoolmaster."

CAPT. GARDINER'S JOURNEY TO THE ZOOLU COUNTRY.*

GREAT part of Africa is as much a new world to us as was America; with much of what we do know of it, the ancients were altogether unacquainted: all, in fact, from the northern margin of Biledulgerid and the Great Desert southwards—nay, all beyond Egypt, Cyrene, and the northern Barbary States. Christian missions have done but little in any part of Africa; and in South Africa, as yet, nothing. Nevertheless, Africa has still continued to attract travellers from all parts of the world: Bowditch, Lander, Clapperton, Ehrenberg, Rüppel, Caillié, and other names, are familiar to us. Douville, indeed, *professed* to have penetrated Equinoctial Africa; and Burchell's travels in the south have much value. To the north, Africa is involved in Mohamedan darkness, delusion, and vice; in the south we find a paganism, probably the residuum of religious truth through long periods of tradition, degenerated into superstition, or even indifference.

Under these circumstances, the book before us has irresistible attractions. Captain Gardiner appears to be a pious man, desirous that the Church of England should equip missionary clergymen for Southern Africa; and,

in particular, of making an opening to the Zoolu nation, for the introduction of religion, civilisation, and industry. He seems, also, solicitous for the extension of British protection to the new territory called Victoria; a country situated between the Umzimcoolu and Tugäla rivers. The advantages to the mother-country which would accrue from colonisation would, in his opinion, be great and immediate. The trade in ivory is yearly increasing; and he states, that there is no doubt the greater part, if not the whole, which now passes through the pestilential climate of Delagoa Bay, would find its way to the healthy shores of Port Natal: a presumption founded on no less an authority than the king of the Zoolus himself, who has intimated his intention of an almost exclusive barter with the English, should the settlement at Port Natal become sufficiently organised by a local government. The policy of doing this appears to our traveller clear, from the impracticability of otherwise defending the province of Albany, the fairest of our colonial possessions in that quarter of the globe, unless at a most ruinous expense, in the event of any rival power establishing itself at Port Natal,—with

* Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in South Africa. By Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N. Undertaken in 1835. London, 1836.

all the facilities afforded by such a position to abet and tamper with the vindictive character of the Amakosa tribes.

The natives at Port Natal are, almost to a man, refugees from the Zoolu nation, whose existence depends on their combining to defend the asylum of their choice. For some years many of them have been entrusted with fire-arms, for the purpose of hunting the elephant and buffalo; and, in consequence, out of the whole body some very tolerable marksmen can be selected. An European military force is not, therefore, absolutely necessary, either for the support of the government or the defence of the settlement: a native one may be readily organised. A kilt of the commonest material by way of clothing, and the loan of a cow (price about forty shillings) to each man, to be forfeited for misconduct, but to become his actual property after three years' faithful service, would be regarded as a sufficient remuneration, and comprise its whole expense. Three months' training would suffice to qualify it for combating, if necessary, the whole Zoolu army.

The committee of the Church Missionary Society have taken measures on the report made by Capt. Gardiner, for accepting the two stations of Berea and Culoola, and the future entire management and control of the Zoolu mission.

Plain enough it is, that, savage as these tribes may be, they are yet human, and capable of moral discrimination. The character and conduct of the Christian residents, on the other hand, do not always reflect honour on their faith; indeed, it would appear that the Zoolus were better keepers of a treaty than our traders at Port Natal. Captain Gardiner, on the very frontier, encountered great peril among the Amakosa tribes, in consequence of the misconduct of Europeans. "One of our chiefs," they exclaimed, "Tchali's brother, has been killed by the white men, and we are resolved that no more white men shall enter our country; those who are now here shall remain, but not one more shall come in:" intimating, that they would murder all those within their territory. The very words of a war-song, in reference to which he succeeded in diverting their passions, were sufficiently ominous:

"No white man shall drink our milk,
No white man shall eat the bread of our children,
Ho-how! ho-how! ho-how!"

Captain Gardiner undertook his journey to the Zoolu country last year, and publishes the results this. It is to be regretted, that a considerable portion of his journal, including the whole period from his landing at Cape Town to his return to Port Natal, has been lost, and that his memory has but inadequately supplied the deficiency. It was on the 26th of August, 1834, that he left Spithead, on board the Wellington, Captain Liddle, bound for the Cape and Madras, and eventually sailed from Falmouth on the 6th of September.

After some adventures and merciful escapes, they reached the Amaponda country. Although they had already met with what, in Europe, would not improperly be termed difficulties, still, until entering this mountainous district, they were comparatively uninitiated into the toils and troubles of African wagon-travelling. He met with a singular incident here. One day, Captain Gardiner found Faku, the ruling chief of the Amapondas, sitting in great state under the shade of shields held up to protect his head from the sun. An immense concourse was assembled, all seated on the ground, while an interesting trial was going on; the accused, a tall and athletic man, with a dignified appearance, whom our traveller afterwards understood was a "rain-maker," standing before them on his personal defence. He reined in his horse, and for a few minutes stopped to observe this truly characteristic scene, being much struck with the coolness and manly bearing of the defendant, who still proceeded in his harangue. On this, Faku rose from the assembly, and coming up, the captain dismounted to receive his usual congratulation — a shake of the hand, with which he then always obliged his white friends. He was attired in a handsome leopard-skin mantle (in that country, the insignia of rank), which so remarkably became his tall and commanding person, that, when he turned to resume his seat among the councillors, he looked the very *beau idéal* of an African chief.

It appeared that the "rain-maker" in question had been sadly rebellious, and, in consequence of his customary

presents in cattle having for some time been withheld, had plainly declared his intention of restraining the clouds, and thereby preventing the rain from falling. For this high misdemeanour, an armed party had been ordered to secure his person and seize upon his cattle; and he was now permitted to plead his own cause, the issue of which would be either life or death. It seems, however, that he was acquitted; perhaps in consequence of a conversation which the captain had previously had with Faku on the subject, which was elicited by Faku asking the former to procure rain. On that occasion, the chief also gave the traveller some advice; informing him that the Zoolus were "an angry people, that they would kill him, and that he had better not enter their country."

On the evening of the third of February, Captain Gardiner reached Tugala, having slept in the open air, about midway, on the preceding night.

"Long before we reached the river," he writes, "the hills in the Zoolu country were visible; and I never shall forget the interest with which I perceived the first curl of smoke rising from a distant village in that direction. Many were the reflections which at that moment passed my mind, and the nearer we approached, the more anxious I became to cross the narrow boundary, and feel that I was standing upon Zoolu ground, and in the midst of a people I had been so desirous to visit. On this side of the river, now considered the southern limit of that country, there are, indeed, a few scattered villages of a Zoolu tribe, called in derision, by their late sovereign (Charka), Amanpaci (literally, wolf-people), on account of their alleged ill-conduct in one of his campaigns: but the entire population does not exceed three or four hundred, residing near the banks and in the neighbourhood of the ford."

The views from the other side of the river, which was crossed with great difficulty, are beautiful. Both sides are hilly, but on that they had just left the mimosas and other trees are very luxuriant, while this is comparatively bare; and, when seen in connexion with the river, which winds among rocky banks, the prospect is very striking.

"It was late the next morning," the writer continues, "before we could move forward, and then only with temporary bearers, to a neighbouring village; and

one horse, which happened to be on this side, I hired for the remainder of the journey. When we reached the next village, the same difficulty respecting the transport of the baggage again occurred; and, finding the matter hopeless among these petty numzanas, I sent, as recommended by the head-man here, for the necessary permission to the indoon of a large military town not far distant, without whose sanction, it appeared these inferior chiefs were reluctant to take the responsibility of assisting me with men. The sun had nearly set, when the messenger returned to inform me that a sufficient number of men would be appointed; but that the indoon had expressed his surprise that I had not first applied to him.

"Circumstanced as I now was, a perfect stranger in a strange country, with only two attendants, my interpreter and a Zoolu (of whom, as yet, I knew nothing), I considered it would be the height of imprudence to allow even the appearance of a misunderstanding to exist; accordingly, much against the inclination of my party, as also of the villagers, who, by exaggerating the distance and the difficulties of walking in the dark, dissuaded me from proceeding until the morning, I immediately set out, and reached the town (Clomantheen Intilopi) before the indoon (Nongalaza) had retired. He was seated on the ground, in front of his hut, and in the middle of a half-circle of the principal people, all decorated with thick brass rings round their throats, and a few also on the right arm. He received me with great civility, appeared surprised at my travelling so late, and ordered a bundle or two of imphi (a spurious sugar-cane, much cultivated throughout the country) to be placed before us, for present consumption. My want of proper attendants seemed to excite their curiosity, which the state of the rivers sufficiently explained; and after a long conversation in the open air, in which it was recommended that I should remain until their sovereign, Dingarn, had been apprised of my arrival, we were shewn to our huts, which were larger and neater than any I had yet seen. During my stay here, the whole regiment (for this is one of the eskandas, or barrack-towns) were often assembled without the fence, to practise their songs and dances preparatory to exhibiting in their turn before Dingarn, at his residence, Unkuninglove. As these, with the various evolutions, were exactly similar to those which I afterwards witnessed on a larger scale, although there could not have been less than eight or nine hundred men present, I shall postpone the description, as also

of the intermediate country to the capital, which will be more circumstantially described hereafter in the journal. When about half way, a petty chief arrived with orders to conduct me to the capital, and to kill a beast for us at the first place where he could meet us. Dingarn had expressed his desire that I should proceed, saying, that 'I was his white man, and must make haste.' I shall now proceed at once to my first view of Unkúnginglove, on the afternoon of the 10th. This was obtained from a rocky hill, covered with aloes and mimosas, intermixed with several large cauliflower-shaped euphorbia trees, growing to the height of sixty or seventy feet. Having descended to a beautiful spot, a continuation of the same ridge to which I had pushed forward, for the sake of quietly enjoying a scene, to me so fraught with interest, I dismounted under a wooded knoll, whence the circular fence of the town appeared like a distant race-course on the left, while a range of rugged mountains, one remarkably table-topped, rising towards the north, hemmed in the prospect on the opposite side. Near this point the road branched off, one path leading to the principal gate of the town, and the other to the Issicórdlo, or king's quarter; but which I had not perceived among the trees. As no voices were heard, and, after waiting an ample time, no traces of the party could be seen, I concluded that they must have passed unperceived; and accordingly made the best of my way by the only well-worn path that I could discern, and which I could distinctly trace to the very fence of the town. On reaching a shallow stream, which I forded, I suddenly found myself surrounded by thirty or forty women, who, laughing and shouting as they went, accompanied me as I proceeded towards a gate in the outer fence of the town, still under the idea that the party were in advance, and fearing that I should be deprived of the advantages of an interpreter, at the very time when his services would be the most needed. At this moment, a person suddenly came up, and, seizing the bridle of my horse, without further ceremony turned him short round. The effect was so immediate and unexpected, that I did not at first recognise the individual, and struck at his hand with a stick; but in a moment I found that it was my servant, Umpondombeeni, and from the hurry of his demeanour, and the intense anxiety he portrayed by his countenance, felt at once convinced that all was not right. Submitting, therefore, to his guidance, he soon conducted me to the party, anxiously awaiting my return upon the road which I should have taken, and where I

found many of the baggage-bearers actually in tears, and all under the highest state of agitation and alarm.

"No causeless fears were theirs; for, had I proceeded and entered by the gate I was approaching, they would all, it appears, by the custom of the country, have atoned for my mistake by their lives: and, as it was, there was still an apprehension that some, at least, would be capitally punished. We soon after entered the town, and, on application to the principal indooona (Umthlella), two huts, not far from his own dwelling, were appointed; into one of which I was not sorry to creep after the fatigues of the journey, having walked and ridden alternately since leaving the Tugala.

"A bundle of imphi and a large bowl of outchualla (native beer) were sent to my hut, by order of Dingarn, and a messenger soon after signified his wish to see me. Crossing the area of the circular town, accompanied by the chief who had been dispatched by Dingarn to conduct me to the capital, we were desired to sit at a short distance from the fence which surrounds the Issigördlo, or palace. After a little pause, the bust only of a very stout personage appeared above the fence, which I was soon informed was the despot himself; he eyed me for a considerable time with the utmost gravity, without uttering a word: at last, pointing to an ox that had been driven near, he said, 'There is the beast I give you to slaughter;' and on this important announcement he disappeared. The carcasses of several oxen, recently killed, were at this time lying in separate heaps, not far from the gate of his fence, the quarters divided and piled one upon another, and in order, no doubt, to exhibit at once his wealth and his munificence; he again appeared, slowly emerging from the arched gateway, and advancing with a measured step to the nearest animal mound. Instantly he was surrounded by fourteen or fifteen men, who ran from a distance and crouched before him; a word and a nod were then given, and as quickly they arose and carried off the meat at full speed, holding it up the whole way with extended arms, and singing as they went. Another heap was then approached, and as systematically distributed; and so on, until the whole had been conveyed away in a similar pantomimic manner. Dingarn was habited in a blue dungaree cloak, relieved by a white border and devices at the back; the train swept the ground, and, although tarnished and worn, well became his height and portly figure. The soldiers' meat having now been duly apportioned, he slowly approached the place where we were seated, and in

solemn silence stood motionless, like a statue, before me, until a chair was brought from within; when he at last sat down, and commenced a long conversation. His first inquiries were respecting the conduct of the guides, who were also present, seated in a group, but who were readily pardoned on the assurance which I gave, that, if blame were attached, it must entirely rest with me, as I had mistaken the road while in advance of the party. He then requested to know the object of my visit, which I found great difficulty in explaining."

The project of Captain Gardiner was a missionary one; and Dingarn was more interested in the presents, and particularly in a red cloak, that were on their way to Zoolu, than in the subject of teaching, which it was the traveller's desire to impress him with the importance of, and the house that he solicited permission to build for the purpose. He, however, requested to see "the book" of which the stranger had spoken so much, and was accordingly gratified next day with the sight of it, and listened to some of its contents with curiosity. As to the house, nevertheless, considerable difficulties existed, as two other personages, Umthlella and Tamboosa by name, had to be consulted; who needed, it afterwards appeared, some propitiation. For, although the government of Zoolu is absolute, a considerable share of power is vested in the hands of the two principal indoonas of the nation, who are always consulted, and generally supposed to sanction every important measure of their sovereign; and in this manner it becomes a convenient triumvirate, contracting or expanding its powers within itself, according to the humour of the ruling despot. These two individuals henceforth stood between the missionary agent and the monarch, and imposed on the former certain petty insults, which were scarcely overcome by the mention of presents. At a subsequent interview, the captain's fault seems to have been indicated by their informing him that these two ministers were the king's eyes and ears, and that all matters of importance must be first notified to them before they could be expressed to him. After this announcement, they seemed to think that they stood together in ascertained relations, and things went on more smoothly.

"Since my return to Port Natal,"

adds Captain Gardiner, "the following story has been related to me, which, I doubt not, has operated much to my disadvantage, and will, in a great measure, account for the recent strange conduct of the two indoonas. Jacob, the native interpreter of the late Lieutenant Farewell, who was the first settler at Port Natal, from some cause became greatly incensed against the settlers, and took every opportunity to prejudice them in the eyes of Charka, at that time the sovereign of this country. He assured him that a white man, assuming the character of a teacher, or missionary, would arrive among them, and obtain permission to build a house; that, shortly after, he would be joined by one or two more white men: and, in the course of time, an army would enter his country, which would subvert his government, and, eventually, the white people would rule in his stead."

We are afraid that there was too sure a word of prophecy in these forebodings. As Capt. Gardiner had now permission to reapproach Dingarn, some incidents occur of an interesting kind. One afternoon, being sent for into his presence, he found the king seated near the fence of some detached houses at the back of the Issigördlo. Dingarn appeared in high good-humour, but with a degree of mystery which prepared the visitor for some strange antic. He began some trifling conversation to eke out the time, when suddenly the head of a column, of the most grotesque-looking figures, debouched from their ambush on the right, and marched past four deep, raising and lowering their bent arms, as though in the act of tugging at steeple bell-ropes, and repeating two lines of a song as they passed, which may be thus translated:

"Arise, vulture!

Thou art the bird that eateth other birds."

When they had passed and repassed in this order, they appeared again, broken into irregular companies, according to the colour of their dresses; and, seeing that the captain admired the arrangement of the beads, with which they were literally covered, they were ordered to advance in files and approach nearer, that their dresses might be inspected. They proved to be the king's women, about ninety in number, decorated as they usually are previous to the army taking the field. Their faces were veiled with pendants of beads, with which also the petticoat was co-

vered, forming an elegant checkered pattern; while their throats and arms were adorned with large brass rings. Some wore short cloaks, also covered with different-coloured beads, and all two strange head-feathers, which gave them a very uncouth appearance. "For women," remarks the captain, not very gallantly, "they seemed to be in a high state of discipline, and rather enjoyed the display than otherwise; and Dingarn seemed highly gratified at the well-merited encomiums which I paid to his taste, every one of these devices having originated in his fertile imagination. It was nearly dark before this extraordinary exhibition was ended, Dingarn, during the latter part, frequently turning round, and addressing me thus:—'Are we not a merry people? What black nations can vie with us? Who among them can dress as we do?'" Some of these ladies our traveller had previously seen returning from bathing, and frequently met large parties of them carrying burdens for the use of the Issigördlo; and more than once saw them march out, with Dingarn at their head, and employ themselves in weeding his corn and imphigounds, while he inspected the crop.

The section of the narrative which we now approach is so full of incident, and gives rise to so many reflections while we read, that we are at a loss how to abridge it in a manner satisfactory to ourselves. We reserve the adventure of the red cloak, and some others, for subsequent remark, and pass on to a barbarous execution of justice, or, at least, of savage law. Early one morning, Capt. Gardiner's servant came to inform him that they were killing a man; and, on leaving his hut to ascertain the truth of the report, he found that "Goujuāna, one of the king's brothers, had already been hurried through the gate to the place of execution, and was at that time followed by his two servants, in charge of a party of executioners, armed with knobbed sticks. Partly dragged and partly goaded on, they were distinctly traced across the stream, and ascending the opposite hill. Here, however, they stopped, and a horrid scene took place. The two servants, naturally enough, had endeavoured to effect their escape; but, instead of binding them, they determined, as they called it, to take away their strength, by throwing them down and striking them violently on

all parts of the body with sticks: their blows I could distinctly hear. Again they were placed upon their feet, and urged on less rapidly to the fatal spot, near a large euphorbia tree on the brow of the hill; where the horrid purpose was completed by additional blows on the head. Goujuāna, I understand, made no resistance, and only requested as he was led along, that, in consideration of his being a king's son, he might be strangled, in lieu of being struck with the knobbed sticks; which was granted."

The brass ornaments taken from the necks of the deceased were exhibited by the executioner, as he passed through the town on his return. On the following afternoon Captain Gardiner visited the spot, and already had the hyenas and vultures devoured all but the skeletons, which remained to add to the number of skulls and bones with which the whole slope of the hill was strewed. Goujuāna was one of the most intelligent-looking men our traveller had seen—of an open and engaging countenance; and, though next in succession to Dingarn, was unassuming in his manners. His alleged offence was an intrigue against the king, in which two of his brothers were also said to have been implicated, and, about a year before, suffered the same fate. Dingarn, it appears, had hitherto spared his life, contrary to the wishes of the two indoona; but so determined was Umthella to effect his death, that, because his recommendations in this particular were unattended to, he had for some time refrained from visiting the king, save on business, and had once plainly told him that it was impossible they could ever go out to war while the poisoner (as he termed Goujuāna) lived.

Save in the mode of execution, there is little, perhaps, to reproach these savage people with in the above account. But the consequences of the affair were disastrous in the extreme. When a Zoolu chief falls by the hand of the executioner, all his property is confiscated, and every individual connected with him, however remotely, is put to death. A needful expedient, it may be, in a clime, where Revenge is Virtue, and yet a mournful one. Take the account in our author's words:

"An indoona, who lived in an adjoining hut to mine, was ordered upon this revolting duty, and from his lips, on his

return, the following account is given. The principal property belonging to Goujuana was in the neighbourhood of the Tugala, and thither he was sent with a party of men, not exceeding thirty, to destroy the entire population of ten villages. On reaching the first of these devoted places, he entered with one man only, to avoid suspicion; in the course of the evening, one or two more dropped in; and so on, until the whole had arrived. He then informed the principal men that he had a message to deliver from the king, and, as it was addressed to all, it would be better for the men to assemble in a place together, where all could hear. This arrangement being made, he so contrived it that his men, with whom a previous signal had been concerted, should intermingle with the party, and endeavour to divert their attention by offering them snuff. While thus apparently on the most friendly terms, the fatal blow was given; each of the indoonas's party, on noticing the signal, rising and stabbing his fellow with an assagai. The houses were instantly fired, and the women and children indiscriminately butchered. The same horrors were perpetrated at each of the remaining villages, and it is said that but a very few escaped by flight out of the whole number."

Our next memorable relation is of a more pleasing character. Georgo, a chief, at the head of a large detachment from his regiment, came from a distant part of the country for the purpose of begging shields. As all the cattle folded in the military towns belong to the king, and but few are killed there in proportion to the numbers which are daily slaughtered at the capital, this is, in consequence, the great deposit of shields, the manufacture of which is constant, and almost the only occupation of the men; two being formed from each hide. The reception of this party was somewhat curious. Their arrival at the principal gate of the town having been notified to the king, an order was soon after sent for their admission; when they all rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks in a most violent manner, until within a respectful distance of the Issigördlo, when they halted. Dingarn soon mounted his pedestal, and shewed himself over the fence; on which a simultaneous greeting of "Byäite!" ran through the line into which they were now formed. He soon disappeared, and the whole party then seated themselves on the ground they occupied.

Dingarn shortly after came out—the two indoonas, and a number of his great men, having already arrived—and seated themselves in semicircular order on each side of his chair; from whom he was, however, removed to a dignified distance. Tambooz, who was the great speaker on all these occasions, and the professed scolder whenever necessity required, was then on his legs: to speak publicly in any other posture, it seems, would be painful to a Zoolu; nor is he content with mere gesticulation—actual space is necessary—he must have a run; and our traveller was surprised at the grace and effect which this novel accompaniment to the art of elocution often gave to the point and matter of the discourse. In this character he pronounces Tambooz to be inimitable, who shone especially on the occasion alluded to; having, doubtless, been instructed by the king, in whose name he addressed Georgo and his party, to interlard his oration with as many pungent reproofs and cutting invectives as his fertile imagination could invent, or his natural disposition suggest. Take the rest of the description in Captain Gardiner's own words:

"On a late expedition, it appears that the troops now harangued had not performed the service expected—they had entered the territory of Umselekaz, and, instead of surrounding and capturing the herds within their reach, had attended to some pretended instructions to halt and return; some palliating circumstances had, no doubt, screened them from the customary rigour on such occasions, and this untoward occurrence was now turned to the best advantage. After a long tirade, in which Tambooz ironically described their feeble onset and fruitless effort, advancing like a Mercury to fix his dart, and gracefully retiring as though to point a fresh barb for the attack; now slaking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left—by each *détour* increasing in vehemence—the storm was at length at its height, and, in the midst of the tempest he had stirred, he retired to the feet of his sovereign; who, I remarked, could scarcely refrain from smiling at many of the taunting expressions that were used. Georgo's countenance can better be imagined than described at this moment. Impatient to reply, he now rose from the centre of the line; his person decorated with strings of pink beads, worn over his shoulders like a cross-belt, and large brass rings on his arms and throat.

'Amánka (it is false)!' was the first word he uttered. The various chivalrous deeds of himself and his men were then set forth in the most glowing colours, and a scene ensued which I scarcely know how to describe. Independent of his own energetic gesticulations, his violent leaping and sententious running, on the first announcement of any exculpatory fact indicating their prowess in arms, one or more of the principal warriors would rush from the ranks, to corroborate the statement by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, which quite made the ground to resound under his feet; alternately leaping and galloping (for it is not running), until, frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves were sufficiently strong for the acmé posture—vaulting several feet in the air, drawing the knees towards the chin, and, at the same time, passing the hands between the ankles. In this singular manner were the charges advanced and rebutted for a considerable time; Dingarn acting behind the scenes as a moderator, and occasionally calling off Tumbooza, as an unruly bull-dog, from the bait. At length, as though imperceptibly drawn into the argument, he concluded the business in these words:—'When have we ever heard any thing good of Georgo? What has Georgo done? It is a name that is unknown to us. I shall give you no shields until you have proved yourself worthy of them: go and bring me some cattle from Umselekáz, and then shields shall be given you.' A burst of applause rang from all sides on this unexpected announcement; under which, in good taste, the despot made his exit, retiring into the Issigordlo, while bowls of beer were served out to the soldiers, who, with their indooona, were soon after observed marching over the hills, on their way to collect the remainder of their regiment for the promised expedition."

Pass we on from the business of this rude society to the pleasures and amusements:

"The new moon had already appeared, and preparation was made for a grand dance—a continuation of those which had commenced at the in-gathering, early in the preceding month. For two or three days previously a number of boys had been assembled, to collect very small pebbles, which were afterwards placed within the vacant cocoon of a winged insect of the beetle kind, striped yellow and black, frequently adhering to the mimosa trees; several of these, strung together, were worn at the ankles by the dancers, and made a jingling noise,

which was not unpleasant. Some preliminary exercises having been gone through, by way of practice, the whole of the male population, now swelled to about a thousand, arranged themselves in a ring three deep; the women, in ranks of about twenty, forming a close phalanx in the centre, on a spot at a little distance without the town. The king, in his dancing attire, soon after made his appearance; his women, dressed out in their best, having preceded him, and fallen into their proper places in the centre of the ring. I waited near the gate, for the purpose of accompanying him and witnessing his reception, which was enthusiastic—all voices being raised at his approach to utter the mystical 'Byáte,' with other appropriate epithets. Having but once before seen Dingarn without his cloak, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could refrain from laughing outright. Of all the grotesque figures, either in print or in *propría persona*, his equal I never saw, though he bore the nearest resemblance to Falstaff of any I could recollect. Tall, corpulent, and fleshy, with a short neck and a heavy foot, he was decked out as a harlequin; and, carried away by the excitement of the moment, seemed almost prepared to become one. He has a good ear and a correct taste, at least in these matters; and, had his figure but accorded with his equipment, he would have carried the palm in the dance, which he entered into with some zest, and certainly sustained his part with much natural grace, and, for so heavy a man, with no ordinary ease and agility. The songs which are sung on these occasions are chiefly of his own composition, and are varied every year; in fact, the dancing is but the accompaniment of the song, and stands in the place of music, of which they have none that deserves the name. Each man is provided with a short stick, knobbed at the end; and it is by the direction he gives to this, the motion of his other hand, and the turns of his body, that the action and pathos of the song is indicated; the correspondence is often very beautiful, while the feet regulate the time, and impart that locomotive effect in which they so much delight: sometimes the feet are merely lifted, to descend with a stamp; sometimes a leaping stride is taken, on either side; at others, a combination of both. But they have yet a more violent gesture: forming four deep, in open order, they make short runs to and fro, leaping, prancing, and crossing each other's paths, brandishing their sticks, and raising such a cloud of dust by the vehemence and rapidity of the exercise, that to a bystander it has all the effect of the wildest battle-

scene of savage life; and which it is, doubtless, intended to imitate. While all this is going on in the ring, the women in the ~~circle~~ are not idle spectators; they do not, indeed, move from their position, but ~~holding~~ ^{beating} their bodies forwards to the ~~clap~~ ^{clap} of their hands, stamping with both feet ~~together~~, and raising their voices to the highest pitch, they fill in their parts, and follow out the chorus with such a degree of continued exertion as would cause an European female to go upon crutches for the remainder of her life. When the king mingles in these festivities, he takes his place in the inner circle, exactly opposite the centre woman of the sable phalanx; and should he set the time, which he usually does when present, a shrill whistle from a number of men (the king's herdsmen), stationed in the opposite part of the ring, announces the condescending act; and at the conclusion of every song, whether he is present or not, two heralds swiftly cross each other, emerging at the same moment from opposite ends of the circle, and running furiously along the line which faces the women, shouting the whole time, at the top of their lungs, 'O, O, O, O, O, O!' to indicate its conclusion. These heralds are always disguised by some grotesque attire; on this occasion, one of them was so completely enveloped in the entire skin of a panther, his own eyes piercing through the very holes in the skull, and his neck and shoulders streaming with long lappets of the same fur, that he bore no resemblance to a human being: the other was less hideous, being covered with streamers of ox-tails and hair, a large fillet of which encircled his forehead, and hung wildly over his eyes. Every song, many of which were sung on these occasions, has a different air, and the corresponding attitudes vary also; some are humorous and colloquial, in which a conversation is kept up with the women, who ask questions, and are in return answered by the men: but the generality relate either to hunting or war. On one occasion the boys were employed to water the ground, and in an instant every calabash, large and small, was in requisition; even bundles of wet grass were brought and switched about, to assist in laying the dust, but in a quarter of an hour it was again raised by the continued stamping of so many feet. The black feathers of the long-tailed finch form the usual head-plume of the men; the forehead is bound round with a fillet of white beads, having a square of red in the centre; white beads usually decorate the ankles, and a band of this, or some other colour, as pink or blue, the leg below the knee; while heavy brass rings on the throat

and arms, are the established uniform during the dancing season, and to the eye have a rich and dressy appearance. In this climate, however, they are a positive torture; and many are the complaints which I have heard among the wearers of the blisters which they not unfrequently raise, after a long exposure to the direct rays of the sun: the marvel is, that the whole nation are not afflicted with sore throats, as the pressure and heat are endured throughout the hottest months of the year, while they are suddenly left off on the approach of winter."

During these dancing times, Captain Gardiner pressed in vain his missionary project. Arrangements were soon made for the removal, not only of the court, but of the whole male population, to Imbelli-belli, a military town about ten miles distant, where a series of dances, on a more extended scale, was to finish the festivities of the season. Our traveller accompanied them on their march, and relates several very picturesque ceremonies and adventures. On reaching a hill, on which a town called Issiclebāni is built, they found the troops of the place assembled to greet their monarch's arrival; and the two parties concurred in forming two sides of a square. An exhibition of leaping and athletic eccentricities, to assure their sovereign of the capacity and eagerness of each old warrior to emulate his former deeds, took place. There was no speechifying, but out came a warrior with a bounce, brandishing his weapon and beating his shield, and covering as much ground in three strides as a tiger could spring, stabbing, and parrying, and retreating, and again vaulting into the ranks, with so light a foot and so rigid a muscle, that the eye had scarcely time to follow the velocity of his movements. Another and another came out, each with a peculiar step and gesture; and, while in the performance of these exploits, pointed at throughout his meteor course, as well by the king as by all his compatriots, who, by the extension of their hands and their sticks towards the individual, accompanied by the prolonged sound of the letter Z, indicated their recognition of a warrior of known and tried courage. This continued some time, when the Unkinginglove troops passed on, followed by those of Issiclebāni, who escorted us about a mile from their town to the bank of a dry rivulet; when, after a few more bounces

and leaps, and simultaneous shouting, they took their leave, to slaughter and devour some beef which had been presented to them by the king—a herd having accompanied their progress, at some distance from the line of march. In a similar manner they were received into Imbelli-belli.

Failing in his first application for a missionary station, Captain Gardiner had not heart to witness more at this place than one great dance, in which there were some novelties introduced.

“ ‘We must open a new path,’ said the inventive Dingarn; and shortly after he was escorted to the dancing-ground without the town by his Unkünginglove men, each bearing a large bunch of green bows in his right hand, exalted above his head, who, in conjunction with the people of another town, formed an exterior circle, while the Issiclebani regiment occupied the ring, and danced within. The moving grove, intermingled with the bald heads, had a cheerful effect. Dingarn, although in his dancing costume, did not join the lists, but contented himself with witnessing the feats performed by the three regiments assembled—the Unkünginglove, the Imbelli-belli, and the Issiclebani, who each took their turns in the ring. It was altogether a most animating sight; crowds of spectators were collected, and groups of women, with children on their backs, were seen taking advantage of every rock and rising ground to peep over the heads of the bystanders; even the trees were garnished with boys, who were more than once disturbed on their roost by an order from some of the indoonas. There could not have been less than 4000 or 5000 people on the ground. A variety was also observed in the dress of the Imbelli-belli men, if a collection of skin-steamers, like the tails of a lady’s ‘boa,’ attached to a thin waist-cord, deserves the name, but which, in fact, is the nearest approach to an habiliment which a Zoolu ever deigns to wear. In this instance, and expressly for the occasion, the short cottony fibre of a root was substituted—at least, behind—and twisted into thick ropey pendants, with the ends hanging loose like a tassel below, which had a good effect, eight or nine of these tails forming a dress. But before the whole was ended, a thunder-storm, attended with heavy rain, cut short the amusements; and all were obliged to leave the ground, and return for shelter to the town. As soon as it cleared up a little, I took a formal leave

of Dingarn, who called his people around to shew me how they could eat tough beef; asking, if that was the manner in which English soldiers enjoyed their meat? He then said, that I must come and see him again; that I could build at Port Natal, and teach the natives there. Still, reluctant to leave him without some distant prospect of success, I told him that I hoped he would soon alter the word he had spoken; and that, whenever he wished a teacher for his people, he must send me a message to Port Natal. It was late before we reached Unkünginglove that evening, and early on Monday (the 9th) the bearers appointed by Dingarn to convey my baggage were in advance; and I found myself reluctantly leaving the town, now almost deserted of its inhabitants, and where I had fondly hoped that some progress in Christian instruction would ere this have been effected. But well is it for us that God’s ways are not our ways; by such disappointments he not only proves and prepares the instruments by whom he often deigns to work, but shews us that his purposes will ripen and unfold without their aid. I felt much comfort in repeating those beautiful lines of Cowper:

‘Wait for His promised aid,
And if it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.’

So satisfied did I feel of a favourable result to my request, that the horse had actually been sent off: a long walk of three days was therefore before me, in which, exclusive of fording the rivers, we averaged about thirty miles in each. The following, which is the only scrap remaining of my lost journal, I should perhaps apologize for inserting; but, as it will give some idea of my spacious apartment in the Zoolu capital, may not be here altogether out of place:

‘My Zoolu Hut.

Dear is that spot, however mean,
Which once we’ve called our own;
And if ’twas snug, and neat, and clean,
Our thoughts oft thither roam.

I see them now—those four* low props,
That held the haystack o’er my head;
The dusky frame-work from their tops,
Like a large mouse-trap round me spread.

Once entered, I forgot the pain
My broken back sustained;
But when obliged to crawl again,
From tears I scarce refrained.

* “Many of the huts have but one support in the centre.”

To stand erect I never tried,
 For reasons you may guess;
 Full fourteen feet my hut was wide,
 Its height was nine feet less.

My furniture, a scanty store —
 Some saddle-bags beside me laid;
 A hurdle, used to close the door,
 Raised upon stones my table made.

And when my visitors arrived,
 To sit, and prate, and stare,
 Of light and air at once deprived,
 The heat I scarce could bear.

The solid ground my softest bed,
 A mat my mattress made,
 The friendly saddle raised my head,
 As in my cloak I laid.

The homely lizard harmless crept
 Unnoticed through the door,
 And rats their gambols round me kept
 While sleeping on the floor.

Such was my humble Zoolu home,
 And memory paints thee yet;
 While life shall last, where'er I roam,
 That hut I'll ne'er forget.'

"In the course of the first day's journey we met some messengers, hastening towards Unkünginglove with intelligence of the sickness of an influential indooona, residing at some distance. They informed me that they were proceeding directly to the king, who, on being made acquainted with the nature of his disorder, would send down such medicine as he thought proper. This, I am told, is the usual practice. Dingarn expects to be made acquainted with the ailments of all his principal people; when any danger is apprehended, the case is then referred to the doctors residing in the capital, and, according to their advice, medicine is forwarded to the patient, who, whether it agree or not, is obliged to take it."

Our readers will perceive that Capt. Gardiner affects verse-writing, in which he is sometimes more happy than in the above specimen. He would do well, in future efforts, to eschew such rhymes as *own* and *roam*. With some piety, indeed, he has but little taste; nor are his judgments of the kind of life he witnessed always as wise as they might be.

The Zoolus are evidently a people far advanced in civilisation, or, at least, enjoy the wreck of civilisation, existing at some previous period in greater perfection. The proper name of Ham, if Capt. Gardiner's account be correct, and he be not led away by religious prepossessions, is not uncommon among the Zoolus. On hearing it called once

or twice, he writes, he made some inquiry, and was told that it was generally given to those who had a fierce countenance and voracious appetite; or, in other words, who were "hyena-men," as they were not inaptly designated. Speaking of Dingarn's predecessor in sovereignty, Charka, who would not confess to his having children (a stroke of policy in which he was imitated by the present king of the Zoolus), our traveller tells us that "on one occasion, perhaps from some faint expectation of its being spared, an infant was presented to Charka; the '*hyena-man*' instantly seized his own child by the heels, and, with one blow, deprived it of that life which, with such a father, it could have been no privilege to enjoy. This horrid deed was only surpassed by the immediate murder of the agonised mother, whose eyes closed with the vivid impressions of the scene she had beheld."

This is an instance which shews the progress of declination, for the primitive customs of the country are not answerable for this piece of atrocity. The immediate ancestors of Charka and Dingarn, Jāma and Senzānakona, were married; but Charka, in order to support a military system peculiar to himself (partly by way of example to his subjects, and partly as a measure of self-preservation, conceiving that so long as he continued unmarried he would not be regarded as a veteran, and, consequently, that his life would be less liable to be cut short by the ambition of his successor, or the intrigues of his subjects), introduced the system of the monarch remaining unmarried. Hence Dingarn, who imitated him, was perpetually boasting, "I am but a boy—I am too young to marry," though forty years of age. As to the military system alluded to, we learn that, during the reign of Charka, no soldier was permitted to marry until he had distinguished himself in war. At present, this regulation has undergone a considerable modification; but still, in all cases the king's consent must be obtained: and this is seldom given but to the umpāgāte. It is no unusual thing, on any great occasion, for the king to issue an order for a whole regiment to marry; until such order, however, is given, the soldier may keep as many concubines as he pleases. This is done upon principle; and Captain Gardiner heard it gravely

asserted as one of the wisest enactments for rendering a soldiery efficient, who were thus, like the monks of Rome, cut off from the social affections. Under these circumstances, we need not wonder that it would be instant death for any Zoolu subject to assert that either Dingarn or Charka had had any children.

But, as we have said, the primitive customs of the country authorise no such departure from the rule of right. Some of these customs symbolise, if correctly stated, with the Hebraic. Circumcision, for example, obtained until Charka's reign; who permitted it to go into desuetude in his own person. It is also customary, though not obligatory, for the younger brother to marry the widow of his deceased brother. Moreover, on apprehension of infection, one of the *egeer'kha* (or doctors) passes through the town, bearing a bunch of small boughs, or herbs, followed by a person bearing a large bowl of water; into which the boughs are frequently dipped as he goes along, and the door and entrance of every house sprinkled. The festival of first-fruits, likewise, obtains among the Zoolus, in common with the neighbouring nations; and is preventive of improvidence in commencing upon the first crops too early, and affords an opportunity for assembling and reviewing the nation preparatory to war. The first ripe corn is partaken of by the king, before one of his subjects dares, under heavy penalties, to taste it. Much ceremony is observed, and the annual dances are then commenced; during the continuance of which, the greater part of the nation assemble at the capital. Lastly, a propitiatory offering to the spirit of the king's immediate ancestor is rendered. No altar, prayer, or ceremony of any kind, is observed; the bullock is killed within the cattle-fold, contrary to the ordinary practice, and the flesh is cooked and partaken of in that very spot: an observance peculiar to such occasions. All these rites point to certain foregone conclusions, which justify thought and inquiry.

We scarcely like the part which Captain Gardner took in the return of the deserters; it furnished an opportunity, however, of insight into the religious creed of this people. They conceive of three kinds of sin only—adultery, witchcraft, and evil-speaking

of the king. Of a Supreme Being they have always had some indistinct idea. They always believed that there was an *Incosi-pezuła* (a great chief above), who, before there was a world, came down and made it: he made men; and they knew, also, that there were white men. They held, also, the transmigration of souls—supposing the body to be annihilated by death, and that the breath, or spirit, then passed into the body of some animal; generally, a snake, called *issitata*, which is harmless, though sometimes into other animals, such as the buffalo or hippopotamus. They mention an instance when a buffalo, thus possessed, had been driven by the influence of the spirit to a place of slaughter, and an hippopotamus had been impelled to enter a village.

Captain Gardiner had also conversation with the *Unguāni* people, a tribe situated, as far as he could collect, to the N.N.E. of *Unkūnginglove*, at a distance of nine days' journey. On the fifth day from *Unkūnginglove* they reach the river *Impongolo*; and four days more bring them to *Elāngāni*, where their king, *Sobūza*, resides. Nearer to the *Umpongola* is another town, called *Nobāmba*: both are small compared to the Zoolu towns; are built in the same form, but without fences; and contain the whole population of the tribe, which is now greatly diminished. The male population does not exceed a hundred; but as each man has from five to ten wives, the whole, including children, may be estimated at about twelve hundred. They were formerly independent, but subjugated by Charka, who deprived them of all their cattle: they have neither sheep nor goats; and, as grain is but scantily cultivated, they are often necessitated to subsist entirely on roots. The flats are covered with very high grass; and these, as well as the mountains, produce large timber. Wild animals abound; and, besides those common in this part of the country, they have the rhinoceros and tiger: they appeared to know nothing either of the ostrich or camelopard. The eyland is the only large animal they hunt, being fearful to approach the elephant, although aware of the value of its tusks. Alligators abound in the rivers, some of which they describe as large, but all fordable at certain times. The *Iesūta* is the largest next to the *Um-*

pongola, which divides them from the Zoolu country; and after that, the Motani: these are all much wider than the Togôla. They have no canoes, and only first saw the sea when they came into this neighbourhood. They seem to be an insulated tribe, having no relation with any other people than their conquerors. All speak the Zoolu language; and, until they perceived our traveller and his suite conversing in English, had never heard a tongue differing from their own, and were amused at the mode of communication through an interpreter, snapping the fingers in evident surprise. A Zoolu, it seems, can scarcely speak without snapping his fingers at every sentence; and when energetic, a double snap is often made, and that between every four or five words. In appearance and costume, the Unguâni are similar to the Zoolus; and as they now generally wear the ring on the head, which has been adopted since they became tributary to Charka, they are scarcely to be distinguished from them. Their women also shave their heads, but wear the small tuft on the crown somewhat higher. The whole country to the north and west they describe as an arid desert, extending (especially to the northward) beyond their knowledge, and much broken with abrupt precipices. In the northern desert, which is entirely sand, there is a large river, to the banks of which they have been; but none have ever crossed it, nor have they ever heard of any people living beyond them, either north or west. On the east, there is a tribe of Zoolus called Nobombas, from whom they obtain iron for heading their spears and assagais: they have heard of Sofala, but have never been there, or seen any of the people. Their houses are of a similar construction with these, but formed chiefly of mats and reeds. Their king, Sobûza, the same whom Charka subdued, has still the power of life and death. Malefactors, when capitally punished, are struck on the head with knobbed sticks (as is the practice here), but they are never impaled: with the exception of these, their dead are always interred, being first bound up in their clothes and mats. They describe the hot winds as sometimes so oppressive as to oblige them to leave their houses and ascend the very tops of the mountains, in order to obtain a gasp of air. The

climate is so exceedingly unhealthy, and that at all times of the year, that Umkolwâni said he expected to find many ill on his return, although it was winter; that season, if any, being the most sickly. Rain is unknown, but the nightly dews are heavy. The prevailing sickness is of two kinds; one, an affection of the throat and lungs, from which they often recover; but the other is a seizure so sudden and fatal, that frequently in a few minutes, and generally in a quarter of an hour, from the first attack, life is extinct. On these occasions they complain of pains in the loins, back, and front of the head, and, after death, vomit a black liquid from the mouth. They have no knowledge of medicine, and invariably leave the sick to languish without attempting any remedy. A removal from this insalubrious climate frequently restores them, when suffering from the first-named disorder; and Umkolwâni himself declared, that, on quitting his country, the complaint in his chest had immediately left him. In common with the Amakosa, Zoolus, &c., they observe the festival of the first-fruits. Circumcision is still practised among them, notwithstanding the desuetude into which it has here gone since the reign of Charka. Although they had heard of white people, our traveller's party were the first whom they had ever seen. They all acknowledged, that when they first saw them they mistook them for wild beasts; and one of them actually ran from the horse, who was quietly feeding near the town, taking him also for some ferocious animal. On hearing the issibum (gun) go off, they said that they thought the heavens were opening, and began to be alarmed. The effect of some lucifer-matches surprised them greatly. They said, that when they returned to their own people they would tell them that "they had seen white men, and that they had the fire." On the subject of religion they seemed in total darkness, and appeared to Captain Gardiner to present the awful spectacle of immortal beings without the knowledge or acknowledgement of a Creator. Umkolwâni confessed that, while on his long journeys, he had often wondered how things came, but could never find out; and had always supposed that they came by chance. When the body died, they conceived that it perished; but the

soul, after it was in the ground, entered the body of a snake. Of a day of future retribution they had not the slightest idea, nor did they know any thing of an evil spirit.

"There is much encouragement," says Captain Gardiner, speaking of the people of Nodunga, the first village after crossing the Amatakoola, "in teaching these people: they have no caste to break through, no idols to throw down; they readily acknowledge their ignorance, and seem desirous for instruction. I commenced by inquiring who among them could tell me by whom the sun, the moon, the mountains, and the rivers were made? All agreed that they were created by some power above. I asked what they called that power? Pointing upwards, one of them said it was the 'Incosi pezulu (great chief above).' Did they know any thing of this great chief? 'No,' they replied; 'now we are come to hear about Ilim: it is you who must tell us.'"

Our traveller rightly remarks, that he seemed to have arrived among the Zoolus at a period when the traditional knowledge of a Supreme Being is rapidly passing into oblivion. That their forefathers believed in the existence of an overruling Spirit is agreed among them: they called him Villenāngi (literally, the First Appearer), and who soon after created another heavenly being of great power, called Koolukoolwani, who once visited this earth in order to publish the news (as they express it), as also to separate the sexes and colours among mankind. If Captain Gardiner's report is to be depended on, the philosophical basis on which this system is founded is remarkable, and the coincidences of the manifestation, at least, noteworthy. During the period Koolukoolwani was below, two messages were sent to him from Villenāngi: the first, conveyed by a camelion, announcing that men were not to die; the second, by a lizard, with a contrary decision. The lizard, having outrun the slow-paced camelion, arrived first, and delivered his message before the latter made his appearance. To this want of promptness they attribute our present condition as mortal beings, heaping all the odium of death upon the sluggish camelion. This is a curious version of the truth as symbolised in the early chapters of Genesis. There are still, we are told, many legends respecting Villenāngi, but none of which could

be remembered, excepting that lamentations to be made over the dead were enjoined by him. It is said, that many years ago, though not within the memory of the oldest person now living, sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenāngi. The generality of the people, it is added, are ignorant even of this scanty tradition; but, since their recent intercourse with Europeans, the vague idea of a Supreme Being has again become general. At present, the reigning king absorbs all their praises; and he is, in fact, their only idol.

Captain Gardiner had some conversation at Impōza with a chieftain of the name of Tpäi, on the subject of creeds. He questioned him, whether he had any knowledge of the Power by whom the world was made; saying, "When you see the sun rising and setting, and the trees growing, do you know who made them, and who governs them?"

Tpäi (after a little pause, apparently deep in thought). "No; we see them, but cannot tell how they come: we suppose that they come of themselves."

"To whom, then, do you attribute your success or failure in war?"

Tpäi. "When we are unsuccessful, and do not take cattle, we think that our Father has not looked upon us."

"Do you think your Fathers' Spirits made the world?"

Tpäi. "No."

"Where do you suppose the spirit of a man goes, after it leaves the body?"

Tpäi. "We cannot tell."

"Do you think it lives for ever?"

Tpäi. "That we cannot tell; we believe that the spirit of our forefathers looks upon us when we go out to war, but we do not think about it at any other time."

"You admit that you cannot control the sun or the moon, or even make a hair of your head to grow; have you no idea of any power capable of doing this?"

Tpäi. "No, we know of none; we know that we cannot do these things, and we suppose that they come of themselves."

Another conversation with one Foortu, the chief of one of the villages of the Inthlangwain, is still more interesting:

"On asking Foortu, in presence of several of his people, whether he should like to have a 'Teacher' residing with him, he said, 'I should rejoice; and,

after explaining the object of my present journey; and the expectation I had of a missionary being eventually sent to his people, he replied, 'I cannot believe that it will be so: it is what I desire to see, and that which would make me glad.' On the subject of religion, they are equally as dark as their neighbours the Zoolus. They acknowledged, indeed, a traditional account of a Supreme Being, whom they called Oûkoolukoolu (literally, the Great-Great), but knew nothing further respecting him than that he originally issued from the reeds, created men and cattle, and taught them the use of the assegai. They knew not how long the isigqoota, or spirit of a deceased person, existed after its departure from the body, but attributed every untoward occurrence to its influence, slaughtering a beast to propitiate its favour on every occasion of severe sickness, &c. As is customary among all these nations, a similar offering is made by the ruling chief to the spirit of his immediate ancestor, preparatory to any warlike or hunting expedition; and it is to the humour of this capricious spirit that every degree of failure or success is ascribed. They listened with much attention while I informed them what the Scripture said respecting the power, the wisdom, and the love of God, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the day of final judgment; but an audible laugh instantly proceeded from all who were present, on my telling them that God had declared in his word that man's heart was full of sin. This I have always found the most difficult subject to explain, even to those who have had frequent opportunities of instruction. I was not, therefore, greatly surprised at this slight interruption, which was merely an expression of astonishment."

At this difficulty we are not at all astonished: these Zoolus are evidently the children of Nature, and are men only in the sensual life. Nor in this, as we conceive, are they much behind the Greeks, as represented in Greek tragedy. Greek poetry is at once the poetry of fate and of cheerfulness. These Zoolus are skillful in the song and the dance, and in both are *extempore* artists. Now, while Man includes himself within the category of nature, and as subject to the same relation of cause and effect which is incident to the phenomenal world, he is unsusceptible of the sense of sin; and rightly, for he has not conceived the idea of a moral law, without which that of transgression is impossible.

That antagonism between the flesh and the spirit is as unrecognised by the Zoolus as in the Grecian drama. The only law recognised is that of self-preservation—a principle justifying the extreme cruelty, if needful or expedient for the end proposed; and that of self-enjoyment, unobservant of the rule of not too much, except as the result of experience, and for the better assurance of pleasure, which, when carried to excess, passes into pain. In pointing out these ends, as we conceive, the missionary might hope to introduce the Zoolu tribes into an intellectual, and, by certain consequent processes, into a moral world.

On all accounts, we consider this the most interesting book of travels that we have met with for many a day. The man of South Africa is evidently a fit recipient for missionary labours—his mind, as to religious creeds, being a *rasa tabula*. There is nothing to destroy, and, therefore, no danger in destroying in order to rebuild. In other nations there are traditions, embodying, in forms graceful or grotesque, the very same ideal truths which we would impart under other modes of speech. Here there is only the natural man to deal with, and the soil is virgin for whatever intellectual and moral seed we may have to dispense. We fear, however, for some of the innocent sports, the existence of which is consistent with every degree of culture, from such opinions as the following, consequent upon Captain Gardiner's not being able to get his mission attended to during a season of festivity. "Dingarn," he writes, "who throughout has always treated me kindly, said, that I must not leave him yet; that he wished me to see the dancing which would be going on for the next twenty days, and that after that period I could return. My mind was now too much grieved to take any pleasure in these wild pastimes." Why grieved? Captain Gardiner had only been about a month in the country. We hope that mistaken views of religion will not abridge the Zoolu's natural privileges and pastimes when better taught, but that to him will be permitted full Christian liberty as well as the Christian faith. It is worthy of attention, that this people have no priesthood; the only persons claiming supernatural power are the witches, who are first used and then punished. Take the following instance:

"The affection from which Fakū has lately been suffering in his eyes has, as usual, been attributed to witchcraft. Since I last saw him, he has allowed himself to be punctured above the eyebrow by a witch-doctor, who pretended to extract from the opening a small quantity of snuff, which he declared had been placed there by an enemy, and had occasioned the disease. The inflammation, relieved by the operation, has since gradually subsided; and the alleged umtakati (bewitcher) is already in confinement. In order to extort confession, it is not an unusual method to pinion the accused individual to the ground with forked stakes, with the head resting in an ant-hill; the body is then strewn over with the *débris* of ants' nests taken from the trees, while water is dashed upon them in order to excite the insects to bite more sharply. The torture must be extreme, as the whole body is said to be often so swollen after this dreadful infliction as to appear scarcely human. If found guilty, they are only released to be beaten to death with knobbed sticks and stones."

In reading the above, we must recollect that Christians have been equally cruel; and that Sir Matthew Hale would, in his time, have acted as Fakū did in the present. Some of the Zoolu chiefs, particularly female ones, are professors of witchcraft. While Captain Gardiner, for example, was talking with Tpai, the incosi-cāse was quietly reclining upon her mat: she afterwards sat up a little, and the captain fully expected a long discussion would ensue; but she said nothing.

"This woman," he continues, "may be styled a queen of witches; and her appearance bespeaks her craft. Large coils of entrails, stuffed with fat, were suspended round her neck, while her thick and tangled hair, stuck over in all directions with the gall-bladders of animals, gave to her tall figure a very singularly wild and grotesque appearance. One of her devices, which occurred about six months ago, is too characteristic to be omitted. Tpai had assembled his army, and was on the eve of going out to war—a project which, for some reason, she thought it necessary to oppose. Finding that all her dissuaves were ineffectual, she suddenly quitted the place; and, accompanied only by a little girl, entirely concealed herself from observation. At the expiration of three or four days she as mysteriously returned, and holding her side, apparently bleeding from the assegai wound, pretended to have been received in her absence

from the spirit of her late husband, Maddegān, she presented herself before Tpai. 'Your brother's spirit,' she exclaimed, 'has met me; and here is the wound he has made in my side with an assegai; he reproached me for remaining with people who had treated me so ill.' Tpai, either willingly or actually imposed upon by this strange occurrence, countermanded the army; and, if we are to credit the good people in these parts, the wound immediately healed! For several months subsequent to this period, she took it into her head to crawl about upon her hands and knees; and it is only lately, I understand, that she has resumed her station ~~as a biped~~ as a biped. The animal necklace before alluded to is by no means an uncommon ornament among this tribe. Yesterday, I observed a woman carrying an infant similarly arrayed: a lesser coil, in due proportion, being also twined about the little creature's neck."

In parting with these people, we cannot help expressing our sincere respect for them. The evil belonging to them is accidental; the good, substantial. Cruel they are, but in the way of justice administered in excess; or, if otherwise, as being superior to the sense of pain—a *savage* virtue, yet a virtue. In illustration of this, we may cite an incident. One of Dingarn's most cruel acts was induced by the sight of an eye-glass, which Captain Gardiner occasionally wore. He had requested to look through it, and was amusing the people near by describing the effect. "Now," he would remark, "you are all run over the river," meaning, that he could distinguish people on the opposite side; "now you are all come back," directing the glass to nearer objects. At length he asked whether it would burn; and, on being told that it was only intended to assist the eye, he sent to the Issigördlo for a large burning-glass, which he had formerly received as a present. His first essay was to ignite the dry grass on each side of his chair; but this was too tame an occupation, and beckoning one of his servants near, he desired him to extend his arm, when he firmly seized his hand, and deliberately held it until a hole was actually burnt in the skin, a few inches above the wrist. Crouched before him in the humblest posture, the unfortunate man seemed writhing with pain, but dared not utter even a groan; and, as soon as this wanton infliction was over, was di-

rected to go round to the company and display the effect. His glass not being restored, our traveller was compelled to witness a repetition of the same torture on another servant, whom Dingarn held in the same manner, and who appeared to suffer more intensely, yet without any further indication of his feelings than a nervous writhing of the whole body. No sooner was he liberated, than he confessed that the pain extended through every part, from his head to his feet, and that he was convinced he must have fallen had it been prolonged. He, too, was ordered to exhibit his arm to all present; and "really, from the expression of many of the countenances as he went round," exclaims Captain Gardiner, "a stranger might have imagined that some honorary badge had been conferred." And so there had, captain; and a R. N. ought to have known it. It is for the defiance of pain and toil that men receive glory. Charge not this as cruelty on the Zoolus, while we have prize-fights, and civilised Rome had gladiator contests. We have known a cultivated man, and a preacher of the gospel, perform a similar operation on himself, merely to gratify a moment's vanity.

About the character of Dingarn is something regal. He may appear a little too solicitous about beef, and pay too much attention to the heads of oxen; but in the patriarchal and Homeric conditions of the race, the butcher was an office sacred to the kings and priests among men. It is sophisticated man who has degraded acts of necessity, and unwisely profaned their agents. For red cloth and

watches, Dingarn exhibits over-much anxiety and curiosity; but this only marks unacquaintance with the objects: and wonder, love of novelty, and faith, which are the attributes of childhood, and of man in the earliest stages of his history, deserve cultivation in manhood, and in the maturity of states. While they are vigorous and operant, the mind improves and increases in knowledge; when they decline in their influence, a dead and stagnant satisfaction usurps the place of inquiry, and a barrier is put to the advances of the soul. For the rest, the Zoolus have their polity and their arts; and in the latter they were desirous of instruction. They did not wish for the kind of instruction proposed by our traveller; that, they said, "they could never learn; that such words as these they were sure they could not understand. If he would instruct them in the use of the issibum (musket) he might stay, but these were things they did not care about." Many professing Christians are in a similar state of spirit. We have a high opinion of the Zoolus, and, in any missionary arrangements made for them, we hope they may be nobly and generously dealt with; that their customs may be respected, their sports encouraged, and that religion may be taught without cant or sectarianism, and even free from a spirit of pietism. Above all, we hope that the lives of the teachers may not contradict the lips; but that practice as well as precept may teach the Zoolus what Christianity is, as a vital principle and motive of conduct, and not as a mere system of words or an assemblage of conflicting dogmas.

A LETTER FROM ATHENS TO OLIVER YORKE.

My Rooms in St. John's—the heavy Lynn Drag—arrival in London, and departure from Albemarle Street—first view of Athens—a walk along the banks of the Ilissus—Socrates and the Sophists—Plato and the Academy—Milton, Sophocles, and Timon—Shakespeare at Colonus—Aristotle in India—St. Paul on the Areopagus—Marathon, Salamis, and Æschylus—Interior of an Albanian Cottage—the Grotto of Plato, with a glance at the loves of Daphnis and Chloe—Greek Eloquence; the Bema of Demosthenes—Lysias, Æschines, Isæus, and Xenophon.

DEAR SIR,—I promised, in the Postscript to my Second Letter, to discuss in my next communication the merits of the Cambridge Prize Poems, more particularly those to which the Chancellor's annual Gold Medal for the discouragement of English poetry is awarded. Undoubtedly the subject is one of considerable interest, and worthy the attention of a modern Longinus; though not precisely in a treatise upon the Sublime and Beautiful. Such was my promise, which, like O'Connell's motion for the Repeal of the Union, must stand over to a more convenient season; together with Hume's revision of the Pension List. A strange combination you will think, although the name of Hume is not altogether unconnected with the history of Greece, as I have occasionally read in the *Times*. These thoughts passed slowly through my mind, as I sat deeply pondering in that corner of our college where poor Kirke White used to *keep*, and where, after many an hour of heart-felt and agonising pain, he closed his weary eyes in peace, and

"Science" self destroyed her favourite son."

A more poetical light has dawned upon St. John's in our day, and the picture of Wordsworth in the Combination Room pours an air of romance and rural beauty over the haunt of Whist and Copus. Respecting the nature of Copus I will, at a future period, enlighten you, by contributing a letter upon Cambridge Gourmanderie, enriched with the manuscript notes of Kitchiner and some of the most eminent Heads of Houses. It will, in truth, be a *billet-doux*. Meanwhile, I must return to the Bull at Cambridge; from whose protecting horns, on the 20th of the present month, I was transported in the heavy Lynn Drag, which plodded its weary way through that town daily on a pilgrimage to London, where it generally arrives, to the asto-

nishment of all who are acquainted with its manner of "dragging its slow length along." Having deposited myself at the Clarendon, and lunched with the Prince of Orange, I strolled out in that delicious state of mental somnambulism which Thomson must have experienced when gathering plums off a sunny wall with his mouth; or Gray, reposing on a sofa with one of Crebillon's novels; or Cowper, copying Juno's toilet in his little summer-house; or Milton, when he lay basking under the odorous trees of Paradise; or Christopher North, what time, having safely landed a silver salmon from the bubbling bosom of the Spey, he sits down upon the grassy bank, and contemplates his victory over the Adonis of the waters. With this Cowleian metaphor I terminate the silken string of analogies. The world being all before me where to choose, I turned into Murray's, and incontinently began to run over the pages of the first book that met my eye—*Athens and Attica; a Journal of a Residence there by Christopher Wordsworth*. Instantly a change came over the colour of my dream; no scene-shifter in Mr. Bunn's establishment could have performed the feat better: the shady side of Pall Mall was lost in the bowery walks of the Academy, while the nightingale poured out its stream of silver melody, now trailing

"Her plain ditty in one low-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat—

A clear unwrinkled song;"

And again, letting

"Loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state
doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling
strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train!"

CRASHAW.

A softer music never stole into Wordsworth's ear in the midst of Cheapside;

the Cephissus flowed at its own sweet will down Bond Street, and the smooth Ægean flashed upon the sight, ruffled by no Steamer *scuffling* along (the Old Man of the Bubbles *loquitur*); but here and there lay slumbering the broad shadblws of gold from the sacred galley, with the sound of solemn lyres

"Cheering its way to Delphi."

Meanwhile I was borne along, as in the Silken Boats that from the gardens of Bayswater and Vauxhall waft onward, on a more extensive Excursion than the poet's of Rydal Mount,

"Sounding a dim and perilous way."

The Sailors of the Air! So, in other days, glided Cytherea in her chariot of doves; or Cleopatra, under her gorgeous canopy of Cupid's wings; or Mr. Dillon in the state-barge to Oxford, "holding converse high" with the first nobleman of the city, then known among men and columns by the title of Lord Venables, and whose exploits and sayings will never fade from the memory of the *Age*. So delightfully floated I; and as

"My bark did skim

The light-blue waters with a fanning wind,

Came Megara before me, and behind Ægina, Piræus on the left: I lay reclined Along the prow, and saw all these unite, Even as he had seen the desolate sight."

The Ghost of Byron, with his arm round the neck of Haidee, passed me as I landed; while the voice of Milton sounded majestically in my ear—

"Behold,

Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;

Athens, the Eye of Greece, Mother of Arts

And Eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable in her sweet recess—
City or suburban, studious walks and shades."

Paradise Regained, book iv.

Gentle reader! look around thee, and say if aught so beautiful ever caught thy gaze from Greenwich Hill, or the Granite York in Waterloo Place. If you ascend the Areopagus, the place becomes in the memory holy ground; here trod one, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame"—here, where the ruins of a small church are now scattered, nearly eighteen centuries ago preached the great Apostle of the Gen-

tiles; having, as Mr. Wordsworth conjectures, been led up these rocky steps from the Agora beneath, when the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers sought to know what this "babblers" would say. Throughout the Acts of the Apostles there is no feature of greater truth, or one testifying more powerfully to the sincerity of St. Luke's narrative, than his character of the Athenians and strangers in the town, "who spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Standing here, he might with singular propriety exclaim, that in "all things they were too superstitious." The City of Gods, whose temples and statues defied even a Greek to enumerate them, was spread out beneath him. Waving his hand towards the temple of the Eumenides, or the resplendent Parthenon, or the statues that shone on every side, with what peculiar emphasis was he able to say, while unfolding the might and omnipotence of the Deity, "that we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device;" and that HE who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind, doth "not dwell in TEMPLES made by hands." Or, turn your eyes to a very different spectacle. In yonder STRAITS—*τα Στενά*—occurred that dreadful slaughter of the Persians in the battle of Salamis, which caused the oriental despot to leap, in horror and despair, from his silver throne (the position of which is supposed to have been on the southern side of the hill, formerly called Ægaleos), rending his garments in the intensity of his agony. No vessels, resting upon their own shadows, are now beheld in the Bay of Salamis; the straining eye discovers no

"Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;" but a single Grecian bark, with its dark red sails, pursues its weary and solitary way. But the most interesting spot in Athens to the lover of Grecian genius, hardly excepting the theatre, is that endeared to the heart by the voice of Demosthenes.

"Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over
Greece

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

Or turn to Delisi, now occupying the

spot which witnessed the valour of Socrates: it was on a winter-evening when the battle of Delium was fought, and the darkness of the night favoured the escape of the philosopher by a road which he vainly strove to recommend to his companions. Yet more solemn are the sensations awakened upon the plain of Marathon, especially under the sombre gloom of an autumnal sky. The plain stretches along the shore about six miles, and rather more than two inland; its aspect is dreary and desolate, without hedges; its monotony being only now and then relieved by a wild pear-tree, or a few melancholy looking pines straggling along the sea-shore. One house alone cheers the eye on the edge of the plain, while a few peasants, with their oxen ploughing, are the only animated objects in the picture. Such is the melancholy scenery surrounding this glorious Theatre of Grecian valour! All is gone—all is silent! Yet, while we gaze with watery eyes upon the scene, the gorgeous pomp of the Persian chivalry rushes upon the sight, and the evening sun kindles the heaven with the blaze of that resplendent armament fleeing before the sword of the conqueror. This, at least, is not conjecture. Mr. Wordsworth has shewn, from a line in Aristophanes, that the rout became general toward the evening; and whoever has beheld a Grecian sunset can imagine the spectacle presented in that Field of the Cloth of Gold.

“Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told;
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deafening glen and wold,

Defies thy power, which crush'd thy temples gone.
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray MARATHON.”

Did I say the plain was solitary? One object presents itself, sufficient to fill every eye and occupy the entire imagination—the Tumulus containing the ashes of the heroes of Marathon, who sealed the victory with their blood, and here lie collected by a weeping Country:

“Dust which is,
Even in itself, an immortality.”

Of the place consecrated to the eloquence of Athens, Mr. Wordsworth gives a full and ingenious account.

“The Pnyx,” he says, “was part of the surface of a low rocky hill, at the distance of a quarter of a mile to the west of the central rock of the Acropolis; and at about half that distance to the southwest of the centre of the Areopagus hill. * * * It is on a sloping ground, which shelves down very gently towards the hollow of the ancient Agora, which was at its foot on the N.E. The chord of the semicircle is the highest part of this slope; the middle of its arc is the lowest; and this last point of the curve is cased by a terras-wall of huge polygonal blocks, and of about fifteen feet deep in the centre: this terras-wall prevents the soil of the slope from lapsing down into the valley of the Agora beneath it. From its being thus consolidated, and, as it were, condensed (*πυκνουμενον*), by the upward pressure of these massive stones, the Pnyx derived its name. This massive wall is probably coeval with the birth of Oratory at Athens. The chord of this semicircle is formed by a line of rock, vertically hewn so as to present to the spectator standing in the area the face of the flat wall. In the middle point of this wall of rock, and projecting from and applied to it, is a solid rectangular block, hewn from the same rock. This is the Bema, or rostrum, from which the speakers in the assembly of the Pnyx addressed the audience, who occupied the semicircle area before them.* The Bema looked towards the N.E.; that is, towards the ancient

* “It is asserted, on the supposed authority of Plutarch, that the Bema of that age looked towards the sea; that it was afterwards turned towards the land by the Thirty Tyrants, who thus are thought to have intimated their antipathy to a popular government; a maritime and democratic power being, in their opinion, identical. Now, the present Bema looks in an inland direction; it is not, therefore, the Bema from which Pericles spoke. It has been attempted to obviate this conclusion by different expedients. The veracity of Plutarch has been questioned, his assertion rejected as false. It is impossible, as is alleged, that the aspect of the Bema should ever have been such, that an orator standing upon it must have turned his back upon

Agora. Steps are hewn on either side of this rostrum, by which the speaker mounted it; and at its base, on the three sides of it, is a tier of three seats, cut from the same rock. This was the place provided for the public assemblies at Athens, in its most glorious times; and nearly such as it was then it is seen now. The Athenian orator spoke from a block of bare stone; his audience sat before him, on a blank and open field."

Such is the minute description of the theatre, in which were heard those glorious appeals of Grecian eloquence which live in the pages of Demosthenes—models to all who shall come after. Its area, exceeding twelve thousand square yards, was capable of receiving all the free citizens of the city to witness the august spectacle. The situation of the spot, moreover, seemed to mark it for the rostrum of an orator: the sky of Attica above his head, the soil of Attica beneath his feet, the sea of Attica visible behind him, he could, indeed, invoke the aid of the elements and the presence of the gods, and pour a supernatural solemnity and force into the exclamation, *ὦ γῆ καὶ θεοί*—O EARTH AND GODS! No one knew better than the antagonist of Æschines how to avail himself of these advantages in his stirring addresses to the people, or in his warnings against the designs of Philip: so vividly does he recall every scene in his orations, that, it has been finely said, we seem to inhale the air of Attica from his pages. Salamis, the beautiful city itself, the Piræus, the Agora, resplendent with the triumphs of art, the Areopagus, the Acropolis, the radiant Parthenon, were all within view, to point his eloquent invectives and exhortations. It was cheering men to valour, with Waterloo in their sight.

When Demosthenes seized the helm

of affairs, the Vessel of State, a Greek orator remarked, was only the shattered hull of that mighty ship which Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, had directed over so stormy a sea. The laws had lost their nerve, the popular mind its healthful energy. One virtue alone retained, in the breast of the Athenians, its pristine vigour and freshness—love of their native soil. This was the key with which the orator opened the hearts of the assembled people. His public life was one continued and terrific conflict with the power of Philip; during fourteen years the struggle went on—a struggle, as it were, of life and death, and upon the perilous edge of a tremendous precipice. His style was suited to the occasion. Hume declared (not Joseph), that whoever copied his manner with success would be triumphant over a modern assembly. He characterised it as rapid harmony, adjusted exactly to the sense; vehement reasoning, without any appearance of art; disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued strain of argument. Demosthenes deals in no vague declamation—*vox et præterea nihil*—such as calls down the thunder from the ministerial benches of a House which boasted, in other days, of a Burke and a Pitt; every word is instinct with life, and burns and glows with the heart of the speaker: his very life-blood flows through his harangues. Longinus said of Hyperides, *ὀδύς φοβίσται*—No one trembles before him; while Demosthenes, by his passion, his copiousness, his inflammation of style, kindles the imagination of the hearer, who bows in awe and wonder before the armed hand of the Thunderer. Cicero mentions the *fulmina Demosthenis*; and Longinus has a noble passage of a similar kind.

the Agora and city of Athens. This seems to be a cogent argument, but it is not a pertinent one. The words of Plutarch require, I conceive, not so much to be refuted as explained. Their meaning seems to be this: according to its original structure, from the Bema in the Pnyx the sea was visible; the Thirty Tyrants altered it in such a manner that it should not command a view of the sea, but of the land only. Now this might be done in two ways; either the position of the Bema might be altered, or its height reduced: its aspect in either case might, and I believe did, remain precisely the same as before. From the existing indications on the spot, the former of these two alternatives seems to have been adopted. There are very distinct remains of another solid rectangular rock—in short, of another Bema—which has evidently been mutilated by design, at a distance of about twenty-five yards immediately behind the existing one. From the former, the sea is distinctly visible; from the latter, it is not. The former, therefore, I am inclined to believe to be the spot from which Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, the latter to be that from which Demosthenes, addressed the Athenian assembly."—P. 73.

This is the true popular eloquence, the true fire which is to light every soul : his ardour keeps pace with his argument. "*Tanta vis in eo*," says Quintilian, "*tam densa omnia, ita quibusdam nervis intenta sunt, tam nihil otiosum, is dicendi modus, ut nec quid desit in eo, nec quid redundet invenias.*" Of his brief sublimity, an idea may be formed from two specimens, gathered from a different source. An eastern general, seeking to rally his panic-stricken troops, exclaimed, "Cowards ! whither do ye flee ? They tell you that Derar is dead ; what does it matter ? God lives, and beholds you — forward !" Again, "When the Spaniards, after mutilating me, delivered me to death, I commended my soul to God, my vengeance to my country." What spirit does not respond to these glorious appeals ? Such is real eloquence ! This it is that uplifts Demosthenes so immeasurably beyond his rival, *Æschines*, with all his felicity of expression, abundance of thoughts, and facility of manner ; beyond the purity, the dignity, the grace of *Lysias* ; the honeyed, cadenced prose of *Isocrates*, whose delicate links of gold burst asunder in the grasp ; the rough but unnatural vigour of *Isæus* ; or the clear and harmonious elegance of *Xenophon*.

Let us now retrace our steps to where Philosophy

"From heaven descended, to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates."

The reader, who is acquainted with the frightful picture drawn by *Thucydides*, possesses the truest account of Athenian manners about this time. Then was seen Valour replaced by intemperate Rashness ; Cowardice masked in Modesty ; Infidelity swaggering in the guise of Courage ; Oaths without Sanctity ; Sincerity degraded into Craft ; Honesty despised ; and, to sum up all, one universal spirit of wickedness pervading the whole of Greece. Such are the dark lines traced by her "sternest painter, and her best." Much of this depravity of taste had been introduced by the Sophists—men devoid of principle, and, for the most part, of religion, but popular in their manners and acquirements, which they recommended to the multitude by a self-confidence in their own abilities ; which, even in our day, is found to be very efficacious. These men professed to

be acquainted with the entire circle of the sciences and of literature, and to be capable of resolving on the instant the most difficult intellectual problems. But with them emolument seems to have been, at least, of equal value with reputation : for a certain sum, varying according to the wealth of the pupil and the distinction of the master, they undertook to make every man a philosopher ; and *Prodicus*, from whom the poet *Euripides* received lectures, was so proverbially extravagant in his charges as to become generally known by the appellation of the fifty-drachma rhetorician, that being the sum demanded for a single lesson. It was their custom to travel from town to town, taking care to announce their arrival with sufficient pomp ; and we are informed by *Philostratus*, that *Georgias*, the most famous of the Sophists, was wont to appear in the Athenian theatre, and, in the single word *προβαλλεῖν*—*PROPOSE*, challenge the whole assembly to give him a theme for disputation. It is in reference to this practice that *Plato* commences the *Hippias Major*, by inquiring how long it is since the *Sophist* touched at Athens ; employing, very happily, the nautical term *κατέχευε*, to shew the nature of their journeys. These literary contests have been compared with the challenges of which we read in the middle ages, when scholars wandered through Europe, sustaining as it were, in every city through which they passed, combats of learning with their opponents.

It was against the doctrines of the Sophists that *Aristophanes*, in the *Clouds*, directed all the arrows of his luxurious and caustic irony ; while, at the same moment, a shower, not less fatal, was launched at them from a new Combatant who now entered the Arena—one who has engaged the eye of Criticism for more than twenty centuries, and whose Intellectual Stature appears to increase as it recedes further back into the gloom of ages. In addition to other wonderful endowments, he seemed to possess the power of ubiquity : wherever a crowd was collected round some eloquent and popular Sophist, there was he in the midst of them, always ready to argue, to analyse, to confute. The Bow of this mighty Archer was ever in his hand. In one of *Plato's* Dialogues, there is a very lively and graphic account of

Hippocrates hastening, in the dark of the morning, to the house of Socrates, and knocking violently at the gate with his stick, in order to inform him of the arrival of the celebrated Sophist, Protagoras, and of their early visit to that individual. The crowded streets of Athens were emphatically his home; the "hum of men" the most agreeable music to his ears. MAN was the one great object of his study, mental anatomy the theme of his investigation: food nor sleep was preferred before it. Nature held out no attractions to him.

"A cowslip by the water's brim
A yellow cowslip was to him,
And it was nothing more."

The charming suburbs of Athens tempted him in vain. He could derive no instruction, he declared, from fields and trees; and nothing but a book could allure him to the banks of the Ilissus, or that more beautiful stream where Venus quenched her thirst, and in return blew over it the breath of the Graces,* and sent the Loves to be the companions of Wisdom. In the *Phædrus* of Plato, when Socrates is led into the beautiful repose of the country, he expresses his wonder and admiration to his companion, who smiles at his ignorance of scenes which, from their proximity to the city, were familiar to all. "One might conclude," he says, "that you had never passed beyond the bounds of the city, nor deserted its walls." Then it was that the Philosopher expressed his disregard for natural scenery to which I have alluded, and added, that by enticing him with a book, as hungry animals are tempted with green leaves, one might lead him all over Attica.

The maladies of the public mind, it has been shewn, required no common physician to heal them. A state of mental anarchy prevailed, accompanied by an intemperate boldness of inquiry, only equalled by the rashness of its conclusions; paradoxes swarmed; philosophy possessed no precision in its axioms, utility in its results, no dignity in its character. Under such an aspect did Socrates make his appearance. He led back Philosophy to the appropriate object of its care—the improvement and amelioration of man, and began to lay the real and firm foundation of the

Science of Self-Knowledge. He was, says Degerando, the first author of the philosophy of good sense. He gave Experience for a guide to Reason, without depriving her of the aid of Reflection. His mode of argument was purely inductive. Neglecting the specious and seductive forms adopted by the Sophists, he shaped his statements into dialogues, and under the apparent simplicity of ignorance, and by the artful arrangements of his questions, he generally succeeded in bringing the opponent over to his own opinion; having previously obtained his assent to some admitted proposition, from which, by slow but certain steps, he ascended to the completion and summit of his argument. This form of disputation the Greeks expressed by *εἰρωνεία*, a word implying a dissembling of one's real opinions. Plato has put into the mouth of Meno, in the Dialogue of that name, an interesting notice of this manner of Socrates. "You pretend," says Meno, addressing him, "to be at a loss, and doubtful yourself, what to say and think; you manifestly use incantations to bewitch me and fill me with perplexity, like that fish which imparts a numbness to every person who touches or approaches it." Our knowledge of his conduct in these intellectual *παλαίσματα*—these wrestlings of the understanding—is derived only from the pages of Plato and Xenophon; from them we gather axioms and brief sayings of wisdom, which, slight as they necessarily must be, are nevertheless dust of gold. "He only is idle," he said, "who might be better employed." Rochefaucauld has nothing more searching or more true. At another time, he advised young men to behold themselves every day in a glass, that, if endowed with beauty, they might study to deserve it; if deformed, to supply its want by learning and mental cultivation. Being asked in what Strength consisted, he replied, *In the motion of the soul with the body*: an admirable definition, which the history of great men in all ages illustrates and confirms. No wonder that Cicero wept, when reading the death of the philosopher in Plato, "*Quid dicam de Socrate? Cujus mortis illacrymare soleo, Platonem legens.*"† From

* Mitchell.

† De Nat. Deor., i. viii.

"His mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the
schools.
Of Academus, old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe."

Gentle reader! with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, you must be longing for some cool retreat in Tempé, or with Horace in his Sabine farm; come with me, and you shall refresh your weary senses in the grotto of Plato, on the pleasant mount Hymettus. The very name breathes thyme, and the drowsy hum of bees. Enter, and say if this glittering roof be not more glorious than the hall of princes, and this crystal fountain sweeter than a water-ice at Grange's. Here the dim light disposes to meditation, and the memory calls up some beautiful face of poet or of sage to make a sunshine in that shady place. Where should the heart more freely indulge its poetry, than in this rocky temple of Pan and the pastoral Apollo? In this chamber you take no note of time: the Seven Sleepers might have awoken here after a thousand years, without recognising a single alteration. Here are the inscriptions to the Nymphs and the Rural Graces—the basins in the rock, and the limpid well from whence the libations were poured out to the sylvan deities. "You might fancy," says Mr. Wordsworth, "that some shepherd of this part of Attica had just left the spot, and that he would return before evening, from his neighbouring sheep-fold on Hymettus, with an offering to Pan from his flock, or with the spoils of his mountain-chase, or with the first flowers, which, at this season of the year, have just peeped forth in his rural garden." But the most pleasing charm of this grotto is to be mentioned. Plato, when a child, we are told, was taken up Hymettus by his parents, who wished to sacrifice there in his behalf to Pan, the Nymphs, and pastoral Apollo. Mr. Wordsworth's ingenuity suggests that this grotto, in which we are standing, is the same which beheld the youthful bloom of the Master of the Academy. Sit down, then, for a brief season, and reflect upon his character. Nature had done much for Plato; the bees settled round his lips in childhood; his genius was lively and poetical; he had studied the Beautiful

under all the forms of poetry and art; his ears were tuned to the most refined voices of the lyre, and his eyes familiar with the choicest Masterpieces of the chisel and the pencil. He loved Nature with all a poet's love; the flowing of a clear stream, the song of birds, and the shadow of an overhanging plane, enriched and soothed his imagination. There he delighted to place the scene of his Dialogues, often wandering from the Academy along the banks of the Cephissus; that beautiful stream which still flows, transparent and musical as ever, through the verses of Sophocles. Plato's Prose Poetry must be read to be appreciated. The scene of the *Phædrus* is laid on the banks of the Ilissus, and we behold the philosopher and his companion walking by the water-side, moistening their feet in the glittering stream; we hear the rustling leaves of the plane,

Αδύ τι το Φιδύρισμα·

we inhale the sweet odour of the willow, and rejoice in the cool green grass, whose verdure is brightened into living emerald by a perpetual fountain, while the shrill sweet chirp of the grasshopper completes the rural charm of the picture. Time, indeed, has mown down the trees; but to the eye of the traveller musing along the banks, the leaves of the plantain which Plato planted on their side seem still to cast their shadow over the stream; and the *agnus castus*, which then flowered on its bed, has been endued by him with perennial freshness.* The reader will remember Cicero's allusion to this plane, in the first book *De Oratore*. But Plato dwelt not alone with the Graces or the Loves; his fancy was chastened and subdued by a severer Muse. His mind was disciplined, in a very rare degree, by his love and study of Geometry; to him who, in the creative fertility and many-coloured hues of his fancy, deserves to be called a Grecian Spenser, we are principally indebted for the division of philosophy into Logic, Metaphysics, and Morals. This combination of qualities rendered him a happy study for Demosthenes. His definition of VIRTUE, that it consists in the nearest possible resemblance to the DUTY (ομοιωσις θειῶν κατὰ τὸ δυνατόν), at least equals in clearness and comprehension any which has

been given. The school, where the stream of beautiful truth flowed from his lips, is, indeed, vanished; but still the peasant points to the site of the *Academia* (*Ακαδημία*). From thence, the fancy roams to those delicious gardens which, a few years ago, extended along the banks of the *Cephissus* to *Colonos*, realising the glowing landscape painted by *Sophocles* in the *Œdipus*. There was to be seen the *crocus* with its golden light (*χρυσάυγος*); the delicate *narcissus*, blended with unnumbered flowers of every gorgeous hue; olive-trees, descended from those on which *Aristophanes* had gazed, wove a sombre retreat with their branches; while in the spring-time the nightingale, as in the ear of the Grecian poet, entranced the listener with its divine minstrelsy; and the vine shook its luxurious festoons along the trellis-work of the cottages.

“*Strophe.*”

Well did Fate thy wanderings lead,
Stranger, to this field of fame;
Birthplace of the generous steed,
Graced by white *Colonos*' name.
Frequent in the dewy glade,
Here the nightingale is dwelling;
Through embowering ivy's shade,
Here her plaintive notes are swelling;
Through yon grove, from footsteps pure,
Where unnumbered fruits are blushing,
From the summer-sun secure,
Screened from win'try whirlwinds
rushing:
Where, with his fostering nymphs, amid
the grove,
The sportive *Bacchus* joins to revel or
to rove.

“*Antistrophe.*”

Bathed in heaven's ambrosial dew,
Here the fair *narcissus* flowers,
Graced each morn with clusters new,
Ancient crown of mightiest powers.
Here the golden *crocus* blows;
Here exhaustless fountains gushing,
Where the cool *Cephissus* flows,
Restless o'er the plains are rushing;
Ever as the crystal flood
Winds in pure transparent lightness,
Fresher herbage decks the sod,
Flowers spring forth in lovelier bright-
ness:
Here dance the *Muses*, and the Queen
of Love
- Oft guides her golden car through this
enchanting grove.”

So beautifully did it rise in all its lovely fertility upon the eye of the

blind Poet at *Chalfont*, dreaming over the grandeur of *Paradise Regained*:

“See there, the olive-grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the sum-
mer long.

There flowery hill *Hymettus*, with the
sound

Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls
then view

The schools of ancient sages — his who
bred

Great *Alexander* to subdue the world:
Lyceum there, and painted *Stœa* next.”

Milton seems to have inclined to *Socrates*, whom he pronounced the wisest of men; while *Plato*, in the poem *De Idea Platonica*, is called *fabulator maximus*; and, in the *Paradise Regained*, the same philosopher is alluded to, as indulging in “fabling and smooth conceits.” This preference of the sterner and more practical morality of the son of *Sophoniscus* to the rich mysticism of the *Academy*, may excite surprise; but the author of *Comus* admired *Euripides* more than *Æschylus*. When *Mr. Hughes* wandered through this delightful place, he found it glittering with golden quinces, weighing down the branches to the ground, and mingling their colours with the deep scarlet of the pomegranates, then bursting their rind. The eye, meanwhile, caught glimpses through vistas of dark foliage: now the *Acropolis*, *Hymettus*, *Anchesmus*, *Pentelicus*, flashed upon the ravished sight; now the “fine wavy outlines” of *Corydalus*, *Egaleos*, and *Parnes*.* Standing on this spot, the brother of *Cicero* beheld the poet who has immortalised the bowers of *Colonos* in his verse rising before him; while the voice of *Œdipus*, blind and desolate, rung in his ears, pronouncing the inquiry which we read in the tragedy of *Sophocles*. Here, too, the thoughts are recalled to that other Poet of the World, whose memory, like a gigantic Monument of celestial jasper, seems to cast its luminous shadow over every land. The ruins of a brick tower between *Colonos* and the *Academy* have been pointed out as the site of the residence of *Timon* of Athens; a situation that agrees with *Pausanias*, although *Lucian* mentions the foot of

* *Hughes*, vol. i. p. 296.

Hymettus. Think of the gentle Shakespeare coming out to meet us in the very haunts of Sophocles, and warbling his woodnotes wild amid the groves once musical with the philosophy of Plato! War and ruin have been busy upon this sacred ground, but

"Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock, and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—

The keystones of the arch! Though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore!"

The noble-minded, the generous Timon, lives again; we sit at his sumptuous board, and hear the trumpet proclaiming the approach of his female visitors—

"Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!"

Such he was in his glory; the glass of fashion, the mould of form, the pride of the city. We behold him, too, in his wan and yellow leaf; we follow him into the woods, abandoned by his parasites, and listen to the eloquent scorn of the Misanthrope against "the cursed natures" of men.

"Therefore he abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men," while he digs up the roots from the ground. Is this the Lord Timon?

"I am sick of this false world, and will love naught

But even the mere necessities upon it. Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave; Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily."

Sitting, too, in this grotto, you will remember the delicious care described in the Romance of Longus; and, if you can spare an hour to glance through the loves of Daphnis and Chloe, your time will not derive less improvement than from a doze over *Rienzi*. The plot is almost as slight as those which issue every day, in such threadbare habiliments, from New Burlington Street. A goatherd of Mitylene, the chief city of Lesbos, finds an infant, whom he takes home to his wife Myrtale; giving her, at the same time, the purple robe in which the child was wrapped, and a little ivory-handled sword. The good people bring him up, under the name of Daphnis. Two years after this event, his neighbour, Dyras, happens to discover, in the

Cave of the Nymphs, a female infant, whom he carries to his cottage; and, being apparently without any children of his own, rears her under the name of Chloe. The children increase in years and beauty; one feeds the sheep, the other tends the goats, and they beguile the time in the most agreeable manner by falling in love. Of course the stream did not run smoother then than in the time of Shakespeare, and a rival arose in the person of one Dorco; who, when his addresses were rejected by the lady's guardian, Dryas, determines to run away with her, under the singular disguise of a wolf. But this sort of masquerade, unknown to the opera, seems to have been a favourite with pastoral writers. Dorinda adopts it in the *Pastor Fido*; and so did the celebrated troubadour Vidal, who, after a mountain-chase by the shepherds and their dogs, was borne half-dead into the presence of his mistress. But a rival in a romance must always be disposed of in some way; and, accordingly, Dorco is very opportunely taken off by the Tyrian pirates. Meanwhile, the lovers occupy themselves in the vintage. About this time, they fall in with an old man, Philetas, with whom they hold a very edifying conversation respecting love. At length, the proprietor of the Farm determines to visit Damon; he is preceded by his son, accompanied by a parasite named Gnatho, "who is smitten with a friendship à la Grecque for Daphnis." To extricate the youth from this difficulty, Damon determines to relate his history to his landlord, who, upon seeing the mantle and sword, &c., recognises Daphnis for his own son, whom he had exposed merely with a view of reducing population; which, even then, seems to have required the preventive-check of Miss Martineau. Daphnis, notwithstanding his improved prospects, continues faithful to Chloe, whom he solicits of his father. A grand entertainment, meanwhile, is given to the gentry of the neighbourhood; at which Chloë is acknowledged by one of the guests, Megacles, who had abandoned his infant from similar motives. Nothing now remained but to prepare the *trousseau*; which, I can confidently assert, bore no resemblance to any that ever proceeded from St. James's Street. From this romance arose the *Gentle Shepherd* of Ramsay. The style of Longus, though not free from the

affectations of the Sophist, has been generally praised for its vivacity and sweetness, and regarded as the purest specimen of the Greek language in that declining age. Villoison compares it to a transparent river, overshadowed by verdant woods, and Scaliger has commended its grace and simplicity. The writer is an inferior sort of Prose Theocritus; he treads the field-paths with a blithe footstep. Of him might the villagers say,

"Him have we seen the greenwood side
along,
As homeward off he hied, his labour
done,
What time the wood-lark piped his fare-
well song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting
sun."

His pictures of rural scenery are sketched with a free and a loving pencil: the vintage; Daphnis climbing the tree to obtain an apple for Chloe; the beautiful incident of the Cicada; the gradual growth of affection between the foundlings; the betrothal in the Cave of the Nymphs; the description of the Cave; and, above all, the charming allegory of Philetes; the picture of his garden, worthy the living pencil of an Italian Master; the boy at play among the myrtle and pomegranate trees,

"With luxurious ease
His sunny ringlets idled on the breeze;"
the old man's attempts to catch the intruder, and his flight underneath the rose-trees; his pelting him with myrtle-berries; and his final recognition of Cupid by his purple wings;—all these are full of beauty and fancy. His lights and shadows are thrown in and disposed with the skill of a painter; and one of his learned commentators has found in his work the simplicity of Xenophon; the amatory charms of Theocritus, and the aureate richness of Moschus. He seems to have nourished his fancy at the Grecian springs, and to have thoroughly imbued his mind with their manner. Yet, with all his merits, the reader never forgets that Longus was a sophist; in the midst of his happiest passages, some affected play of syllables, or some artful elegance of style, betrays the School of Concoits. So constantly does the natural or acquired character of the in-

telleet shew itself in every situation: you discover the admirer of Donne even in the "CHRONICLE."

But let us not leave the Grotto of Plato without a thought of one whose name is generally linked with his own. Great as the influence of his philosophy has been upon the MIND of the WORLD, it has been exceeded by that of Aristotle: Plato has nourished and beautified the imagination; Aristotle has rather strengthened and given a power and symmetry to it. Every where you find traces of his works, but the following anecdote is more delightful than any criticism:

"After the introduction of juries into Ceylon," says the narrative, "a wealthy Brahmin, whose unpopular character had rendered him obnoxious, was accused of murdering his nephew, and put upon his trial. He chose a jury out of his own caste; but the strength of the evidence induced all the jury, with one exception, to return a verdict of guilty. The dissentient juror, a young Brahmin of Ramisseram, stood up, and declared his persuasion that the prisoner was the victim of a conspiracy, and desired that all the witnesses might be recalled. He examined them with astonishing acuteness and dexterity, and succeeded in extorting from them such proofs of their perjury that the jury, instead of consigning him to an ignominious death, pronounced him to be innocent. The affair made much noise in the island, and the chief-justice, Sir Alexander Johnston, sent for the juror who had distinguished himself, and complimented him upon the talents he had displayed. The Brahmin attributed his skill to his study of a book, which he called Strengthener of the Mind. He had obtained it from Persia, and had translated it from the Sanscrit, into which it had been rendered from the Persian. Sir Alexander Johnston expressing a curiosity to see this book, the Brahmin brought him a Tamul MS. on palm leaves, which Sir Alexander found to his surprise to be the *Dialects of Aristotle*."*

This was a triumph that even the Stagyrite—albeit Genius like his may well be said to be gifted with the prophet's eye—could hardly have anticipated. And now the sun is setting, and nature gives warning that she requires something more nourishing than the Aristotelian Ethics, Athens is rising from her ruins; but still she boasts no coffee-room like the Tavistock: she

* Asiatic Journal, June 1827.

has the ruins of the Parthenon, but you seek in vain for Offley's. In this situation, with hunger and night pressing us, we cannot do better than take up our lodging in a neighbouring cottage; here is the interior, from the accurate pencil of Mr. Wordsworth:

It "consists of one room, with a clay-floor and thatched roof. At one end of it, near the middle of the wall, on the ground, a fire is blazing with a fresh supply of wood to welcome our arrival. At one side of the room our paplomas are strewed, which in the day-time serve for saddles, and for couches by night. The fire is employed in boiling some rice for our repast. On the other side of it sit two Albanian women, twirling their spindles, before they put between their teeth the flax which is to be wound on the spindle. Another is engaged in kneading some cakes, which are inserted among the wood-ashes of the fire, and thus baked. The master of the house stands at the door, with his scarlet skull-cap on his head; a belt girding his white cotton tunic, over which he wears a shorter vest of woollen; thick woollen gaiters; and sandals, consisting merely of a sole of untanned leather, tied with leathern thongs over the instep. About him are some children, whose necks glitter with gilded coins, strung into a necklace. On the wall of the cottage hangs a loom (*εγγαλειον*), which has probably not altered its form since the contest of Minerva with Arachne; near it are some bins, with the acorns of the Balaniâ oak, which are exported for dyeing. There are also lying near them some silk-worms (*κουκουλιαι*), from which the silk (*μισταξι*) is soon to be unwound; and some husks of the cotton-tree (*bambaki*), bursting with their snow-white contents. As the night comes on, these objects about us are only dimly illumined by the light of one fire—no other light is provided. Ere long, all the children of the family are laid side by side on one mantle on the floor, at the more distant end of the apartment. The master of the house terminates this domestic series, which consists of ten persons.

Sleep soon comes, and strings the whole family together, like a row of beads, in one common slumber. Further beyond them, and separated from the family by a low partition, is the place allotted to the irrational members of the household. The fowls come there from the open air to roost on the transverse rafters of the roof; the ox stands there at his manger, and eats his evening meal; and the white faces of three asses belonging to the family are seen peering out of the darkness, and bending nearly over their sleeping master and his children."

This pleasant sketch will recall to your recollection Xenophon's night-scene in an Armenian dwelling, as drawn in his beautiful account of the expedition of Cyrus; and the Albanian women twirling their spindles will bring before your eyes the

"Greek women, as they sit and weave
The gentle thread across their knees at
eve,"

spoken of in the musical Idyls of Theocritus. Every day carries us still further out of the nineteenth century; we are at present living in the Homeric age, dipping our bread, in the most classical manner, into a bowl of porridge, with a dignity that would amaze the Café de l'Europe; while the mistress of the house hands us our wine, with all the grace of Minerva in the *Odyssey*. Gentle reader! for the present, farewell! I have much to shew you in Athens, and will next month give you an order for the Grecian Theatre. Where can you pass the summer holidays more agreeably to yourself? The carriage is cheap and delightful; no "tremulous motion"—no engaging a berth—no sleeping on deck upon a mattress a foot wide—no waiting at Boulogne three days for a coach to Paris—no upsetting of a diligence;—YOU CAN GO ALL THE WAY FROM REGENT STREET TO ATHENS FOR HALF-A-CROWN. T. G.

Athens, August 21.

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE THIRD.

(From the Prout Papers.—No. XXII.)

"Tu Latium beas Horatî,
Alcæo potior lyristes ipso."—SIDON. APOLLIN., ep. viii.

"Le seul Horace en tous genres excelle —
De Citharée exalte les faveurs,
Chante les dieux, les héros, les buveurs ;
Des sots auteurs berne les vers ineptes,
Nous instruisant par gracieux préceptes,
Et par sermons, de joye antidotes."—J. B. ROUSSEAU.

Horace, in one small volume, shews us what it is
To blend together every kind of talent ; —
'Tis a bazaar for all sorts of commodities,
To suit the gay, the sad, the grave, the gallant ;
He deals in songs and "sermons," whims and oddities,
By turns is philosophic and pot-valiant,
And not unfrequently with sarcasm slaughters
The vulgar insolence of coxcomb authors.—O. Y.

THE "diffusion" of knowledge is, we suspect, somehow irreconcilable with its *condensation* ; at least, we see no other way of explaining the notorious fact, that one old standard author contains (either in the germ or in full developement) more ideas than a whole modern "Cyclopædia ;" furnishing more materials for thought and feeling to work on, than are now accumulated during a whole Olympiad in the warehouses of Paternoster Row. It is for this reason that we gladly revert with Prout to the small Elzevir which, towards the close of his earthly career, formed the subject of his vesper meditations, and cheerfully accompany him through another "decade" of his classic rosary.

Not that we are inattentive to the workings of the human mind, as displayed in modern authorship ; not that we neglect the still more fleeting effusions of contemporary "JOURNALISM : " we read every thing that appears in the shape of print ; we glance at every object that comes across our path or falls in our way, from the broad sheet of political lightning that flashes every morning from the THUNDERER, to the wisdom of Lord Palmerston, made up every evening in "that ball of horse-dung called the *Globe*."* We take an interest in the daily — we are even curious to see its spirit diluted in the weakly press ; not disdaining the ephemeral baked meats that coldly furnish forth the hebdomadal banquet. The "*repetita xepaμeñ*" (or "twice-boiled cabbage") does not "kill" us, as it did certain pedagogues in the days of Juvenal ; we roam through this world of newspapers and publications like the famous "child at a feast," tasting of each solid, sipping of each liquid, destructive, as it may be, or restorative to the constitution, from the sparkling champagne poured out by Hook or Maginn, to the blue ruin of the *Examiner*, or the small beer of the *Dispatch*.

Such has been our practice up to the present time, but we know not how it will be with us next month. We know not whether we shall be tempted to take up a newspaper after the fatal ides of September 1836.

The removal of the stamp-duty on the 15th, bids fair to open the floodgates of "diffusion," so as to swamp us altogether. Then will begin the grand millennium of cheap knowledge ; from that auspicious day will be dated the hegira of Hetherington. The conquest of China by the Tartars will find its parallel in the simultaneous rush of writers over the great wall, which the sober wisdom of former reigns had erected to restrain such-like inroads of Calmuc vagrancy. The breaking down of the dykes of Holland, and the letting in of the Zuydersee, is to be rehearsed in the domains of literature. The Dutchmen were drowned by a rat—we are to be inundated by Rice. SOAP, it is true, will continue to be as

* Cobbett.

dear as ever, but the "waters of instruction" are to be plentifully supplied to the unwashed.

"Venit vilissima rerum
Hic aqua."—*Iter Brundis.*

One cannot help imagining, that a concomitant reduction on the former most useful article would prove as beneficial to the Radicals as the cheapening of brimstone (for example) would be to the writers and readers of the *Courier*; but the Whigs, probably, wish to monopolise yet awhile the staple manufacture of Windsor, for the exclusive purpose of blowing bubbles to delude the rabble. We observe, by the by, from a recently discovered process, that the *flints* have been found less hard-hearted than the Chancellor.

To the press, as hitherto constituted, we acknowledge ourselves exceedingly indebted. On a late occasion, the unanimous expression of cordial sympathy which burst from every organ of public opinion, in reprobation of a brutal assault, has been to us consolatory and gratifying. We shall hazard the incurring a charge of vanity, perhaps, but we cannot help replying to such testimonies of fellow-feeling towards ourselves in the language of a gifted Roman:—"Est mihi jucunda in malis, et grata in dolore, vestra erga me voluntas; sed, curam de me queso depónite" (*Catilinæ*. iv.). The interests of literature are still uppermost in our thoughts, and take precedence of any selfish considerations. We will be ever found at our post, intrepidly denouncing the vulgar arrogance of booby scribblers, unsparingly censuring the obtrusion into literary circles of silly pretenders, ignorant horse-jockies, and brainless bullies.

We said, that nothing in the shape of a daily or weekly paper escapes our perusal. Accordingly, we took up a number of the "*Carlton Chronicle*" for last month, in which we read with some astonishment the assertion, that Marc Antony "was justified" in causing M. T. Cicero to be waylaid and butchered in cold blood, as some atonement for his "wounded feelings" on reading that glorious oration called the SECOND PHILIPPIC. The *Carlton Chronicle* is conducted by a young barrister of eminent attainments, and we therefore experience some surprise at the views of Roman law, or the laws of civilised society (as contradistinguished from the laws of "LYCEN," the American Lycurgus), put forth in this startling announcement. Our illustrious namesake, Cromwell, was not very scrupulous in his respect for the "baubles" of legal arrangement; yet even he took alarm at the title of a pamphlet, called "KILLING NO MURDER." We are not exactly members of the Inner Temple, but we beg to question the propriety of the above decision, which we cannot otherwise qualify than as

"A sentiment exceedingly atrocious,
Not to be found (we trust) in Puffendorf or Grotius."

We rejoice, however, at the introduction of Tully's immortal speech, and are thankful of being thus reminded of a classic precedent for intrepidly exposing to the scorn of all rightly thinking men those blunders and follies which force themselves into public notice by their own act, and, baboon-like, exhibit their shameful side by a false position of their own choosing.

Cicero had to reply to an elaborate composition of his stupid adversary, published by Marc Antony himself, at his own expense, at the bookshop of the Roman Bentley of the day; need we add, miserably deficient in literary value, and rich only in absurdities—"hoc ut colligeres homo amentissime tot dies in alienâ villâ scriptitasti?" (*Philip.* ii.) In that production the booby had touched upon points which he should have been, of all other men, careful to avoid. Mark, we pray you, gentle reader, the words of Tully: "MAXIMÉ MIRON MENTIONEM TE HÆREDITATUM AUSUM ESSE FACERE CUM IPSE HÆREDITATEM PATRIS NON ADISSES."—*It. ibidem.*

We need not point out the passage, of which this is the exact prototype; neither is it necessary to indicate where may be found a fac-simile for the subsequent exclamation of the indignant orator—"O miseræ mulieris fecunditatem calamitosam!" (*it. ibidem*); nor the allusion contained in the words by which he reproaches his opponent for the confirmed stupidity evinced in his literary production, albeit he had enjoyed certain advantages of family wit—"aliquid enim salis AB UXORE MIMÆ trahere potuisti" (*it. ib.*). The following picture of his

adversary's personal appearance, and the admission of his signal accomplishments in all the graces of a prize-fighter, ought not to be forgotten :

"TU ISTIS FAUCIBUS, ISTIS LATERIBUS, ISTÂ GLADIATORIÂ TOTIUS CORPORIS FIRMITATE."—*It. ibidem.*

We recommend the whole discourse (beyond comparison the first model of classic eloquence in existence, and the most powerful *exposé* that folly and brutality ever received) to the attentive meditation of those concerned.

"Nullo luet hoc Antonius ævo!"

In the course of Prout's youthful rambles through Italy, we find that he has recorded the circumstances of a devout pilgrimage, undertaken by him, to the very spot where the illustrious orator—the terror of all Roman ruffians, from Clodius to Catiline, from Antony to Verres—was cowardly assassinated by the hero of the *Second Philippic*.* It is a green lane, leading off the *via Appia* down to the shores of the Mediterranean; and close by the scene of the disgraceful event stands to the present day, on the ruins of the Formian villa which had belonged to the murdered statesman, an hotel, known by the classic designation of "Albergo di Cicerone." The details of that visit, with sundry delectable matters appertaining thereunto, remain in our "chest" for further use, when we shall have to entertain our readers with other (and collateral) subjects; when from HORACE we shall pass to some of his contemporaries.

To Horace we now return. In HIM the dunces and bullies of Rome found an uncompromising foe—equally formidable to "Mævius the blockhead" and to "Gorgonius the he-goat," to "the debauchée Nomentanus" and to "Pantolabus the buffoon." It is, however, as a lyric poet that Prout chooses to dwell on his merits; and in this, as in most matters, we recognise the professional tendency of the father to peaceful topics and inoffensive disquisitions.

OLIVER YORKE.

*Watergrasshill,
Ad 1^{am} noctis vigiliam.*

When first I took up the Songs of Horace, with a view to record my imaginings thereanent (for the benefit of my parishioners), it occurred to me that something in the shape of methodical arrangement would not be amiss, and that these miscellaneous odes would come more acceptable if an attempt were made at classification. In this department, the moderns have a decided advantage over the writers of antiquity; the bump of "order," as it relates to section and subdivision, being of comparatively late development. Pagan antiquity had been content, ever since the goddess Flora enamelled the earth with so many charming varieties of form and colour, to admire them for their very confusion, and to revel in the delightful contrasts they afforded; nor do we learn, from the author of *Genesis*, that there was any regular system of botanical science understood by Eve, in her state of horticultural innocence: it was reserved for the great

Dutchman, Linnæus, to methodise the beauty and to classify the fragrance of flowers. My old friend and school-fellow, l'Abbé Moutardier, who, since the French emigration, resides at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire (where the Weld family have gathered round him a small but well-regulated congregation), carries the practice of regular classification to a great extent in his Anglo-Gallic addresses from the modest pulpit of the castle-chapel: *ex gr.* "My friends, the sermone of twoday vill be in *four pints*; after vich, I vill draw for you a little mor-ale," &c. In pursuance of this praiseworthy system of orderly arrangement, I had set out by dividing these songs under six comprehensive heads: 1^o political squibs; 2^o convivial and bacchanalian; 3^o love songs; 4^o philosophical effusions; 5^o theological hymns; and, 6^o lastly, certain odes addressed to Virgil, Mæcenas, &c., dictated by the purest friendship, and bearing, more than all the rest, the impress of earnestness and sincerity. The *catalogue raisonné*, made

* Who appears to have been in his day the "lady's man"—κατ' ἐξοχην. We know not, however, whether he was fool enough to talk of bringing the matrons of Rome into the senate-house.

out after this fashion, took in, I found, the whole range of his lyrics; and, instead of the wild luxuriance of uncontrolled productiveness—the very wilderness of thought and sentiment which the book now presents—reduced the collection to all the symmetry of a civilised parterre laid out by Evelyn or Lenôtre.

Much meditating, however, on the peculiar genius of the poet, and fully aware that, with reference to the “*series juncturaque*,” he practised what he preached, I concluded that, in publishing his four books of occasional minstrelsy in their actual order of succession, totally unobservant, as he evidently is, of chronological form, and clearly regardless of the date of each particular composition, he must have been guided by some hidden principle of refined taste, applicable to the precise consecutive position assigned to every song. Of himself, as well as of the father of poetry, it may be safely predicated, that *nil molitur ineptè*. Hence, on maturer consideration, I shrunk from interrupting the present law of precedence, established by recognised authority; and I resolved to maintain it as steadfastly as if I had taken a regular oath not to “weaken or disturb the line of succession” in the harmony of Horace. . . . I have not yet got through the first book. If I recollect right, a drinking bout “to VARUS” (numbered ode xviii.) wound up the last paper; a love-song “to GLYCERA” (ode xix.) shall, therefore, usher in the essay of to-night.

Horace was not very lucky in his loves. In spite of all the fervour with which he exalts the fascinations and chants the merits of the fair sex—notwithstanding the delicacy with which he could flatter, and the sprightly ingenuity with which he could amuse, the ladies of Rome, he appears, from the desponding tenor of his amatory compositions, to have made but small havoc among the hearts of patrician matrons. These ditties are mostly attuned to the most plaintive strain, and are generally indicative of unrequited attachment and disappointed hopes. He has made Posterity the *confidante* of his jealousy regarding “PYRRHA;” “LYDIA” forsakes him for “TELERIUS,” who was probably a stupid life-guardsmen, measuring five feet eleven; “CHLOT” runs away from his addresses, begging her mother to say she is “yet

too young to form an engagement;” he records the perjured conduct of “BARINÉ” towards him; laments the inconstancy of “NÉERA,” the *hauteur* of “LYCÉ;” makes an abject apology to “TYNDARIS,” whose pardon we do not find that he obtains; he invites her to his villa: we don’t learn that she accepted the invitation.

The fact is, he was in stature a dwarf, with a huge head, à la Quasimodo; further endowed with an ungainly prominence of abdomen; eyes which required the constant application of unguents and *collyria*; was prematurely bald, like Béranger—

“Moi, à qui la sagesse
A fait tomber tous les cheveux;”

and, like him, he might break forth into that affecting outburst of *naïf* despondency derived from the consciousness of a deformed figure:

“Elle est si BELLE,
Et moi—et moi—je suis si LAID!”

By the way, to Béranger’s immortal credit be it remarked, that he is the only Frenchman who ever, under any circumstances of personal ugliness, made a similar admission. “Mons. Mayeux” fancied himself an ADONIS; so does M. Thiers, though his portraits prove him to be what Theodore Hook has imagined, as the exact symbol, or *vera icona*, of Tom Moore: viz. “something between a toad and a Cupid.”

Still, nothing could keep Horace from trying his fortune among the girls. “His only books were woman’s looks;” though “folly” (as in Moore’s case) was positively all he gathered from the perusal. Though his addresses are repeatedly rejected, he still perseveres; and, in spite of his notorious scepticism in religious matters, he actually offers up a propitiatory sacrifice to Venus; in the hope of forwarding, by supernatural agency, the object of his desires. His case, in truth, appears one of peculiar hardship; and so graphic is the picture he draws of his hopeless passion, that Racine has found nothing more powerful wherewith to represent the frenzied feelings of Phædra, in his wonderful tragedy of that name, than two lines borrowed from the following ode:

“Ce n’est plus une ardeur dans mes
veines cachée,
C’est VÉNUS toute entière à sa proie attachée.”

ODE XIX.

DE GLYCERA.

I.

Love's unrelenting QUEEN,
With BACCHUS—Theban maid! thy wayward child
Whene'er I try to wean,
My heart, from vain amours and follies wild,
Is sure to intervene,
Kindling within my breast some passion unforeseen.

II.

GLYCERA's dazzling glance,
That with voluptuous light my vision dims —
The graces that enhance
The PARIAN marble of her snow-white limbs,
Have left my heart no chance
Against her winning wiles and playful petulance.

III.

Say not that VENUS dwells
In distant CYPRUS, for she fills my breast,
And from that shrine expels
All other themes: my lyre, by love possest,
No more with war-notes swells,
Nor sings of PARTHIAN shaft, nor SCYTHIAN slaughter
tells.

IV.

Come hither, slaves! and pile
An altar of green turf, and incense burn;
Strew magic vervain, while
I pour libations from a golden urn:
These rites may reconcile
The goddess of fierce love, who yet may deign to
smile.

I.

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet
Me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva Licentia,
Finitis animum
Reddere amoribus.

II.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario
Marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium
Lubricus aspicit.

III.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit:
Nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere; nec
Quæ nihil attinent.

IV.

Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri,
Ponite, thuraque,
Bimi cum putera meri:
Mactata veniet
Lenior hostia.

How different from this melancholy love-sonnet, "made to his mistress's eyebrow," is the jovial style which he assumes when Mæcenas has promised to look in on his rustic dwelling, on his road to some sea-port. "A friend and pitcher" seem to constitute the native and proper element of Horace. Mark how he disports himself in the contemplation of the prime-minister of Augustus seated by his cheerful hearth, and partaking of such homely fare as the Sabine farm could furnish; insinu-

ating at the same time, without the least appearance of cajolery or toadyism, one of the most ingenious compliments that ever statesman received from dedicatory poet in ancient or modern times. Under pretext of specifying the exact age of some bottled liquor, which he promises shall be forthcoming, he brings up the mention of a fact most gratifying to the feelings of his exalted patron. As Tasso has it, "E quel che cresce sommo pregio all'opre L'arte che tutto fa nulla si scuopre."

ODE XX.—"POT-LUCK" WITH HORACE.

AD MÆCENATEM.

I.

Since thou, MÆCENAS, nothing loth,
Under the bard's roof-tree,
Canst drink rough wine of SABINE growth,
Here stands a jar for thee! —
The GRECIAN delf I sealed myself,
That year the theatre broke forth,
In tribute to thy sterling worth.

I.

Vile potabis medicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Quum tibi plausus,

II.

When ROME's glad shout the welkin rent,
 Along the TIBER ran,
 And rose again, by Echo sent,
 Back from Mount VATICAN ;—
 When with delight, O ROMAN knight !
 ETRURIA heard her oldest flood
 Do homage to her noblest blood.

II.

Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
 Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
 Redderet laudes tibi Vaticanæ
 Montis imago.

III.

Wines of FALERNIAN vintage, friend,
 Thy princely cellar stock ;
 Bethink thee, should'st thou condescend
 To share a poet's crock,
 Its modest shape, CAJETA's grape
 Hath never tinged, nor FORMIA's hill
 Deigned with a purple flood to fill.

III.

Cæcubum et prælo domitam Caleno
 Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 Pocula colles.

Followeth, in due consecutive order, one of those performances which, in my catalogue above alluded to, I had set down as one of the "hymns theological." Our poet, besides filling at the court of Augustus an office similar to the laureateship of old Nahum Tate, of birthday-ode memory, seems to have combined with that responsible situation the more sacred functions of Sternhold and Hopkins. The *Carmen Sæculare* was like Southey's *Vision of Judgment*—an official effusion of devout loyalty to church and state. This

hymn, recommending (very properly) the worship of Diana to the maidens of Rome, while he exhorts the Roman youth to reverence Apollo, must have been composed about the year u.c. 731, when scarcity, combined with the prospect of war, threatened the country. That Persia and Great Britain should be made the scapegoats on the occasion seems natural enough ; the Jews had similar uncharitable ideas, as may be gathered from the Psalms of David (lxxix. 6, and *passim*).

ODE XXI.—AD PUBEM ROMANAM.

I.

DIANAM teneræ dicite virgines,
 Intonsum pueri dicite CYNTHIUM,
 LATONAMQUE supreme
 Dilectam penitûs JOVI.

III.

Vos TEMPÉ totidem tollite laudibus,
 Nalalemque, mares, Delon Apollonis,
 Insignemque pharetrâ,
 Fraternalque humerum lyrâ.

II.

Vos lætam fluviis et nemorum comâ,
 Quæcumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
 Nigris aut ERYMANTHI,
 Silvis aut viridis CRAGI.

IV.

Hic bellum lachrymosum, hæc miseram
 famem,
 Pestemque a populo et principe CÆSARE,
 In PERSAS atque BRITANNOS,
 Vestrâ motus aget præce.

TO THE RISING GENERATION OF ROME.

I.

Worship DIANA, young daughters of Italy !
 Youths ! sing APOLLO—both children of JOVE :
 Honour LATONA, their mother, who mightily
 Triumphed of old in the Thunderer's love.

II.

Maids ! sing the Huntress, whose haunts are the highlands,
 Who treads, in a buskin of silvery sheen,
 Each forest-crowned summit through GREECE and her islands,
 From dark ERYMANTHUS to CRAGUS the green.

III.

From TEMPE's fair valley, by Phœbus frequented,
To DELOS his birthplace—the light quiver hung
From his shoulders—the lyre that his brother invented—
Be each shrine by our youth and each attribute sung.

IV.

May your prayers to the regions of light find admittance
On CÆSAR's behalf;—and the Deity urge
To drive from our land to the PERSIANS and BRITONS,
Of FAMINE the curse! of BELLONA the scourge!

That he considered himself the object of special solicitude to the gods, is very perceptible in his writings; that he actually believed in the existence of these celestial personages is, nevertheless, as nice a historical problem as the pedigree of Perkin Warbeck or the piety of O'Connell. Like Boniface, however, he "thrived on his ale."

"Di me tuentur: dis pietas mea," &c.

He kept his skin intact (*bene curatâ cute*), kept his neighbours in good humour, and the table in a roar. One day, having extended his rambles beyond the boundary of his farm, humming as he went an ode "to Lalagé," which we have unfortunately lost (un-

less it be the fifth of the second book), behold! an enormous wolf suddenly stares him in the face, and as precipitately takes to flight, without any apparently efficient cause. The dogs, according to Shakespeare, barked at Richard; this wolf may have been, probably, frightened by the poet's ugliness: for, according to his own description, he was a regular scarecrow. Nevertheless, mark, reader, how he chooses to account for the miracle. The ode, in a literary point of view, has always been (and most deservedly) admired: "Aristius fuscus" was, however, a sort of wag, as may be gathered from the satire "*Ibam viâ sacrâ*," &c. &c.

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

I.

ARISTUS! if thou canst secure
Conscience calm, with morals pure,
Look upwards for defence! abjure
All meaner craft—
The arc and quiver of the Moon,
And poisoned shaft.

II.

What though thy perilous path lie traced
O'er burning AFRIC's boundless waste....
Of rugged CAUCASUS the guest,
Or doomed to travel
Where fabulous rivers of the East
Their course unravel!...

III.

Under my Sabine woodland shade,
Musing upon my Grecian maid,
Unconsciously of late I strayed
Through glen and meadow,
When, lo! a ravenous wolf, afraid,
Fled from my shadow.

IV.

No monster of such magnitude
Lurks in the depth of DAUNIA's wood,
Or roams through LYBIA unsubdued.
The land to curse—
Land of a fearful lion-brood
The withered nurse.

I.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis grævada sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

II.

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

III.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem:

IV.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrit.

V.

Waft me away to deserts wild,
Where vegetation never smiled,
Where sunshine never once beguiled
The dreary day,
But winters upon winters piled
For aye delay.

VI.

Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where man to dwell was never known,
I'd cherish still one thought alone,
Maid of my choice!
The smile of thy sweet lip — the tone
Of thy sweet voice!

V.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

VI.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Here is another love ditty; and, as usual, it places on record some dis-

comfiture of the poet in his attempt to play *l'homme à bonnes fortunes*.

ODE XXIII.—A REMONSTRANCE TO CHLOË THE BASHFUL.

I.

Why wilt thou, CHLOË, fly me thus?
The yearling kid
Is not more shy and timorous,
Our woods amid,
Seeking her dam o'er glen and hill,
While all her frame vain terrors thrill.

II.

Should a green lizard chance to stir
Beneath the bush —
Should Zephyr through the mountain-fir
Disporting gush —
With sudden fright behold her start,
With trembling knees and throbbing heart.

III.

And canst thou think me, maiden fair!
A tiger grim?
A Lybian lion, bent to tear
Thee limb by limb?
Still canst thou haunt thy mother's shade,
Ripe for a husband, blooming maid?

I.

Vitas hinnuleo
Me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam
Montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et silvæ metu:

II.

Nam, seu mobilibus
Vepris inhorruit
Ad ventum foliis,
Seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

III.

Atqui non ego te,
Tigris ut aspera,
Getulusve leo,
Frangere persequor.
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

No "elegy," in all antiquity, appears to have given such general satisfaction as that which followed QUINCTILIUS to the tomb. History would have taken no notice of his name, but Horace has secured him immortal celebrity. All we know of him is contained in the chronicle of Eusebius, quoted by St. Jerome, and merely refers to the date of his death; nor would the holy father probably have mentioned him at all, but for the eloquent *requiem* chanted over his grave. It possesses ineffable sweetness in the original; the tender melancholy diffused throughout the composition is still more saddened by the absence of any thing like hope

in a future state of existence, or belief in a world to come, which was totally undreamt of in the Horatian system of philosophy. David's elegy over Saul and Jonathan is clouded by the same gloomy misgiving as to the chances of a blessed futurity; yet, what can be more beautiful than the Hebrew poet's exclamation — "Let the dew never fall on the hills where the pride
Of thy warriors, O Israel! lies slain:
They were lovely in life; and, oh mark!
how the tide
Of their hearts' blood hath mingled again!"

Milton's *Lycidas*; Burns's splendid effusion over Capt. Henderson: Malherbe's

"*Rose elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin!*"

Pope's "Unfortunate Lady," and Wolf's "Funeral of Sir John Moore," all deserve to be commemorated in connexion with this ode of Horace. Nor should

I omit to notice (*honoris causâ*) Gray's elaborately mournful "Country Churchyard," in which he has gathered into one sepulchral urn the ashes of all the human race, and mingled the tears of all mankind in one grand "lachrymatory."

ODE XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM. DEPLET QUINCTILII MORTEM.

I.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater vocem cum cithara dedit.

II.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor urget! cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas, quando ullum invenient parem?

III.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit; nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili!
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum poscia, Quinctilium Deos.

IV.

Quid! si Threicio blandius Orpheo auditam moderero arboribus fidem,
Num vanæ redeat sanguis imagini, quam virga semel horrida,

V.

Non lenis precibus fata recludere nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
Durum! sed levius sit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas.

To VIRGIL. A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS.

I.

Why check the full outburst of sorrow? Why blush
To weep for the friend we adored?
Raise the voice of lament! let the swollen tear gush!
Bemoan thee, MELPOMENE, loudly! nor hush
The sound of thy lute's liquid chord!

II.

For low lies QUINCTILIUS, tranced in that sleep
That issue hath none, nor sequel.
Let CANDOUR, with all her white sisterhood, weep—
TRUTH, MEEKNESS, and JUSTICE, his memory keep—
For when shall they find his equal?

III.

Though the wise and the good may bewail him, yet none
O'er his clay sheds the tear more truly
Than you, beloved VIRGIL! You deemed him your own:
You mourn his companionship.—'Twas but a loan,
Which the gods have withdrawn unduly.

IV.

Yet not though Eurydice's lover had left
Thee a legacy, friend, of his song!
Could'st thou warm the cold image of life-blood bereft,
Or force Death, who robbed thee, to render the theft,
Or bring back his shade from the throng,

V.

Which MERCURY guides with imperative wand.
To the banks of the fatal ferry.—
'Tis hard to endure;—but 'tis wrong to despond:
For patience may deaden the blow, though beyond
Thy power, my friend, to parry.

Flowers have, at all times, suggested hints for metaphor and allegory. Poets cannot get on at all without constant reference to botanical matters; and Flora, by right, should have been one of the Muses. A crazy German writer (one Ludwig Tiegg) maintains, that "the man who has no taste for posies cannot have God's grace;" a sort of parody on something about music in Shakespeare. Another mad sentimentalist, from the same district, defines woman to be "something between a flower and an angel." In fact, the "florid style" cannot be well got up without a due admixture of such fancies, no more than a plum-pudding without plums. Ask Tom Moore, for example, how he could manage, if de-

prived of these gay and gaudy materials for his *concelli*? He might, perhaps, tell you, that he still would have *rain-bows, stars, crystals, pearls, butterflies*, and such other "glittering glories," but, without Covent Garden he must necessarily be at a loss to carry on his business; for his *original* stock in trade would be very soon exhausted. Even in the flower department he is obliged to borrow, Anacreon and Horace had, long ago, both hit on an idea, which he has appropriated, without the slightest scruple or acknowledgement, in a well-known melody, of which he has stolen the tune from the "Groves of Blarney," and, I am sorry to say, spoiled it by some outlandish variations of his own.

ODE XXV.

Ρόδον Ανακρίωντος.

MOORE'S ROGUERY.

HORATII ROSARIUM.

α'.

I.

I.

Μόνον θέρους ρόδων μοι
Τούτ' ὑστάτον μιν ἀνθείη
Πασαί τι καὶ ἱταίραι
Ἀπώλεσαντο·

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone —
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone!

Eheu rosarum floruit ultima!
Vel mille nuper cincta sororibus,
At nunc amicarum cohorti
Floribus et sociis superstes!

β'.

II.

II.

Οὐ τι
Τῶν συγγενῶν παρίσται
Ρόδων, ὁμοῦ γ' ἀπναι
Ὁμοῦ τι καὶ λυγρύνει·

No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud, is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

Nec una mansit conscia quæ propè
Suspiriorum suavè olentium,
Suspirot ultro—quæ rubenti
Erubeat, pia frons, vicissim.

γ'.

III.

III.

Οὐ λυφόμεναι σε χερσὶ
Ἐπεί θανόντο καλῶν
Ἀπλῶ· συν καλαῖσι
Ἴδου σε χερὶ καθευδύν·

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.

Non te relinquam stemmato, lugubre.
Quæ, singulari fers caput, unica!
Iere dormitum sordales,
Tu ceteris comes ito—dormi!

δ'.

IV.

IV.

Σας εὐφρονῶς σπένοντας
Κομὰς ἐγὼ σκιδάξω·
Ὅπου νικραὶ τὲ κοσμοῦ
Κηπίο καὶ ἱταίραι
Ἐδούσι καλλιφυλλαί.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

Sparsis amicæ sic foliis manu,
Finire tristes pergo tibi moras;
Siccis odoratas super hortum
Frondebis i superadde frondes.

V.

V.

Ὀὕτως τι καὶ οφείλουν
Ταχὺν φίλῃ ἐπισθαι
Ὅταν μαρμαίνονται φυ-
λα φίλης· Ἐρωτός
Κυκλῶν τ' ἀπο φαίνου
Πιπτουσιν οἱ σμαραγδαί.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.

Et mi sit, olim sors eadem, precor!
Quando sodales, quæque micantia,
Ornant amicorum coronam
Gemmata, depersunt—perire!

ζ'.

VI.

VI.

Φίλοι οἳ ἐωλίσαντο
Αἱ καρδίαι, τίς οἷος
Τούτῳ ἔκταν θέλειτο
Κοσμῷ ναλεῖν ἐρημῷ;

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Abrepta fitto dissociabili
Quando tot eheu! corda jacent humi
Quis poscat annos? vita talis
Nonne foret mera solitudo?

How much more creditable and gentlemanly has been the conduct of an old English song-writer, GEORGE HERBERT, who, having occasion to work out the same thought, scorns to copy with servile fidelity the Greek or Roman lyric; but, giving it a new form altogether, makes it, as far as possible, his own property. Here is the canzonet; and any one, who has the slightest pretension to a taste for antique simplicity, must see how far superior it is to Moore's artificial composition :

"I made a posie while the day ran by—
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and
they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither in my hand.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your
time ye spent;
Fit while ye lived for smell or orna-
ment,
And, after death, for cures.
I follow straight, without complaint or
grief;
And, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours."

The date of the subsequent ode is clearly fixed, by the allusion it contains to the troubles occasioned in the northern parts of the empire by the proceedings of King Teridates. It is addressed to LAMIA, a Roman general, who had distinguished himself in the peninsular war (*bello Cantabrico*), and was at that time enjoying his half-pay in or about Tivoli.

ODE XXVI.—FRIENDSHIP AND POLTRY THE BEST ANTIDOTES TO SORROW.

ANNO AB U.C. 730.

Air—"Fill the bumper fair."

I.

SADNESS—I who live
Devoted to the Muses,
To the wild wind give,
To waft where'er it chooses;
Deigning not to care
What savage chief be chosen
To reign beneath "the bear,"
O'er fields for ever frozen.

II.

Let TERIDATES rue
The march of Roman legions,
While I my path pursue
Through poesy's calm regions—
Bidding the Muse, who drinks
From fountains unpolluted,
To weave with flowery links
A wreath, to Friendship suited,

III.

For gentle LAMIA's brow.—
O Muse melodious! sweetly
Echo his praise; for thou
Alone canst praise him fitly.
For him thy Lesbian shell
With strings refurnish newly,
And let thy sisters swell
The jocund chorus duly.
Sadness—I who live devoted, &c.

I.

Musis amicus
Tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis
In mare Creticum
Portare ventis.—
Quis sub arcto
Rex gelidæ
Metuatur oræ,

II.

Quid TERIDATEM
Terreat, unicé
Securus. O quæ
Fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos
Necte flores,
Necte meo
LAMIAE coronam.

III.

Pimplei dulcis,
Nil sine te mei
Possunt honores;
Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio
Sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque
Decet sorores.
Musis amicus, &c.

Next comes a lively and animated picture of Roman conviviality. The ode partakes of the dramatic character, and would appear to be extemporaneously poured out by Horace, in his capacity of "wine-king," or "toast-master," at a jovial meeting. The evening is far advanced; sundry debateable subjects have been started;

the retort uncourteous has been more than once interchanged; the cup of boisterous hilarity has kindled in its circulation; of a sudden the guests have started from their couches, in the ardour of discussion, and, heated with wine, are about to come to blows, when the poet rising obtains silence for a song. The ingenuity with which

he turns their attention to topics of a less exciting nature, and the gracefully playful style of his address, present us

with a most amiable idea of the poet's disposition, and prove him to have been a man of consummate tact.

ODE XXVII.—AD SODALES.

I.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est. Tollite barbarum
Morem, vorecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

II.

Vino et lucernis mædus acinaces
Immano quantum discrepat! Impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

III.

Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntius
Frater Megillæ quo beatus
Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.

IV.

Cessat voluntas? — Non alia bibam
Mercede. — Quæ te cumque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper

V.

Amore peccas! Quidquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus. — Ah! miser
Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flamma!

VI.

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triforini
Pegasus expedit Chimæra.

A BANQUET-SCENE. TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

I.

To make a weapon of joy's cup, my friends,
Is a vile THRACIAN custom.
Shame on such practices! — they mar the ends
Of calm and kindly Bacchus. Bloodshed tends
To sadden and disgust him.

II.

Here, mid the bowls, what business hath the sword?
Come, sheathe yon Persian dagger;
Let the bright lamp shine on a quiet board;
Recline in peace — these hours we can't afford
For brawling, sound, and swagger.

III.

Say, shall your chairman fill his cup, and drain
Of brimming bowls another?
Then, first, a TOAST his mandate shall obtain:
He'll know the nymph whose witcheries enchain
The fair MEGILLA's brother.

IV.

What! silent thus? Dost fear to name aloud
The girl of thy affection?
Youth! let thy choice be candidly avowed;
Thou hast a delicate taste, and art allowed
Some talent for selection.

V.

Yet, if the loud confession thou wilt shun,
To my safe ear discover
Thy cherished secret . . . Ah, thou art undone!
What! *she*? How little such a heartless one
Deserves so fond a lover!

VI.

What fiend, what THRACIAN witch, deaf to remorse,
Hath brewed thy dire love-potion!
Scarce could the hero of the winged horse
Effect thy rescue, or — to free thee — force
That dragon of the ocean!

In the usual editions of our poet, the twenty-eighth ode presents us with a rather stupid "dialogue" between one "Archytas and a Sailor." I have no hesitation in substituting, from Harduin's "*Ψαλμοῦ Horatius*" (folio, Amsterd. 1740), the proper reading; which, on examination, will be found to preserve the essence of the colloquy, while it is much more Horatian in

spirit. Marcus EPULO BIBAX is a well-known character in the annals of Rome, as may be seen in Niebuhr's admirable work. His monument (a fine old pyramidal erection) stands at the gate opening on the Via Ostia, and adds a solemn dignity to the adjacent burial-ground of our countrymen—"il Cimitero degli Inglesi."

ODE XXVIII.

I.

When BIBO went down
To the regions below,
Where the waters of STYX
Round Eternity flow,
He awoke with a cry,
That "he would be brought back ;
For his soul it was dry,
And he wanted some sack."

II.

"You were drunk," replied CHARON,
"You were drunk when you died ;
And you felt not the pain
That to death is allied."
"Take me back !" answered BIBO,
"For I mind not the pain ;
Take me back ! take me back !
Let me die once again !"

III.

Meantime the gray ferryman
Ferried him o'er,
And the crazy old bark
Touched the Stygian shore ;
There old BIBO got out,
Quite unable to stand,
And he jostled the ghosts
As they crowded the strand.

IV.

"Have a care !" cried out CHARON ;
"Have a care ! 'tis not well :
For remember you 're dead,
And your soul is in hell."

Moral.

"I'm in hell," replied BIBO ;
"Well I know by the sign :—
'Twas a hell upon earth
To be wanting of wine."

I.

Cum BIBAX baráthro
Descenderat imo
Quæ loca STYX atro
Circumfluit limo,
Evigilans, poscit
Num forte falerni
Vas bibere mos sit
In regnis averni.

II.

Cui CHARON, "Venisti
Huc gravis lagenâ,
Sic funeris tristi
Immunis a poenâ."—
Tum BIBAX, "Retrorsum
Duc iterum vitæ,
Ut funeris morsum
Experiar rité."

III.

Sed interim pigrâ
Transvehitur rate,
Quæ ripâ mox nigrâ
Sistit delicatè :
In littore statim,
Exoritur scena,
Umbras catervatim
Disturbat arenâ.

IV.

Cui CHARON de nave :
"Hic Orcus est, homo !
Ne titubes cave
Plutonis in domo."

L'Enboq.

"Plutonis caverna
Parebat viventi,
Si quando taberna
Deerat sitienti."

GENERAL RESULTS OF THE PAST SESSION, AND
PROSPECTS OF THE NEXT.

VERY remarkable has been the course and character of the session which has just closed. It commenced with a succession of defeats and disappointments to the Conservative party, which were of a most dispiriting tendency. Its middle period was not much more satisfactory or encouraging; but its termination leaves the friends of the monarchy, the church, and the constitution, in a stronger position, animated with higher hopes, and filled with more satisfactory anticipations, than at any period since the fatal spring of 1829.

One leading cause of these improved prospects will have to be considered towards the close of the article. It may suffice, here, to observe that the Conservatives, out of doors, and ourselves among the number, had, at the beginning of the session, rather over-estimated their actual parliamentary strength. The facts brought together were true and real; but sufficient allowance had not been made for the power of government in drawing together its forces, and for the natural inclination of many neutral members of the lower house, to "support the government" of Lord John Russell, as they had before supported that of Sir Robert Peel. It followed, therefore, that any calculation which began by taking Sir Robert Peel's strength to be *then*, what it was in March 1835, with the clear addition of the seats since gained, went upon an erroneous principle. And this the very first division shewed. In place of equal numbers, or a slight inclination of the scale to the Conservative side, as a simple calculation of votes gained would have warranted us to expect, a majority of 41 on the side of ministers at once appeared: the fact being, that about a score of neutral men, who had given Sir R. Peel's government no very decided opposition, were just as backward now to oppose Lord John. Siding with the government, instead of continuing in the ranks of Sir R. Peel, they just constituted the above majority, and at once put an end to the sanguine anticipations entertained by some, that the Whig administration would fall to pieces on the very day that it met the parliament.

There was another circumstance, however, from which it was impossible that the Conservatives could help drawing some hope. This was the Carlow disclosure. Until the event shewed how easy it was for audacity and unscrupulous partisanship to overreach and dupe a set of honest country gentlemen, it was difficult to imagine the possibility of O'Connell's escape. Yet escape he did, and that even without the least loss of influence or of power:—in the item of *character*, of course, *loss* was out of the question.

We cannot rid our minds of the impression, that the Conservatives in the House of Commons were completely hoodwinked and out-manceuvred on that occasion. First, in the nomination of the committee, which consisted of five keen and thorough-going friends of O'Connell, matched against an equal number of plain, honest, and honourable Conservative country gentlemen, with a decided ministerialist in the chair. Here, in the appointment of a clearly favourable committee, was half O'Connell's game at once secured.

But the great point was gained, by contriving to elude all mention of the real charge, and to set up in its room a charge which no one imagined could ever be made out. The crime of O'Connell consisted, in fact, of having bartered away a seat in Parliament, for a sum of money far exceeding the necessary expenses of an election. A second very dark point in the case was, his sending his son to receive 1000*l.* of the money, and then to proceed, with that 1000*l.* in his pocket, to the table of the House of Commons, to get himself sworn, if possible, one of the committee to try the merits of that very election!

Yet, instead of going into either of these charges, the O'Connellites on the committee contrived to lead the inquiry into an entirely different channel,—namely, as to whether he *actually made money* by the whole transaction. Now every one knew, long before, that the expenses of the petition, which had unexpectedly occurred, had swallowed up all the gain which O'Connell might otherwise have hoped to realise. Every one knew, therefore, that by leading the inquiry into this direction a verdict in O'Connell's favour was rendered inevitable;

while, had the matter actually charged upon him been investigated, nothing could have saved him from a disgraceful conviction. The course taken was as if a pickpocket, seen in the act of robbing another by half-a-dozen witnesses, were to be declared innocent because he had subsequently got drunk, let the money roll out of his pocket, and found himself at night none the richer for his crime. Any one can see the absurdity of assuming innocence on such grounds as these; yet just such a line of defence was that adopted by O'Connell, and it was successful. Adroitness in knavery succeeded, and as gross a case of seat-selling as ever was exposed, was dismissed from the bar of the reformed parliament, without even an attempt at censure!

A fresh danger to the ministry, however, immediately sprung up. The premier himself was charged with the crime of adultery. We shall not here reiterate our former opinions. It is enough to say that once more, by gross mismanagement on the part of the accuser, and by the most zealous efforts on the part of Lord Melbourne's advocates, a verdict was obtained in his lordship's favour, which, under all the circumstances, *as the case was presented to the jury*, was an unimpeachable verdict. Once more, then, those who imagined the safety of the country to depend on the removal of the Whigs from Downing Street had to chew the cud of bitter disappointment. Meanwhile, in the House of Commons, the combined Whigs and Radicals had been carrying all before them. Their majority of 41 on the Address had swelled to more than 60 on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill; and on one occasion even to 86. Every proposition made by the government was carried through, in despite of all opposition; and when it was sometimes meekly whispered that there was still a House of Lords, the fierce response of some ministerialist was sure to be,—“Oh! they'll be happy enough if we let them remain where they are; as to their interfering with our measures, they are a great deal too well-informed of their own ticklish predicament to think of that!”

At last, however, the Whigs had reached the length of their tether, and the Conservatives found their “innings” about to begin. The bills which the sages of the lower House had concocted began to shew themselves in the House of Lords; and every eye was turned with eager inquiry towards the Peers. We remember well the consternation that spread through the metropolis from so slight a circumstance as this,—that Sir Robert Peel dined at Merchant Tailors' Hall, and refused to express a hope or an opinion as to what the Lords would do. It was immediately supposed that they were at a pause,—that he was warned not to pledge them to any decided course; and doleful indeed were the anticipations of the next few days, till fresh assurances came from every quarter that “the Lords would be firm!”

Just about this time occurred the staggering division on the Irish Church Bill,—the worst that the Melbourne cabinet had ever yet experienced. Their majority—last year, 37—fell to 26; and their own journal, the *Spectator*, admitted that, if absentees were included, the actual majority was barely 20! This sorry array, with the Warwickshire election following immediately upon it, produced a most extraordinary effect upon the ministerialists, both in parliament and out of it. It at once established the entire independence of the House of Lords. To bluster, or to talk of coercing the House of Peers with a majority of 20! No,—the thing was out of the question. Quiet submission to their fate was the only course left to the ministerialists; and into that course, though most unwillingly and ungracefully, have they at last fallen.

The House of Lords, then, now relieved, not so much from danger, which, indeed, had never actually approached it, but from the annoyance of threats and attempted intimidation, applied itself nobly to the work before it; and we shall presently see how well that work was performed. At present, we only remark that each week augmented equally the claims of that assembly upon the public gratitude, and the admiration with which its conduct was regarded; and the session at last closed, leaving the Peers of England in the enjoyment of a higher and more genuine popularity than has ever attended them since the days when they destroyed the fabric of Whig despotism which Fox, in his India Bill, had endeavoured to rear up, and rescued, at once, both the sovereign and the people.

This triumph of the Peers has very naturally been attended by an increasing degree of irritation, and consequent absurdity, on the part of the baffled majority

of the Commons. Fretful under their defeat and disgrace, they have latterly taken to abusing each other. The parties in the following agreeable little colloquies are all of the class calling themselves "Reformers."

"Mr. Robinson said, that though he had a great respect for the hon. member for Middlesex, yet he must say that *no man wasted more the time of the house than that hon. gentleman.*

"Mr. Ewart replied, that there were *some men who wasted a great deal of time in a little way.*"—*Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 12.

"Mr. Hume said, that the County Rates Bill stood for a second reading, but he would not press it. He should move that it be read a second time that day three months.

"Mr. Tooke was glad of it, as he considered the remedy *worse than the disease.*

"Mr. Hume considered the observation of his hon. friend to be *ungenerous and unkind.*"—*Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 16.

"The Speaker observed, that never, perhaps, had a more irregular discussion taken place in the house, than that which had been going on for the last three-quarters of an hour. If such practices were to be allowed, a whole session would scarcely suffice for the discussion and disposal of a single measure."—*Times*, Aug. 17.

These are a few samples of the cat-and-dog sort of jangling which has been going on for the last three weeks, and which speaks more forcibly than any thing else could do, the inward and consuming rage which these worthies feel, at the tight hand which is kept on them by the House of Lords.

There is, however, another immense advantage which the Peers have latterly possessed, namely, that the upper House has really been the only one in which any thing like *legislation* was carried on, or in which the ordinary rules of business were regarded. The utter confusion which has reigned in the lower House during the greater part of the session, and the total abdication of the usual duties and functions of the government in that House, has been of a description altogether new. We apprehend that, for a parallel instance of "pell-mell" law-making, we might search in vain through all the legislative assemblies on the face of the globe—excepting, perhaps, those of *Greece or the Texas!* Let a few instances suffice to shew to what a length this has gone.

(1.) It is still the fashion to close the session with what is called "a Speech from the Throne;" being a brief ministerial survey of the doings of the session, and the state of the country. Now, in the speech so delivered on Saturday, the 20th of August, there occurred, according to the *Globe*, *Courier*, *Sun*, *Standard*, *Times*, *Chronicle*—and, in fact, all the papers—the following sentence:

"I trust that this circumstance will tend to draw still closer the ties which connect this country with two great and friendly nations, with which *they* have so many important relations in common."

Now, any one could see that this was a sentence of such a construction, that if, in a decent school, a boy of twelve years' old, who had been once through *Lindley Murray's Exercises*, had brought up such a thing, nothing could have saved him from the cane or the ferula. And how any cabinet minister, supposed to have some idea, at least, of English grammar, could put such a passage into the king's hands, and afterwards venture to look his majesty in the face, is more than we can conceive! However, there it stood, as having been actually delivered, in all the ministerial journals of Saturday the 20th; such journals always obtaining copies direct from a government office. In eight-and-forty hours, however, the disgrace became intolerable, and the same ministerial journals were instructed to say, that the last clause, the ungrammatical one, "*was not in the speech as delivered!*" Is this the sort of way in which business has been used to be transacted by an English government?

(2.) On the 15th of August, the Earl of Lincoln observed, in the House of Commons, that

"The march of legislation had been lately so rapid, that honourable members did not actually know what they were doing. On Saturday, some parchments in the form of bills were laid on the table, and the titles of them read. As some hon. members on his side of the house wished to know something of them and their contents, they took up one, and untying it, were surprised to find it all a *blank!* The other two were the same."—*Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 16.

(3.) Intending to pass a bill for the registration of voters, Lord John Russell issued circulars to all the overseers throughout England, altering, *contrary to law*, the time for receiving county claims, and objections to them. The bill, had it passed, would have legalised this illegal proceeding. But, on the 15th of August, being in haste to prorogue parliament, the government chose to give up this Registration Bill. Meanwhile, Lord John's notices to the overseers had worked all manner of confusion;—lists were deferred, and parishes without end were in danger of being disfranchised. Two days before the close of the session, therefore, a bill was introduced to make the postponed lists legal ones. But in this pell-mell sort of legislation, all kinds of blunders must creep in. Accordingly, postponing the lists, and deferring the revision of them, a whole month, it followed of course, that the new electoral lists could only come into operation on the 1st of December, in place of the 1st of November, as usual. But, in the headlong haste with which the bill was passed, it was forgotten to enact that the present year's lists should continue in force till the new ones were formed. All the existing lists, consequently, become extinct on the 1st of November, and the new ones cannot be ready till the 1st of December. Should any election, therefore, become necessary during the month of November, we shall witness the singular sight of an election without any constituency!

(4.) But blunders like these, though abounding, as they have lately done, in every department of government, are quite thrown into the shade by the accusation brought by the whole body of the London stationers against the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their averment amounts to nothing less than this, that the finance minister, determining to act towards them with the grossest injustice, did not hesitate, in order to gain his object, to resort to downright falsehood. Their statement is to the following purport:

It was a part of Mr. Rice's financial arrangements for the year to remit one-half of the duties on paper—*i. e.* to reduce the duty from 3*d.* per lb. to 1*d.* In such cases the custom has always been to pay back, to the traders holding stocks of such goods, that portion of the duty which is remitted. If this be not done, it is abundantly clear that a trader may have paid to the excise 1000*l.* for duties yesterday, and may find, to-morrow, that the duties on those very goods will be reduced to 500*l.*, and that, meanwhile, no one will buy of him at the former high duty.

The stationers, holding stocks to a very large amount, expected and demanded this allowance, or drawback, on the stocks in their warehouses, which had paid the higher duty; but, to their great astonishment and indignation, Mr. Rice refused to give it. They consequently applied to many members of parliament to advocate their cause in the House of Commons, and had succeeded in interesting in their favour most of the Conservatives, and also a good party of the Radicals, so as to be sure of a powerful support to their petition.

On the 5th of July, however, when the question came to be decided in the House of Commons, Mr. Rice got up and assured the hon. member for Middlesex, that "*he had satisfied the parties* interested in the question that to go beyond his proposed bill would not be expedient. He begged his hon. friend to receive the assurance from him, that when *the parties composing the deputation* left him, after hearing his proposition, they *begged him to adhere to it*," &c.

On this distinct assurance, thus publicly given, the parties—Whig, Tory, and Radical—who had come down to support the petitions of their constituents, and to insist on justice being done, of course withdrew all further opposition, and the ministerial plan was unanimously adopted. And when these members of parliament next met the stationers, they very naturally reproached them with their strange behaviour in coming to an agreement with Mr. Rice, and never giving them, their advocates and friends, the least intimation of it.

The answer of the Stationers was, "We had come to *no agreement* with the Chancellor of the Exchequer—he had *not* satisfied us; and as to the deputation he spoke of, *no such deputation* ever waited on him at the time of which *he* speaks!"

And, very naturally, the Chairman of the Stationers' Committee wrote to Mr. Rice, on the 8th of August, to know what he could possibly mean by such assertions, and utterly to deny their truth. To this letter, it was *fifteen days* (the 23d) before they received any answer!

And what was that answer? It consisted of a brief note of five or six lines, enclosing the copy of a note, bearing no signature, but purporting to be written by a *paper-maker*, and recommending Mr. Rice to adhere to his own plan!

On the 26th of July, the Chairman of the Stationers' Committee^{*} replied to this, very naturally pointing out that a *private letter*, from some unknown *paper-maker*, could be no ground for Mr. Rice's assertion, in parliament, that "he had *satisfied the deputation of the Stationers*"—no such deputation, in fact, having been in any way "satisfied" by him; and calling upon him to remove, in parliament, the stigma which he had thus unjustly cast upon them, of having betrayed the interests of their constituents, the whole body of wholesale stationers. To this letter no answer was received. Another application was made on the 13th of August, and that was treated with equal disregard. Mr. Rice had deliberately told the House of Commons, that

"He hoped to be able to prove to his hon. friend, the member for Middlesex, and to the public, as he had already done to the parties interested, that to go beyond what the bill provided would not be expedient."—*Morning Chronicle*,^{*} July 6, 1836.

And now, when "the parties interested" apply to him, in the most regular and official manner, to know what he can possibly mean by an assertion so utterly opposed to truth, it is beneath the dignity of the great Mr. Rice to observe even the common usages of society by returning a civil answer! The result of the whole is, that the Stationers make no scruple of expressing their conviction, that this very clever Chancellor of the Exchequer thought he was exhibiting extraordinary dexterity, in getting a flagrantly unjust vote passed through the House of Commons by means of a statement which was absolutely untrue!

This instance, however, is, we believe, only a single one—though, perhaps, a striking one—among many, in which Mr. Rice has imported into the financial department of the government both manners and practices hitherto unknown among British statesmen.

But we are anxious to come to the main question of all,—the actual state of legislation at the present moment; and the real hinderances thereto, whether arising out of the immobility of the Lords, or from any other cause.

Now, we feel the most entire conviction in our own minds, and shall endeavour to impress the reasonableness of that conviction on the minds of our readers, that the only real obstacle to a just and wholesome progress in legislation at the present moment, consists in the influence which factious persons and factious motives have obtained over the present government. We do most heartily respond to the sentiments expressed by the Duke of Wellington, in the last debate of the session in the House of Lords, when he gave to the premier this honest and disinterested counsel:

"I would take the liberty to recommend the noble viscount to consider himself not as the minister of a democratic body in another place, but as the minister of the sovereign in a limited monarchy, in a country great in point of extent, great in its possessions, and in the various interests which it comprised; and that, considering these circumstances, he should in future concoct such measures as he has reason to think may pass with the approval and suit the general interests of all, meet the goodwill of all, and not of one particular party, in one particular place only. If the noble viscount will but follow that course for some little time, he will find no difficulty in conducting the business of the government in this house, but will find every facility afforded him in forwarding measures of the above description."

Let us, however, try this question by an appeal to facts. Some business has been done in the course of the present session; some, also, has been left undone. What has been the course taken by the House of Lords with reference to the measures passed—what with reference to the measures rejected? How far does the imputation of faction attach to the Peers; and how far does it attach to the government, with reference to the failure of that portion of the business of the year which has fallen to the ground?

^{*} Our readers may be inclined to ask, why we take most of our quotations from the most despicable journal (the *Courier*, of course, always excepted) that the metropolis produces? In reply, we beg to suggest the importance, when it can conveniently be done, of proving all your facts out of your adversary's own mouth.

Now, a general review of this kind presents one obvious difficulty, to wit, that its scope is so wide, and its details so multifarious, as to weary attention, and of necessity to fail in producing entire conviction. Probably, the only mode in which a full, and at the same time succinct view, can be presented, is by arranging the whole business of the session under a few leading heads, and then exhibiting the actual result obtained in each.

The Speech at the commencement of the parliamentary year may be taken to have developed the plans and intentions of government. In inquiring, therefore, whether the Peers have given a factious opposition to the ministry, we must obviously confine ourselves to this general outline of the intended business of the session. A negative put upon some fancy of a mere amateur, like Lord Clanricarde, for instance, evidently goes for nothing, as it could have no bearing whatever upon the stability of the administration. A course of conduct which might with truth be denominated "*factious*" would consist in a harassing and litigious opposition to measures in themselves unobjectionable, and to which the opposing Peers were in their hearts friendly, for the mere purpose of annoying and weakening the detested government. Can any one act of this kind be charged upon the Conservative members of the House of Peers during the present session? Let us see.

The plans announced by government, in the royal speech of the 4th of February last, were these :

1. *Measures of Church Reform.*
2. *Measures of relief to the Dissenters.*
3. *Measures of Law Reform, especially in the Court of Chancery.*
4. *Measures for the relief of the Irish Poor.*
5. *A settlement of the Irish Tithe question.*
6. *Corporation Reform, especially in Ireland.*

Now let us take a rapid glance at the proceedings under each of these six heads : let us inquire, with reference to each of them, what obstruction the government has met with from the House of Lords ; and how far that house has hindered or promoted the business of a safe and desirable legislation.

1. *Measures of Church Reform.*

Of these the ministry produced *five* ; and, as they had taken proper advice in their construction, there was nothing violently unreasonable in any of them.

The first was the *English Tithe Bill*. A factious opposition in the House of Lords would have said, We prefer Sir R. Peel as minister, and we prefer Sir R. Peel's Tithe Bill. We shall pass *that* bill, to shew our willingness to deal with the question ; and if you do not like to take that, you may just do as well as you can without any bill at all.

But the Lords did nothing of the kind. They entertained the ministerial bill with perfect readiness ; examined its provisions, discussed its probable operation, and finally passed it with a few amendments, which the Commons readily admitted.

Four other bills, more correctly termed Church Reform Bills, were also brought forward. Two of these passed the Lords without any serious objection : the *Church Discipline Bill*, and the *Abolition of Pluralities Bill*. Two others, the *Established Church Bill*, and the *Ecclesiastical Duties and Offices Bill*, were introduced in the Commons.

But here, in the lower house, these ministerial measures met with a furious opposition, not from the Conservatives, but from the Dissenting and Radical supporters of the government. Their objection was a very simple one, namely, that these bills *did not rob the Church* for the benefit of the Dissenters ; or lower its character, to gratify their spite against it. One of them, the *Established Church Bill*, was forced through with great pain and peril, but only at the price of the abandonment of the whole of the other three measures. Yes ! a little knot of Dissenters in the House of Commons had the audacity to oppose themselves to measures for diminishing pluralities in the Church, and for enforcing discipline ! Neither of these measures in any way affected Dissenters. But they tended to remove scandals from the Church. Therefore, on this purely factious ground, were they opposed, by the Dissenters ; and to the shame of the government,

after two of these three bills had been actually passed in the House of Lords, the whole three were abandoned, and that merely out of deference to an opposition as clearly sectarian and factious as could possibly be imagined!

In the matter of Church Reform, then, the government have, in no one instance, been thwarted by the House of Lords. But it has been thwarted and coerced by a Radical junto in the House of Commons; and, by its truckling to that junto, the country has lost, for one year at least, three as clearly desirable measures of reform as ever were brought forward.

2. Measures of relief to the Dissenters.

These have been, or, rather, *ought to have been*, four: — The *Dissenters' Marriage Bill*; the *General Registry Bill*; the *Jewish Relief Bill*; the *Church-rate Bill*.

The first two of these were introduced, and passed the Commons after much sharp debate. In the Lords they were far more favourably received, and no division taken on them, except on a trifling amendment proposed by the Bishop of Exeter, and not agreed to. The only alteration of the least importance, introduced by the Lords, was one for guarding against clandestine marriages, by ordering all notices of marriages, not intended to be solemnised in church, to be laid before the weekly meeting of the guardians of the poor. The publicity of banns being lost, it was clearly necessary to get some sort of publicity in some other way. This proviso was readily agreed to by Lord Melbourne in the upper house, and Lord John Russell in the lower; and with this one amendment, the bills passed the Lords unanimously.

The Jewish Disabilities Relief Bill was allowed to slumber in the Commons till the 15th of August, *only five days* before the prorogation. It was then carried up to the Lords, and briefly noticed by its mover, who admitted, that to proceed with it at that period of the session was altogether out of the question, and who, therefore, quietly permitted it to drop.

The Church-rate Bill was promised by Lord John Russell, on the 3d of March, "*after the Easter recess*." On the 2d of May, to another inquiry, Lord John replied, "That it certainly was the intention of government to introduce a measure on the subject of Church-rates during the *present session*." The session, however, came to an end without any bill for the abolition or commutation of Church-rates being produced!

On the subject of *Dissenters' grievances*, then, the House of Lords stands altogether clear of the least imputation, either of having given any factious opposition to the government, or of having refused to consider the claims of those who dissent from the Established Church.

3. The Reform of the Law, and especially of the Courts of Equity.

Here the chief proposition of the session unquestionably was, the Lord Chancellor Cottenham's proposition for a reform of the Court of Chancery. Of that measure Lord Lyndhurst well observed, that "it fell still-born on your lordships' table. The measure met with no support in this House; it met with no support from any party, or any section or fragment of any party, out of it. Neither Whig nor Tory, Radical nor Conservative, defended it; it met with no support from any portion of the public press; no single voice from any quarter has been raised in its favour."

In confirmation of this statement, it may suffice to observe that the *Morning Chronicle* itself, on the very day of the annunciation of the plan, utterly abandoned it, and expressed a hope that any future measure of the kind might be entrusted to Lord Langdale! So public an affront offered to a lord-chancellor, by the chief organ of his own ministry, has certainly never been seen. But even the *Spectator* admits, that "Lord Cottenham's Chancery Bill was contemptible, and we cannot regret its rejection." In this matter, then, it is agreed on all hands, that the Lords only discharged their duty.

The second measure of Law Reform was "*the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill*." This was introduced by the lord-chancellor; as was another bill, called "*the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill*." But, for some reason or other, both these bills were allowed to remain on their lordships' table, without the least attempt on the part of the ministry to get them passed into laws!

The chief remaining feature of the session, under this head, ought not, perhaps, to be called a ministerial measure, having been introduced, in the House of Commons, by Mr. Ewart; we mean "*the Prisoners' Counsel Bill.*" But this bill, with a single amendment, was passed by the House of Lords.

Under this head, therefore, as well as the two former, the House of Lords must be admitted to stand entirely acquitted. Whatever shortcomings there may have been in the promised reforms of the law and of the courts, the blame certainly does not lie at their door.

4 *Poor Laws for Ireland.*

Another subject, and one of vast importance, to which the attention of parliament was in plain and direct terms invited by his majesty's opening speech, was the necessity of giving some relief to the suffering poor of Ireland. In point of interest, to men who properly appreciated their duty, this would have claimed the foremost place among all the duties of the session. Their own commissioners, especially appointed for the purpose of staving off the question, had told them that, for more than half of each year, nearly two millions and a half of people in Ireland were suffering actual distress from want of food! With such a fact as this before them, what shall we say of the government which could spend nearly seven months in jangling about *Corporation Act Amendment Bills*, and clauses to "appropriate" an hypothetical "surplus," and yet never find time to stir a single step to relieve more than two millions of helpless creatures from the horrors of protracted starvation! No decent plea for further delay remained. "Information," the want of which had been the excuse through many a tedious year, had now been obtained. Their own emissaries had returned, and had been compelled to confirm those very statements which had so long been treated as incredible. The whole case was known, the whole necessity admitted, at the very opening of parliament; and his majesty had been made to say, "You will approach this subject with the caution due to its importance and difficulty," &c.

Yet more than half a year rolls by, and time is found to dispute about the sort of declaration which a man should make on becoming a town-councillor; and long debates are carried on for night after night in succession, as to whether the Irish corporations should become Papist, or remain Protestant, or be neither the one or the other; but *the starving two millions* stand looking and longing in vain. At last, after Whigs and Tories have fought till they are tired, and begin to think of the coming 1st of September, and of their "*battues*" and their "reunions," the poor Irish are sent about their business with the final answer — "We have been too busy to attend to you, so your matter must stand over for another year." Before that other year arrives, thousands of these poor wretches will be in their graves; "dying," as a late traveller testifies, "of mere inanition!"

So far as the Lords, however, are concerned, they are not technically guilty in this matter. They are not *more* guilty than the whole nation; which, in the sight of God, has blood upon its conscience, in that it sees its brother perish without stretching forth its hand to help him. The chief criminal, however, must be admitted to be the government. By holding out false expectations, they quieted the country, and prevented others from making any effort. In the speech from the throne, they announced this as part of the settled business of the session. On the 18th of March, Lord John Russell replied to a querist, that "he could not promise to introduce the proposed measure until *after the Easter recess*!" Well, the Easter recess passes over, and as the summer approaches, his lordship at last confesses that "*it is not the intention of government to introduce any measure on this subject during the present session.*" But now the opportunity for any individual to stir in the matter has passed away. On this, therefore, decidedly the most important question of the year, all that the government has done is to hold out hopes which it has not even attempted to realise, and to put forth a public pledge which it has refused to redeem. The House of Lords, however, has in no way whatever interfered to obstruct the question.

Thus far, then, with reference to *four* out of the six leading subjects of the session, as stated in his majesty's speech in February last, the House of Lords stands wholly without imputation. Not only can nothing be *proved*, but nothing can even be *charged* against them. Under two of these heads the ministry have done little, simply because they were too weak, or too irresolute, or too incapable

to do more; in two others, they have done nothing whatever, and just for the very same reason. We now come to the two subjects on which the Peers have, unquestionably, obstructed the plans of the ministry, and defeated their propositions.

5. *The adjustment of the Irish Tithe question.*

Under this head it need only be remarked, that the Lords have offered all that as honest men they could offer. They have passed a bill for abolishing tithe—for substituting a rent-charge in its room—for providing for the redemption of that rent-charge—and for a more equal distribution of the ecclesiastical revenues. All that they were asked to do more, was to enact that if ever a surplus fund (above a certain provision stipulated for the clergy) *should arise*, that surplus should be “appropriated” to the support of the National System of Education. To this they resolutely objected. They shewed that no surplus could exist; and that, even on the ministers’ own shewing, none could be expected in less than about *fifty years*! It was then replied, If you are clear that there will be no surplus, why make such a fuss about the appropriation of a nonentity?

The answer was obvious to every candid and honourable mind. “It is not the question of money, more or less, that we are dwelling upon. If you want 50,000*l.* a-year for your Board of Education, take it out of the Consolidated Fund, and put an end to the question. Our sole objection, and it is altogether insuperable, is to the ‘appropriating’ that which is the property of another. The property of the Church, considered as an institution, ought to be as conscientiously respected as that of any private individual. And observe, this is a question on which one of the two parties must at last give way; and, by all the rules of honour and honesty, you are the party bound to make the concession; for with you, no principle is involved. Your plea is merely, We want some money for the National Schools. When we reply, therefore, Take what you want from the general revenues of the state, your motive or reason for insisting on your demand is gone. But concession on our part is impossible. Our principle, conscientiously adopted, is, that what you call ‘appropriation’ is, in fact, ‘robbery.’ To be parties in that, is what we can never consent to; and it is not consistent with the conduct or the feelings of gentlemen to insist upon compelling us.”

But again we observe, that the position taken by the Lords was as far as possible from a factious one. They went to the utmost possible point of concession. They made a stand simply on that which in their consciences they believed to be criminal. The Commons were asked for no such concession. They had it in their power, by one vote, to pacify Ireland for ever—at least as far as tithes were concerned. But the ministry were tied and bound to the Agitator; and Ireland was abandoned to another year’s conflict and turmoil. On which side was the “factious conduct” on this occasion?

With still greater reason may we ask the same question, with reference to

6. *Corporation Reform.*

Let us retrace, for a few moments, the course of the Whigs during the last four years with reference to this subject.

When, in 1832, they gained a House of Commons entirely devoted to their views, it was clearly open to them to have dealt with Corporation Reform in any way which seemed most for the general welfare. The subject naturally divided itself into four branches: the city of London—the new boroughs—the old corporations in England—Irish corporations.

Now, with reference to the first,—the city of London, it is abundantly clear that any government which was really inclined to grapple with the question might have gained a thorough knowledge of this part of it in the course of three months. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the government from settling this branch of the question in the session of 1833:—yet we are now at the close of the session of 1836, and nothing whatever is done, nor even any promise held out for the future!

And next, the new boroughs in England presented an open field for legislation. No commission of inquiry was needed; the measure, if desirable at all, might have been immediately proceeded with. Accordingly, Lord Brougham, as chancellor, presented a bill in Parliament; but, though nothing hindered immediate legis-

lation, 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1836 have all passed away, and not a step has been taken in this matter.

Of the old English boroughs, the general state might easily have been ascertained, and a measure prepared in the course of twelve months. If 1833 had been thus employed, the year 1834 might have seen the measure passed. But the Whigs were already in possession of a most accommodating House of Commons; the commissioners of inquiry enjoyed their five guineas a-day quietly, and thus the matter slumbered on.

As to Irish Corporation Reform, we suppose no one can entertain a doubt that if any person had proposed, in 1833 or 1834, to cashier the existing corporations in Ireland, and to throw all future elections into the hands of the 5*l*. hous holders, the Whigs would have started back with horror, exclaiming, "What! would you throw all Ireland into the hands of O'Connell and his repeal agitation?"

However, not a word was whispered of Irish Corporation Reform. And thus stood the whole matter on the accession of Sir Robert Peel. By the course taken by the Whigs, in saddling this question with commissions of inquiry, and other incumbrances, Sir Robert was much embarrassed. He had passed too much of his life in official habits, to be able at once to disregard all that former governments had done. Yet there was no report; and in its absence how could he act, or how pledge himself to any distinct line of action? Thus fettered, his announcement under this head was the least definite of any in his whole public declaration;—it was merely to the effect that he would give to the report of the commissioners, when it should be made, his most careful consideration. To a practised and cautious statesman, like Sir Robert Peel, we doubt not that this assurance was all that, under the circumstances, he felt it possible to make. Yet its indistinctness, though entirely the result of his own contrivances, was eagerly made a ground of accusation against him by his factious antagonists.

And, in perfect consistency with this accusation—when the Whigs came again into office, *this* was made their chief and favourite claptrap. English tithes, English Church-rates, Dissenters' Marriage Bills, all were allowed to stand over, and nothing was of such vast, such urgent importance, as that corporation reform which the Whigs had themselves allowed to stand still during the whole of their previous four years in office. The reason of this sudden energy, this new-born zeal, was evident to every one. They considered it their only game, to offer something which Sir R. Peel had not offered—to do something which he had not promised to do. They threw overboard the English Tithe Bill and the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, because to have gone on with these measures would only have been to follow in *his* steps. With vast delight, little Mr. Rice announced "that the ministry would choose their own ground, and *that* ground should be corporation reform." The whole manœuvre, in short, was just ope after Mr. Rice's own heart, and was quite worthy of him.

Well, they would have corporation reform. But where would they begin? With London, which lay nearest home, and whose wants and abuses could all have been fully developed in a month's inquiry? or with the great towns of Manchester, Birmingham, and the other new boroughs, where no opposing interests stood in the way! No, neither of these were so much as thought of. And why! Clearly because, while zeal for reform was the pretext, and popularity one of the ends to be attained, another, and a chief object, was to reduce the Conservative interest in the old corporations. This was a real and ruling motive in the present state of the Whigs. In 1833-4, with a majority in the House of Commons of above two hundred, they were careless on this point, and corporation reform slept on. But now Sir Robert Peel had gained a clear majority of the representatives of England; and it was high time to do something to pull down the growing power of the Conservatives. Let London, therefore, stand over, said the Whigs—*what can we gain* by touching that, the four members being already ours? Birmingham and Manchester, too, may wait—we *should gain nothing* there either; those manufacturing boroughs were made for our use, and we have their members all with us. But let us see if we cannot overthrow the Conservatives in Liverpool, and Leicester, and Norwich, and Bristol, and all those old boroughs which now prefer Conservative representatives.

Such was the scheme. Faction was its parent, and by falsehood was it reared. Its real object was to *take votes in parliament from the Tories*. Yet was it two months under discussion, without a single Whig having the manliness to avow this, its actual intent. All was cant and hypocrisy about "the removal of abuses," and the like. But, the moment the measure had passed, forth burst the exultation of the ministerial journals: "We shall gain forty votes," said they. A little mistake pervaded all their calculations, as Newcastle and Warwick, have since shewn; but the real *animus* of this their much-lauded plan of reform was plainly confessed.

Well, but we have now seen another session. Has London, the most wasteful, corrupt, and jobbing of all the corporations, been yet brought up for judgment? Not she! "Hawks winna pike out hawks' een." Do not four Whigs represent London? Is not Charley Pearson, the friend and brother of Joseph Parkes, one of the most trusty runners of all Downing Street—is not Charley Pearson, once so familiar with the interior of certain abodes in Farringdon Street and St. George's Fields, now rolling in his carriage? and is not that carriage kept by means of his influence with the London corporation? Reform the Corporation of London! Heaven forbid! What could the Whigs gain by that? Or what could they gain by giving corporations to Birmingham and Sheffield? Have they not the members for those towns in their ranks already? And would you be so unreasonable as to expect Whigs to take trouble for nothing?—to propose reforms without any prospect of gaining by them either votes or guineas?

No, far different was their course from this. Leaving London in its slough of jobbing and corruption, and taking for granted that Manchester and Sheffield could do just as well without corporations as with them, our enterprising ministers crossed the Irish Channel, and prepared to carry that reform into Cashel and Drogheda, which it was too homely and commonplace an undertaking to apply to the case which stood at their own doors. In plain English, it was not *corruption*, if found among their own friends—it was *Toryism* against which they made war. The Irish corporations claimed precedence to their own metropolis, because by demolishing the corporations of Dublin and Cork they hoped to gain some votes, while by attacking that of London they could expect to gain nothing. But there was yet a further reason. The Lichfield-house "compact" bound them to govern Ireland after the fashion dictated by their master, O'Connell; and *he* knew well enough that to get every corporation in that country into his own hands, would be a most important step towards obtaining actual possession of the island.

But a word on the nature of the measure proposed. It was one of a purely factious character. Its object, and its inevitable drift was, to take power from one party, and to give it to the other. It is granted on all hands, that the Protestants of Ireland possess, for the most part, the property of the country. It is equally undeniable, that the majority of mere numbers is every where with the Papists. Now the present corporations were originally formed of Protestants, with a self-electing power, which kept them always exclusively Protestant. The remedy proposed was, to cashier these bodies, and to give the power of electing new ones to the *5l.* householders, who would inevitably have constituted them of exclusively Papist materials. A more gross or outrageous proceeding never was attempted.

And what was the reply of the Lords? "We consent, without difficulty, to remove the evil complained of, viz., corporations exclusively Protestant; but we will not substitute one abuse for another: the ascendancy of Papists for the ascendancy of Protestants. Your new corporations cannot fail to have the very same vice which condemns the existing ones,—they will be wholly in the hands of one party. To this we cannot consent. We agree to remove the evil; but we cannot agree to set up a worse evil in its place. If, therefore, you have no other proposition than this, we reject all those parts of the measure which go to constitute these new Popish bodies; and we place the appointment of the necessary borough officers in the hands of the crown."

This amendment, it is evident, would have left Cork and Dublin in no worse position than Sheffield and Birmingham—places which have no corporations, and which the Whigs seem to think can do very well without them. Yet this is

called "denying justice to Ireland." *Justice to Ireland*, in the O'Connell vocabulary, means nothing else than "*Give Ireland to me!*"

In the matter of corporation reform, then, we retort the imputation of factional motives upon the Whigs and their master. They have neglected their duty in things nearest home, because no *party gain* seemed likely to accrue. They have gone far a-field for the sphere of their labours, because in that sphere some advantage seemed likely to arise to their party. The Lords disdained to upbraid them with this partial selection. They took up the measure as presented to them, and to all that went to remove an abuse, they gave a willing assent. The bill so amended went down to the Commons, and there, by the act of the ministry and their allies, was it deliberately thrown aside.

Upon what, then, can the agitators possibly rest those accusations of the House of Lords, which they are evidently desirous of bringing? Here are the six chief matters of the session; and in what degree have the Lords counteracted the views or endeavours of the government? Both an Irish Tithe Bill, with every single point of any practical utility retained in it, and an Irish Corporation Bill, in which the whole evil complained of was removed, were passed by the House of Lords. The House of Commons, *not the Lords*, chose to reject both; the first, because the appropriation clause, now dwindled down to a mere shadow—something to come into operation in sixty or seventy years—was struck out; the second, because while one evil was removed, another was not allowed to be set up in its room. These two measures were, indeed, altered by the Lords—altered in a way that we should call an improvement; but, at all events, so altered, as to leave each measure a vast and most important good. But as to the other four topics, the whole of the labours of the Peers went to aid and further the objects of the government; and if Church reform bills were given up—if law reforms failed—if all the relief promised to Dissenters was not afforded—if the Irish poor remain unprovided for,—in each and all these miscarriages the ministers have merely themselves and their friends to blame; for in neither had they to complain of the least opposition or difficulty from the House of Peers.

The bill of indictment, then, which the Whigs would fain prefer against the House of Lords, by way of excusing their own neglect and incapacity, is utterly unsupported by any evidence. But, in their lack of legitimate matters of complaint, a collection of falsehoods has been strung together, with a business-like air, and it passes with some for a weighty array of charges. We observe in the *Spectator* a long list of odds and ends, bits of amateur legislation, and private bills, and the like, which has been scraped together as a general view of the misdoings of the Peers; and we observe, also, the ministerial papers eagerly copying this precious farrago. It runs thus:

"The Peers are chargeable with the loss of all the undermentioned bills:

"The Stafford Borough."

Why! against this measure both the lord-chancellor and Lord Melbourne voted; and for the best of reasons, because it punished the innocent as well as the guilty. A second bill was then produced; and in that some of the guilty were punished, or others left untouched.

"Voters' Registration."

This bill was commenced in the Commons on the 11th of February, and was kept in that house almost *six months*. Ministers allowed it to be committed no less than *four times*; and it at last went up to the Lords, on the 8th of August, twelve days only before the prorogation, covered with patches stuck on by the Radicals, all of which went to alter the Reform Bill. The Lords, even at that late period of the session, gave their serious attention to it, and soon struck out the interpolations, and restored it to something like the form in which the Whig attorney-general first produced it. But Lord Melbourne feared to return it to his Radical allies in the Commons in this state. He therefore quietly dropped it altogether; and now we are told that the Lords are chargeable with the loss of the measure!

"Jewish Disabilities."

To charge the failure of this bill upon the Lords is a *mere falsehood*. It never

reached that house till the 15th of August, *five days before the prorogation*; and on the 19th, the Marquis of Westminster, adverting to the impossibility of getting it through, the prorogation being fixed for the next day, moved to discharge the order for the second reading!

"Post Office Commissioners."

This bill was thrown out on the motion of the Whig Duke of Richmond, who, with this and one other exception, has steadily supported the ministry throughout the whole of the session.

"London and Brighton Railway."

Here the charge is, that the majority of the Peers on that committee, not being able to come to a clear opinion as to the best line, did not, nevertheless, decide *without having any opinion!* These honest assailants of the House of Lords should bear in mind that their special favourite, Lord Clanricarde, was one of the guilty lords who chose rather to defer a decision, than to decide in the dark. But any thing is hazarded, rather than miss a hit at the Lords.

"Trinity Harbour Bill."

There is a cool audacity in this falsehood which is not often to be paralleled. "The Peers are chargeable with the loss of the Trinity Harbour Bill." Now, any one who chooses to consult the file of the *Times* or *Chronicle* may satisfy himself in a moment, that the Trinity Harbour Bill was thrown out, on Aug. 8, *in the Commons*, by the votes of Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth, Sir G. Grey, Sir J. Campbell, and several minor officials; the whole of whom voted against it. Yet, "the Lords are chargeable with its loss!!!"

The like recklessness is evident through all this miserable attempt to string together every possible topic of accusation against the Peers.

But, perhaps, the best criterion of the actual state of the case will be found in a simple view of the results of the session, arithmetically displayed:

Total of Public Bills brought into the House of Commons 172

Passed both Houses	101
Government Bills, not proceeded with	18
Bills brought forward by individuals, and not proceeded with	23
Thrown out in the Commons	10
Passed the Commons, but not proceeded with in the Lords.	8
Passed the Commons, but thrown out in the Lords	12

172

We have now done with these truly factious attacks. We have felt, indeed, while proceeding in the above explanations, that we were vindicating those who required no vindication at our hands; but still we have judged it expedient to exhibit the assailants of the Peers, and to shew to what miserable devices they will sometimes descend. Let us now pass on to consider the general result of the session, as it affects the two great parties in the country, Conservative and Destructive; and as it concerns, also, that little faction, properly belonging to neither of these parties, which now nestles itself in the loved abodes of Downing Street.

By the unanimous feeling and confession of all parties, the session has closed with the most exulting feelings on the part of the Conservatives, and the most desponding on that of their opponents. It opened, as we have said, in a very opposite manner. The Conservatives expected to be led to the assault, and were disappointed to find their leaders quiescent and indisposed to move. Their disappointment led them almost to fear that, when the attack came from the other side, the Conservative forces would be as unready to stand their ground, as they had seemed, in the spring, to move forward. That fear has now vanished. The bulwarks of the constitution have been threatened, but the enemy has gained nothing by his assaults but defeat and disgrace. We now begin to know our real position, and to feel confidence in it. The enemy, also, has ascertained his real weakness, and with it has learned to despond of the ultimate result. Hear the *Spectator* on this point:

"The Whigs or the Tories (it matters not which) have condemned the Reformers to a season of langour resulting from disappointment. The past session affords them no subject of congratulation; that which is coming, little or no room for hope. As the Whigs have chosen to sink for want of a plan of action, the Reformers, as distinguished from the Whigs, must form a plan for themselves; but, in the mean time, nothing is to be expected from them but indifference and inaction. How much we wish that it were otherwise, may be inferred from our strenuous support of the Whig-Radical union so long as a hope remained that the Whigs would perform their part in the compact. But wishing cannot alter the state of the case; facts are not to be changed according to desires: the mere will has no power over feelings or belief: however distressing the acknowledgement, the *immediate* prospect of the Liberal cause, as compared with appearances at the close of last session, is very gloomy, not to say black."—*Spectator*, Aug. 6, 1836.

Such is the tone and temper observable among our adversaries. With the Conservatives, as may naturally be supposed, all is as different as possible. We begin to feel assurance of being on safe ground; and we feel, also, that the public voice becomes daily more decided in our favour.

But what of the ministry and of their probable fate? That fate, as far as they themselves can decide it, has been once and again explicitly revealed by Lord Melbourne. He is premier; and premier he will remain, as long as he possibly can,—that is, as long as a *majority*! even of *one*, of the House of Commons adheres to him. He intends to "stick by the stuff." Noble resolution! Who but would sigh to see so *immovable* a statesman forced to take refuge in the ultimate virtue of ministers—*resignation*!

And as Lord Melbourne, so Lord John, will hold on as long as there is any thing left to hold to. The last few days have given us a singular instance of his lordship's clinging propensities. We allude to his shuffling exhibition on the question of church-rates.

His lordship, we believe, has no very decided notions with reference to the Church of England. But he has been rather fond of drawing contrasts between the ecclesiastical establishments of England and Ireland, in justification of his treatment of the latter,—averring that the English church possessed only revenues barely sufficient for her wants; while that of Ireland had an unquestionable superabundance. On this hypothesis he grounded the different treatment of the two churches; the "appropriation clause" for the one, but no such proposition for the other. There are symptoms, however, of hesitation, even on this point, now beginning to be discernible. And the cause of this hesitation is just like all the other causes by which his lordship's conduct seems to be regulated. Some petty political expediency,—the policy, which is necessary to the preservation of his place, seems to dictate all his resolves and decisions.

Every one can remember, that so long as the Whigs, in 1833 and 1834, kept their parliamentary ascendancy, with a majority of 200, without caring for either the Radicals or *the Tail*; so long "the principle of appropriation" slept in peace. When suggested by some troublesome Radical, it was instantly frowned down by the Whigs. Lord John himself, admitting the principle in the abstract, still thought its application most inexpedient. "The Lords would never sanction it." Some one said, Then attack the Lords! No! said Lord John (we quote his own words); "let who will be for collision, I am for peace." I am for peace; because we are already in possession of all we want. We are snugly ensconced in Downing Street; consequently we have nothing to gain by a collision, but every thing to lose. Therefore, "let who will be for collision, I am for peace."

But see this same Lord John dismissed from office, and burning to repossess himself of it,—and what a change! Now, "peace" is no longer the word; but, "my voice is all for war." Now the Radicals and O'Connellites, before treated with contempt, have become necessary to him; he meets them at Lichfield House, and forms the unholy compact which binds him to unceasing war with Protestantism in Ireland. That Lord John Russell, in 1836, is not the same man that he was in 1833,—that his policy with respect to the church is entirely changed, is obvious to every one. And no other reason can possibly be assigned than this,—the change of his personal circumstances. In 1833 he was comparatively a free agent; in 1835, to repossess himself of office, he is obliged to form "the Lichfield House compact;" and now, that which he before held to be inexpedient

and unwise, he is pledged to urge forward with obstinate pertinacity. Under this view of what Lord John has done and has been, within the last three years, we feel some apprehension of what he may attempt to do, if allowed to retain office, even with the Church of England itself.

The chief point open to discussion, with respect to the Church of England, is that of *church-rates*. And it appears highly probable that some decisive step will be taken in this matter, in the very next session of Parliament.

The opinion of the Whigs, and of Lord John Russell himself, has been repeatedly and distinctly expressed, as we have already observed—to the effect that the revenues of the Establishment in England are not more than sufficient for her wants; and, in consistency with this view, their plan for the abolition of church-rates, in 1834, contemplated the finding a substitute for those assessments, partly by pew-rents, and partly by a charge upon the land-tax revenues, of 250,000*l.* a-year.

It was sufficiently clear that this arrangement could not be held to be a very favourable one to the church, inasmuch as the residue of the present amount of church-rates, which is 597,000*l.* a-year, would have to be provided by means of pew-rents. Yet the members of the church, generally, offered no opposition to this plan, which took from them 597,000*l.* a-year, raised by a general assessment, and substituted in its room only 250,000*l.* from the national revenues, and 347,000*l.* to be raised entirely among themselves.

There are, however, certain active leaders among the Dissenters who have “registered a vow in heaven,” never to rest till they have reduced the church from her rank of a national establishment to the level of one among the various sects which divide the religious world. These burst forth into loud exclamations against the whole scheme, for that it left the church still in connexion with the state—still supported by the public revenues, and not by private benefactions. Why, they demanded, should we, who are Dissenters, be taxed, even in any form or amount, to support places of worship which we never frequent? Why not throw the maintenance of the churches on those who use them?

These gentlemen either forgot, or did not find it convenient to remember, one very important point of the case. Our churches were not built merely for those who could afford to pay for pews in them. The whole system of pews and pew-letting is a modern invention. The parish churches of England were built *for the people*; and, up to this time, *for the people*, they have, generally speaking, been maintained. To adopt the system of these objectors strictly, the whole of our churches ought, throughout, to be let, and maintained, as dissenting meeting-houses are, by the pew-rents. But what follows? For the really poor,—for those who are unable to pay pew-rents, there is scarcely any provision made, except in the parish churches. Close these against the poor, and you exclude at once the whole labouring population from the public worship of God.

But perhaps it will be said,—No! go on in this respect as you have done. Let your free seats still be free; only let your pews, and pay your expenses out of their produce. But do you call this justice? Do you mean to say, “We, the public, will have nothing further to do with you; we will contribute no more to your churches,—keep them in repair yourselves; but, mind, you are to provide for the poor gratuitously, as you always have done?”

We could point out cases in which more than half the seats in churches are free; and in which the clergyman, were these seats turned into pews, could easily let the whole. Is it common sense, or common justice, to take away all public support from such churches, and yet to demand of them their usual accommodation for the poor?

This, however, is the present state of the question; and the government has to decide whether it shall adhere to its former proposition, or abandon it at the demand of the Dissenters. During the whole of the past session great anxiety has been evinced on this point, and towards the close of it some considerable symptoms of weakness and irresolution were discernible on the part of the government. To these we shall now briefly allude:—

1. At an early period of the session Lord John plainly intimated, that the measure he should propose on the subject of church-rates would be based on the same principle as the bill introduced in 1834, by Lord Althorp.

2. Again, about the middle of the session, being pressed upon this point, he

stated that, in his opinion, the revenues of the Church were not greater than her actual wants,—in other words, that there was no “surplus” to be found, out of which the church-rates might be taken. But he wished to postpone his measure until the plans for the reform of the Church should have received the approbation of the house, in the course of which the opinion of the house on that question—the non-existence of a surplus in the church revenues—would be inferentially, but distinctly, expressed.

3. Accordingly, the two bills, called the Established Church Bill, and the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, were, in the course of June, laid before the house. By the first, a complete change was effected in the boundaries and in the revenues of all the English dioceses. By the second, a like course was taken with the endowments of the deans and chapters, with a view to annex to the canonries and prebendal stalls the charge of new parishes and districts, to be formed out of the masses of new population which have sprung up in all our great cities. As one instance of the course adopted, we may allude to the two stalls in Westminster Abbey which have lately fallen in. One of these was divided into two parts, a moiety going to endow the church of St. John’s, Westminster, and a moiety to found and endow a new church in that parish. The second stall was appropriated to the parish of St. Margaret’s, and went to found a new church there also, and to endow, in all, three churches in that parish.

Now, we suppose that no one can deny that in these large parishes, as well as in numbers of others round London, this increased accommodation was needed. This plan, therefore, coming forth under the sanction of the episcopal bench, shewed a readiness on the part of the heads of the church, to effect those ameliorations which the spiritual wants of the people rendered desirable, and to give up, with this view, all those lucrative cathedral sinecures which have heretofore constituted the most valuable parts of the patronage of the bench.

Such was the plan of church reform which was brought before parliament, with the great advantage of having secured the concurrence of all parties. It was concocted by a board, or commission, which originated with Sir Robert Peel. In that commission, however, there were now five of the leading members of the present government; and there were also five of the bench of bishops. As comprehending, therefore, men of all parties, and a mixture of churchmen and laymen, this commission was most satisfactorily constituted. And the measures thus agreed to were introduced to parliament under the sanction of the present government. Five years ago—nay, three years ago—they would have been considered immense concessions on the part of the church. Even at present, men of all parties united in agreeing that more important or more satisfactory reforms were never brought before any parliament.

Excepting, however, the dissenting leaders. These raised the only discordant note. Even the very Radicals themselves, when they expressed their own feelings, gave a ready and full approbation. But the Dissenters soon made their dissatisfaction heard, and succeeded in rallying a party against the bills.

Their objection was a very simple one. We want, said they, to throw the church-rates upon the Church itself. We demand this; and we can shew how, by seizing upon the cathedral property, church-rates can be abolished, without charging any 250,000*l.* a-year upon the land-tax or the consolidated fund. But if you first dispose of these cathedral revenues, in building and endowing new churches, how shall we ever be able to get a complete abolition of church-rates? We object, therefore, to your bishops’ bills; and we demand that church-rates shall be swept away, and the cathedral revenues taken for that purpose, before you stir one step in otherwise appropriating the funds of the deans and chapters.

Such was the position taken by the Dissenters; and they soon induced the Radicals to recal their approbation of the proposed measures, and to join them in a furious opposition. On the third reading of the Established Church Bill the storm burst forth, and for a short time it threatened the very existence of the ministerial vessel.

The ministry committed a great mistake. They ought to have met this sudden opposition with a bold front, and to have forced their way through it with the greatest possible speed. With resolution and energy, both measures might have been carried, and the contest once over, all would have subsided into peace.

They ought to have remembered that, come what may, they cannot lose the Dissenters. These—at least their leaders—will always be active and zealous politicians, and there is no other party than that of the Whigs to which they can attach themselves. Between Toryism and Dissent there is a natural opposition, so entire, that a junction could only take place by one of the two losing its whole character and separate existence. And as to the Radicals, could the Dissenters even desert the Whigs and join them, what difference would this make? Are not the Radicals, of necessity, dragged at the wake of the ministerial vessel? Does not the option, "Then we will give the helm to the Tories," always act as a perfect quietus, in effect, even though sometimes received with scorn and defiance?

Delay, on the other hand, increases the danger more than sevenfold. Every nerve will now be strained by the Dissenters to raise this petty quarrel into a great question. But, what can the Whigs gain by encouraging such a controversy; or, rather, what must they not of necessity lose? The demand of the Dissenters is one which the Whigs *cannot* grant, were they ever so much disposed to do it. They must first break up the Church Commission; recal their own signatures affixed to its reports; quarrel irremediably with the bench of bishops; and all this to bring a measure into parliament which even their own majority in the Commons would hardly swallow, and which the Lords would instantly reject. By assailing the Church of Ireland, they have brought their existence into the greatest possible peril,—hanging solely by the thread of a majority of nineteen! By attacking the Church of England, they would at once and for ever put an end to Whigs and Whiggism in England.

Yet Lord John either saw not the danger of delay, or he was shaken by the threats of his Radical and Dissenting adherents. Feeling bound in honour to proceed with that one bill, which then stood for a third reading, he endeavoured to pacify them by giving up all the rest. The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, the Church Discipline Bill, and the Benefices Pluralities Bill—with the last two of which the Dissenters could have no possible right to interfere—were all ordered to stand over to next session.

This was the first symptom of irresolution. A second, and more pitiable one, is yet to be specified. For:

4. In the course of the debate on the *Established Church Bill*,

"Mr. Hutt said, that unless he received an assurance from the noble lord (Russell) that a measure of *relief* from church-rates would be introduced in the next session of parliament, he should feel bound to refrain from giving his support to the bill now under consideration.

"Lord J. Russell declared, in reply to the appeal made to him by the hon. member for Hull, that it was the intention of government to introduce, in the course of next session, a measure for the *regulation* of church-rates; but after the opinions that hon. gent. had expressed, he was bound to say he thought it would not be satisfactory to him."—*Morning Chronicle*, July 26, 1836.

Here, then, we saw that, though the Dissenters had brought his lordship to a stand-still on the point, yet there was no change in his decided intentions. And two days after the *Morning Chronicle* observed, that

"The Dissenters, as might have been expected, are greatly exasperated at Lord J. Russell's declaration with respect to church-rates, on Monday night."—*Morning Chronicle*, July 28, 1836.

So far, then, all that the Dissenters seemed to have gained was *delay*. Three weeks after, however, an indication appeared, shewing that they had not been idle in the mean time. On the 16th of August, only three days before the close of the session, a petition on the subject of church-rates was presented, and

"Lord John Russell would take that opportunity to correct a misunderstanding respecting some words that had fallen from him on this question. When the subject was discussed in that house, and an honourable member stated to him that his vote would depend on his (Lord J.'s) answer respecting church-rates, he thought it would be unfair to induce his hon. friend to give him his vote when it might afterwards appear that the measure which he should have to propose might not be such as his hon. friend contemplated. This statement of his was supposed to imply that he (Lord J.) felt quite certain that the measure he intended to introduce would be a

measure that must be unsatisfactory to his hon. friend. He begged leave to say that he did not at all mean to imply this; what he meant was, that he would not take advantage of an hon. gentleman's vote, when the measure in question *might not* come up to that hon. gentleman's expectations. But his hope was then, and was now, that the measure which he should have to propose would be satisfactory to his hon. friend, and to the great mass of those who were interested in this subject."—*Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 17, 1836.

All this was "mighty pleasant, entirely," as an Irishman would say; but, unfortunately for the noble lord, there was one sour Radical in the house, who was not at all in a good humour with the government, and who saw a fair opportunity of baffling Lord John's pretty scheme by a straight-forward question. On the very last day of the session

"Mr. Harvey had been requested to ask the noble lord whether it was the intention of ministers to abolish church-rates altogether.

"Lord J. Russell.—I do not think it my duty at present to state the nature of the measure I may hereafter have to propose on the subject of church-rates. That is the only answer I can give the hon. gentleman."

Now, we shall say nothing of the absence of candour and straightforwardness that marks all these efforts to get over the difficulty of his position; what we chiefly mean to remark upon is, the want of common sense. Why, cannot Lord John see that lingering, and tampering, and postponing, and trying back, in so plain a question as this, can do no earthly good? The Dissenters will be satisfied with a simple *abolition* of church-rates,—that is, that 597,000*l.* a-year shall be taken away from the church, without any equivalent. This will meet their views, but nothing else will. Now, Lord John, at least up to the 26th of July, meant nothing of the kind. It was his determination to concede nothing like this that made him express to Mr. Hutt, in that debate, his apprehension that the measure he should have to propose, "would *not* be satisfactory to the honourable member."

But, then, what is the meaning of the *wriggle* of the 15th of August? "What he had said on the former occasion had been misunderstood or mistated." Now it is inconceivable that words should have been put into Lord John Russell's mouth by the newspapers, *which he did not use*, on the 26th of July, and that he should allow more than three weeks to elapse without correcting the error.

There can be no doubt of the fact, that the real motive for his attempted explanation of the 15th of August was a wish to quiet the irritation felt by the Dissenters, and to get rid of the annoyances which he was experiencing from their leaders. But had he, all at once, altered his plan? Had he decided on giving up all idea of a national support to the church, and of withdrawing the intended contribution of 250,000*l.* a-year out of the public revenues? If he had experienced such a sudden conversion, why did he not explicitly say so? Can he imagine that the Dissenters are to be led, blindfold, by a few vague expressions of a "*hope* that the measure would prove satisfactory?" If so, the following extracts from their leading journals will shew that he was grievously mistaken:—

"Lord John Russell, it will be seen from our parliamentary report, has offered an explanation of his strange announcement of ministers' intentions respecting church-rates. It is most unfortunate that ministers are so frequently misunderstood by their friends,—a misunderstanding of their enemies would be of little consequence. With regard to the explanation in question, we fear that it may be as much misunderstood as the original speech; although the ministerial prints are quite confident that it must be satisfactory. What Lord John, in the first case, was understood to say was, that he did not expect that his Church-rate Bill would satisfy the Dissenters; what he now says he meant is, he did not know if it would satisfy the Dissenters, but he expected it would. Would it not have been the shortest and simplest plan to say at once what his bill was to consist of; and so rest the satisfaction of the Dissenters, not on hope, but on certainty."—*Birmingham Journal*, August 20, 1836.

"We venture to say, that the belief of the Dissenters in Lord John's hostility to their claims will not be removed by this vague declaration, made at the very end of the session, as if for no other purpose but to keep them quiet till parliament meets

again. If his lordship means to remove the burden entirely, why does he not explicitly say so. If he means merely to shift it from one shoulder to the other, why does he 'hope' that it will be satisfactory."—*Manchester Times*, Aug. 20, 1836.

"The Dissenters, however, are not to be left without hope till parliament meets again. Lord John Russell took an opportunity, on Wednesday, of satisfying their scruples as to his promised bill for altering church-rates. It seems his lordship has been taken too strictly at his word. He did not mean to say that his measure (poor little man!) would not satisfy Dissenters—no, that was more than he intended to say; for he intended it to be understood that he was not quite sure that ~~he~~ might not satisfy the Dissenters, though it was not certain that he might satisfy them."—*Manchester Advertiser*, Aug. 20, 1836.

Thus it is abundantly clear that no vague hopes of this kind will lull to sleep the hostility of the Dissenters, whose attention is kept to the simple question,—*entire abolition, or nothing!*

It may be said, perhaps, that we lay too much stress on this trifling matter. Let the following passage from a provincial journal, which is strongly suspected of being maintained at Lord Melbourne's own private cost, witness that we are not single in the estimate we affix to this question:—

"The church-rate question, unless the intentions of the cabinet be changed at once respecting them, will be a fatal question, and we say so unhesitatingly. It is impossible that Liberal members should support any plan similar to that of Lord Althorp's, or which does not do entire justice to the claims of the Dissenters; and it is equally impossible that the present government should hold its ground, if it were to carry such a plan, in the teeth of its own friends, by the assistance of the Tories. Let Lord Melbourne at once satisfy the Dissenters upon this point—let him declare that he will substitute a system of pew-rents for church-rates, and regard the ballot henceforward as an open question, in lieu of making opposition to it a bond of union in the cabinet, and we have no fear of his not being able to make head against his lordly opponents. The people are ready and willing to stand by him. But it is for things, not for persons, that they must contend. It is under this flag alone that they can be led to victory."—*Herts Reformer*, Aug. 20.

We quite agree with this journalist as to the importance which he attaches to the question,—though we differ from him in our idea of the quarter from whence the danger will come. We believe that the Dissenters and the "Liberals" in general, however furiously they may seem to oppose the ministerial plan, have yet so deep a horror of "letting in the Tories," and so trembling an apprehension of the impossibility of replacing the present "Liberal ministry," if once it were dissolved, that we look upon all the terrors of this sort that can be conjured up as mere chimeras.

But it is otherwise with an adoption of the "Destructive" line of policy. The Whigs *cannot* repeal the present church-rate law, if they would; they *cannot* prevent the church from continuing to raise the rate in ten thousand parishes, though in some fifty or a hundred the Dissenters may defeat her claim. But they may, if they choose, plunge the nation into a church-rate war, fanned by the aid of government into a widely extended flame. And more,—as they have, by assailing the church of Ireland, brought themselves to the very edge of destruction, they may, by attacking the far more deeply rooted English church, finally throw themselves over the precipice, never again to be seen or heard of!

There is also another consideration, which with some men would have weight, though with the present ministry we hardly know how to appreciate its force. Some of them (perhaps more especially Lord John Russell) may still entertain a hope that their names may go down to posterity in the page of history, in connexion with such measures as the Reform Bill, and others which have distinguished their government—and that the tinge of faction which has discoloured their characters in the eyes of men at the present moment, may disappear in the lapse of years, and leave their portraits unstained by dishonour. But let them know, that the step they are now urged to take will prove, if taken, in this respect, an irretrievable and a fatal one. The home-secretary shelters himself, when charged with a change of policy and of action on the Irish Church question, in a plea, that though, in 1834, he took a different line in *practice*, he still asserted, even at that period, the same *principle* which he maintains now. Let him observe, then, that in shifting his ground with respect to the *English* church,

this refuge or apology will be wholly wanting. His sentiments, repeatedly and most explicitly stated, are on record in a hundred places. Those sentiments have been repeated again and again, *after* all the facts had been fully ascertained. A desertion of his ground, then, now, would be referable to no other possible cause than a preference of place to principle—of salary to honor—of the treasury benches to character and consistency. This feature of the case, too, will be made abundantly manifest, and will be enduringly impressed on every page of the story. It is not present possession of office, then, merely, that will be hazarded, and more than hazarded, by a tergiversatory course on this question. The step will be not only a *false* but also a *final* one. The disgrace it will inflict will be uneffaceable. It may be that in this question will the grave of the Whigs be digged. Their own friends seem to apprehend it: for our part, we watch their course with very little of either hope or fear.

Such, then, is the condition of affairs at the close of this year's session. It has filled the heart of every Conservative with confidence and hope—the heart of every Radical with gloom and despondency. Yet, on our part, there is far less eagerness than was apparent at the beginning of the present year. We have no longer the same desire for the instant expulsion of the Whigs; for we have learned that there is an effectual bar to their perpetration of any considerable mischief. Let us entreat our friends, however, to beware of the too easily besetting vice, the great political error of over-confidence and relaxation of exertion. The final rescue of the country still depends, under God, on their *continued and combined exertions*. If those efforts *are* continued, Newcastle and Warwick, as well as Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, shew what the result must very soon be. Meanwhile, the points on which the Whigs and Radicals agree are every day diminishing and disappearing; while those on which they can never act in concert come more into view, and demand decision. From both these causes, then, the increasing strength of the Conservatives, and the increasing differences among the members of the coalition, a great, an important, and, in all probability, a lasting change, must be rapidly approaching. Let us wait for it with equanimity; but let us not retard it by any diminution of our exertions.

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THE STATESMAN.*

THIS book is unquestionably the production of a very clever man. Its author is well acquainted with the ways of office. He is thoroughly conversant with the circumstances under which public business is carried on; and he knows from experience what qualities are most essential to form an efficient public servant. But the work is altogether unworthy the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. It assumes, indeed, a high philosophic character, and pretends to open up a yet unbroken track of political science. It arrogates to itself the dignity of being a treatise, which might be dove-tailed with advantage, as a supplemental chapter, into all subsequent editions of the political speculations of Spinoza, or Bacon, or Machiavelli. "While,"† says Mr. Taylor, "the structure of communities, and the nature of political powers and institutions, have been extensively investigated, the art of *exercising* political functions, which might seem to be no unimportant point of political science, has occupied hardly any place in the speculations of its professors." To occupy this virgin ground, the poet has descended from the moral and intellectual eminence to which his dramatic work had raised him. We are sorry for it. The task was quite unworthy Mr. Taylor and his reputation. He has denominated his book *The Statesman*; and writing,

as he does, "from practical observation," we are willing to take for granted that the title is well applied. In our opinion the work, which consists of little more than an exposition of such low principles of cunning as are at present acted upon in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, might have been better named. It should have been called "*The Art of Official Humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.*"

Mr. Taylor has, from his position in the colonial office, been much conversant with public men during these last few years of Whig ascendancy; and his views of statesmen, their objects, and their characters, have necessarily been formed from the examples before him. "A statesman," according to his estimation, appears to be an individual who is destitute of all principle, except the love of place and power; for whom no talent is requisite, except that of obtaining and keeping a seat in the cabinet; who, instead of private friends, has the skill to discover and connect himself with a set of suitable dependants and hangers-on, by whose means he may work out his inventions, and whom our author has designated "his instruments;" and who never for a moment yields to any generous or kind emotion, but is constantly directed in his conduct, even towards those with whom he is

* *The Statesman*. By the Author of "*Philip van Artevelde*." † P. 12.
VOL. XIV. NO. LXXXII.

on the most familiar terms, by a cold, pitiful system of calculation, of which the sole object is to keep and to command the services of his adherents.* To create such a thwart, dis-natured mass of egotism, is, thank God and the spirit which He inspired into man, a task that cannot be achieved without difficulty, or in a single day. That work of demoralisation—that gradual erasure of the divine image from the heart—that extirpation of every social affection—the cultivation of that bloated, grasping, and unmixed selfishness, which are demanded, according to the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, for the construction of a perfect statesman,—must be begun in the very earliest years of life, or there is no hope of their effectual accomplishment. The boy, as a boy, must be trained in the way he is to go. “At the age of sixteen, or thereabouts, the general education of the boy should be for the most part completed, and the specific should begin.”† Poor, devoted, little victim! At this early age he is to be cut off from all such books as might exalt the imagination, and refine the sentiments, and enlarge the capacities of the heart. Already he is to be disciplined to worldly views, and worldly thoughts, and worldly feelings. Every thing is to be presented to his mind in a matter-of-fact and business-like form. He is to read history; but all such “summary histories” as deal only in the great events and noble actions of past ages—a class of reading which is pregnant of infinite profit, for it engenders and sustains the spirit of patriotism, the love of honour, and the thirst of lofty enterprise; and leads us to cherish the memory of our ancestors with reverence, by persuading us that there were indeed giants upon the earth in their days—all this delightful and invaluable description of books is to be excluded from the library of the tiro statesman. History is for him to be stripped of all philosophy and romance. She is not to present herself before him in the attractive form and with the flowing drapery of the Muse she is, but with the bowed back and snuffy habiliments of some withered conservator of the public records. From his earliest years he is to be chained to the most flat and blank realities; and all his information

respecting the glowing and animating transactions of past times, is to be received, dead and colourless, from the long, dull, and wearisome documents of the State Paper Office. These, however, are to form only his lighter studies. Law, political economy, and the “more prominent defects of a constitution,” of which, in better days, all Englishmen, of all grades and ages, used to delight in contemplating and admiring the beauties, are to be adopted as that “wholesome exercise for the reasoning faculties” on which his graver moments are to be employed. As an amusement, the miserable little martyr is to be allowed to frequent debating societies; but only those from which “political topics are excluded.” This is a prudential exception. The boy’s soul is fattening for sale; and that it may be given over, without let or hindrance, to the free and unrestricted use of the party that can afford to pay best for such a commodity, care must be taken to prevent its birth and natural proprietor from compromising himself by any awkward intimation of his having a preference for one set of opinions rather than another, before the day of public bidding for his services in the political auction mart shall arrive. “If,” says the cautious Mr. Taylor, “he were to take a part in political debates, he would be betrayed into a premature adoption and declaration of political sentiments; than which nothing will be more injurious to his character and *fortunes* in after life.”‡ All moral and religious principle would appear to be superfluous in a statesman; and, consequently, our author’s chapter “On the Education of Youth for a civil career” is closed without containing the slightest notice on the subject. Indeed, as he has informed us in a subsequent chapter that a statesman may lie *ad libitum*—that he lives under “a well understood absolution from speaking the truth”§—that “the conscience of a statesman should be rather a *strong* conscience than a tender conscience”||—that “a statesman should have some hardihood, rather than a weak sensibility of conscience”¶—and that “conscience, in most men, is no more than an anticipation of the opinions of others”**—he perhaps conceives that the gentle

* See chapter entitled, “On the Arts of Rising,” pp. 93, 94, *et seq.*

† P. 2.

‡ P. 8.

§ P. 115.

|| P. 60.

¶ P. 61.

** P. 63.

sympathies of Christian charity, and the holy fear of deviating from the narrow path of God's commandments, would be worse than unnecessary—that they would be absolutely detrimental to a minister.

As it is supposed that, by the time he has reached his five-and-twentieth year, the course of moral hardening and intellectual perversion may be well nigh complete, Mr. Taylor recommends that the student should at that age be appointed to some office. It seems that something of the nobleness of human nature may still remain, restive and unsubdued, and liable to break forth at some inconvenient moment, if this conclusive process be omitted. "Let no man suppose,"* says our author, "that he can come to be an adept in statesmanship, without having been at some period of his life a *thorough-going drudge*." About the same time of life, it is also advisable that the youth should be introduced into parliament: for it was a remark of the late Mr. Wilberforce,† that "men seldom succeeded in the House of Commons, who had not entered it before thirty years of age."

His seat being once obtained—having become, perhaps, member for Stroud—the statesman is now to begin looking about for "*instruments*" by whom he may execute his purposes when *place*, that great object of his ambition, shall be won. Every man who contemplates a public career, must be careful never to make a companion of any one who may not prove of service to him. He must not indulge himself in any unprofitable connexions, or gratuitous attachments. He must not permit himself to have any intimate, or acquaintance, but such as may either serve as a stepping-stone to office, or as an useful instrument when office is obtained. "In order to realise his knowledge of instruments," we are told, "a statesman would do well to keep lists, inventories, or descriptive catalogues; one of men ascertained to have certain aptitudes for business, another of probable men."‡ Mr. Taylor would recommend the statesman to choose honest men for his instruments, in preference to persons of loose principles. "It is less desirable," he says, "to be surrounded and served by men of shallow cleverness and slight character, than by men of even less

*talent, who are of sound and stable character."§ And he has justly added, that "where there is a high order of *virtue*, a certain portion of wisdom may be relied upon almost implicitly. For the correspondencies of wisdom and goodness are manifold: and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because men's *wisdom* makes them *good*, but also because their *goodness* makes them *wise*."|| In this respect we agree with our author to the fullest extent of his proposition. The best kind of wisdom is always found in connexion with the purest virtue. The fear of God is wisdom: and there is no question that a man can have to decide and act upon, to which some one of the laws of the decalogue will not apply, and in which that law will not be found the safest guide for him to follow. Most confident also are we that every minister should appoint none but the wise and good to official situations, because they invariably make the most efficient public servants—because they alone can be depended upon as invariably loyal to their king, and inflexibly devoted to the welfare of their country. But are these the grounds of preference suggested by Mr. Taylor? Quite the reverse. Such reasons are far too noble and disinterested to have an influence on the utter selfishness of the character of his "statesman;" and the motives by which he would induce him to look for "men of sound and stable character," in making his appointments, are all drawn from the muddiest and most offensive shallows of egotistical calculation. Such a distribution of his patronage is not to be adopted because it is demanded by the claims of religion and patriotism—because it is the way in which his God and his king and his country can best be served—because thereby virtue may be exalted and vice abashed. No! But why? Because, first, "a statesman will be brought into fewer difficulties and dilemmas by men of sound and stable character"¶—because, secondly, "he will be more readily excused for befriending them above their merits"—because, thirdly, "they will be creditable to him in one way, if not in another"—and because, lastly, "their advancement, bringing less envy upon themselves, will reflect less odium upon their patron." It is

* P. 10.

† P. 11.

‡ P. 16.

§ P. 28.

|| P. 30.

¶ P. 28.

painful to contemplate the possibility of any portion of political power falling into the hands of a human being base and mean enough to be operated upon by motives so superlatively narrow and contemptible.

Mr. Taylor has given directions with regard to the best mode of retaining the adherents which a statesman may have made. It appears that few promises ought to be made. A frank refusal may sometimes be hazarded. "Excess of profession evinces weakness, and therefore never conciliates political adhesion."* A leader should appear to be "willing to befriend an adherent, but prepared to do without him; and this appearance," we are told, "for reality is out of the question," "this appearance is best maintained by a *light cordiality* of demeanour towards him, and a more careful and effective attention to his interests than he has been led by that demeanour to anticipate."† *Light cordiality* is an admirable expression. It exactly paints the manner which we have observed in all that numerous class of persons, whether swindlers, sharpers, blacklegs, or political adventurers, who speculate on turning the confidence they may be able to excite to profitable account, and for which we never could find before a brief, terse, and graphic description. Like the numerous impostors whom he resembles in manner, the statesman only allows one of his adherents occasionally to win, for the sake of assisting him in cajoling others; for, says our author, if you "give one example of expectation exceeded, of performance outrunning profession, hope and confidence will live upon little for the future."‡ We have no doubt but there exists a multitude of persons with whom all this artifice and trickery may succeed. Men, who are blinded by their own lust of advancement, may become the easy and willing dupes of the statesman's *light cordiality*; but most assuredly the wise and good will never be among the number. Those, whom it is the object of all this *humbug* to attach, will never be taken in by it. To secure the wise and good as his adherents, the statesman must be himself possessed of wisdom and of goodness. The really virtuous are the last persons on whom false appearances ever make the desired

impression. Whenever the manner or language of the individual they have to do with is less true than their own, they feel an awkward embarrassment in his presence, and an unaccountable revulsion from his society, which convince them that they are not constituted to coalesce harmoniously, and that, if they would retain their feelings of charity towards him, they must have as little communication with him as possible. Mr. Taylor has, we are sure, read Coleridge a good deal, for he has borrowed from him very often; and he may, perhaps, remember,

"That to be innocent is nature's wisdom.
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of
the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to
shelter;
And the young steed recoils upon his
haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first
heard.
Oh, surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in
heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil."§

In the chapter on "Manners," the author lays down the different methods of flattery and address by which different classes of men may be imposed upon, and which may be practised with best advantage by the statesman. But we cannot continue our contemplation of this disgusting subject. If the political world really affords instances of characters animated by such principles, and directed by such views, as those which Mr. Taylor has represented, the career of ambition must be far more demoralising than we had hitherto even supposed it to be; and if such execrable tricks and impositions are necessary to rise and thrive, then no man who has a regard for his reputation in this world, and his salvation in the next, should dare venture to engage in it. Thank Heaven, this class of political intriguers and charlatans, though they follow each other in constant succession, do not individually trouble the world for any great length of time. Like other venomous insects, they are short-lived. They buzz and sting while they live; but they are ephemeral. "Few effective statesmen have lived their threescore years and ten."|| The death of which

* P. 25.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ *Lapolya*, act iv. sc. 1.

P. 255.

they seem to stand most in peril, is worthy the ignominious character of their lives: "they generally die of over-eating themselves."* Such, according to Mr. Taylor's observation and experience, is the life and death of the statesman. It must not be forgotten, that his acquaintance with ministers and cabinets has been entirely confined to these latter days of Whig ascendancy. We most confidently believe that, in the old Tory times, all was not so thoroughly base, and hollow, and unprincipled, as these official personages appear to be with whom our author is now unhappily conversant; and we may hope that the return of the Conservatives to power will bring back the old English virtues of truth, and honesty, and sincerity, and put to flight the smooth, glossy, fair-seeming, and fair-speaking vices, that have usurped their place in the cabinet and the public offices.

Mr. Taylor states expressly that what he writes is from "*practical observation*;" and his excuse for writing the sort of book which has formed the subject of this article is, that, had he applied himself to any other kind of work, "he must necessarily have written more from speculative meditation, and less from knowledge." It has amused us a good deal, in the course of our perusal of his volume, to trace back his general theoretical observations on what the conduct of a statesman ought to be, to their source in those acts of particular members of the present cabinet which might have suggested them. Our author, for instance, must have had the union that subsists between Lord Melbourne and O'Connell in his eye when he wrote, "If it be indispensable to a statesman to accept services, which no very high-minded or creditable adherent could render, still he should be careful not to admit to personal intimacy those whom he thus employs."†

Again, in writing the following passage on the inexpediency of granting many interviews, he must have been thinking of the embarrassment into which Mr. S. Rice had been betrayed by his incautious facility.

"On such occasions," says Mr. Taylor, "statements are made which

must unavoidably, though perhaps insensibly, produce impressions, and to which, nevertheless, the party making them is not deliberately and responsibly committed. Further, no statesman, be he as discreet as he may, will escape having ascribed to him, as the result of interviews, promises and understandings which it was not his purpose to convey; and yet, in a short time, he will be unable to recollect what was said with sufficient distinctness to enable him to give a confident contradiction."‡

Again, Mr. Taylor must have had his eye fixed on the trial of Norton v. Melbourne, when the lines below receive their impress from his pen:

"A statesman, while unmarried, will be liable, in whatever conjuncture of affairs or exigency of business, to some *amorous seizure*, some *accident of misplaced or ill-timed love*, by which his mind will be taken away from his duties. Against these casualties, which may happen to a statesman howsoever devoted to political life, marriage will be the least imperfect protection; for business does but lay waste the approaches to the heart, while marriage garrisons the fortress."§

But we have given to this book as much space as it deserves, and must bring our observations to a close. For Mr. Taylor's reputation sake, we are heartily sorry that it has been published. The perusal of it can do no man any good; and the protracted labour of composing it could not have been undergone without pernicious influences to the moral sense of the author. Its style, though occasionally a little formal and antiquated, is for the most part admirable. For pages together, the language is so apt and transparent a vehicle of the workings of the author's mind, that we forget we are deriving the knowledge of them from a book: we seem to receive his thoughts by intuition, and lose all recollection of their being conveyed to us by any material method of communication. In this respect Mr. Taylor has really evinced himself the worthy disciple of his great and unrivalled master, Robert Southey. But here the resemblance stops. No trace, we regret to

* Pp. 229-230.

† P. 27.

‡ Pp. 51-52.

§ P. 67. The title of the chapter in which this passage is found is thus quaintly worded: "*Concerning the Age at which a Statesman should Marry, and what manner of Woman he should take to Wife.*"

say, of the friendship with which that great and good man honours him, is discernible in the principles and sentiments contained in his work. It is all of the world worldly, from beginning to end. There are, indeed, some

very sage maxims and shrewd remarks scattered over its pages; but they are all so chilled by the icy atmosphere of the public office, that it makes one's teeth chatter to read them.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

IT matters not who were my parents, or what is my lineage. Could I have stooped to eat the bread of dependence, to become the mercenary pensioner of proud and noble relatives, after the death of my gallant husband in the field of battle, I might have lived a humble annuitant, in some motley, scandal-loving boarding-house, at the West end of the town—boasting of my family connexions, though never visited by them, and giving myself airs of superiority, whilst my own heart was the prey of the bitterest mortification and the most galling envy. I weighed the matter well, and made my election. I declined the yearly sum offered, with little delicacy, to be subscribed for my use, by half a score of my relations; changed my name and place of abode, with a determination that I would at least preserve my own self respect, and become a useful member of society. It will be asked, "Why did you not, madam, procure a situation as governess? Why did you choose to descend so many steps in life's ladder at a time? As an officer's widow, you might have become a companion to a lady of rank, have had the comforts of a carriage when your friend wished to go out, a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, and a fire in your bedroom. What could make you think of becoming a monthly nurse?" Have I not answered these questions by anticipation? I detested dependence; and, therefore, could be neither a domestic governess nor a companion. Now a monthly nurse, in my opinion, is a very great personage. She generally rules the whole house where she is an inmate, from the master downwards. What can exceed her authority for her brief four weeks! Even the medical gentlemen often defer to her opinions, and are anxious for her approbation. The lady of the mansion is her entire slave—the domestics tremble at her frown—the children of the family dare not enter their mo-

ther's chamber without her permission—and as for the baby!—I have never repented of the choice I made.

After having conferred on myself the appellation of "Mrs. Griffiths," I began to look around me how I should procure my *coup d'essai*, for I had no recommendations, no experience—but I had common sense; so I soon made myself mistress of my profession, by reading and inquiry; attired myself in a rich black silk dress, bought for the occasion, with a very handsome India shawl (a present from my late husband) and velvet bonnet; hired a single-horse carriage for the day, commonly called a demi-fortune, or a fly, and drove up to the door of the celebrated Sir ———, considered the first accoucheur in London (now no more), and sent in my card, "Mrs. Griffiths, of ——— Street." I was instantly admitted. I must here give a description of my person. I was then about thirty-six, very tall, and rather corpulent, with handsome, intelligent features, and a manner imposing and dignified. Nothing could be more polite than my reception. I think I can remember word for word of our short colloquy.

Mrs. Griffiths.—"Allow me, Sir ———, to hand to you this small green purse; it contains ten sovereigns, and I am a discreet woman, not much given to chattering."

Sir ——— (receiving the purse, and smiling most benignantly).—"What favour can I do you, madam, in return? I trust you ask nothing unprofessional."

Mrs. Griffiths.—"On the contrary, sir, it is only to recommend me as monthly nurse to the first lady of consequence you may attend; and let it be understood between us, that, at every succeeding recommendation, I shall have the honour of transmitting to your hands a similar purse to that you now hold. I have been the mother of five children; and with a little of your kind instruction in the first instance—prac-

tical instruction—shall consider myself duly qualified."

Sir —. "There can be no doubt on that head, madam. You may depend on hearing from me in less than a week."

Mrs. Griffiths.—"For both our sakes, sir, it would, I suppose, be better to conceal that it is my first attempt of the kind."

"Leave all that to me," said the baronet, with a nod quite comprehensive. "You are a very sensible woman"—and the green purse disappeared in the "dark abyss" of his nether garments—"and I have no fear whatever of recommending you to the very first situation—that is, if a per centage on the christening fees, &c., could be arranged."

These words were spoken in a low, drawling, and confiding tone. My only answer was, "I fully understand you, sir, and cannot possibly have any objection."

I drove from the door in high spirits, and acted a scene very similar to it in the city, not far from Broad Street; the only difference being that five guineas were in the purse instead of ten. In less than a week, I was installed by the worthy medical baronet in the splendid mansion of the Earl of —, in all the honours of monthly nurse to his young and beautiful countess. I brought the heir of the family quite safe through the stipulated term, and carried away with me in presents, &c. to the amount of 100*l*. Long before the month expired, my medical city friend had redeemed his pledge. The countess I served gave me the highest recommendation, and I was at once in the full swing of practice—for by such term I choose to dignify my employment. I have kept a commonplace-book ever since, and have noted down a number of strange circumstances and highly interesting details; and as no clue will be given, except in a very few instances that are already fully before the public, as to the real names of the parties, I see no objection to my amusing the world with some of the facts that passed under my own eye. Shall I commence with a tragedy or comedy—for I have all sorts recorded? Melpomene shall take the lead: she is the elder born; and has, besides, so imposing a presence, that there can be no longer a doubt about the matter.

About fourteen years ago, the butler of a family of rank came in a violent hurry to my lodgings in Great Marylebone Street, bringing a hackney coach with him. I had scarcely time to huddle a few necessary articles of dress into my *sac de nuit*, and decorate my own person with a rich silk of Devonshire brown, a present to me from a young marchioness at the christening of her son and heir, before the impatient butler hauled me into the coach. He placed himself opposite to me, and I had then full time to peruse his face and person. He was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen; tall, rather stout, with a high commanding forehead, dark expressive eyes, and a hand remarkable for its shape and whiteness. His linen was of exquisite fineness, and as white as snow. "Can this being," I thought, "stand at a sideboard, and bring in the first dish?"

"My lady is very ill, I suppose," said I; "have they sent for the doctor?"

"The colonel is gone himself, I believe," said the butler; "but the sooner we arrive the better." And he put his head out of the window to hurry the coachman.

His look was anxious and abstracted; and on my addressing to him some trifling observation, merely from courtesy, he either heard me not, or declined entering into conversation. As we were in Oxford Street, I for the first time observed that, in my hurry, I had put on gloves that were not fellows—one of them, too, was a little soiled, and wanted mending. This was not to be endured. "I must get out," said I, "at the first haberdasher's, and buy myself a new pair of gloves." The butler looked as if he wished all the gloves in London were at the bottom of the Red Sea; but I was not to be diverted from my purpose, for I was fully sensible of the importance attached to having every article of my dress in the nicest order, as all the family at Lady Caroline — were utter strangers to me, and an old pair of gloves would have risked my supremacy for an entire month. I pulled the check-string, therefore, at the first shop of the kind I wanted, and ordered the coachman to open the door. As I descended the steps, I heard distinctly, although it was rather muttered than spoken, the expletive of "D—n the gloves!" from the impatient butler. What cared I? He had not used that phrase to me;

and if he particularly wished the gloves to be d—d after I had used them, I could have no possible objection. I chose with due deliberation a pair of long French kid gloves, of a dark, iron-gray colour, of the best quality, and resumed my place, drawing them on as we proceeded.

"Has Lady Caroline much company in the house?" I asked—"her mother, or her sisters?"

"Yes," answered the butler—"that is, no—only her own maid is with her. How devilishly slow the man drives! and yet I promised him an extra crown if he would whip his horses into something like a snail's gallop."

"Well," thought I, "very few servants have I seen shew so much interest in the affairs of their employers; but, then, this man looks so like a gentleman. But I wish he would be a little more communicative." And I rustled my silk gown with an air of pique, and drew out of my pocket a cambric handkerchief, as white and soft as swan's down. The butler heeded neither my action nor my handkerchief. He bit his under lip, placed his hand—that beautiful hand!—to his brow, and appeared lost in some painful sensations. At length we drew up to a very handsome house in Grosvenor Place, and I recognised the carriage of my medical patron, Sir —, at the door. I was out, and in her ladyship's chamber in less than a minute. In about ten more, a beautiful female child was transferred to my care; and I was seated soon after, in all the majesty of my office, with the superb baby's basket by my side, and one of the loveliest young girls I had ever beheld, the lady's maid, handing me pins, and assisting me in my duty. All went on well in Lady Caroline's chamber; and when the infant was placed by her side, and every thing arranged, she expressed the natural wish to see her husband, "the colonel."

"Go, Fanny," said the young mother, "and tell the colonel I shall be happy to see him."

Fanny hesitated, a deep blush came over her exquisite features, and at length she murmured, "It is usual, I believe, for nurse to do that office, my lady: and the colonel, besides, is in his dressing-room."

"What a little prude you are, Fanny," said Lady Caroline, rather pettishly; "but I suppose you imagine the colo-

nel will be disappointed that he has not a son, and you do not like to carry him the intelligence."

"Indeed, my lady," meekly answered the poor girl, much agitated, and more so than I thought *then* she had any occasion for, "I never thought of that, as a child, I should hope, would ever be welcomed as a child, whether it be boy or girl. But"—

"Pry thee, child," interrupted the lady, "do not preach and grow sentimental. I think, nurse, that Sibley, the butler, went to fetch you;—he must have made great haste."

"Yes, indeed, my lady," said I; "he gave me no time to put up my things; I never was more fluttered in my life with any one's impatience. But he knew the emergency of the case, and did quite right. Very few servants shew such interest."

"Sibley is much above his situation," continued Lady Caroline; "he has been well educated, was once in the army I hear, and"—

Just at this moment Fanny dropped a porcelain basin of gruel upon the white satin basket, broke the one, and spoiled the other. "How careless!" exclaimed her mistress; "but I observe you never know what you are about, whenever Sibley the butler's name is mentioned."

This was spoken with much asperity; and, as I am a very keen observer, I found out that it was not the broken basin, or the tarnished satin-basket, which caused this appearance of displeasure. "I shall know all about it soon enough, I warrant," I said to myself; "I shall keep my eyes open, for I feel assured there is a great deal going on of a mysterious nature in this family." I soon found my way to the colonel's dressing-room, tapped at the door, which was immediately opened by a gay, fashionable-looking man, in a very handsome chintz morning-gown.

"Well, nurse," said the colonel, in a careless tone, "I suppose Lady Caroline has made me a papa—that is, legally, you know." And he laughed, and gave me an impudent leer.

I drew myself up to my utmost height, and, in a repelling and reproving accent, coldly answered, "Lady Caroline is safe, sir, and wishes to see you. She has a very fine little girl."

"I thought it would be so," cried the new-made father: "d—n a girl! Tell Lady Caroline, when I have finished

dressing for the levee, I will pay my respects to her and her daughter."

He turned round, and whistled an opera air; and I withdrew, mentally exclaiming, "What fools women are, to give themselves the trouble of bringing children into the world for such a reception as this!"

I made the best answer I was able, out of the scanty materials the colonel gave me, to his lady, who seemed quite as indifferent as himself; and, on looking on the infant by her side, asked me if I thought she would be handsome?

"It is impossible to judge thus early, my lady," I answered; "but she is a remarkably fine child, quite perfect, and, I trust, will be a healthy one."

"That will not be enough, nurse, to win the attention of her father. If you could have pronounced her 'a beauty,' the colonel might perhaps endure to look on her little features; for he is such an admirer of female loveliness." As she spoke, Fanny, who had been stooping over the child, raised her head, and I saw a look pass from the lady to the lady's maid, which gave me a new light, for it informed me, as plainly as a look could speak, that the lady would have given her title and her fortune to have possessed the faultless beauty of her maid.

I now possessed a clue; and it wanted very little penetration to discover, in the course of another day, that Colonel — was most passionately attached to Fanny—that is, if the love of a libertine can be dignified with the name of attachment; that the handsome butler was also her most devoted lover, and that he was jealous almost to madness, at the attentions his master was ever paying her, although the gentle, innocent girl, kept out of his way all in her power, and returned with equal ardour the affection of the butler. But it was full a fortnight before I got to the very bottom of the affair, and then I shuddered with horror. The lady of the mansion, a sister of a duke, allied to many of our oldest nobility, a wife and a mother, indulged herself in a shameful passion for this handsome Sibley, and for his sake would have sacrificed all that should be dearest to woman, her reputation; but he would not respond. With such feelings, her hatred and jealousy of the unconscious Fanny were beyond concealment. She would have been glad to have seen her honour sacrificed to the

licentious passion of the colonel, that she might appear unworthy in the eyes of Sibley, and was constantly sending her with frivolous messages to him, thus throwing her in the way of his presuming addresses; whilst Sibley, ever on the watch, and rendered almost wild by his irritated feelings, was always accusing the poor girl of giving encouragement to the colonel, and pretending to believe that she visited him of her own accord.

Things could not go on in this manner long without some explosion, and soon, alas! it did take place. Lady Caroline, at the end of a fortnight and two days, had left her chamber entirely during the day, for a very elegant boudoir, where she reclined upon an ottoman, and amused herself with reading fashionable novels, and *La Nouvelle Heloise*. On pretence that no one could select these books so well to her taste as Sibley, she was ever ringing for him, and detaining him in her boudoir, making to him the most flattering and insidious speeches. Lady Caroline's sleeping apartment was separated from this boudoir by a dressing-room, where Fanny often sat and worked. I was occupied with the baby in my lady's room, when Fanny rushed into it from the adjoining dressing-room, and throwing herself in an agony of tears into a chair, exclaimed, "Oh, nurse! take me from this dreadful place—I have just heard something that has destroyed my peace for ever. She is speaking to him now, and persuading him that I am a poor lost creature—what I dare not name—and he already so jealous, so unjust! Cruel, wicked Lady Caroline! I will not stay another day under her roof."

"Perhaps you deceive yourself, Fanny," I said, putting the child into the bed; "I will make a pretence and go into the room, and judge how matters stand. I will speak to Sibley myself, Fanny, and tell him not to believe a word against you. Be comforted, my poor girl—all will go well!"

"Oh, never, never!" murmured Fanny. "It is his only fault—he was always jealous of me, even before I married him; though God knows—"

"Married!" said I; "are you really married to Mr. Sibley?"

"Yes," answered the weeping girl; "ours is a romantic story—we are neither of us what we seem. We have

given up every thing for each other ; and, after all, for him seriously to suspect me of infidelity ! It is too much !”

“ I will do what I can to serve you,” I said, “ and advise you both to leave this family without delay—do not risk your happiness here any longer.”

“ Happiness !” repeated Fanny—“ it is gone for ever !”

I proceeded into the boudoir, and found Sibley with his face as white as ashes—every limb shook as if in palsy, whilst his eyes emitted a flame like that of demons in agony. “ Think of what I have told you,” said the lady, turning over with affected carelessness the book on the small inlaid table by her side, “ and I will see you again this evening.”

Sibley retired ; and the lady, without raising her eyes, asked me whether the colonel was in the library ?

“ I believe he is, my lady,” said I, drily ; “ shall I tell him your ladyship wishes to see him ?”

“ Is he alone ?” she added ; “ for I sent my maid to him half an hour ago with a billet ; and perhaps she is there still, waiting for his reply. Fanny is a great favourite with the colonel.” And she looked me full in the face, with a glance of peculiar meaning, as if she would have said, “ You understand me.” But I would not comprehend her.

“ Fanny must be a favourite of all who know her, my lady,” said I, with emphasis, “ for she is virtuous, obliging, modest, and beautiful. I wish I had such a daughter, and I should be one of the proudest women on earth.”

“ Do you think her as virtuous as she seems ?” inquired the lady, with the gentlest tone of voice ; but it sounded to me like the voice of a fiend. “ She is always, I hear, intruding herself on the company of Sibley, who does not care a pin for her.”

“ Did Mr. Sibley tell your ladyship so himself ?” I asked, and I brought a deep blush into her face by the question. “ If I am any judge in these matters, I am sure he is doatingly fond of her ; and I do not wonder at it.”

Just at this moment I heard a piercing scream in the dressing-room. I rushed to it, and shall never forget the scene that presented itself whilst I have breath. The colonel had stolen in on the hapless Fanny unperceived, and had thrown himself on his knees before her—at the door stood Sibley, the butler, with a loaded pistol in his

hand, and every feature of his handsome face working as if in convulsions. “ Die, seducer !” he exclaimed, in a voice trembling and choking. I saw the flash, I heard the report—all was as a flash of lightning. The colonel sprang from the ground at least three feet—the ball had entered his heart—he fell never to rise again !

“ What have you done ?” shrieked the miserable Fanny. “ He is no seducer—your wife is innocent ! Oh, Theodore, believe me, I have never in thought even wronged you.”

She struggled with the frantic man, to wrench from his hand another pistol ; but he heeded her not—madness glared in his fixed eye-balls. “ Traitor !” he vociferated, “ I believe you not. You have dishonoured me, and I will not survive it.”

He pulled the trigger, and his brains were sprinkled around the chamber—his body fell across that of the colonel. Lady Caroline, myself, and a crowd of servants, gazed at each other in speechless horror. Fanny, too, was speechless ; but we soon found that hers was the speechlessness of death !

It seems that Lady Caroline herself was soon consoled for the loss of her husband, and the man she preferred to him ; for, about two years after this fatal catastrophe, I was honoured by a visit from this lady in the most confidential manner. To my experienced eye, there was little difficulty in perceiving that she was again in the way to become a mother. She praised the neatness and commodiousness of my apartments ; and, after a good deal of circumlocution, hinted to me, in pretty express terms, that she should feel most happy to become my inmate for about a month ; and that, as she supposed I saw but little company, it would not be very irksome to me if I shut out all my friends for that short period, as her case required privacy. Now, as I had made up my mind never to do business in this way, although I hear it is a very profitable one, I took care to inform her ladyship that I was about that time very busy, and expected to be called out every hour. She departed, evidently much chagrined, as I afterwards learned, through a channel which resembles the common sewer, for it circulates collected abominations, namely, the servants of the family, who called to shew me the infant daughter of their mistress—that very child whose

father had been shot in its presence ere it was three weeks old, as already described. This was their ostensible cause of paying me a visit ; but the real one was soon whispered to me, that Lady Caroline was gone down to a small sea-port on the coast of Devon, quite alone, and in a hack post-chaise ; but that the butler, who pretended he was going off to France to visit his relations, would no doubt join her on the road, and every thing go on as snug as possible. And it was even so ; for, before she gave birth to her second child, she was privately married to poor Sibley's successor. Surely some spell must have been cast around this besotted woman, that made her thus have such a predilection for "men of the sideboard," in their new silk stockings, white waistcoats, and blue coats with metal buttons. Perhaps the wife of Potiphar of old possessed the same fancy ; and that was the reason why the unfortunate butler was plunged, with the still more luckless baker, into the depths of Joseph's prison in the land of Egypt.

But I grow disgusted with my own narrative ; and shall now turn to a city affair which I witnessed the same year as the preceding, having been recommended to the family by my professional friend, Dr. C——, who is also departed from this world of *crits* and *entrances* (but I think I ought to have put the entrances first), into that where there are neither doctors, nor nurses, and, better still, no dangerous butlers.

The family I now entered lived on the west side of Finsbury Square, when they were in town ; which was but seldom, they having a very elegant, almost princely establishment, at Herne Hill. The master was a merchant, and had risen from the very lowest grades of life to his present affluence, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, unnecessary now to trace. He had a great ambition to be thought a gentleman, and was ever playing off a thousand tricks he had learned and studied to that effect. But who ever became a gentleman by study ? The mud of his parents' hovel stuck to him, and could not be brushed off. Poor man ! how much easier and happier would he have become, had he been content with the homely character of an honest John Bull, and given himself no ridiculous

airs of would-be elegance. His lady was another sort of being. Where he could have picked her up I know not ; but she was beautiful, natural, and amiable, with excellent sense, and beloved by all who knew her. She had already three children, who resembled herself ; they were exceedingly lovely. I was in the house full a week before I entered on active service, as ladies cannot always be quite accurate in their calculations. During this time, having little to do, I made my observations, as usual, on those around me. There was a sister of the gentleman (whom I shall call Mr. Otway) staying there, who was entirely dependent on her brother, and was being addressed by a sly, calculating attorney, who hoped to get a few thousands with her ; he was fearful, however, of proposing, lest she might at last come portionless to him. The young lady, who was shrewd, and not at all loath to have an establishment of her own, perfectly understood the game her lover was playing, and covertly assisted him in his schemes, by pretending to be desperately in love with this writer of parchments, this daily visitor of "the courts." Mr. Otway, who loved his sister, and wished to see her settled respectably, soon put an end to the pros and cons of the hesitating swain, by declaring, over the second bottle of claret he and his future brother-in-law were quietly discussing, "That Mary-Ann was a good, an excellent girl ; and whenever she married, he would give into her hand 10,000*l*." That very evening the young lawyer popped the question. Mary-Ann was most gracious—the brother was consulted—the sister approved ; and the young people considered themselves engaged.

All this happened the sixth day after my arrival ; and on the seventh, Mrs. Otway gave directions that Dr. C—— should be summoned. Nothing could exceed the costliness of the expected baby's little wardrobe, the quantity of fine French cambric and Mechlin lace, that made up the attire of both mother and child. Perceiving that I had on a lace-cap and frill quite as expensive as those of his lady, with a certain air of quiet dignity he could not cope with, Mr. Otway treated me with the most condescending affability, and even inquired into several particulars of the family of the Duke of S——, learning that I had lately been

domesticated full a quarter of a year there, as the young heir was not considered safe in the hands of any one but a "monthly nurse" until after that period. The knocker was duly tied up with a white kid-glove of the fair Mary-Ann's, and the pompous, purse-proud merchant had returned from 'Change, swelled into fresh importance by the hundred inquiries that had been made after the health of his lady, when Dr. C—— announced that she had another son.

"I am glad it is a boy," murmured the mother, "for I know Otway had set his mind upon one; as he intends Henry for the army, and he ought to have one son in his counting-house."

"Keep yourself quiet, madam," growled out the doctor; "it is rather too soon to place your son at the desk, when you have not yet had him at your bosom." A chuckling laugh followed this reproof, for the worthy accoucheur believed himself a wit. "He cries lustily enough, in all conscience," continued the facetious doctor; "we must get him the situation of city crier—hey, nurse?" and he opened the woollen mantle in which the child was wrapped to take a peep of him. A dead silence ensued. What instinct on earth is so quick as a mother's!

"Is my child perfect, doctor?" demanded the beautiful Mrs. Otway, half rising from her bed, and seeking to penetrate into our very looks. No answer was returned. "In the name of Heaven!" continued the alarmed lady, "tell me instantly. Mrs. Griffiths, you have been a mother yourself, and know her feelings. Let me look upon my child—nay, I *will* see him!" and she would have sprung from the bed.

"Madam," said I, "it is a trifle, a mere blemish; it can soon be put to rights."

"Then there is something wrong," sighed the unhappy lady; and she fell back upon her pillow, and a faintness came over her.

"She thinks it is something worse, sir, than it is," said I, flying to her assistance; "we had better tell her at once."

"I dare say," said Dr. C——, "that you are thinking now of pig-faced children, and monsters with a couple of heads, or half a dozen arms. Come, come—cheer up, madam; there only wants a stitch or two, and all will be put to rights. In my practice I have

had a dozen or two of hare-lips, and they have all done well."

I suppose Mrs. Otway had suffered her alarm and imagination to run away with her into the regions of nondescripts and *lusus natura*, for it seemed a great relief to her when she heard that it was only a hare-lip that disfigured the face of her new-born son. "Thank God!" she murmured; "it might, indeed, have been worse. May I look upon him?" said she, pathetically.

The doctor gave a nod, and I placed him in her arms. There was the same beautiful contour as her other children, the same dark and large eyes, the perfect nose, the high forehead—but then the mouth! There was the ugly slit in the upper lip, dividing it into two parts, and shewing the gums of its toothless little mouth. "Poor fellow!" said the weeping mother, "I trust the roof of his mouth is not imperfect too. If it be, he will not be able to articulate clearly ever."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "even that can be remedied. Let me see," and he passed his finger over the child's palate: "all is right here, only the roof is a little too high; but you must think no more of this matter at present. A slight operation must be performed in a few months, and he will bear no traces of this defect."

Away went Dr. C——, and left us to make the best we could of this new trouble. "Nurse," said the lady, "it is not for myself I grieve; my precious baby is dear to the heart of its mother, as if it were lovely as my other children—but its father! Oh, Mrs. Griffiths, who shall dare to tell Mr. Otway of this calamity?"

"He will bear it, madam," replied I, "as a man and a Christian. It has pleased God it should be so; and he ought to bless Providence that he has the means of having it repaired. Sir Astley Cooper will, in less than three minutes, unite the lip, and make the dear baby look quite as handsome as the others."

"Ah, but his pride will suffer so," continued she. "I know him better than you, nurse—he will be wounded to the very quick. Indeed, indeed, it is a sad business!"

Just at this moment Miss Mary-Ann Otway entered the chamber. She had been out shopping with her inamorata, and, besides, did not wish to be present at her sister-in-law's accouchement,

as she said she was horribly nervous, and was better out of the way. And so I thought too; for the fewer people there are present at the trying hour, unless those that are really useful, the more to the benefit of both lady and nurse—the time of nature's anguish is not one to be treated as a spectacle at a theatre, or a place for gossiping, or hysteric uselessness. Miss Otway was soon made acquainted with the circumstance of her little nephew's malformation, and partook all her sister's fears respecting the effect it would produce on Mr. Otway. "I would not be the person to tell him of it for the world," said she.

"And yet he must know it," answered I.

"It is not necessary to inform him of it to-day," sighed the lady.

"He will be sure to ask to see the baby," responded Mary-Ann.

"I must not suffer you to talk so much, my dear madam," cried I, with my usual firm tone of gentle authority, which every "monthly nurse" is entitled by virtue of her office to assume. "Let me dress the dear child, and see how he looks then; but first you must take this cup of gruel, and let me beat up your pillow, and draw the curtains; and, pray, try to get a little sleep, madam, for you have had none last night."

But no sleep could the poor lady obtain;—I never thought she could; but I might at least keep her quiet, and that was something. In the dressing-room adjoining, I soon clothed the tender limbs of the little innocent with its first apparel, gave it a spoonful or two of gruel, its first imbibed food, and laid it on a pillow in a bassinet, or small elegant cradle, lined with blue satin, and a hood of the same colour. The female servants of the family by this time had whispered the circumstance of the hare-lip to all the male; the coachman and the two footmen were talking it over, and wondering "what master would say when he heard it," and how it "would bring down his haughty look." For servants in general, although they are eating the bread, and receiving the wages of their masters, ever have a sort of fiendish pleasure in hearing of any calamity or indignity they may chance to meet with. The white-haired domestic, grown gray in the service of his revered patron, is now almost as great a rarity

as the kind-hearted, considerate master, who treats his faithful servant more like a humble friend than a mercenary dependent.

When I entered the dining-room, where Mr. Otway still lingered over his wine, I found one of his clerks there receiving some orders from him; but he sat at a great distance from the table, and had his hat in his hand: it was evident that he had not dined there, or even partaken of a glass of wine. "You come to tell me that Mrs. Otway is safe. I am glad of it, for I never feel comfortable whilst these sort of things are going on. Is it a boy?"

"It is, sir," said I, very gravely, and glancing my eyes on the clerk.

"Pour yourself out a glass of wine, Simmons," said Mr. Otway, in his most condescending tone of voice, "and give another to Mrs. Griffiths, and drink the health of the second son of Ralph Otway, the British merchant. I'm glad it is a boy, nurse. We'll give him plenty to do in the counting-house—hey, Simmons? But you do not take your wine, nurse. How is Mrs. Otway? Doing well, I hope?"

"She is trying to get a little rest, sir, and I think is as well"——

"As can be expected—that is the phrase, is it not? 'Pon my soul, Simmons, the women have the worst of it in this world; in the other they will be the leaders, I have little doubt."

I again, without knowing it, threw my eyes on the clerk—I did not choose to mention this unpleasant business before him; and whether he perceived that I wished him out of the way or not, I do not know, but, after drinking the health of Madam Otway and her second son in a standing posture, he made his bow and departed.

"Now comes the time," thought I. "How replete with this world's goods is this gentleman!" and I cast my eyes on the valuable paintings in the room, the splendid cut-glass, dessert-service, decanters, and glasses, on the rich foreign cloth which adorned the table.

"Did you mark the exact minute, nurse, that he was born?" and he drew forth a gold repeater, worth at least a hundred guineas.

Surprised that I did not immediately answer, he fancied it arose from his not having presented me with the accustomed present on such occasions. He counted out five sovereigns on the table, and bidding me be careful of

little "Thomas Gresham," for so he meant to call him, and his dear Mary, and that sum should be more than doubled. I did not put forth my hand to take the money; but fixing my eyes on his face, I slowly said, "There is a slight defect, sir, I am sorry to say, in the dear baby's face; but it can soon be rectified—only a hare-lip."

"Death and destruction!" ejaculated the horror-struck merchant, jumping from his chair, and pacing the room with mighty strides—"only a hare-lip! I would not the thing should be known at 'Change for ten thousand pounds. Thank God you had the discretion not to blab this cursed fact before that fellow Simmons, who would have sent it all over the city by to-morrow's post-time. I trust the servants know nothing of it?" And he looked as if he would beat me. "To have an imperfect child!—born with such a deformity! Oh, I shall grow mad!"

"It can be operated on, sir, in a short time, and scarcely any mark left," said I.

"It shall be done immediately—to-morrow!" cried the gentleman, impatiently.

"It will be too soon," replied I; "in six weeks, perhaps"—

"Six devils!" interrupted he: "if there is a surgeon that can stitch up this lip, and keep the thing snug, so that it be a profound secret, I do not mind paying a thousand pounds. I will go to Sir A—to-morrow—to-night—this very moment!"

He rang the bell furiously. "Pray be composed, sir," I ventured to remonstrate. "Your lady will fret if she sees you in this state of agitation, and the matter may grow worse."

"Worse!" he replied, fiercely—"worse than having my son—the second son of the first merchant in the city of London—to be born like a beast, a monster! I would not look at him for a ship's cargo!"

"He has beautiful eyes, sir," I said, "and in other respects"—

"Talk not about the little wretch!" he exclaimed: "perhaps he will die, and then the thing can never be known."

I turned away disgusted with such hardness of heart and unnatural feeling. And yet this man had human affections. He was a tender husband, a doating father, a kind son and brother; but pride, and the dread of in-

curring the world's ridicule, made him at this time a monster. No surgeon could be prevailed on to perform the operation of sewing up the slit in this child's lip until the end of three weeks; and even then they strongly advised that it should be delayed for another month, until there was sufficient *gluten*, or adhesive property in its tender frame, to suffer the wound to heal. During this period not a relation or friend was permitted to enter Mrs. Otway's chamber, on pretence that she was too ill to see any one; and although many ladies petitioned to have a peep at "the dear, sweet baby," it was always asleep, or its mamma could not be disturbed, for it was lying by her side. Indeed, poor thing, she was brought into so low and nervous a state by the extreme excitement of the thing altogether, that I was very apprehensive that I should lose her.

At length the day arrived; the skilful surgeon and his two assistants entered the back drawing-room, and I brought in the poor baby and a pillow. It was tied with a silk handkerchief round the middle to the latter, and placed upon the table. I stood firmly and witnessed the operation, although my lips were white, and I trembled at every joint. The slit of the lip was pared all round with a crooked knife; I saw the part taken off and laid down upon the table. A crooked needle and some strong yellow silk brought the lips of the wound closely together; the silk was firmly tied; and in less than three minutes I was asked for a sponge and a little warm water. The blood of the little sufferer was tenderly wiped away; and an adhesive plaster, over which some court-plaster was also placed, covered the wound. "Put on the child another dress," said the surgeon, "for there are a few spots of blood, you see, upon this, and carry it to its mother. You must not let it suck, nurse, for that would disturb the wound; but you must feed it with some milk from its mother's bosom."

That day, in the evening, Mr. Otway for the first time looked upon the face of his little son, and acknowledged that when the sticking-plaster was removed, and the wound quite healed, he thought he need not be ashamed to own the child, and that he should still be christened Thomas Gresham. I was an inmate of this family more than six months, and was most amply paid for

my real anxiety about the fate of this little one and his most amiable mother, for Mr. Otway was quite a prince in generosity. We had a festival at Herne Hill at the end of that time, worthy, indeed, of a British merchant, on the double occasion of his sister's marriage and his child's christening. I often spend a few days at this noble mansion, when I want a little change of air, and am always treated with the greatest kindness; but a kiss from my young "Thomas Gresham," glowing with health and beauty, is ever my greatest treat.

With a family of fourteen servants, it was impossible to prevent the history of the hare-lip from being whispered

about; but as Mr. Otway never heard it mentioned by any one, and had bribed so handsomely those about him to preserve the secret, he believed the world knew nothing about it. Should he by chance see this narrative, I beg he will be pleased to recollect, that it would be like stopping one hole in a sieve to keep one tongue silent, when there are so many persons who would as soon perish, as keep themselves from leaking out whatever stuff is put into them.

Should you, Mr. OLIVER YORKE, like these oddities and recollections, I have several more of them at your service; and, believe me, I have not yet given you the best.

ISAAC TAYLOR'S PHYSICAL THEORY OF ANOTHER LIFE.*

WE have already bestowed considerable attention on the works of the Natural Historian of Enthusiasm—before we knew his name and standing; and now that, for the great talent evinced in his writings, he has been largely encouraged in aspiring to the Chair of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, his opinions become of public importance, and we feel justified in watching his progress, as shewn in his last production. We have kept a close eye upon him, because we saw in him a type of a numerous class of thinkers; and we are attracted to his latest book, because it seems to mark and define the ultimate tendency of his mode of thinking. Now, with this mode we are at issue, and probably shall remain so to the end of the chapter.

We believe that we have already stated, that our attention was originally directed to the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, by some remarks of Coleridge's, in the notes to his *Church and State*. These follow:

"I transcribe two or three annotations, which I had pencilled (for the book was lent to me by a friend, who had himself borrowed it) on the margins of a volume recently published, and entitled, *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. They will, at least, remind some of my old school-fellows of the habit, for which I was even then noted; and for others they may serve

as a specimen of the marginalia which, if brought together from the various books, my own and those of a score others, would go near to form as bulky a volume as most of those old folios, through which the larger portion are dispersed.

"*HISTORY OF ENTHUSIASM*. I. *Whatever is practically important on religion or morals, may at all times be advanced and argued in the simplest terms of colloquial expression*,' p. 21.—NOTE. I do not believe this. Be it so, however. But why? Simply, because the terms and phrases of the theological schools have, by their continual iteration from the pulpit, become colloquial. The science of one age becomes the common sense of a succeeding. (See *Aids to Reflection*, pp. 7-11; but especially at the note at p. 252.) The author adds, '*From the pulpit, perhaps, no other style should at any time be heard*.' Now, I can conceive no more direct means of depriving Christianity of one of its peculiar attributes, that of enriching and enlarging the mind, while it purifies, and in the very act of purifying the will and affections, than the maxim here prescribed by the historian of enthusiasm. From the intensity of commercial life in this country, and from some other less creditable causes, there is found, even among our better educated men, a vagueness in the use of words, which presents, indeed, no obstacle to the intercourse of the market, but is absolutely incompatible with the attainment or communication of distinct and precise conceptions. Hence, in every department of exact knowledge, a peculiar nomen-

* *Physical Theory of another Life. Enthusiasm.* London: Wm. Pickering.

By the Author of "*Natural History of* 1836.

clature is indispensable. The anatomist, chemist, botanist, mineralogist — yea, even the common artisan, and the rude sailor, discover that 'the terms of colloquial expression' are too general and too lax to answer *their* purposes: and on what grounds can the science of self-knowledge, and of our relations to God and our own spirits, be presumed to form an exception? Every new term expressing a fact, or a difference, not precisely and adequately expressed by any other word in the same language, is a new organ of thought for the mind that has learned it. 'II. The region of abstract conceptions, of lofty reasonings, has an atmosphere too subtle to support the health of true piety. In accordance with this, the Supreme, in his word, reveals barely a glimpse of the essential glories. By some naked affirmations we are, indeed, secured against grovelling notions of the Divine nature; but these hints are incidental, and so scanty, that every evasive mind goes far beyond them in its conception of the infinite attributes,' p. 26.—NOTE. By abstract conceptions, the author means what I should call *ideas*, which, as such, I contradistinguish from conceptions, whether abstracted or generalised. But it is with his *meaning*, not with his *terms*, that I am at present concerned. Now, that the *personality* of God, the idea of God as the I AM, is presented more prominently in Scripture, than the (so-called) physical attributes, is most true; and forms one of the distinctive characters of its superior worth and value. It was by dwelling too exclusively on the Infinites, that the ancient Greek philosophers, Plato excepted, fell into Pantheism, as in later times did Spinoza. *I forbid you*, says Plato, *to call God the Infinite. If you dare name him at all, say rather the Measure of Infinity.* Nevertheless, it would be easy to place in *synopsi* before the author such a series of Scripture passages, as would incline him to retract his assertion. The Eternal, the Omnipresent, the Omniscient, the one absolute Good, the Holy, the Living, the Creator, as well as Former, of the Universe, the Father of spirits,—can the author's mind go far beyond these? Yet these are all clearly affirmed of the Supreme ONE in the Scriptures. III. The following pages, from p. 26 to p. 36, contain a succession of eloquent and splendid paragraphs on the celestial orders; and the expediency, or necessity, of their being concealed from us, lest we should receive such overwhelming conceptions of the Divine greatness, as to render us incapable of devotion and prayer on the Scripture model. 'Were it,' says the eloquent writer, 'indeed permitted to man to gaze upwards from step to step, and from range

to range of those celestial hierarchies, to the lowest steps of the Eternal Throne, what liberty of heart would afterwards be left him in drawing near to the Father of spirits? But the substance of these pages will be found implied in the following reply to them.—NOTE. More weight with me than all this Pelion upon Ossa of imaginary hierarchies has the single remark of Augustine, there neither are nor can be but three essential differences of being, viz. the absolute, the rational finite, and the finite irrational; i. e. God, man, and brute. Besides, the whole scheme is unscriptural, if not contra-scriptural. Pile up winged hierarchies on hierarchies, and outblaze the cabalists, and Dionysius the Areopagite; yet what a gaudy vapour for a healthful mind is the whole conception (or rather phantasm) compared with the awful hope held forth in the Gospel, to be one with God in and through the Mediator, Christ, even the living, co-eternal Word and Son of God!

"But through the whole of this eloquent declamation, I find two errors predominate, and both, it appears to me, dangerous errors. First, that the rational, and, consequently, the only true ideas, of the Supreme Being, are incompatible with the spirit of prayer and petitionary pleading taught and exemplified in the Scriptures. Second, that this being the case, and 'supplication, with arguments and importunate requests,' being irrational, and known by the suppliant to be such, it is, nevertheless, a duty to pray in this fashion. In other words, it is asserted that the Supreme Being requires of his rational creatures, as the condition of their offering acceptable worship to him, that they should wilfully blind themselves to the light, which he had himself given them, as the contradistinguishing character of their humanity, without which they could not pray to him at all; and that, drugging their sense of the truth into a temporary *doze*, they should make believe that they knew no better! As if the God of Truth and Father of all lights resembled an Oriental or African despot, whose courtiers, even those whom he had himself enriched and placed in the highest rank, are commanded to approach him only in beggars' rags, and with a beggarly whine.

"I, on the contrary, find 'the Scripture model of devotion,' the prayers and thanksgivings of the Psalmist, and, in the main, of our own church liturgy, perfectly conformable to the highest and clearest convictions of my reason. (I use the word in its most comprehensive sense, as comprising both the *practical* and the *intellective*—not only as the light, but likewise as the life which is the light of man. John, i. 3.) And I do not hesitate

to attribute the contrary persuasion principally to the three following oversights. First, (and this is the queen bee in the hive of error,) the identification of the universal reason with each man's individual understanding—subjects not only different, but diverse—not only *allogeneous*, but *heterogeneous*. Second, the substitution of the idea of the infinite for that of the absolute. Third and lastly, the habit of using the former as a sort of superlative synonyme of the vast or indefinitely great. Now the practical difference between my scheme and that of the essayist, for whose talents and intentions I feel sincere respect, may, perhaps, be stated thus:—The essayist would bring down his understanding to his religion; I would raise up my understanding to my reason, and find my religion in the focus resulting from their convergence. We both alike use the same penitential, deprecative, and petitionary prayers: I, in the full assurance of their congruity with my reason; he, in a factitious oblivion of their being the contrary.

“The name of the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* is unknown to me, and un conjectured. It is evidently the work of a mind at once observant and meditative. And should these notes meet the author's eye, let him be assured that I willingly give to his genius that respect which his intentions, without it, would secure for him in the breast of every good man. But in the present state of things, infidelity having fallen into disrepute, even on the score of intellect, yet the obligation to shew a reason for our faith having become more generally recognised, as reading and the taste for serious conversation have increased, there is a large class of my countrymen disposed to receive, with especial favour, any opinions that will enable them to make a compromise between their new knowledge and their old belief. And with these men the author's evident abilities will probably render the work a high authority. Now, it is the very purpose of my life to impress the contrary sentiments. Hence these notes.”

So far S. T. C. This is a long extract; but it is expedient, as indicating the ground we wish to occupy, and as justifying us in the degree of notice we have awarded and yet extend to the author, as a foe man worthy of our steel. Our author's first work has de-

fined and characterised him as a *natural historian*—nay, a *historian only*; the tone of philosophy affected being not essential, but supervened. He is the slave of the apparent; and having as such graduated in the schools of fanaticism, enthusiasm, and mysticism, according to the process described in our last paper* upon him, he at length seeks for safe footing in materialism, and arrives at the result of his *speculations* in a *Physical Theory of Another Life*! And this result is unavoidable; and equally unavoidable by the large class of readers and thinkers who sympathise with the method of logic which Mr. Isaac Taylor has been largely supported in seeking to represent in the University of Edinburgh.† More need, then, for us to throw down or take up the gauntlet, as the case may be, that truth may not suffer from the force of authority, aspiring, and almost attaining, to the high places of learning. We have likewise hope that, to the possessor of it, we may do some good; besides, by converting him, we shall not only save his soul alive, but the souls of many disciples. Neither in sorrow nor in anger, but in faith and in hope, we venture on this labour. Nor without reason; for Mr. Taylor sometimes proceeds so far in his speculations, and refines so minutely, that he frequently verges on the confines of a more spiritual country, and authorises the expectation that he will be found ultimately walking at liberty in the field of the purely moral, a denizen of the kingdom of ideas with the wise and good of all times and climes. At present he prefers the Tree of Knowledge to that of Life; and, of course, the process of deliverance must be all the more operose for him—nay, he must needs pass through the valley of the Shadow of Death, mystical or temporal; a labour which might have been superseded by a happier choice *à priori*. But there always were and will be—for even as such dual being is man constituted—two schools, the Aristotelian and the Platonic, in the world's university, the effect of which is to divide men, as it were, into two classes: a fact thus stated in the *Table Talk* of the last Platonist:—“Every man is

* Vol. ix. p. 171.

† Sir William Hamilton was ultimately elected to the Chair of Logic there. The council divided thus—Sir W. Hamilton, 14; Mr. Taylor, 10; Mr. McDougal, 5; Mr. Combe (the phrenologist), 3.

born an Aristotelian or a Platonist. I do not think it possible that any one born an Aristotelian can become a Platonist; and I am sure no born Platonist can ever change into an Aristotelian.* They are two classes of men, besides which it is next to impossible to conceive a third. The one considers reason a quality, or attribute; the other considers it a power. I believe that Aristotle never could get to understand what Plato meant by an idea. With Plato, ideas are constitutive in themselves. Aristotle was, and still is, the sovereign lord of the understanding; the faculty judging by the senses. He was a conceptualist, and never could raise himself into that higher state, which was natural to Plato, and has been so to others, in which the understanding is distinctly contemplated, and, as it were, looked down upon from the throne of actual ideas, or living, inborn, essential truths."

Whatever may be the state of Mr. Taylor's mind hereafter (and we have ventured to hope the best), his present book is written in the character of a conceptualist; and the things of eternity are treated of by analogy with those of time and sense. He proposes, by "a careful analysis of human nature, to enable himself to conceive rationally of the functions and prerogatives of our approaching mode of existence." He, accordingly, aims only to express *conjectures*; and vainly thinks that "no practical evil will arise so long as we carefully abstain from the error of confounding the deductions of reason with the testimony of the inspired writers." We tell him that the only practical evil to be dreaded, is in the separation recommended. Reason and inspiration are one, and let not Man put asunder what God has joined together! In the field of their union there are no conjectures, but the certainties of faith—

"Not visionary these,
But real and substantial, as the being
Of the immortal spirit in the mind
Of unobscurable humanity."

But, alas! in Mr. Taylor's estimation, the *unseen world* is to be considered as a *distant country*, and Scripture is to be listened to as an ambassador therefrom, "who, while earnestly discharging the special duties of his office, and while

urging at large the political and commercial interests of his sovereign, might make many allusions, and employ many phrases, which, when collected and attentively considered, would serve to convey some good general notion of the climate, usages, and wealth of his native land." If such, and no more, were indeed revelation, and all that had been condescended to the world, then were men of all the creatures of God the most miserable; but now we have complete assurance, "in the earnest of the spirit," that "he who has wrought us for the self-same thing is God;" and, accordingly, "we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Neither would we be "unclothed," but we would be "clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up in life."

In Mr. Taylor's estimation, the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians is something like a physiological disquisition; and the reasoning, according to him, relates to body, as distinct from mere spirit. It treats, he says, of the transition which human nature is destined to pass through, from one condition of corporeal existence to another. We deny this *in toto*. It speaks of a transition which the human soul passes through from a condition of nature, to another of spirit. "There is a body of nature, and there is a body of spirit;" using the word body merely as a predicate of two different beings, without deciding its substantial attributes, which, of course, change according to those which either manifests. And the apostle, indeed, has carefully guarded against any such confusion, by adding, immediately after his statement, that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Suppose he had said there is a spiritual state, and there is a natural state, should we interpret the word, state, to mean a certain material configuration in both instances? No! The word, state, is qualified in both cases by the accompanying adjective, and until it receives such qualification is without any actual meaning, yet capable of receiving any possible signification. It must be understood to affirm only that there is a natural

* We have ventured to hope, as the reader will have seen, that an exception may be made in favour of Mr. Taylor.

thing and a spiritual thing—leaving the *kind* of thing to be declared by its qualities. These qualities, Mr. Taylor will admit, are all we know of matter or of mind. And in this vague sense, and this only, is the word *σῶμα** used by the apostle; a word of uncertain origin, and expressing indifferently either person^{ity} or corporeity. In the same lax manner of application, we use the correspondent English word *body* (*Sar. βοῶν*, stature, trunk, spine, that which is set or fixed), in such phrases as *somebody*, *anybody*, and

nobody; employing the word to express an intelligent subject, as well as a mere objective organisation. Further, to make this matter clear to Mr. Taylor, let us reduce the two nouns into one, and write the affirmation thus: There is a natural^{ity} and there is a spiritual^{ity}. Where is Mr. Taylor's common corporeity then? Yet, nevertheless, a common reality is of course implied; and in the sense of a reality the word is used in Col. ii. 17, where it is opposed to shadow or type. Thus also (as quoted by Parkhurst) in *Josephus de Bel.*, lib. ii. cap. 2, § 5,

* Plato, in his *Cratylus*, has, by the way, some remarks on this word, which appeared to him "to deviate, in a certain small degree, from its original: for, according to some, it is the *sepulchre* of the soul, which they consider as buried at present; and because whatever the soul signifies, it signifies by the body: so that on this account it is properly called *σημα*, a sepulchre. And, indeed," he continues, "the followers of Orpheus appear to me to have established this name, principally because the soul suffers in body the punishment of its guilt, and is surrounded with this inclosure that it may preserve the image of a prison. They are of opinion, therefore, that the body should retain this appellation, *σῶμα*, till the soul has absolved the punishment which is her due; and that no other letter ought to be added to the name." We have availed ourselves here of Thomas Taylor's translation, for the sake of adding the note with which he illustrates the passage. "With this doctrine, that the body is the sepulchre of the soul, and that the soul suffers the punishment of her guilt in body, as in a prison, Heraclitus and the Pythagoreans perfectly agree. Thus Heraclitus, speaking of unembodied souls: *Ζῶμεν τὸν ἐκείνων Θάνατον, τίβνηκαμιν δὲ τὸν ἐκείνων ἔϊον*, i. e., 'We live their death, and we die their life.' And Empedocles, blaming generation, beautifully says of her:

Ἐκ μὲν γὰρ ζῶων ἐπίβη νεκρά, εἰδὲ ἀμείβων·

'The species changing with destruction dread,
She makes the *living* pass into the *dead*.'

And again, lamenting his connexion with this corporeal world, he pathetically exclaims:

Κλαύσα τε καὶ κοκκῶσα, ἰδὼ ἀσυνήθεα χῶρον·

'For this I weep, for this indulge my woe,
That e'er my soul such novel realms should know.'

Thus, too, the celebrated Pythagorean, Philolaus, in the following remarkable passage in the Doric dialect, preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus (*Stromat.* lib. iii. p. 403): *Μαρτυροῦνται δὲ καὶ οἱ παλαιοὶ θεολογοὶ τε καὶ μαντικαί, ὡς διὰ τινος τιμωρίας, αὐτὰ τῇ ψυχῇ σωματὶ συνζυγῶνται, καὶ κατὰ τὴν ἐν σωματὶ ταύτῃ τίθασθαι*, i. e., 'The ancient theologians and priests also testify, that the soul is united with body for the sake of suffering punishment; and that it is buried in body, as in a sepulchre.' And, lastly, Pythagorus himself confirms the above doctrine, when he beautifully observes, according to Clemens, in the same book: *Θάνατος ὅστιν ὁκοῦσα ἐγρηβήντες ὁρεομεν ὁκοῦσα δὲ εὐδόντες ὕπνος*, i. e., 'Whatever we see when awake is death; and when asleep, a dream.' Hence, as I have shewn in my *Treatise on the Eleusinian Mysteries*, the ancients by Hades signified nothing more than the profound union of the soul with the present body; and, consequently, that till the soul separated herself by philosophy from such a ruinous conjunction, she subsisted in Hades even in the present life: her punishment hereafter being nothing more than a continuation of her state upon earth, and a transmigration, as it were, from sleep to sleep, and from dream to dream: and this, too, was occultly signified by the shows of the lesser mysteries. Indeed, any one, whose intellectual eye is not perfectly buried in the gloom of sense, must be convinced of this from the passages already adduced. And if this be the case, as it most assuredly is, how barbarous and irrational is the doctrine which asserts that the soul shall subsist hereafter in a state of bliss, connected with the present body! A man might as well think of going to heaven invested with his ordinary clothing. And as to their system who talk of the same body being glorified, it puts one in mind of some simple but wealthy cit, who should hope in a future state to wear garments embroidered with gold; or, in other words, never to wear any thing but Sunday clothes!" Thomas Taylor's notes are not all so discriminant as this.

and in *Lucian*, *Hermotim.* 79 [tom i. p. 613, A edit. *Bened.*] *Σκία* and *Σωμα* are in like manner opposed to each other. And the word, *body*, no doubt, is used in this sense of a reality, as an accommodation to the carnal intellect, which esteems the appearances that make what we call body to be the primest realities, using material and substantial as synonyms, and immaterial as the contrary and opposite of both. Both philosophy and religion, however, are designed to correct this partial view of things. Hence the Christian is directed to "judge, not according to appearances, but to judge a righteous judgment," and to esteem all the objects of sense and time as mere unsubstantial shadows, which shall utterly perish and depart from before the ideal realities of an eternal state. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Again:—"Things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." It is, in fact, in this sense of reality that the word, *body*, as a predicate, is used in the text. There is a natural reality and there is a spiritual reality. Make a syllogism from either or both of these, will Mr. Taylor have the goodness to tell us what he would choose for a middle term?

That which Christianity requires us to believe is not therefore the actual survivance of our personal consciousness embodied, in Mr. Taylor's sense, but "of our personal consciousness realised." He further believes in "the perpetuity of our sense of good and evil, and our continued sensibility of pain and pleasure." We believe that he is in error; and that the absolute substitutes the relative in an eternal, infinite, and absolute state. We are in, to speak vulgarly, for good or evil, for pain or pleasure, and not for a mixed state of feeling, which belongs to this, and not to another life, whereinto we assure him that no physical theories "can possibly enter." That life itself is not dependent on organisation, is a proposition common to him and us. We also agree in his statement of the relative position of the two parties in the old controversy concerning matter and mind.

Confining the term, *body*, to certain sensible phenomena, Mr. Taylor consistently esteems body as that by means of its relationship therewith mind defines itself within the limits of place and time. We should deem of body as the result of such definition, and not the means. What he says of time demands quotation.

"It is motion that measures duration; and time is duration, measured into equal parts by the equable motion of bodies through space. But as motion belongs to matter, of which it is a condition, and is that wherein duration and extension combine to form a common product, so mind must become related to extension, in order to its having any knowledge of motion, or to its being able to avail itself of the measurement of duration; in other words, it is only in connexion with matter that it can know any thing of time."

This proposition we are inclined to dispute; for our thoughts, which are things immaterial, exist in time. We are disposed to believe that matter is rather dependent upon thought, than thought on matter. Man, so to speak, is the time-piece, measuring duration by the motions of his understanding, the acts of his intellect and will. But to proceed:

"Minds embodied, not only learn to measure out their own existence equally, and to correct the illusions of which otherwise they would be the sport, but also, by an insensible habit, come to exist at a more even velocity, if we may so speak, than could else be possible, and learn unconsciously to put a curb upon the excessive and dangerous rapidity of thought; while, in other cases, a spur is supplied for the sluggishness of the mind, or a remedy found for its undue fixedness; and thus all minds are brought to move together, at nearly the same rate, or at least as nearly so as is essential for securing the order and harmony of the social system. We should not be warranted in affirming that mere minds, or unembodied spirits, could not, by any means purely immaterial, become conscious of the equable lapse of duration. But we see, in fact, that it is exclusively through the corporeal alliance of mind with the external world, that this important rectification of its consciousness is effected; nor would it be difficult to specify some very momentous consequences attaching to the government of the moral system, that may, perhaps, be found to result from a suspension, or from the restoration of this means of knowing the lapse of time. In truth,

a speculation of this kind, if pursued in all its bearings, might lead to our taking a new view, not merely of the economy of the human system, but of that world of animal life and enjoyment by which we are surrounded. We are accustomed to take it for granted that all creatures are living at one and the same rate, or that they are *going by our clock*; whereas, in fact, if we duly consider the analogies of the system of nature, we shall see reason to conjecture that, while perhaps some species of animals are living much slower than ourselves, others may be living inconceivably faster. It is by no means unphilosophical to imagine that the ephemera of a summer's noon, which we are apt to pity as short lived, may, in the compass of their few sunny hours, be running through a century of joyous sensations; and if the microscope, which exposes to our view the vivacious tenants of a drop of water, had the power also of laying open the whirl of the sentient faculty of these tribes, it might appear, to our amazement, that the busy history of a thousand years is compacted into their life of a day or an hour, so that the diminitiveness of their visible organs is even less astonishing than the compression of their consciousness. These speculations are, however, foreign to our immediate purpose.

"Nevertheless, we must follow them a single step further, so as to point out a not improbable consequence of the principle upon which the visible universe is constructed,—we mean that of the subdivision of the mass into spheres, revolving in precise times, and each world, as it seems, being furnished with a double or treble measurement of time, by its annual and diurnal rotations, by its cycle of seasons, and by the revolution of its satellites. In looking abroad upon the thickly peopled fields of space, wherein all worlds are made subject to the law of equable motion, who can resist the belief that this stupendous machinery (whatever other purposes its revolutions may subserve) is a vast horology—a register of duration to all rational tribes, and a means indispensable to the purposes of universal government, of holding all minds to the due symphony of time. As all minds, by the means of corporeity, are connected with extension, and are limited to place, so are all, by the same means and by the revolution of the worlds they inhabit, bound down to time. There may be intelligent orders, so fiery in temperament, that, but for this physical check, this necessity of keeping pace with the slow march of the planetary bodies, they would outrun their term, and leave their ranks in the steady movement of the great social system. Are there,

on the other hand, minds secluded from the sight of the visible heavens, and shut out from every means of reckoning years and centuries? Such may be passing through a state and process, during the continuance of which the perception of time would be no boon."

With the remarks immediately succeeding this passage we are not so well pleased. We, however, concede that matter may be called "a foreign school," in which the mind brings certain otherwise latent faculties into exercise. But when the writer exclaims, how large a portion of its *history* hinges upon its susceptibility to the discipline of organic pleasures and pains, we are tempted to remind him that, but for its expression in a temporal object, mind would have no history at all. The history of the soul commences with her fall! Mr. Taylor might have known this, even from no more abstruse writer than Thomas Moore, and a work no more recondite than his *Epicurean*, in which the hierophant expounds to the initiate the pre-existence of the soul; discoursing of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of bliss, of which all that we have most beautiful in our conceptions here is but a dim transcript, a clouded remembrance. In the blue depths of ether, he said, lay that "country of the soul," its boundary alone visible in the line of milky light, that separates it, as by a barrier of stars, from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of purity! home of the yet unfallen spirit!" And after expatiating on this mysterious state of her being, he proceeded, in a sigh at the contrast he was about to draw, to relate "the melancholy history of the soul. Tracing it," writes Thomas Moore, "from the first moment of earthward descent, to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the spirit towards earth—the tremble of her wings on the edge of heaven—the giddy slide, at length, down that fatal descent, and the Lethean cup, midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted heaven is forgot,—through all these gradations he mournfully traced her fall, to the last stage of darkness, when, wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature is changed, she can no longer rise above earth, nor remembers her home, but by glimpses so vague, that,

mistaking for hope what is only memory, she believes them to be a light from the future, not the past." Of that past, if such has been, what records remain? Is it not rather a state than a time? a period, dateless as eternity, whereof no teacher pretends to recite sensuous facts, and which, in their absence, all teachers people with pure ideas;—if, as recognitions of "what was so fugitive," yet with ideas only? Let, then, the whole of the soul's history hinge upon the susceptibility correlative with her incarnation. The vague attempt made by our author to trace a probable history of her under other conditions is, we are afraid, a token of a mind yet not completely disciplined in the studies proper for the topics on which he undertakes to write. The main fault of his present volume is, that it seeks to give a historical view of a state which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive what is prepared." Nay, that state he is willing to barter for something that is conceivable—for something that may be made matter of history in prospect—namely, an improved physical vehicle of the soul, refined to the highest degrees of excellence demanded by the speculative reason.

In this anticipatory history, Mr. Taylor is careful to find a place for the imaginative sentiments, as forms of mind in which he himself delights. They must belong, he thinks, to the spiritual, as to the natural body. And in indulging speculation on this theme, he again piles Pelion on Ossa, as in the case of the celestial hierarchies. Not only, he tells us, is "body" necessary to the existence of these sentiments, but it is "probable that the correspondence of finite minds with the Infinite Mind needs to be attempered by an admixture of those imaginative sentiments which take their rise in the corporeal constitution. Those organic and quelling impressions of beauty, sublimity, majesty, and those feelings of awe and of ecstasy, and that adoration in which a latent dread or terror imparts intensity to the happier feeling of affection; all these mixed emotions shall perhaps be found necessary, as well for keeping finite minds in the place that becomes them, as for enabling them to sustain the immediate presence of the bright and absolute perfection. The imagi-

native sentiments may thus serve at once to facilitate a nearer approach to the ineffable glory than would otherwise be possible, and to fence off the mount of vision, if we may so speak, against dangerous intrusions. If this conjecture be well founded, we may be inclined to suppose that all rational orders are made to commence their course under the condition of animal organisation, wherein they become thoroughly imbued with these imaginative sentiments, which, in a refined form, they are to carry on with them throughout their immortality."

This view of the case Mr. Taylor corroborates with the following note: "Does this conjecture receive support from the apostolic doctrine,—'There are bodies celestial, and bodies terrestrial—there is a natural body, and a spiritual body. Howbeit, *that is not first* which is spiritual, but that which is *natural*; and *afterward* that which is spiritual.' This order, or regular process, this transition, is it the universal law of the intelligent creation?"

Other advantages of our corporeity are pointed out. Various modifications of the moral sentiments arise from corporeal sympathies and animal desires; and Mr. Taylor deems it easy to imagine that a new power and intensity, a vividness and a spring, shall be imparted to the moral principles from their sympathy with the organic energies of the spiritual body. Moreover, the corporeal alliance of mind and matter is, in the present state, and, as we may strongly conjecture, it will be, the means of so defining our individuality in relation to others, as to bring minds under the condition of a social economy. To all these statements, properly interpreted, we have no objection, save that what Mr. Taylor calculates on as means we consider as results. Specific prerogatives are ascribed by the author to his spiritual corporeity, which it is well he states as hypothetical; and his method of induction, it seems, is not imaginative and synthetic, but by analysis and abstraction. Heaven help and mend the man! for not such is the process of inspired penmen. It is well, however, that he confesses that motion, in every case, is the product of mind, and that though transmitted and continued through various means, it never commences except in a volition, either of the Supreme Mind, or of created minds. "The

mere volition is followed by muscular action, and the process is absolutely simple and instantaneous; nor does any thought of the physical apparatus, the muscular contractions, the tendinous attachments, or the bony fulcra, enter into the mental operation. In fact, there is no *process* at all; there is no circuit of acts or preparations; motion follows will, just as perception follows the impact of vibrations, without interval. Will and motion are immediately conjoined, and the organic and mechanical structure by which it is effected are modes only through which the power of the mind is defined, and is directed in a particular line of movement.

"The *vis inertia* of matter," he continues, "the tendency of gravitation, and the resistance of the atmosphere, are all met and instantaneously overcome by a direct mechanical force—a force which is not that of bones, tendons, and muscular fibres, but the force of mind. Bones, tendons, nerves, and muscles, do in fact come between mind and matter; but it is as instruments only, and as a staff or cord intervenes between the hand and the body that is moved by it. The expansive force of heat, as applied in the vaporisation of water, is not a more direct mechanical force, than is the impulsive power of the mind in man and other locomotive animals. We are accustomed, indeed, to say that the mind acts mechanically, only by exciting muscular irritability, and the tension of fibres. But is not this assumption altogether gratuitous? Our consciousness does not suggest any such belief in rapidly and forcibly moving the hand, in striking a blow, we know nothing of contractile fibres, or of muscles, or of a circuitous despatching of orders from the mind to the brain, and from the brain along the nervous chords, to such and such muscles, as the case may demand. The mind is in the hand, and there it originates the motion; it is not, or not if our consciousness speak truly, in the anatomical or physiological mechanism. This complex apparatus performs its part, at the moment when called upon, with as little of our control or interference as do the heart, and the intestines, and the liver, perform their constant offices."

On reading such passages as this,

we are tempted to exclaim, *si sic omnia!* And we are all the more pleased with this, as a more spiritual writer (though unfortunately of the Hutchinsonian school of analogy) has, in a volume* just published, of much utility in its kind, fallen into the carnal error of locating the mind to a particular point of the bodily economy. "The soul," he says, "in its turn possesses an active faculty, by means of which it has the power of influencing its body, and of producing motions in it at pleasure; in this consists its power over the body. Thus we are able to move our hands and feet, by an act of the will, or our fingers in writing. The soul, however, cannot act immediately on any one of the fingers; in order to put a single one in motion, it is necessary that several muscles should be put in action; and this action again exerts itself by means of nerves terminating in the brain. If such a nerve be injured, to no purpose shall we wish our finger to move; it will no longer obey the orders of the soul. Thus the power of the soul extends only to a small portion of the brain, where all the nerves unite; sensation is likewise restricted to this place of the brain. The soul, then, is united only with these extremities of the nerves, on which it has not only the power of acting, but by means of which it can view, as in a mirror, every thing that makes an impression on the organs of its body, and thereby acquires an idea of the object which caused it. What wonderful address to be able to conclude, from the slight changes which take place in the extremity of the nerves, that which occasioned them out of the body! A tree, for example, produces on the retina, by its rays, an image which is perfectly similar to it; but how feeble must the impression be which the nerves receive from it! It is this impression, however, continued along the nerves up to their origin, which excites in the soul the idea of that tree. Afterwards, the slightest impressions which the soul makes on the extremities of the nerves are instantly communicated to the muscles, which, put in action, oblige the member which it wills to

* A Compendium of Principles in Philosophy and Divinity, setting forth the essential properties, differences, and relations of Body and Spirit, the Immortality of the Soul, and the nature and attributes of God. Selected and arranged by John Vizard. London; 1836. What can this gentleman think of his patron, Lord Brougham's *Natural Theology*?

move, exactly to obey its orders. Machines which receive certain motions by the drawing of a string, present but a coarse mechanism compared to our bodies, and the bodies of animals. The works of the Creator infinitely surpass the productions of human skill. But the soul is not an indifferent observer of the impressions made on the extremities of the nerves, through the organs of sense; she is deeply interested in what is there going on. There are sensations highly agreeable to it, and others very disagreeable, and even painful. What more disagreeable than acute pain, though it proceed but from a tooth? This, however, is no more than a nerve irritated in a certain manner, and yet it excites in the soul pain intolerable. In whatever light we consider the strict union of soul and body, it must ever remain an inexplicable mystery; and in all ages philosophers have taken fruitless pains in the hope of arriving at a satisfactory solution of it. Of the various systems which have been devised with this view, the one which seems the most conformable to truth is that by which a real influence is established of body on soul, and of soul on body; so that the body, by means of the senses, supplies the soul with its first perceptions of external things; and that the soul, by acting immediately on the nerves, in their origin, excites in the body the motion of its members, though it is at the same time acknowledged that the manner of this mutual influence is absolutely unknown to us. We must undoubtedly have recourse to the omnipotence of God, who has given to every soul a power over the portion of matter containing the extremities of the nerves of the body; so that the power of every soul is restricted to a small part of the body, whereas the power of God extends to all the bodies of the universe."

We have thus presented our readers with the positive evidence in the consciousness, and the circumstantial testimony against it deduced from scientific analysis. We believe that they are capable of reconciliation; that, in fact, the continuity of the nerve is a condition, without which the conscious presence of mind in any part is impossible, but that the existence of the condition does not prove the absence of mind from any portion of the organic structure. In this, as in many other in-

stances, the agreement between the *à priori* and *à posteriori* evidence is to be discerned, if but the point of mediation be carefully sought. It is essential to their distinction that they should appear diverse, and to their conaction that they should really harmonise.

Mr. Taylor deals in the next place with the facts just stated in the above extracted sentences. To him the supposition that volition takes place in the brain, and runs along the nervous chord, conveying itself to this, that, and the other muscles, to flectors, pronators, supinators, &c., as is needed to perform the designed movement, is gratuitous. "All we are conscious of is," he repeats, "the volition; and all that we learn from physiology is, that muscular contraction requires a certain galvanic influence, of which influence the brain appears to be the secreting viscus, and the nerves the channel. The hand cannot follow the mind unless constantly supplied with blood by the heart, and with galvanic excitement by the brain; nor can the stomach digest food unless in the same manner it be supplied with both, from the heart, and from the brain: but it is not the heart that digests the food, nor is it the brain that digests it, but the living power, with its solvents, in the coats of the stomach; and thus, as we suppose, it is not the brain that moves the hand, in any other sense than that in which it may be said that the heart does so, although the functions of both are indispensable to motion; but it is the mind present in the hand and arm, that is the actual power."

It will be seen that we dwell with delight on these redeeming points of the work before us. We now come to the author's hypothesis, that in the "future spiritual body," whether or not the mechanical apparatus shall be altogether superseded, the entire corporeal mass shall be liable to a plenary mental influence, equally diffused; and although still subject to the *vis inertiae* and gravitation that are proper to matter, both shall be overcome, at will, by the embodied mind, so that the locomotion of the whole shall follow volition, as now the relative motion of the limbs follows it. This he considers to imply nothing more than the setting the inherent mechanical power of the mind at large, and the breaking up its restriction to the muscular structure and the osseous articulations. A body

thus informed throughout, by the energy of mind, might be either subtle and ethereal, like the magnetic fluid; or it might be as dense and ponderous as gold, or as adamant; for the most elastic gas is in itself not at all more self-motive than a block of granite; and it is a mere illusion to imagine that the one might more readily be affected by the volitions of mind than the other. "The seraph," he concludes, "who steers his course at pleasure from sun to sun, and who overtakes the swiftest of the planets in its orbit, may corporeally possess an invisible and imponderable ether, or (which is equally credible) he may command a gigantic body, solid as porphyry. The two suppositions stand on the same ground of abstract probability; for matter, in relation to mind, is one and the same, and always inert and passive."

The author corroborates the view thus taken by the fact that "the muscular force is now felt to be—a power *restrained*; a faculty equal to much more than is as yet permitted to it: and, perhaps, with not a few individuals, the conscious mechanical energy is strictly analogous to that of a strong man fettered and handcuffed, who meditates what he will do when set at large. Is there not a latent, or a half latent, instinct in the mind, which speaks of a future liberty of ranging at will through space? There are some, perhaps, who will admit that they have indistinct anticipations of this sort, quite as strong as are those moral and intellectual aspirations after immortality which have been considered good presumptive proofs of the reality of a future life."

Perhaps Mr. Taylor will permit us to ask, What is this muscular force? Is it any thing separate from Mind? Where is it in the spirit-left body? Why, the whole argument necessarily implies that the predicated force belongs to the spiritual, and not to the natural. In what, then, differs the so-called corporeity, divested of the latter, from pure mind? Or the space which such a substance is said to expect the liberty of ranging through at will,—wherein differs it from a capacity emptied of sensations? On this point, Mr. Vizard's book again may render some assistance. To constitute a body, he rightly says, we must have an extension in three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth. "Extension," he adds, "is the proper

object of geometry, which considers bodies only in so far as they are extended, abstractedly from their other properties. The object of geometry, therefore, is a notion much more general than that of body, as it comprehends not only bodies, but all beings simply extended, if any such there be." Further, it is only in so far as bodies are extended that they are divisible, and capable of being reduced to parts. Geometry demonstrates that it is possible to divide a line—a surface or a solid—however small, into any number of equal parts, at pleasure; and hence, that all extension is divisible to infinity. But is every thing having extension a body? 'Space alone is not a body, but the place occupied by bodies; and is not a vacuum extension without body? Something more, in fact, is necessary to constitute body. Without matter, extension cannot be body. Impenetrability is inseparable from matter, and is what a vacuum wants in order to be a body. Body, therefore, is an impenetrable extension; but this impenetrable extension is inconsistent with the notion of "a liberty of ranging at will through space." We have still to learn what is the nature of Mr. Taylor's "spiritual corporeity," and what "the mechanical power of the mind set at large" means, in his sense of the words.

In the next chapter we are happy to inform the reader, that Mr. Taylor substitutes the word "economy" for "corporeity;" still babbling by the way, however, of "new corporeal lodgements," stating "conjectures," and "passing on to suppositions" (of course, all exceedingly "natural"), that the percipient faculty may be brought into future contact with the properties of matter more at large, and under fewer limitations, and also gain acquaintance with other properties than those to which the five organs of sensation extend. The mind now, he contends, is mercifully guarded from receiving all the sensation it is inherently capable of. We admit this; but we assert that the percipient faculty is a mental power, distinct from material sensation, and that, as such pure spirituality, it would eternally live, if matter were annihilated. And can we doubt that, in its separated state, matter is annihilated to it? But, then, as there is a *pure* sense still in being, are there not *pure* sensations for its objects? It is not necessary, there-

fore, as our author presumes, that its privilege in the future state will be a more ample correspondence with the material world—this that we inhabit, in the flesh and blood that shall *not* enter into the kingdom of God; that, for instance, the percipient faculty may be so exposed to the emanations of light, as to be able to distinguish at once what now it distinguishes by the aid of refraction; and so on, *mutatis mutandis*, relatively to all the senses. What can the writer mean by the following sentence, consistently with his physical theory?—"Mind, as we have said, must be natively conscious of the vibratory, emanative, and pungent powers of the external world; but if so, then we may assume that it only needs to be freed from the husk of animal organisation to know on all sides, and perfectly, that which now it knows at points only, and in an abated degree. The ancient philosophy supposed there to be four elements, or perhaps a fifth; but we now reckon fifty: in like manner, as now we think of five species of perception, hereafter we may become familiar with a hundred or a thousand." We only wish that we, of the *à priori* school, could but get Mr. Taylor into it, and we pledge ourselves to relieve him from all his conjectures, and to enable him to demonstrate where he now but guesses, and to possess the very thing of which now he is fain to put up with the faint analogy. Neither should he have to wait for another life for the perception of what he calls the "inner form of matter," and the knowledge of causes as well as effects; though, we readily grant, such perception and knowledge are not within the "means of analysis, how exact and assiduous soever." Thank Heaven! we are already at leisure to learn a higher lesson than any they can teach. Had it had not been so, man had yet been without a revelation; but, as it is, God has left his witness every where, and still testifies his omnipresence.

The reason and the moral sentiments shall also be set free, and have an economy suited to their operations. Memory shall no longer depend upon the sensorium, nor the retention and reproduction of ideas be determined by the physical structure, and the actual condition or healthy action of the cerebral organ. Memory shall not only be free, but augmented and re-

fined. "The spiritual body, being in itself indestructible and exempt from the liability to animal decay, may allow the mental faculty to spread itself out to the full; or as if an inscription, which heretofore had been committed to a leaf, or papyrian scroll, was now transferred to a fair and ample surface of Parian marble." Let us be permitted to add;—Yes, and the faculty shall be such, that it shall no longer know itself by its own name; for that which it whilom viewed as in the records of the past, is now inscribed for it on the tablet of eternal presence. Does Mr. Taylor forget the celebrated passage in Locke's *Essay*—"The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one Picture, all their past knowledge at once. This, we conceive, would be no small advantage to the knowledge of a thinking man, if all his past thoughts and reasonings could be always present with him; and therefore we may suppose it one of those ways wherein the knowledge of separate spirits may exceedingly surpass ours." We thought, that the endeavour of the Scotch metaphysicians had been to elevate themselves somewhat beyond the views of Locke; it is well, therefore, that the University of Edinburgh has escaped a professor in its chair of logic who would teach still lower doctrines. But, however, it is only a "conjecture;" let us therefore pass on to another "supposition," having first pointed out the well-head of error in the author's assertion, that "the moral life is, in a peculiar sense, a History." The capitals are not ours, but his.

We are further told, the law of mental suggestion, or the association of ideas, shall in like manner be freed, augmented, and refined; it shall no longer be arbitrary and involuntary, but rational and real. The future being will be active only, and always. "The human mind may now be compared to a lake among the mountains, exposed to gusts and eddies from every ravine that opens upon its margin; and troubled, too, by gurgling springs from beneath. But the same mind, in its future state, may more resemble a river, profound and copious, which with a steady movement pursues its way in one direction,

and with a force that clears all obstacles, and bears along whatever floats on its surface." We like to quote these illustrations, which are the rhetorical ornaments of Mr. Taylor's style. For a similar reason, and as evidence of ingenuity, we quote the following *in extenso*:

"That the mind is itself inert, or is disposed to subside into a state of torpor, is what we should be slow to believe; and it is better to attribute its apparent sluggishness to its connexion with animal organisation than to think it inherently inactive. It is certain that no intellectual process can be carried on apart from a concurrent evolution of the cerebral organ, which, of course, because it belongs to the animal structure, can be sustained only for a time, and soon generates fatigue and a sense of pain. Thinking, therefore, like every other voluntary animal function, has its brief period of excitement, and its consequent season of exhaustion. Thus the mind is subject to lassitude, because it cannot act except with the consent and by the aid of the body, which is essentially inert [and therefore, we should say, cannot consent or help in any thing], and which demands stimulants to move it at all. Perpetual mental activity, therefore, is not possible in the present state. But, now, let it be supposed—and the supposition implies very little that is purely conjectural—either that the future spiritual body, as more refined, and less (if at all) dependent upon stimulants, shall perform its office in the mental processes without any sense of exhaustion; or (and this is equally easy to imagine, and it is consistent, too, with some actual facts), that the corporeal part of mental operations shall be effected in a manner analogous to the mechanism of the involuntary animal functions, such as the pulsation of the heart and arteries, the peristaltic motion of the intestines (the respiration), digestion, and the several secretions; all which go on with continuous regularity, and are not attended by any conscious effort, nor produce any fatigue. A small change, perhaps, in the arrangement of parts, and in the functions of the brain, might suffice for effecting this important enhancement of our mental economy. Thus it is but the opening, or the keeping open, of a foramen between the right and left auricle of the heart, that enables an animal, or man, to live without incessant respiration; and thus, too, as we may fairly conjecture, the branching off of nerves higher or lower from the brain, or the altered location of some cerebral gland, might, even in the present animal body, allow

of perpetual intellectual activity, without exhaustion, and without any conscious effort. But how vast would be the power so obtained! The mind, in some such manner advantaged, and set free from the chain that forbids it to move faster, or further at a time, than the pulpy substance which fills the cranium can bear, would instantly assume its proper and its essential vitality, and would work day and night, regardless of rest. Under the present constitution of human nature, the mind might be compared to an Arabian escort, attending a caravan, which, with its cumbersome bales, and its sick and infirm, drags its weary length a stage or so daily; but only release this escort from its charge, and it starts off, nor can hardly the winds overtake it."

Our power of carrying on several operations simultaneously shall also, it seems, be set at large and enlarged; a result which may be brought about by a similar process of adjustments. Pity it is left to a future time! Finally, our perception of abstract truths will be perfected—language substituted by a plenary utterance of the soul, which, in comparison with a mere symbolic conveyance of thought, shall be a swelling harmony, as of many voices and instruments—and the interests of the body shall be identical with those of the mind. In this we readily concur; and in the last result most distinctly, since there can be no separate interests where there is but one agency—for the spiritual economy here meant by the vague word, body, is none other than the mental personality in a state of self-consciousness. At this point, Mr. Taylor's circle has completed itself, within the limits of which it must be confessed that he has argued eloquently and well; nevertheless, he has been arguing all along in a circle, and so far forfeited his claim to the chair of logic.

The result, then, of this physical theory, is one of two things: Either it so refines the term, body, as to mean a pure objectivity, a spiritual idea, or it proposes by certain adjustments to produce a Frankenstein-monster. How the probable perils, assigned as the reasons for the present limited condition of the mind, are provided for in the future enlarged corporeal state, the author has as little premeditated as the experimenter who manufactured the murderous man-engine in Mrs. Shelley's romance. Nay, so little has he provided any check in the moral being or

the corporeal constitution, that he is compelled to admit into his future state the notion of foreign necessity and the compulsion of ministerial agents. The future man may be the man of evil dispositions; and is accordingly to be dealt with after the following fashion:

"Let it, then, be imagined that the future man, new born to his inheritance of absolute mechanical force, the inherent force of mind, and finding himself able at will to traverse all spaces, should, in the very hour wherein he has made proof of his recent faculty, be stopped, either by malignant superior powers, or by the dread ministers of justice, and, on account of forgotten misdeeds, besieged, enchained, incarcerated! Might we not, with a rational consistency, and in conformity with some of the actual procedures of the present social system, imagine, for example, the merciless tyrant, who in cold revenge has held the innocent in his dungeons through long years, or the ruffian slave-dealer, just bursting from the thralls of mortality, and proudly careering through mid-heaven; but only to encounter there some more fierce and stronger than himself, who, with mockery shewing their warrant from *Eternal Justice*,* shall grapple with his young vigour, hale him to the abyss, find there a chain strong enough to bind him, and rivet him to the rock, where he is to chafe and taste the retributive miseries of captivity, and the fruitless strivings and writhings of a power sufficient, if it were not bound, to bear him from star to star! All this is so credible abstractedly, and so readily conceived of on the ground of common facts, that one can hardly think of it otherwise than as actually true."

It is clear, from the last words, that the writer dwells on this 'invention of his conceptuality with peculiar complacency. It is, however, to us in as bad taste as Cowley's tailoring of the angel in the *Dauides*. It is not a whit more admissible into rhetoric than into poetry. Many of these pictures, these exaggerations, both of pleasure and of pain, of happiness and misery—shewing many of them a Dantesque power—are given; but is it possible that the writer can mistake these images for the realities they reflect, as in a glass darkly?

The difference, it seems, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, between the present "animal" (natural) "body," and the future spiritual body, is as that be-

tween a chronometer and an achromatic lens—that is, the latter shall be "a pure, undiversified, uncompounded corporeity"!!! And to this state the transition shall be natural, not miraculous!!! Is not, then, the resurrection from the dead a miracle? We might refine upon this question, and ask further, Nay, is not all that is natural miraculous also? for the author, in page 164, has suggested as much himself.

With that transience of disposition which is our genius in common with the chamois, we here take the liberty of leaping over a chapter or two of verbiage, until we come to an assertion, that it is "a momentous practical truth that the physical and the moral nature are so thoroughly independent one of the other, as that the greatest imaginable revolution passing upon the former, shall leave the latter simply what it was." If this be so, why is this gentleman so anxious about his physical theory; and wherein is the real need for the corporeity that he so eloquently advocates? But, barring this, is there not a slight error in the statement? Independent, indeed, we confess the moral to be on the physical; but we are not so ready to acknowledge the independence of the physical upon the moral. Without the temporal, we can very well conceive the eternal; but there is more than we dream of in philosophy, if the temporal can exist without the eternal. However, but for some confusion on this head, and in his own, we do not see how Mr. Taylor could have meditated this book at all. The results, after all, are not very appalling; for, according to his own recapitulation, they simply amount to this partly negative and partly probable statement:

"The substitution of spiritual for animal corporeity leaves the probabilities of increased happiness or misery even balanced; secondly, that the transition of human nature from one mode of physical existence to another shall not of itself affect the moral sentiments or personal character; thirdly, that emotions and passions, whether benign or not, shall probably be far more intense in the future state than they are at present; and, fourthly, that the active principles of our nature, and our intellectual habits, such as they are now in training, shall, in the future life, come into actual use."

This clause strikes us as irresistibly ludicrous, and hideous bombast.

In treating of the correlative construction and reciprocal destinies of the material and spiritual universe, our author comes on less debatable ground. Man now knows his place in the heavens, and is taught to think justly of the relative importance of the planet which has given him birth. Momentous consequences probably depend on the discoveries of science, and of astronomy in particular. Christianity, meantime, cannot be endangered, and may be more forcibly impressed upon all minds, in consequence of the converging of truth from all sides upon the one practical inference, which should impel us instantly to conclude friendship with the Creator and Ruler of all worlds. "All truths," exclaims the theorist, "shall at length be one; there shall be one philosophy and one religion: nor is it difficult to trace the actual progress of the human mind towards this desirable consummation."

The people of the planets, Mr. Taylor declares, are our brethren—may they not be some day, he demands, our companions, when, by comparing histories, we and they may receive the benefit of common experience? Nations seem to our author to be drawing close the bonds of fraternity,—why not worlds? May not the intercourse of worlds, like the intercourse of nations, promote civilisation, and redeem from barbarism? "In some remote quarter of the universe, and perhaps in some obscure world, there may have been a train of events, altogether peculiar, and such, that this single history would develop the MASTER PRINCIPLE of the Divine government, and would supply the key to all difficulties. Until this one race has been conversed with, and its history perused, all races, perhaps, may vainly ponder the reasons of the procedures of the Supreme Power; nevertheless, the actual publication of this clearing instance may depend (as we speak) upon an accident, and may be delayed through cycles of ages." It would be a pity that even an *à posteriori* sage, like Mr. Taylor, should have to wait so long for satisfaction; accordingly, in the meantime, he volunteers three suppositions.

Supposition first relates to a solar, as compared with a planetary mode of existence. Recent discoveries suggest the probability that the solar surface, shrouded from the vertical rays of the

upper and phosphorescent atmosphere, by an immediate nebulous stratum, dense enough to moderate the intensity, as well of light as of heat, may sustain life not less readily than the surface of Mercury. Moreover, the assumption that any thing beyond a certain intensity of light and heat must be incompatible with life, is gratuitous. The surface of the sun, besides, being uniformly and perpetually exposed to its maximum of heat and light, its inhabitants sustain an equable impulse from the external elements, and freed from alternation of action and inaction, experience neither a spending of forces, nor a dissolution of structure—a conception this of incorruptibility and immortality. Disorganisation and death are accidents of life—accidents, unavoidable indeed upon the planetary surfaces, but not so, perhaps, upon the solar: and upon the latter it may be as unnatural to die, as upon the former it is unnatural long to live. The sun of each system may be the heaven to its planetary tribes, and be stocked with various orders of sentient beings. In connexion with this conjecture, the central mass adequate to sustain the revolution of all suns and worlds comes to be considered. If each sun be a place of assembly, and a home of immortality to the rational planetary tribes of its system, the vast world around which all suns are supposed to be revolving, may be the home of a still higher order of life, and the theatre of a still more comprehensive convocation of the intellectual community. The *καταχθόνιος* of St. Paul are in the next place supposed to have some connexion with the hollow spheres of all planets. Man is perhaps destined to pass through three stages of life. The first, upon the surface of earth; the second, under the earth, and in a transition form of attenuated and inactive corporeity (our author will not permit the separated spirit even to be without a body!); and the third, and ultimate, in a region of power, incorruptibility, and full activity. And thus, the theorist floats between the sensible and the conceivable; and falling short of the ideal, hovers in a region of doubt and fancy.

Supposition second concerns planets and suns alike, and assumes them to be theatres of animal life merely, inhabited with species subject to decay and corruption; but it insists that our five

modes of perception are partial; and it is likely that there are corporeal, sentient, and rational worlds, within the field of the visible and ponderable universe, of which we ken nothing. Our planets in their sweep do not perforate the structures of this invisible creation; our suns do not scorch its plains; for the two collocated systems are not connected by any active affinities: a more probable conjecture, however, is, that the two orders of existence, whether consciously or not, on *both* sides, are yet really related one to the other, and that, in fact, the one is an after-stage to the other. This hypothesis, the theorist thinks, comports well enough with the intimations of Scripture, and the analogies of the physical system. Science declares that ponderable elements pervade one the other, and that the imponderable pervade all. Different kinds of emanations or vibrations also pass and re-pass, in the most intricate manner, through the same spaces, without in the least degree disturbing each other; and, finally, the most powerful agencies are in operation around us, of which we have *no immediate perception*, and which we detect only by deductions from circuitous experiments.

This hypothesis is ingenious; and in connexion with it, Mr. Taylor treats at greater length the question of the mind's *locale* in the brain, not only as its seat, and the organ of intellectual operations, but as the emanating centre of those volitions which precede muscular motion, and as the receptacle of impressions from the several senses. Let the axillary plexus, he remarks, be spread out in its multiform combinations, and the anastomosing branches, and the subsidiary twigs of the leading chords be examined; especially let the peculiar structure of the ganglia, as discovered by the aid of the microscope, be understood. Within the plexuses, and in the substance of the ganglia, the fibrillæ, constituting the contributory chords, are intermixed in the most intimate and intricate manner conceivable; and the entire construction is such as would seem fitted, not for the transmission of volitions in a distinct manner, from the brain to the limb, or for the return of sensations from the limb to the brain, but for confounding effectively all such supposed transmissions. The main intention of nature, in the arrangement of

the nervous ramifications, appears to be the affording an unfailing supply of some necessary influence, or ether, to all parts of the muscular apparatus, by any means, and by all means; and so that if one medium of conveyance should be accidentally compressed, the emanation may yet reach the parts by some circuit, not exposed to the same obstruction. Mr. Taylor supposes "that the nervous system, connecting the brain and spinal process with the entire muscular apparatus, serves no other purpose than that of conveying, from the former to the latter, a copious efflux of (shall we say) galvanic power; which power the cerebral mass incessantly generates.

"We then," he continues, "for simplification sake, consider the muscles—those of the arm, for instance—as consisting only of flectors and deflectors; or we may imagine a single pair of antagonists, of which the one bends and the other extends the limb. On our present supposition, then, the brain, by the medium of the brachial nerves, supplies both these muscles, evenly and perpetually, with the contractile excitement, whatever it may be, which shall enable each, when called upon, to become dense and tumid in the requisite degree.

"What, then, is volition but the immediate mental influence, present in the arm, and determining it to bend or straighten? The mind is not, as we suppose, the prisoner of the attic story; but is the occupant at large of the entire animal organisation, acting in each part of the structure according to the purpose of each; in the arm and leg, moving hither or thither, by its inherent power over matter; in the skin, in the eye, the ear, the tongue, the nasal membrane, receiving immediately the impressions of external objects, by its inherent susceptibility of the properties of matter; and, let it be granted, within the cranium, carrying on the higher processes of thought."

Mr. Taylor gathers a direct confirmation of this very probable theory from the known effect of galvanism upon the limbs of a dead animal, notwithstanding that, in such instances, muscular motion is seen to be produced by the electric stream, but which it appears to him is inconsistent with the common supposition of the transmission of volitions from the brain to the muscles, through the nerves. If the office of the nerves is to transmit the will of the mind, distinctively to the muscles, we

see them, in the case of a separated limb, transmitting something very different from such volitions,—namely, a galvanic stream; and yet, although the cause is totally unlike, the effect is the same as if a volition had been conveyed. But upon Mr. Taylor's supposition, what happens in applying the galvanic wire to the sciatic nerve of a frog, is precisely what we should expect to happen; the nerve conveys the very same element or energy which it has been wont to convey during the life of the animal: this exciting agent, namely, the galvanic fluid, is instantaneously suffused through the *whole limb*, and is distributed, in its accustomed proportions, to the entire system of muscles. But, inasmuch as the mind of the animal has been withdrawn from those muscles, which, while it was present, either retained them all at rest, or employed one set of them at pleasure, this sudden chemical excitement, acting simultaneously, and *without direction*, upon *all*, nothing else can take place but that the largest and the most powerful muscle of the limb should carry it against the smaller and the feebler; and thus, in the instance of the frog, the limb is forcibly projected from the glass that had contained it. Its leap is the frog's most powerful muscular action; and therefore the limb, stimulated to action without the mind, leaps.

Other facts connected with galvanism are stated by Mr. Taylor; the distortion, for instance, in consequence of the contraction of the *stronger* muscles of the face, the weaker not being held in that state of easy counterpoise which the mind when present maintains. He likewise illustrates the subject by cases of epileptic fits, locked jaw, *et cetera*, giving it as his opinion that spasmodic, or convulsive muscular contractions, arise from the withdrawal of the mind, while the chemical stimulus continues to flow to the parts affected; and that paralytic distortions, on the contrary, are to be attributed to a partial suppression of the excitement furnished by the brain: partial, and just enough to allow the larger and stronger muscles to act. And he feels himself fully justified in alleging, that all the facts connected with the ascertained difference between the voluntary and involuntary muscles readily fall in with the theory that the function of the brain, in relation to the muscular sys-

tem, does not consist in sending forth volitions, but simply in maintaining a copious supply of contractile excitement (whether galvanic or not); that the nerves convey this chemical energy, and disperse it *promiscuously*, among the muscles; and that the actual employment of this force rests with the mind, present, not in the cranium, but in the limb.

From all this, and other considerations, our author is of opinion, that there need be no voltaic pile where the material vehicle of the mind is, *in itself*, in a high degree elastic, and responsive to every kind of vibration; an opinion which inclines him the more readily to admit the belief that the creation, besides its sentient orders, connected with animal organisation, abounds with tribes, sentient and rational, whose corporeity is impalpable and invisible, and who are the tenants of what, in our accommodated sense, may be called a quintessence. A belief, which labours under the inconvenience of requiring us to admit that there may be corporeal things incapable of becoming the objects of either of the five senses, on the ground that we may be capable of more than five!! He is also disposed to concur in the hypothesis of pre-Adamic families, and in the existence of apparitions. It would occupy us too long to enter into the refutation of these heresies: proceed we to the third conjecture.

This is simply that the visible creation is only for a time, and that the heavens and earth shall perish, or like a vestime be changed. Yet let the material universe vanish, silent and unnoticed as a dream; or let it melt with fervent heat, and pass away, as in a painful struggle and convulsion, with a "great noise:" in either case, all minds, rational and moral, shall emerge from the mighty ruin, and float clear and untouched above the terrors and the tempest of nature's dying day. And it is nothing else but an anticipation of this rising of mind over the level of matter that is now going on within the human system. Man, although not yet lord of the visible universe as an adult, is lord of it as an heir, and exercises a command becoming the minority of one for whom vast possessions are in reserve. This is not the language of empty pretension: modern science and art make good, in detail, all that is here affirmed

at large. Let the universe perish or be changed, the soul shall live.

Before concluding this paper, the reader will indulge us in a few remarks on the method of analogy, as an argumentative process. We are willing to admit, with the learned author of *Ancient Fragments*,* that analogy is admissible as an instrument of discovery; that by it we may reason upwards (*ἀναλογία*), from the known to the unknown: we think, however, that he errs in identifying it with experience. In extending the latter from species to species, we commence the method of analogy; but we should then be careful not to confound the mere inference with the subsequent acts of experiment and conclusion. By analogy, however, we readily admit that we may arrive easily at generalisation and invention, and thereby construct hypotheses. We concur with the author, to the full extent, in asserting that "thousands and thousands of discoveries are made, and inventions brought into play, the result merely of analogy and a few experiments, or, very commonly, of a single *experimentum crucis*." To this extent we permit, both to Mr. Cory and Mr. Taylor, the defence and use of analogy, but we steadily resist all attempts to substitute analogy for experiment—that is, the sign for the thing signified; or worse, one thing for another. In analogy, we are speaking of one thing so far as it bears resemblance to another; but, inasmuch as there is in that other thing some difference which makes it that other thing, it is too much to assume, as Mr. Taylor in effect does, that they are the same in

kind. He treats of the natural body, he speculates upon the degrees of perfection it is capable of attaining, and he tells us, that the attainment of these degrees constitutes it a spiritual body. This is the whole amount of his theory, which is properly called a physical one; but it is hard to tell us that it is metaphysical too, and that it is true of the spiritual as well as of the natural.

The spiritual has its own process of demonstration and experiment, as well as the natural—its own logic, and one as superior to the mere intellectual method as the living is to the dead. But this logic forbids us to reduce to a conception what is in itself a form of ever-present life. A future life, rendered conceivable and intelligible, may be a correct representation of a Mahomedan paradise, but not of a Christian.

“ Das sah kein Auge, das hörte kein Ohr,
Das kam in keines Herz, wie sehr es auch
rang,
Wie es auch nach Gott, nach Gott,
Nach dem Unendlichen durstete;
Kam es doch in keines Menschen Herz,
Nicht in das Herz des, welcher Sünder
Und Erd', und bald ein Todter ist,
Was denen Gott, die ihn lieben, bereitet
hat.”

Not with the eye of the flesh is the beatific vision to be contemplated. This kind comes but of prayer and fasting; and only in expressive silence may we adore or muse upon the ideal, which the living form of human conscience is appointed to realise, as the temple of law in the being of the creature, who has been generated in the likeness and image of God.

* *Metaphysical Inquiry into the Method, Objects, and Result of Ancient and Modern Philosophy*. By Isaac Preston Cory, Esq., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. London; William Pickering. 1833.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S LAST TALE,

HELEN CROCKET,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY OLIVER YORKE.

IN publishing the second of the last two papers that, previously to his death, we received from James Hogg, popularly known as the *Ettrick Shepherd*, we hold it matter of conscience, at parting with these ultimate reliques of that child of nature, not to let the opportunity slip of paying a just tribute to his memory. We have before hinted that essay-writing for periodicals was a bad business, and that Hogg erred in devoting so much of his time to such worthless labour. Doubtless he did it for temporary supply; but that in this he was often disappointed is abundantly clear from the letter which accompanied "The Turners" and "Helen Crocket." Courteous lector, peruse it and perpend:

"*Altrive Lake, Sept. 17, 1835.*

"My dear James,—I send you with this two tales, which I do not think of my best kind, but as good as I can make them. I am not afraid to send any thing to you, for, if it does not suit, I am sure to get it back again, with, perhaps, a little good-natured abuse. But it is a curious thing that, since old Blackwood died, neither in Britain nor America can I insure the same result, for all the injunctions I give. I have been obliged to abandon *Blackwood* for that very reason. I cannot get one thing back; and Wilson knows nothing about them, seeming, apparently, never to have seen them. This will never do for me, as I never had two MS. copies of any prose work.

"I have written two poems for you, but dare not send them, having a sort of feeling that the fire of genius is beginning to flag, and should be sorry in my old age to disgrace laurels so bravely won. Remember, Fraser, that I am sixty-six next January, so that it is almost time to lay myself voluntarily on the shelf. Had ~~Mr.~~ Robert continued at the helm, I was safe; but damn the insolent, scoundrelly Whigs, Papists, and Radicals!

"Yours most truly,

"Mr. Fraser."

"JAMES HOGG."

Now, we confidently demand of gentle and simple, whether they would *à priori* believe that a writer of Hogg's reputation and genius could thus have been liable to "the proud man's contumely—the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the

unworthy takes." But it is ever thus; and the quotation just made proves it. It was so in the days of Hamlet the Dane, of Shakespeare the Warwickshire lad, and of Hogg the bard of Altrive. More than one periodical we know where the "unworthy" are in power, and "patient merit," in the shape of a poor contributor, meets with insult and injury. The tricks played off by your editors and pseudo-editors on their talented correspondents are truly infamous. To all these OLIVER YORKE is a glorious exception. Every applicant has justice, strict and impartial justice, administered in mercy, at his hands. This arises mainly, however, from the catholic knowledge, or aptitude, which he possesses concerning every subject of human inquiry or endeavour. The ignorance of other editors deserves exposition. That they know nothing, and can do nothing, is in fact the specified qualification for the office. Such a man must be the negation of every thought and thing, that he may not stand in the way of a proprietor desiring, on some pressure of expediency, to put forth to the world certain absurdity or blasphemy, at which, as it reeks to heaven, the Man in the Moon is fain to stop his nose. Like herds with like, and avoids companionship with dissimilars. Like editor, like contributors—men who patch some eobbling piece of journey-work for filthy lucre; and for so small a portion of it, that the purchase of a beggar's offal would exhaust the amount of consideration-money paid at or before the sealing and delivery of the villanous contract. They are serfs! Let a sincere inquirer after truth, a man of decided opinion, a scientific discoverer, a poet of genius, be so far deluded by false promises or vain expectations to hope for patronage among them, and the whole fraternity avoid him with the antipathy that slaves feel for freemen. It were a waste of indignation to pursue the subject further. Yet, as to this system it is owing that our periodical literature generally is of so low a character; and even in some works, once of high influence, marks of degeneracy from month to month and

from quarter to quarter appear, which can only be accounted for on the supposition of the circumstances existing that we have stated;—it were a dereliction of duty to abstain altogether from an expression of abhorrence at a system so monstrous, and a clique so murderous.

We'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such an editor!

That we are not such, the public will please to observe that we have the testimony of James Hogg—and that we are proud of it. We are sometimes compelled to keep papers for a length of time before insertion, on account of superabundance; but we fairly give them their turn, and keep to our agreements. We play off no tricks. We do not promise insertion, and make frivolous excuses for delay; and when called on to complete our contract, interpret the demand into insolence, affect sorrow at having given cause for complaint, and returning the article (if, indeed, it be returned), suggest the expediency of the writer's trying some publication where his wishes could more readily be met. All this is pitiful and unworthy men of honour: yet these things we have known to be; and, knowing all, we have frequently blessed our stars that never in our born days we felt induced to become volunteer contributor to any miscellany under the uninclosed cope of heaven, or within the unpartitioned air.

This last tale of James Hogg is like the man. There is, too, one gross passage in it, through which we have been tempted to draw the pen—but we will not. Hogg knew no *false* delicacy; nor will we, acting for him while under the turf that lies light upon his bosom.

“Within the deep
Capacious bosom of maternal earth,
Repose the dust it loved, in confidence
That she thereto would act a parent's part,
So that it should not perish, but be found
With a more radiant robe to swathe the
soul,

The incorruptible, when Death shall die.
Meantime, let the grass whistle a shrill
dirge

During the visitation of the gale;
The cypress droop above it, and all
flowers

Make odorous the bed of righteous men;
And night and morn the dew fall on the
sod,

Making it sweeter and more beautiful.

These things are to the soul as to the eye;
Life mightier than death, and claiming
right

Even in his very sanctuary to dwell,
As though he were an alien, and through-
out

The universe could claim no spot his own;
Joy strong in grief; hope strongest in
despair;

Grave blossoms both. Our sorrows oft
excel

All joy in joy, as man were made for bliss,
And earth would be an Eden, maugre all,
And, in despite of death and grief, would
give

Glimpses of Paradise returning yet,
And happiness ere long to be restored.”

Hogg was a Man—a man over whose grave these lines might fitly be said or sung. He was a moral man and a Christian; but his morality was no more affectation than his religion was cant. He knew what vices are concealed under supercilious manners; and, innocent of ill intentions, allowed safe charter to what spirit of fun was in him, as a “liberal shepherd,” who gave free names to nature's sports, and blushed not at her unveilings. Why should he, if she did not? The laureate, who is a bit of a prig, after committing a similar offence (if offence it be) in that strange book of his called *The Doctor*, enters into a vindication of the same; which we are glad to quote here, seeing that we have shamefully neglected to notice that worthy piece of work—all the more shamefully, when we reflect that we have a *Doctor* of our own—though not a Dr. Dove. The vindication alluded to, occurring in vol. i. chap. xix. p. 1, and entitled “A Conversation with Miss Graveairs,” is as follows:

“It does not signify, Miss Graveairs! You may flirt your fan, and o'ercloud that white forehead with a frown; but I assure you the last chapter could not be dispensed with. The Doctor used to relate the story himself to his friends; and often alluded to it as the most wholesome lesson he had ever received. My dear Miss Graveairs, let not those intelligent eyes shoot forth in anger arrows which ought to be reserved for other execution. You ought not to be displeased; ought not, must not, can not, shall not!”

“But you ought not to write such things, Mr. Author; really, you ought not. What can be more unpleasant than to be reading aloud, and come unexpectedly upon something so strange, that you know not whether to proceed or

make a full stop, nor where to look, nor what to do? It is too bad of you, sir, let me tell you! and if I come to any thing more of the kind, I must discard the book. It is provoking enough to meet with so much that one does not understand; but to meet with any thing that one ought not to understand is worse. Sir, it is not to be forgiven; and I tell you again that, if I meet with any thing more of the same kind, I must discard the book.'

" 'Nay, dear Miss Graveairs!'

" 'I must, Mr. Author; positively I must.'

" 'Nay, dear Miss Graveairs! Banish Tristram Shandy! banish Smollett! banish Fielding! banish Richardson! But for the Doctor—sweet Doctor Dove, kind Doctor Dove, true Doctor Dove—banish not him! Banish Doctor Dove, and banish all the world! Come, come, good sense is getting the better of preciseness! That stitch in the forehead will not long keep the brows in their constrained position; and the incipient smile, which already brings out that dimple, is the natural and proper feeling.'

" 'Well, you are a strange man!'

" 'Call me a rare one, and I shall be satisfied. 'O rare Ben Jonson!' you know, was epitaph enough for one of our greatest men.'

" 'But, seriously, why should you put any thing in your book which, if not actually exceptionable, exposes it, at least, to that sort of censure which is most injurious.'

" 'That question, dear madam, is so sensibly proposed, that I will answer it with all serious sincerity. There is nothing exceptionable in these volumes: 'Certes,' as Euphues Lily has said, 'I think there be more speeches here which for gravity will mislike the foolish, than unseemly terms which for vanity may offend the wise.' There is nothing in them that I might not have read to Queen Elizabeth, if it had been my fortune to have lived in her golden days; nothing that can by possibility taint the imagination, or strengthen one evil propensity, or weaken one virtuous principle. But they are not composed like a forgotten novel of Dr. Towers's, to be read aloud in dissenting families, instead of a moral essay or a sermon; nor like Mr. Kett's *Emily*, to complete the education of young ladies, by supplying them with an abstract of universal knowledge. Neither have they any pretensions to be placed on the same shelf with *Cælebs*. But the book is a moral book; its tendency is good; and the morality is both the wholesomer and pleasanter because it is not administered as physic,

but given as food. I don't like morality in doses.'

" 'But why, my good Mr. Author, why lay yourself open to censure?'

" 'Miss Graveairs, nothing excellent was ever produced by any author who had the fear of censure before his eyes. He who would please posterity, must please himself by choosing his own course. There are only two classes of writers who dare do this, the best and the worst; for this is one of the many cases in which extremes meet. The mediocres in every grade aim at pleasing the public, and conform themselves to the fashion of their age, whatever it may be.'

James Hogg might "do this"—for we dare avouch that he was of the first class of writers, and of that class one of the best. The defence put in by Mr. Southey may be adopted by or for the Shepherd, *mutatis mutandis*. Hogg's writings are very much like the book of the Doctor; which the writer describes (aptly quoting, as his manner is, the words from Middleton and Rowley's *Spanish Gipsy*) as

"An orchard bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste;"

and, secondly, as a table liberally spread.

" 'It is not expected or desired,' he continues, 'that every dish should suit the palate of all the guests; but every guest will find something that he likes. You, madam, may prefer those boiled chicken, with stewed celery, or a little of that *fricandeau*; the lady opposite will send her plate for some pigeon-pie. The Doctor has an eye upon the venison; and so I see has the Captain. Sir, I have not forgotten that this is one of your fast days; I am glad, therefore, that the turbot proves so good, and that dish has been prepared for you. Sir John, there is garlic in the *fricassée*. The Hungarian wine has a bitterness which every body may not like; the ladies will probably prefer malmsey. The Captain sticks to his port, and the Doctor to his madeira. Sir John, I shall be happy to take sauterne with you. There is a splendid trifle for the young folks, which some of the elders, also, will not despise: and I only wish my garden could have furnished a better dessert; but, considering our climate, it is not amiss. Is not this entertainment better than if I had set you all down to a round of beef and turnips?'

'If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat there, but the mouth's displaced;
Remove but that sick palate, all is well.'"

Ben Jonson.

There is one work of Hogg's to which, we are bold to think, the world has not done justice,—we mean his *Queen Hynde*. At the commencement of this work, he proffers the following justification of his apparent caprices in the style and subject of his productions.

“ Yes, I'll be querulous or boon,
Flow with the tide, change with the
moon ;

For what am I, or what art thou,
Or what the cloud and radiant bow,
Or what are waters, winds, and seas,
But elemental energies ?
The sea must flow, the cloud descend,
The thunder burst, the rainbow bend,
Not when they would ; but when they can,
Fit emblems of the soul of man !
Then, let me frolic while I may,
The sportive vagrant of a day ;
Yield to the impulse of the time,
Be it a toy or theme sublime ;
Wing the thin air or starry sheen,
Sport with the child upon the green ;
Dive to the sea-maid's coral dome,
Or fairy's visionary home ;
Sail on the whirlwind or the storm,
Or trifle with the maiden's form ;
Or raise up spirits of the hill,
But only if, and when I will.

“ Say, may the meteor of the wild,
Nature's unstead, erratic child,
That glimmers o'er the forest fen,
Or twinkles in the darksome glen,
Can that be bound ? can that be reined ?
By cold ungenial rules restrained ?
No !—leave it o'er its ample home,
The boundless wilderness to roam !
To gleam, to tremble, and to die :
'Tis Nature's error—so am I !

“ Then, O forgive my wandering
theme !

Pity my faults, but do not blame !
Short my advantage, small my lore—
I have one only monitor,
Whose precepts, to an ardent brain,
Can better kindle than restrain.
Then leave to all his fancies wild,
Nature's own rude untutored child ;
And should he forfeit that fond claim,
Pity his loss, but do not blame.

“ Let those who list the garden choose,
Where flowers are regular and profuse ;
Come thou to dell and lonely lea,
And cull the mountain gems with me ;
And sweeter blooms may be thine own,
By Nature's hand at random sown ;
And sweeter strains may touch thy heart,
Than are producible by art.

The nightingale may give delight
Awile, 'mid silence of the night,
But th' lark, lost in the heaven's blue,
Oh, her wild strain is ever new !”

The tale which has called forth these few remarks is note-worthy, as another

specimen of James Hogg's powers over the supernatural world. Certes, it is not another story of Kilmeny ; but it is after the fashion of one of those ghost stories, his facility in producing which was envied by Sir Walter Scott. In such traditions his mind was educated ; and it is by such traditions, vague and unphilosophical as they may seem, that the invisible world is revealed to the children of nature. But for them, the spiritual were clean gone for ever from the valleys and the streams. Nor would the schoolmaster prove a better teacher of these ghostly truths ; he could not teach them with such life and power, from the dead letter of a printed book, and, unfortunately, he knows too little himself of the true philosophy of mind, to give instruction in the higher and purified beliefs of the rationalised understanding, with that conviction and faith which ever accompanies the impressions of the sense. It must be granted that in his creed the peasant is superstitious ; but let it not be forgotten that he never separates the ideal from his moral duties and the objects that surround his daily path. The schoolmaster, on the contrary, often exhibits the dry twigs of the latter, rent from the tree of life, and fit only for the fire. Be it that he is free from superstition ; but is he not free from religion also ? We are inclined to attribute James Hogg's excellence in passages of *pure poetry*, as it has been called, to the condition of the circumstances under which he grew up to the stature of manhood. His own mind and nature were the two treasure-houses of his knowledge—nature not scientifically observed, but sensibly—and mind not sophistically perverted, but naturally developed. Both he contemplated, but scarcely as distinct ; and always as existing in harmonious union. To this it is owing that his supernatural fictions may boast of being clear at once of improbability and mysticism. Created in the simplicity of his heart, as its images they are “ simple, sensuous, and impassioned ”—no crude inventions of a false philosophy, no erroneous results of a blind system, but the graceful issue of original genius, as true to itself and to the universe as that of a Hesiod, a Homer, an Æschylus, and a Shakespeare.

Let us turn over a few pages of the *Mountain Bard*. What can be more delicate than the ballad of “ Sir David

Græme?" what more beautiful than the verses which describe the heroine as following her knight's hound, till she finds her lover's corpse?

"Then she's casten aff her coal-black shoon,

An' her bonnie silken hose, sae glancin' an' sheen,

She kiltit her wilye coat an' broidered gown,

An' away she has linkit over the green.

She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,

Through mony a dell an' dowie glen,
Till frae her brow and bonnie goud locks
The dew dreepit down like the drops
o' rain.

An' aye she said, 'My love may be hid,
An' darena come to the castle to me;
But him I will find, and dearly I'll chide,
For lack o' stout heart an' courtesye.

But ae kind press to his manly breast,
An' ae kind kiss in the moorland glen,
Will weel atone for a' that is past.
O wae to the paukie snares of men!"

An' aye she eyed the gray sloth-bound,
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,
Till he came to the den wi' the moss in-bound,

An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell!

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,
Then he coured him down sae wearilye:
'Ah, yon's my love! I hae found him out;
He's lying waiting in the dell for me.

To meet a knight near the fall of night,
Alone in this untrodden wild,
It scarcely becomes a lady bright;
But I'll vow that the hound my steps
beguiled.'

Alack! whatever a maiden may say,
True has't been said, an' aften beensung,
The e'e her heart's love will betray,
An' the secret wills simple frae her tongue.

'What ails my love, that he looks nae roun'

A lady's stately step to view;
Ah me! I hae neither stockings nor shoon,
An' my feet are sae white wi' the moor-
land dew.

Sae sound as he sleeps in his hunting gear,

To waken him great pity would be;
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,
An' blind is he wha wantsna to see.'

Sae saftly she treads the wee green swaird,

Wi' the lichens an' the ling a' fringed
around:

'My e'en are darkened wi' some wul-
weird;
What ails my love, he sleeps sae
sound.'

She gae ae look, she needit but ane,
For it left nae sweet uncertainty;
She saw a wound through his shoulder
bane,
An' in his brave breast two or three.

*There wasna sic e'en on the Border green,
As the piercing e'en o' Sir David Græme;
She gliskit wi' her e'e where these e'en
should be,
But the raven had been there afore she
came.*

*There's a cloud that fa's darker than the
night,
An' darkly on that lady it came;
There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright,
'Tis without a feeling or a name.*

*'Tis a dull an' a dreamless lethargye,
For the spirit strays owre vale an' hill,
An' the bosom is left a vacancy;
An' when it comes back is darker still.*

— O shepherd, lift that comely corpse,
Well may you see no wound is there;
There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dew-
drops,
An' they have not wet her glossy hair.

There's a lady has lived in Hewswood
tower,
'Tis seven years past on St. Lambert's
day,

An' aye when comes the vesper hour,
These words an' no more can she say:

'They slew my love on the wild swaird
green,
As he was on his way to me;
An' the ravens picked his bonnie blue
e'en,
An' the tongue that was formed for
courtesye.

My brothers they slew my comely knight,
An' his grave is red-blood to the brim;
I thought to have slept out the lang, lang
night,
But they've wakened me, an' wakened
not him!"

This is not easily excelled: yet, per-
haps, it is equalled by the fragment of
"Lord Derwent."

"O why look ye so pale, my lord?
And why look ye so wan?
And why stand mounted at your gate
So early in the dawn?"

'O well may I look pale, ladye;
For how can I look gay,
When I have fought the livelong night,
And fled at break of day?"

'And is the Border troop arrived?
And have they won the day?
It must have been a bloody field
Ere Derwent fled away.

But where got you that stately steed,
So stable and so good?
And where got ye that gilded sword,
So dyed with purple blood?

'I got that sword in bloody fray
Last night on Eden downe;
I got the horse and harness too
Where mortal ne'er got one.'

'Alight, alight, my noble lord;
God mot you save and see!
For never till this hour was I
Afraid to look on thee.'

He turned him to the glowing east,
That stained both tower and tree:

'Prepare, prepare, my lady fair,
Prepare to go with me!

Before this dawning day shall close,
A deed shall here be done,
That men unborn shall shrink to hear,
And dames the tale shall shun.

*The morning blushes to the chin
The foul intent to see.*

Prepare, prepare, my lady fair,
Prepare to follow me!

'Alight, alight, my noble lord,
I'll live or die with thee!
I see a wound deep in your side,
And hence you cannot flee.'

She looked out o'er her left shoulder
To list a heavy groan;
But when she turned her round again,
Her noble lord was gone.

She looked to east, and west, and south,
And all around the tower;

Through house and hall; but man nor
horse
She never could see more.

She turned her round and round about,
All in a doleful state;
And there she saw her little foot-page
Alighting at the gate.

'Oh! open, open, noble dame,
And let your servant in;
Our furious foes are hard at hand
The castle fair to win.'

'But tell me, Billy, where's my lord?
Or whither is he bound?
He's gone just now, and in his side
A deep and deadly wound.'

'Why do you rave, my noble dame,
And look so wild on me?
Your lord lies on the bloody field,
And him you'll never see.'

Can any thing be more graceful or pathetic than these extracts? They were some of Hogg's earliest compositions; and therefore we quote them now, as shewing the class and character of his mind from the beginning. We cannot but feel that the world dealt hardly with him in forming an opinion that he was a coarse and vulgar writer, and that his friends and contemporaries have not altogether been just to his deservings. Above all, the conduct of which he complains in his letter was iniquitous, and could only tend to make penury, and his old age acquainted. We hope that the subscription lately opened for his widow will prosper—it has not only our best wishes, but our assistance.

O. Y.

HELEN CROCKET.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"I wonder, in aw the wide creation o' the world, what can be come o' Helen Crocket," said old Eppy Welch to her crony, Nans Blake; "I canna think she can be run away wi' a black-guard Irishman; for though she was a papish, which is little better nor a heathen, ye ken she was a dooce, canny lass."

"Gudeness guide us, Eppy!—a papish little better nor a heathen! Why, woman, they are ten times waur. They are sworn upon a bit black cross to cheat, kill, murder, an' outroot aw perswasions but their ain. Wad ever a heathen do that? My brother Samuel,

wha was lang in the Indies, has often tauld me that the heathens were very honest, simple, innocent creatures, and the best and soberest sodgers in the world. They wadna wrang the life of a dog or a cat, nor even of a cow or a ewe;—they wad rather fast till they burstit. Is that like the character o' the papists, wha like naething sae weel as knocking out their Christian brethren's harns, an' cutting their throats? Do ye no mind, Eppy, what the Scripture says about the papishes? If ye dinna remember, I do; for they're no caw'd by an ill name in aw that blessed book but I

hae it laid up in my heart an' treasured in my mind. They are the men of sin and sons of perdition—apostates springing from the bottomless pit, given to the vilest blasphemy, error, and persecution—establishing their abominations by false miracles and lying wonders. They are locusts and scorpions, and having their consciences seared as with a hot iron, and speaking lies in hypocrisy—propagating the doctrines of devils—forbidding to marry, or to use lawful and wholesome meat, save on certain days and at certain times. They have itching ears, and give heed unto fables—lovers only of themselves—covetous, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, intemperate, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, creeping into houses and leading captive silly women, laden with iniquities——”

“For mercy’s sake, Nans, gie ower! for ye hae a great fault, when aince ye begin a speakin’, especially about that auld-fashioned book o’ yours ye ca’ the Scripture, ye never think o’ gieing ower again.”

“I haenae half done wi’ the papishes yet! My truly, now when my zeal’s up, I’ll gie them a clearin’ afore I end wi’ them. But, gracious me! is that a gate to speak about the He’y Scriptures? That auld-fashioned book! Ye’re no blate, Eppy.”

“I never read the book; and whenever I heard it read, I didna believe a word o’t.”

“I can weel excuse ye for no reading the Bible, because I ken ye never could read a word i’ your life; but no to believe in its truths beats aw that ever I heard. Od, woman, I fear ye’re a perfect prosylite. What do ye think will come o’ ye again the day o’ judgment?”

“Ha, ha, ha! It will maybe be lang till then.”

“Eppy, I’m fear’d that it is ower true the country says of you, that you’re a reckless papish and a witch. I hae fendit ye, or helpt to fend ye, for several years, because ye came to me destitute; an’ though I never saw ony good about ye, yet I confess that I never saw ony ill neither. But if you are either a papisher or a witch, you and I must part company. O how I

hate a papisher! Dear Eppy, look at aw the Catholic countries in the world, and look at our poor misled sister, Ireland, and think if that can be a good religion which leads to sickan ignorance and cruelty. An’ as for witches, ye ken they are the deil’s ain bairns, and doomed to——”

“Hold your blab, you everlasting shatterbrains! I am no papist—no Christian of any denomination. I despise you all, and worship a God of my own choosing, whose name or attributes I do not choose to reveal to such as you. I am no witch; but I have a certain power of my own above human nature, from whom or from whence I do not know. I never prayed for it, never bargained for it, never asked it, and yet I have it; and from whom no living being is ever likely to know.”

“Yes, he that gave you it will know; an’ I wadna muckle wonder that it was his majesty the deil.”

“I deny the existence of such a being, and defy him to do me either good or evil. But come to the door with me, and I’ll shew you that I have a certain power of controlling nature, which no other woman that I ever saw possesses.”

“Aih, but I’m frightened for ye! Ye’re no to extract your airt upon me, then—mind that.”

“No, no, I will not *extract* my art, as you call it, upon you; for had I wished to do that, I might have done it long ago. But I often do things which I cannot help. Look now: you see that ploughman going briskly on, whistling with his pair on the other side of the burn?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, look at him for the space of three minutes, and you will see how he comes on.”

Eppy riveted her eyes upon him, and cast two or three figures in the air with her finger; and exactly in three minutes the horses stopped, reared, and not one foot further would they proceed. The ploughman went to see what was wrong about the plough, but he could see nothing out of its place. He likewise appeared benumbed; so that if the horses had gone forward, he could not have conducted either them or the plough. So he came staggering and sat down on the spoke between the stils of the plough, took off his hat, and glowered up to heaven,

wondering what judgment had fallen on him and his horses; and the women heard him either speaking to himself or praying. He said afterwards he thought they had been struck with a shock of electricity, until he perceived the two old dames standing looking at him, and then he knew he was bewitched, for Eppy had a very bad word in the country; and there sat the poor ploughman, gaping with astonishment and terror.

"Now did you ever see the like of that?" said Eppy: "I could keep them fixed on that spot till night, as long as my een could see them. But stand you still, and I'll go into the house, and you will see how soon the charm will be dissolved."

They did so, accordingly; and in two or three minutes the ploughman started up as from a dream, and calling out, "Hap wo, Dawtie, ye jad—get on, Wallace, ye thief-like scoonrel." And the two horses went away as well as ever, and the ploughman whistled away as before in the furrow behind them.

When Nans returned into the house, she besought Eppy to bestow the same power upon her; but the other replied, that it was an endowment she neither could bestow nor get rid of, for it seemed to be an element of her constitution, born and bred in her; but whether it came from heaven or hell she had no knowledge.

"I think we might have excellent fun by that art," said Nans. "For instance, I have a great antipathy at tailors. Now, could you arrest me a tailor, or a set of tailors, in any ridiculous situation, how I would be diverted beyond what I can tell you; for I have suffered much from one or two of them; and then they are all so upsetting creatures, and running about people's houses by night, seeking after women. O! if I had any power over the tailors, I would settle them."

Eppy laughed at the extravagant antipathy of her kind friend, and answered, that she could not arrest a tailor in a ludicrous situation with a girl, for that it was necessary she should see him, and fix her eyes upon him; but to humour her whim, if she would shew her a tailor, or a dozen tailors, by day, in any situation whatsoever, she would take in hand to arrest them, or him, on the spot. Nans was upon the lookout for many

a day; and at length, one morning rather early, Nans came running in, calling out, "O Eppy, now is the time for a tailor—now or never!" This was a fat, dumpy young fellow, who had been home at his father's house all the Sunday, and, in hasting back to his master's work early on Monday morning, was taken at short quarters at a very unfortunate spot, right opposite Mr. Reid's bed-room window, a gentleman not much noted for patience or suavity of manners. The charm was soon effected; and the poor tailor was obliged to remain in the same disgraceful position. But not long; for it so happened that Mrs. Reid had been very ill, and had been let blood by a surgeon the previous evening, and Mr. Reid was up very early to administer some anodyne to his lady, and looking out at his window to see what the morning was like, he there beheld the abominable tailor, with his back toward him, sitting still in the same posture. He turned away with disgust; and after having given Mrs. Reid some medicine, and mixed some wine and water for her, he looked out at his window again. There was the tailor still in the same position. Mr. Reid, quite enraged, took the bullet out of his gun, which he kept always standing charged in his bed-room, and putting in a tea-cupful of blood in its place, and a wadding above it, he fired right against the broad bare posteriors of the tailor. He fell forward on his nose and knees, and uttered a tremendous roar; and putting back his hand to feel if he was mortally wounded, he perceived that he was covered with blood behind, and felt it trickling all over his lower extremities.

The women, having seen the fire and the shot, and heard the horrid cries of murder, imagined that they had actually been the cause of the fellow's death, ran into the cottage. By that means the charm was removed, and the tailor released; on which he sprung up and ran back the way he came, braying out with tremendous vociferation, "Murder, murder! Oh, murder, murder! Death and d—n!" But his trousers falling down about his feet, marred his running terribly; so he tramped them off, and flew with amazing velocity.

When the two old women went into their house, Eppy looked as if in great

tribulation, but Nans fell down in a convulsion of laughter, in which she continued until she was so weak that she could not rise; and when she learned the real circumstances of the case, she grew worse than ever, and laughed out the most part of the remainder of her life.

Well, the tailor ran on like one distracted, still crying out murder when his breath could effect it, until he came to Jock Reid's smithy. Jock having been alarmed by the cries, and seeing his acquaintance coming in such a preposterous guise, came out with his bare arms and withstood him in the middle of the road. "What the deil's the matter w'ye the day, man?"

"O Jock Reid, I'm murdered! I'm shot, Jock Reid! I'm a murdered man!"

"Why, man, what hae ye done? What crime hae ye been guilty o', that they hae shot ye i' fair day light?"

"I hae been guilty o' nae crime, Jock Reid—nae crime ata'. But is it not a deadly crime to shoot a man when his back's to you?"

"I certainly look upon this as a very fundamental crime," said Jock; at the same time he could not help grinning and laughing at the plight the tailor was in, with the blood running off at his heels. "Come away into the smithy, my man," continued Jock; "I'll wash you, and dress your wounds as weel as any chirurgion in Britain."

So Jock took him to the smithy-trough, in which he cooled the red-hot iron; and telling the tailor that it was an excellent antidote, both for stopping bleeding and curing wounds, he took an old leathern apron, and fell a scrubbing him up most potently. The tailor lay on his face and groaned; while Jock, soon perceiving that it was a trick, and that nothing was wrong, splashed and scrubbed the tailor until he roared, while Jock was always advising him to be patient and lie still, for it was better to suffer aince than suffer aye.

"Oh, Jock Reid, Jock Reid! that's a roughsome way o' ganging to work wi' a deeing man! I fear, Jock Reid, the wound will be very deep, that it has bled sae muckle?"

"I daresay, it is gayan deep."

"Think ye it will be possible to get out the ball?"

"Na, it will never be mair seen; it is up as far as your midriff."

"Oh, Jock Reid, that's heavy news!

I thought aye I fand a weight about my heart. Could I be but spared in mercy for a few days, until I hae time to repent o' my sins. Oh, I hae muckle need to repent o' my sins with regard to women!"

"Ye needna concern yoursel muckle about these kind o' sins, unless ye hae murdered some o' them. There's nae other sins atween men an' women."

"Aih, Jock Reid, I never thought ye had been sic a reprobate! But I hae other matters to mind than arguy about sickan nonsense wi' you. Oh, what's to come o' me! what's to come o' me!" (*Cries bitterly.*)

"Hout, man! lie still an' haud your tongue. If ye maun dee, meet death like a man an' a Christian, and dinna lie youling like a dog under the lash. I'll tell you what it is, if I had ye weel scrubbit wi' this iron an' cool water, sae as to raise a little stimulation, ye understand, an' a good large brikkin plaster laid to your doup, you will never find your wound mair."

"A brikkin plaster?—that's a horse blister ye mean? Oh, Jock Reid, o' a' operations i' the world, I hate flay-bottomie the maist."

Jock having scrubbed the tailor until he changed all his lower parts from a purple hue to a dusky black, applied a prodigious wax plaster to the wounded parts, lent him a pair of trousers, and set him home in a cart; and the tailor was cured forthwith. But when the truth leaked out, he left the country and went to America, where he has succeeded in his business exceedingly well; so that Mr. Gabriel Reid's shot has made the tailor's fortune.

There are many other ridiculous stories told about Eppy's feats; such as that there was one day a hare went hitching by their cottage, when Nans asked Eppy if she could arrest that creature, as it would be capital hare-soup. Eppy said she had never tried such a thing; but she supposed it might very easily be done. Accordingly, she made the mystic figures on the wind, fixed her eyes, and stood unmoved, without winking. The hare was astonished, thinking she was caught in a noose. She ran backward for a few yards, and then forward to the same spot where the electricity of Eppy's eye first struck her; and there she finally settled, and sat up like a pint-stoup, with her eyes apparently fixed backwards upon Eppy's, until

Nans went and took her by the craig, choked her, and brought her home; and the two kerlings feasted on her. After this the two beldames did not often want a hare, for there were rich preserves around their dwelling; but it was found out that they sold so many good hare-skins, that they began to be suspected of snaring. No snares, however, could be discovered, and the pillage went on with capital success; till at length Mr. Reid met with them one morning coming through one of his hidden inclosures, each of them carrying a hare; on which he was very wroth, beating the two old dames severely with his cane, and taking their two hares from them. He abused them for their poaching propensities, saying they had long been suspected, but were fairly found out now; and then he swore a great oath that these two animals had both been snared within half an hour.

"We never set a gin or snare of any kind i' our lives, sir," said Nans; "an' ye may take my word for it, these are nae hares, but twa witches; an' ye'll rue the day that ever ye touched them."

"I shall take my chance of that, old, ridiculous creature, and likewise of getting you put out of the country. Go about your business, and try to impose on another than me."

So saying, he kicked her, until Nans ran screaming and cursing him. But by this time Eppy had gotten over the stile, and peeping through a bush, where she could not be seen, she soon fixed Mr. Reid and his two hares to the spot; where he stood staring more than half a day, until Nans ran and told the marquess's gamekeeper that Mr. Reid was an inveterate poacher, and that if he, the keeper, would go to the Catlock-field, he would catch Reid with game in his possession. So the keeper hastened to the spot, where he found Reid standing like a statue, with his two lusty hares, one in each hand; so he took them both from him, accusing him bitterly of poaching the marquess's game. Reid told a long rigmarole story about the hares being two witches, and that the moment he touched them they arrested him on the spot; and that he took them from two old kerlings in the morning, whom he believed to be both witches too. The gamekeeper laughed at him; and as Eppy had now turned her back on them, the two walked off the field

together, in no very good humour with one another. But the keeper took off the two hares, and summoned Mr. Reid to the court, where he got him fined in 13*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for poaching.

Now, although it was all for fun, Nans had more mischief in her than Eppy, for all her great and unaccountable power. So there was one morning, as the two kimmers were out bringing in a pail of water, Nans says, "Yonder comes young stitch at a terrible rate the day. Think ye he's riding for the howdy, or is the horse run away with him?"

"I think the horse must be run off with him, else he would not for his life dare to ride in that style."

"Oh, stop him, stop him, Eppy!—for mercy's sake, arrest him! else both man and horse will be killed."

Eppy took the hint, and laid on the arrestment; and that with such efficacy, that the horse not only stopped, but started back as if he had run against a rope, and the tailor flew over his head like a spread eagle. He, however, mounted manfully again to his seat; but by this time the charm had taken effect on both, and neither he nor the horse testified any disposition to go further, nor yet to return—but there they stood, glowering toward the women's cottage, I do not know how long—I suppose about two or three hours. Now the truth was, that the tailor was actually riding for the surgeon of the next village to Mrs. Reid. Mr. Reid's men were all out on the height casting peats, and he had no other resource but to take the tailor from his work, whom he mounted on a mettled steed, and bade him make haste to the surgeon, for there was no time to lose, and take as long in coming home as he liked. The horse set off with the tailor at a terrible rate, and gave him such a convoy as he never got in his life; but it was only for a short space, until he came to a fair stand still.

Mr. Reid and the women began to weary terribly for the surgeon; and one of them, running out to see if he was coming, brought in word that the tailor had never got further than the head of the broomside haugh, where he was sitting composedly on the horse's back. Mr. Reid swore a great oath, and, snatching a hunting-whip from the lobby, he ran off, bareheaded as he was, to punish the tailor. This was not the tailor whom he had shot, who

had left the country; but a young lad named Tom Ross, from Aberdeen. So Mr. Reid, in the plenitude of his wrath, attacked the tailor with his whip, lashing him till he roared out for mercy.

"Why, you stupid, unnatural animal, why did you not ride for the surgeon, as I ordered?"

"Ey dunna keen; the neg tuckit the reest on ma, an' weel neether gyang beckwerds nor ferwerds."

"But I'll make him gang feerwerd, as you call it, though he should break your neck;" and to the horse Mr. Reid fell with the whip, like a day's work that he had been working by the piece, lashing him most unmercifully. The horse flung most potently, making his heels fly aloft in the air. He kicked and reared till he groaned again; but from the spot he would not move. Still Mr. Reid laid on, till he actually lost the power of his arms, astonished what was the matter with his fine horse.

"You booby, you are holding him in," said he.

"Awm heddin neen o' hum un; I'm bee the meen wi' both mee hands," said the tailor, blubbing. "But, lurd, mun, I wush you wid tuck keer o' mee legs; for you hee hiesh'd thum and kittet them till they're awpeerin o' bleed. But hum cleer he'll mubby gyang awa bee un' bee."

"Come down here! Come off my horse, you ninny, you goose, you lawbard, you lousy b——. I say, come down here."

"I'll no dee't; I kinna come deen, for mee sheen's ful o' bleed."

On which Mr. Reid flew at him; and, pulling him from the horse, tossed him into the back of the dyke; then mounted the horse himself. For two or three minutes he coaxed the horse, and lashed him at the same time; but he just went like a hobby-horse, up before and behind, alternately; while the tailor lay at the back of the dyke, laughing till his sides were like to crack; and he being out of sight of Eppy's malignant eye, the spell lost its power over him, and took effect upon Mr. Reid; who in a short time was fixed under its influence, and sat still there, staring in the same direction with his horse; while the tailor ran cowering and laughing up the back of the dyke, and looking back to Mr. Reid he cried, "Guid bee,

unnist mun, an' sutt you thur as ling as I hae deen."

Eppy seems to have had the power of making this spell more or less intense; for there was never any one so completely overpowered by it as Mr. Reid, if we except the hares,—for he seemed deprived of speech or motion, having no faculty remaining but that of peering intellectually in one direction. But we must let Lizzy, one of his servant girls, describe his situation. She was sent out by the female attendants to look for the surgeon, and behold there was her master sitting, bareheaded, on his horse's back, on the very spot where the tailor was fixed. She ran away to him; but his appearance frightened her so much, she durst not go close up to him; and it was well she did not,—for if she had come within the right forward gleam of Eppy's eye, it is likely she, too, would have been fascinated to the spot; but she stood at a little distance, and called to him,—
"Master, master! hae ye gane demitit, that ye are sittin there a' day wi' your bare head glowrin like a wulcat? If ye winna outhur rin or ride for the doctor, come awa' hame,—for our mistress is joost deeing. D'ye hear man? I tell ye your wife's joost deeing. For pity's sake, for decency's sake, come awa in an hand her, for she's garrin a' the house yull. Gude-ness preserve us! what ails the man?"

Lizzy now took fright, and ran away home, and bursting in among the females, she cried, holding up her hands, and gaping with affright, "O dear, dear, what'll be done! what'll be done! our master's gane daft—clean horn daft! He's sittin bareheaded on Douglas's back, an can neither hear nor speak; but there he sits glowrin through the toom air, where there's naething to be seen, turnin first up the tae lug an' then the tither, like a calley dog watchin a movin moudy hillock. An' what's unco queer, the naig is lookin the same gate, an' as intent on't as his master. The twa are very like a made statue; ad I wadna wonder if they had been stricken wi' a thunner-bolt, an' are baith dead; an' that yon geeing o' the head may be the nerves; or, may be it has gotten sic a yark wi' the bolt o' Heaven that it will never can stand still again, but just rocky-rowe for ever, baith i' the coffin an' the grave. It's awsome to think o'!"

Menil Tiddy, the old nurse, then

stopped her; and said, "Haud your havering tongue, ye glaikit ravin tawpie; it is you that's gane daft. Did any body ever hear such a rhamé o' nonsense as that? Rin awa back to your master, and tell him he has gotten a bonny daughter."

"Me rin awa back to him, an' tell he has gotten a daughter! I may as weel speak to that hill, and muckle better,—for it wad answer my voice wi' a wee bit tongueless ane o' its ain; but as for him, he wadna look ower his shoulder to me if I should tell him that the lift had fa'n, an' smooored a' the laverocks."

At the very time of this dialogue, who should enter the two old women's cot but Helen Crocket, the girl whom I mentioned at the beginning of this tale. Eppy had always testified an extraordinary interest in this girl, while, on the other hand, Nans could not endure her, because she was a papist. But Eppy really loved her, and Helen returned that love; and having no mother of her own, she called Eppy by that endearing appellation. The entrance of Helen attracting Eppy's sole attention, it took her eye away from Mr. Reid and his horse, who were thereby instantly released, and went off as nothing at all had happened.

Eppy, turning from the open window, at which she had sat so long, to her beloved Helen, embraced her, and made her sit beside her; while Nans went into the other apartment, to take her fill of laughing at what she had seen.

"Now tell me, Helen, my bonny woman," said Eppy, "where ye hae been, an' what ye hae been doing? I fear ye hae been playing the fool."

"Indeed hae I, mother; an as I hae brewed I fear sae maun I now drink. An' as for where I hae been, I never hide any thing frae you; an' I hae been away in the east kintry, at the harst work, wi' that plaguit Tom Murphy, wha I believe has been born to be my curse. But what can we poor lasses do? We canna stand in our ain strength; an' when we aince gang wrang, we gang ay farrer an' farrer."

"Hae you twa, then, been shearing, and living as man an' wife? Ah, Helen, Helen! ye hing your head, an' dinna answer me. I ken ye winna tell me a lee; but I see the scrape you are in, an' my heart's unco sair for

ye. Poor lassie, what's to become o' ye!"

"Things were as bad as they could be wi' me before; sae that this maks little difference, if it warna for the conscience. But, oh, what nips o' conscience I hae suffered! I hae been sae wicked, that I'm even feared the priest winna grant me absolution."

"Fee fa fum! Conscience an' absolution! sic flummery I heard never! Take care o' yoursel, my poor bairn; take care o' your peace o'mind, and your life wi' that bad man, and leave conscience and absolution to knaves and dotards. I fear he is a very bad man, that Murphy."

"O dear! I wat weel he's no verra good. But then he likes me,—that makes amends for a' faults; an' he's gaun to take me ower to his fo'ks at Downpatrick, in Ireland, an marry me. What can he do mair, poor fellow? But I maun first gang to the priest, at Debeattie, an' try to get absolution; an' then I have to meet Tam, the morn, afore day-light, to set off wi' him. But, oh, Eppy, my heart's sair about the hale matter,—for ye ken he's no o' our church, o' the true Catholic religion; sae that I'll hae to be married by a Methodist minister, which will be nae marriage ata' to me."

"Now, my poor infatuated bairn, in aw these surmeeses o' yours you are wrang. Are you sure that Murphy likes you? Has he always used you kindly and civilly? Ay, ye may hing down your head an' greet! I'll tell you how well he likes ye. He just likes you that weel, that he wad gie a' that he has in the world—an' that's no very muckle—to see you laid i' your grave. An' mair by token. If ye gang away wi' that fellow, whether married or unmarried, you will never see either Ireland or Downpatrick. Mind what I tell you now. An' as for your confessions and absolutions, these are the greatest flummery in the world, an' fit only to be practised by selfish knaves an' silly fools. Now, tell me truly,—Could you really have the impudence to gang an' kneel down afore the priest, an' sob and dight your een, and confess a' your sins, wi' the heretic Tom Murphy?"

"Ay, every ane o' thim; I hae them a' registered up in my heart, day and date."

"Then you are the most brazen-faced strumpet that ever was born, an'

muckle waur than I thought ye. O fy, for shame; let another be the divulger o' that, and no you,—for, believe me, the less that is said about all such matters the better."

"Ah, but Effy, I have repentit o' my sins, an' hope to receive remission."

"Ay, fine repentance, faith! But let that flee stick to the wa'; and do ye remember this. Gang not away wi' that wicked, regardless man, nor trust yoursel' wi' him out o' sight,—for I hae had some ill forebodings about you of late."

"But, Eppy, what can I do but trust him?"

"What do? Bide the brunt, an' face the world, the minister, the kirk, an' the session, as mony a better woman has done afore you. What do, forsooth! She's a silly hen that canna scrape for ae burd. But nane o' your confessions, an' nane o' your rinnings away wi' a man wha ye ken to be a finished blackguard."

"But, Eppy, I hae gien him my solemn promise to meet him at the Crane Moss, either to-morrow morning afore daylight, or the next morning at farrest, an' gang away to Ireland wi' him, to be his wife. I ken, an' hae long kend, how weel ye like me; but I hae brought mysel to that pass by my imprudence, that what better can I do?"

"Just come au' live wi' Nans an' me, my woman. Ye shall work, an' I'll keep the baby, if it be spared in life. I can get you tenpence a-day, of bandage work, frae the ae year's end to the other, ill day an' good day, which will come to about thretteen punds a-year; an' we'll work our way unco weel."

"But Nans dislikes me, on account o' my religion; an' I canna do that. In short, I hae made up my mind to gang wi' him; sae, dear auld Eppy, it is needless to arguify ony mair,—for as I hae made my bed sae maun I lie down."

"Ye're an infatuated girl, Helen. There is surely some spell hingin ower ye. But come back an' see me afore ye gang away, else I'll meet you where ye least expect it."

Helen kissed her auld friend, wept bitterly, hung down her head, and hasted away; but she did not go to the priest at Dalbeattie, but to a distant relation of her own, who lived in Castle Douglas, a staunch and strenuous

Catholic, who likewise exerted all her energy to prevent Helen marrying a heretic, and a son of perdition; but all was in vain. Helen's mind was made up; and the second morning after she parted with Eppy she set out, little after midnight, towards the Crane Moss, to meet with her lover.

There is something quite unaccountable here in this traditionary story; but I must tell it as I have heard it. The morning was light, with a full moon in the heavens, it being the third of October; and as Helen was going up the south side of the black water of Dee, according to my account, on the skirts of a farm called Airey, she perceived old Eppy Blake coming to meet her. Helen's blood ran cold to her heart,—for she remembered that Eppy had said she would meet her when she least expected it.

"So, so," said Eppy, "you are then thus far on your way to trust yourself to the mercy of a wretch, in spite of all my injunctions. But there is a bond between you and me which no mortal hand can sever, and I must not lose you so young; no, no, I must not lose you. See, here is a loaded pistol (taking one from below her mantle); it is charged with the bolt of heaven, and the fire of hell below it. Should your lover appear respectful and kind, make no use of this; but if you come to a new-made grave, with a row of divots on one side, and a long heap of peat-moss on the other, instantly shoot him through the head or the heart, assured that the grave is made for you; and then shift for yourself."

And having said thus much, without giving Helen, time to pronounce a word, she rushed cowering by her, toddled away down the side of the black water of Dee, and was out of sight in a minute or two.

Helen was utterly astonished; but she put the pistol in her pocket, within the skirt of her gown,—stood a long space considering of this extraordinary event,—and then, as led by a fatality, posted on to the place of meeting at the Crane Moss. Her lover received her with unwonted kindness,—kissed, welcomed, and caressed her; and taking her arm in his they walked on. He had neither bundle, plaid, nor mantle; at which she rather wondered, on setting out on so long a journey. At length, by a wave of his coat with the wind, she perceived a butcher's cleaver

secreted below the left breast, and from that time forward she was not able to speak a word, although Murphy was still bothering on with professions of kindness, respect, and love. He buttoned the coat, and she then saw the shape of the murderous weapon distinctly. On turning the corner of a little alder and willow bush, they came all at once on a new-made grave, with a row of divots built up on one side, and a heap of peat-moss on the other.

"What pit is that?" said Helen. But he made no answer; but struggled to free his right hand of her left, trying to draw out the cleaver. She withheld his arm as well as she could, and taking the pistol from her pocket in a moment, she shot him through the head. He made a great spring upward, and then fell dead, without uttering a word.

Helen stood paralysed with astonishment at the enormous deed she had committed; but her conscience reproved her not,—for she had no other resource than either to murder or be murdered. Bitterly she wept as she looked on the mangled form which she had defaced, sending his soul to an account for which she had too much reason to dread it was but ill prepared; but though he had robbed her of her virtue, and then wanted to rob her of her life, grievously did she weep for the crime she had been driven to commit. Then, recollecting old Eppy, her guardian angel's words, "Shoot him through the head or the heart, and then shift for yourself," she flung down the fatal pistol beside the corpse, and made off. And where would any one think poor Ellen ran to conceal her sin and shame? Straight to the Catholic priest, at Dalbeattie, to whom she confessed the whole of her transgressions, ending with the murder of her seducer, Tom Murphy.

The reverend father held up his hands in astonishment. "My daughter, what is this that thou hast told me?" cried he fervently. "With regard to the venial sin of yielding to the blandishments of love, that is betwixt Heaven and you; and on being assured of your repentance for that I can grant absolution, and free remittance. But with the heinous crime of murder I have nothing to do, save giving you up to the laws of your country. It is the last and most grievous infringement of the laws of God and man; and by the express command of the

Almighty, murderers are to be put to death by the magistrate. No sacrifice was accepted for this sin; no money was to ransom the life of the guilty. Suppose he fled to God's altar for protection, he was dragged thence, and executed. How, then, can a poor unworthy servant of the Lord intermeddle with such a crime as this? Still, I do not aver that you have been guilty of a deadly crime, as you suppose you did it in defence of your own life. But, then, my daughter, how can you prove this? There is the dreadful drawback, and I am afraid you will have a hard run for your life. But by the law of your country you must stand or fall. Go and give yourself up to a magistrate."

"I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and to no other body will I repeat the narrative, but trust all to your discretion. I set my life at very little value; but do you not think that the new-made grave and the butcher's cleaver are proofs sufficient of his murderous intention?"

"I do not know how the law may go in that case. But, come, I believe you have told me the truth; but you have not told me the whole truth. For what purpose did you purchase the pistol and the shot? Does not that look like *malice prepense*, and a design of committing murder? Where did you purchase them, or who gave you them?"

"I forgot to tell you that, father,—for it was not intentionally that I concealed any thing from you. I got it in a very extraordinary way. I got it from old Mother Blake, not ten minutes before I met with Murphy. She told me it was loaded with the bolt of Heaven and fire of hell; and if my lover was kind and respectful, I was to make no use of it; but if I saw manifest danger, or, in particular, if I came to a new-made grave, I was to shoot him instantly through the head or the heart, and escape."

The priest again raised his hands towards heaven, and declared there was a mystery in the whole story which he could not comprehend. What the hag could be seeking there before day, in such a dreary place; how she came to have a loaded pistol with her, and knew that Helen's death was intended, and that her grave was made. "But I have long known," added he, "that

woman to be a witch, or, rather, an infernal being in the human shape. Besides, she rails at our order, and all the tenets of Christianity. But I will have her brought to the stake, or the gallows, for thus inciting a young creature like you to commit murder, and furnishing you with the means of doing it."

"Helen went away up to Castle Douglas, to her Catholic relation; and the priest went straight to the sheriff of the stewartry, and stated to him that a young, and very beautiful, innocent-looking girl had confessed to him that she had murdered a man that morning, about the break of day, by shooting him through the head. But that the whole story was so like a dream, or fantasy, that he could not believe it; and, therefore, before he revealed the penitent's name, he begged that the sheriff would despatch men to the spot, to see if it was true. That, according to her account, the body was lying behind a bramble-bush, on the farm of Airey, in the neighbouring parish of Balmaghie, and within a bow-shot of the black water of Dee, beside a new-made grave which he had digged for her with a butcher's cleaver, half drawn from his side, fastened in his right hand.

The sheriff said she was a noble girl, and had served the Irish scoundrel as he well deserved. But how had she come by the loaded pistol? There was something rather equivocal in that. The Rev. confessor told him Helen's story; but the sheriff shook his head, and said, that statement needed investigation. He, however, sent off men to the spot described, where they found the body of Murphy lying, shot through the head, beside a new-made grave of great depth. He had a butcher's cleaver glewed in his cold right hand; but there was no pistol to be seen; and the next day he was buried in that grave, without either coffin or pall.

But now comes the mystery of my story. At midnight, on the 3d of October, Eppy Blake began to complain of a strange dereliction of mind, and begged of Nans to call in some neighbours, for she felt her dissolution approaching. Nans did so, and brought in two neighbours; but before their arrival Eppy had fallen into a drowsy insensibility, out of which she never awoke until she slept the sleep of death, at an early hour in the morning.

The three women then laid out the corpse with all decency, and sat down to some refreshment; and Nans began a relating some of her departed friend's extraordinary powers. About the break of day they were thunderstruck at hearing a shot fired as seemed to them immediately behind the bed where the body lay. But how much more astounded were they when the corpse sprung up to a sitting posture, and exclaimed, "By the sun of heaven he is gone! shot through the head and brains. But she is saved! My own child, my Helen, is saved; though I have died to save her; and all that I possess, whether of heaven, earth, or hell, are hers; for she was my own born child. Ha, ha, hah!"

The three women screamed and left the house, for they saw the features had no expression but those of death; and the next morning, after sunrise, when a number of men and women went to investigate the case, the body was gone, they knew not whither—nor was it ever known to any on earth: the white tapes by which her limbs and arms were decently bound, and the lawn napkin that bound her head, were all lying in their places; but old Elspeth, that strange unaccountable being, was gone, and for ever.

That very day the sheriff-substitute, the fiscal, and some witnesses, came to Nans' cottage, for the purpose of taking a precognition as far as regarded old Eppy's having furnished the arms and enjoined the murder. But an *alibi* was not only fairly proven by the oaths of three witnesses, but also that the woman was dead for hours before the time the pistol was said to have been delivered. But the whole story of the woman was so completely out of nature, that it gained not credence, and told sorely against poor Helen, for it was judged that she had bought or borrowed the pistol and the shot, for the resolute purpose of murdering the Irishman, and a mandate was given out for her apprehension; but on the officers going to Castle-Douglas, they found she had decamped, and whither they knew not. She had gone to see old mother Eppy, and behold she had vanished. She was overcome with wonder; but she wept bitterly. And when Nans informed her that she was Eppy's own child, and that she had risen from the dead to divulge the secret—and not only so, but at the same time had declared that

Helen was heir to all her power derived from heaven, earth, and hell, it may well be conceived how the hapless girl was encompassed by astonishment, though without the least intention of ever exercising any such powers. But Nans, with the curiosity inherent in the nature of women, was anxious to have the experiment tried. So she taught Helen with great care and punctuality the form of the figure she was to make in the air; and then the two opened the window, and, behold! the first objects that made their appearance were three sheriff-officers, coming to seize on Helen. Helen fixed her eyes steadily upon them, and, to her wonder, the men were arrested in a moment, and stood staring at the cottage. The two women went out to meet them, keeping their faces straight toward them; and after going close up to them, Helen said, "I suppose you are come to apprehend me, to take my trial on a charge of murder? Here, then, I am come to deliver myself into your custody. I offer myself your prisoner; and if you refuse to take me, remember I will not be taken again."

The men stood gaping and staring, without speaking a word or moving a muscle; and the two women faced them up till towards the evening; and then Helen, bidding them goodbye, took Nans's arm, and glided slowly into the house backward, and bolted the door. The charm was then removed, and the men came and begged admittance, but were positively refused; so they returned to Kirkcudbright, almost persuaded that they had lost their reason. The sheriff was very wrath, and said that it was manifest, from the girl's behaviour throughout, that she deemed herself unimpeachable; but how they could be such blockheads as not to take her into custody, with his warrant in their hands, he could not comprehend; and as they had been guilty of a great dereliction of duty, it behoved him to dismiss them from his majesty's service.

About that time, or a few weeks afterward, there came to the shepherd's house of Dalrian, on the back of the Kells range, a very bonny lass, who complained of being unwell; and the shepherd's wife, whose name was Anne M'Erl, with the philanthropy and kindness inherent in that simple and interesting class of society, offered her an

asylum, and laid her in the only little spare bed the cottage afforded. She grew worse and worse; and when M'Erl, the shepherd, came in from the hill at night, she appeared to them both to be in the agonies of death. The place was not within twenty miles of a surgeon; so they had no resource but to apply to Heaven. The shepherd sung one verse of a psalm, and read a small portion of a chapter of the Corinthians; for he could not get time to read one half of it, for fear she had died before he had done. He then kneeled down, and laying his brow on his arms on the sufferer's bed-stock, he prayed most fervently for her as a young and beautiful saint departing this life. Still she did *not* die; and the shepherd prayed on, until something uttered a waw beneath the blankets, like a half-worried hare. That girl was Helen Crocket, who was now the mother of a fine boy, but with a wild, unearthly look.

That very night, a stately, strange-looking dame came to the cottage of Dalrian, and, without opening her lips, entered Helen's apartment. Anne M'Erl was some way frightened at her appearance; and she would never have known what or who she was, had she not overheard these words from Helen: "Ah, Mother Eppy, are you there? I thought you had been dead or lost." The phantom shook its head, and laid its forefinger on its lip, and lifting the child from its mother's bosom, walked off with it. The boy rather seemed to cling to her, and Helen neither cried nor complained. What became of that mysterious group I do not know; but many years thereafter there was an old witch wife came and took the cottage of Cairoch, in Balmaghie, who introduced herself by the extraordinary name of Mrs. Murder. I think it was Helen, for she could have arrested any living thing on the spot; and yet I never heard that she had any other power of controlling nature save that. She died in that cottage, attended by a stranger surgeon; but, like her mother, the body never was buried, but borne away no body knew where. I think it must have been Helen; for on a certain day, every year, she sat and wept for several hours over a lonely grave in the Crane Moss, at the back of a willow-bush, on the south side of the Black Water of Dee.

BOMBARDINIO ON MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.
AFFECTATION—MALE AND FEMALE.

"Nothing so" *false*, "as what you once let fall,
Most women have no character at all."—POPE.

THIS is the age of affectation, and not of intellect; for intellect is but thinly sprinkled over the surface of society, whereas affectation

"Rules the court, the camp, the grove."

The malady extends, in fact, from distant John O'Groat's to the Land's End, and pervades every corner of the town and city,—from Wapping to Change Alley, and from the inns of court to the Court of St. James's; so that we have the affectation of fashion and philanthropy, down even to the affectation of folly and of ruffianism. Sheridan meant to have written a comedy, entitled *Affectation*. I wish to Heaven that he had done it: it would have beaten the *School for Scandal* hollow! Lord Byron was one of the most affected men of his age. Tommy Moore is affected to a degree; and yet we cannot possibly deny the possession of intellect to the author of *Crib's Memorial*, and of the *Irish Melodies*. Nearly all the foreign men of letters are affected. Old Goethe was a mass of vanity and affectation. Your German *Gelehrte* is the most affected fellow imaginable, and is second only to the French *littérateur*, who is absolutely insufferable. In France every petty newspaper scribe already thinks himself seated on the ministerial bench; because little Thiers wrote himself into notice by extending Mignet's two very good volumes into ten very bad ones. Yet Thiers, and the best of the French newspaper people, would hardly be counted seventh-rate hands in this country: only see what poor drivelling stuff they write about England.

Now, I must beg of you, kind reader, not to be led beyond your depth by the names of the few eminent men here mentioned in the list of the affected; because for one affected man of talent, you have, after all, a thousand affected men of no talent, and then see how delightfully the folly shews itself. One man speaks to you in a mild and chastened tone, for fear that the full notes of his impressive voice should be too much

for the weak nerves of one so greatly his inferior in station or transcendent merit. Another shall speak to you in a frank, friendly, off-hand manner, implying the kind intention of putting you at your ease in his presence. One man, in pointing the toe of his right foot, condescends to give you two fingers; another gives you a hearty shake, as much as to say, "Do not be afraid of me,—no one is a great man to his valet or inferior." The silly, simple, and vapid exclusive hardly knows you—"has not the advantage." The exquisite tells you that he perfectly recollects you, "and if your name be George, he'll call you Peter." While some attempt to conceal their ignorance of politeness and good manners by rude and boorish coarseness. Then you have the affectation of singularity, of learning, of knowledge, valour, virtue, and generosity, together with the endless shades of affectation put on by all classes of the community, down to servants, shopmen, and waiters. Of these, the second class are, perhaps, the most amusingly ridiculous; and in the fashionable shops at the west end of the town, particularly those frequented by ladies, some diverting specimens may always be found.

Most of the eminent men of our time and country were, on the other hand, totally free from affectation. Sir Walter Scott was perfectly unaffected; so was poor Hogg; and so is Professor Wilson, though his eccentric manner might, at first, make the superficial observer think otherwise. He is constantly obliged to put a sort of check upon his buoyant and elastic disposition, which seems as if it threatened to bear him away beyond the little conventionalities of the day. Except Napoleon, Mahmoud, and Mehemed Ali, I have seen all the leading men of my time, and have hob-a-nobbed with a good many of them; and feel much disposed to rate Professor Wilson above the entire set. There is evidently a great and fiery spirit about that man, which appears a

little wild, perhaps, because it is of too soaring a nature for the professor's usual pursuits and occupations. A genius like his required a wider field of action; and I have always thought that he would have made an incomparable commander of cavalry,—one of the few who could see and seize the opportunity for striking, as horsemen should strike, with the speed and strength of lightning. The Duke of Wellington is another unaffected man. Say of Old Douro what we may, and he is certainly no favourite of mine, we must still allow that he is brave, direct, manly, unaffected, and perfectly disinterested. But though brave as a man, he was the weakest minister that ever swayed the destinies of England, and was bullied alike by the Russians, the Whigs, the Irish, and the Liberals. Of course I am not speaking of the present, so-called, ministry, who have neither strength, character, nor consistency, and only drift with the wind as chance directs.

Bernadotte, ex-corporal, and now king of Sweden, is, after all, the vainest and most affected man living: he is, like most affected men, and like most of the heroes of the French school, a very poor and shallow fellow.

And what is the object of this affectation? Notoriety and distinction, of course, and fashionable distinction in particular. We wish to be thought finer and grander than we really are, and strive, by exterior manner, to give the world a greater opinion of our dignity, talents, or consequence than we suspect our unsupported worth likely to inspire. So that the world is, after all, a stage on which nine-tenths of us are really acting a part as different as possible from the one actually assigned to us by nature. Most stingy fellows pretend, if you believe them, not to care about money, and to be extremely liberal; but "they cannot bear to be imposed upon." This man sets up for a genius; because, like Byron, he goes without a cravat. The other actually affects bodily infirmities; and, being rich, wears ragged clothes, and fancies that filth and negligence in dress will make folly and meanness pass upon his sycophants for talent and liberality. Then, there is the would-be Lothario, who desires you "not to credit a word that is said about him and the beautiful Miss Freelove," of which, indeed, you had never heard a

syllable. "These things," he assures you, "should never be spoken about: he has no idea how the affair became public; but the world are so ill-natured, that they will never allow a lucky fellow to enjoy his good fortune in peace." I always, for shortness sake, give such fellows the lie direct; and never yet knew one who dared to acknowledge the compliment: "conscience made cowards of them all,"—for the scoundrels who boast belong invariably to the unfavoured. Of the clever men who have written every good anonymous article that has appeared in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, it is needless to speak; you meet them at every turn; and I have been introduced to so many authors of Bombardinio's papers, that I intend, for the future, to have, not only my name, but my portrait also affixed to every one of these incomparable articles.

Now, the only rational excuse which can be made for this boundless affectation is the afflicting truth, that few men in this best of all worlds can in reality do any thing even tolerably well. I am not speaking of men writing good epic poems, or striking out great and novel plans of national improvement: but how often do you see a man who can eat, drink, or walk with ordinary elegance? where do you see a man who looks as if he could sleep in a gentlemanlike manner? I have seen entire regiments and brigades sleeping on a hill's side, and an ugly snoring and open-mouthed exhibition they certainly made. When all the thoughts and fancies that constantly float across the minds of the waking, and give speculation to the most ordinary countenance, have sunk to rest, you may then look into the very hearts and souls of the sleepers, even as you look into the depths of the ocean when a calm has lulled its billows to repose; and in both cases will too many of the usually concealed mysteries be revealed to sight. "Sleep is awful," says Byron; it is frightful, say we; for there is not one man in a hundred who can sleep gracefully. Women, I suspect, manage better; but being, unfortunately, a bachelor, I cannot say that I ever saw any of them so occupied, unless when I have had the good fortune to share my cloak with some pretty girl during a pleasure-tour, or on the return from a pic-nic; and have sometimes known a stupid

party conclude pleasantly enough in this manner.

As to female affectation, it is, perhaps, too amusing to be entirely condemned. Women are sometimes very affected, and give themselves very foolish airs : but still they are women ; and their affectation, particularly when they are young and pretty, cannot be offensive, however ridiculous it may be at times. Besides, women are naturally much less affected than men, because they have far more genuine feeling. This is sufficiently illustrated by the small number of affected women you meet with in the lower ranks, compared to the great number of silly and affected men you find in the same classes. Except a few ladies' maids, who, when pretty, sometimes imitate the manners of their mistresses, you seldom see much affectation among servant girls, milliners, or *grisettes*. With men, as before stated, the case is exactly the reverse ; you meet, if possible, more ridiculous affectation in the lower ranks than in the upper.

With women, as with men, affectation shews itself in a *thousand different ways*, according to rank, manner, character, station, and circumstance. One pretty dear shall just lean upon your arm with the point of her finger, hardly allowing you to feel the weight of her fairy touch ; thus, when it is well done, insinuating a doubt of your being "any body" deserving of such condescension. Another leans upon you with the most perfect indifference, to shew you that you are considered in the light of a mere porter. In a quadrille there are countless modes of displaying a little exquisite affectation ; attention to the dance, and inattention to your partner, marks this extremely well : then there are, at least, fifty ways of giving the hand, and, when skilfully managed, the mere pointing of the fingers is an expressive substitute. A profound courtesy at parting, or when the dance is finished, will do just as well as a slight one ; and to converse loudly and cheerfully with a bystander, while regardless of your partner, is no unusual way of shewing your consequence. As to the especial mode and manner of giving yourself airs, whether in dancing or otherwise, it must, of course, entirely depend upon the figure, character, and disposition of the parties, as well as upon the object to be attained. No lady who has been well trained in

the schools of modern fashion would give herself airs towards a young duke, or unmarried peer ; her manner towards them would be entirely of a winning kind : though winning manners must, again, depend upon the peculiar disposition of the persons attacked. A clever girl shall sometimes brow-beat the haughtiest of the haughty, or captivate, by her trembling and sensitive timidity, the most timid and bashful of her admirers. But all this requires, of course, great care and attention : for if you hurt the pride of a haughty fool, he is lost for ever ; and too much timidity with the timid prevents you from ever coming together.

In the same way, though from different motives, no sagacious girl gives herself airs towards a captain of dragoons ; for airs are altogether lost upon us *soldados*. Young women in general treat us very well ; whether this is on account of our own merits, or because women dread raillery, for which we are also a little distinguished, I shall not pretend to say. Juvenal, I know, gives a different reason for it ; but I cannot just now recollect the words, and I shall therefore let it pass. With aunts and lady-mothers we are not, however, in such favour. A military man is never (unless when he happens, besides, to be a man of fortune) looked upon as a "great catch ;" and as the manners adopted towards the "great catch" differ very widely from those put on towards the "no catch," it will be right here to illustrate the difference by an adventure which happened to myself, having, at times, appeared in both characters.

During the early part of my military career I was stationed in one of the most aristocratic counties in England ; and, being always well mounted in a hunting-field, an indefatigable dancer, and considered, above all, as the nearest connexion of a wealthy old bachelor, one of the richest commoners in the county, I was a pretty general favourite both with ladies and gentlemen. As a corps of officers, we experienced a good deal of hospitality in our quarter ; but though my rank gave me no claim to favour above my neighbours, it was still remarked that my invitations were, in proportion, far more frequent than they had been in our last station. Aunts and mothers, instead of looking cold upon me as they do now, were particularly attentive, and never lost an oppor-

chance of placing me, by some chance or other, alongside of a pretty niece or daughter. The estate of my relation, Mr. Boodeep, was alone worth ten thousand a-year: he was already old and infirm, and his sole occupation through life had been to save money; he was therefore supposed to be enormously rich. I was his heir-at-law, and, though the relationship was little more than nominal, we were on good terms, and I was a frequent visitor at his house. This was enough for the ladies, who were completely deceived in the matter, though I was not. I had been intimate with the old gentleman from my school-boy days; I had even from a lad felt confident that he would never leave me a farthing. I could have assigned no reason for this conviction: we had always been friends, and he was a gentleman in his manner; but he was pompous, and he was a "booeer," and could never stand upright in a great man's company; whereas, in all my life I never could get on with great men or tuft-hunters. I have often, foolishly enough, perhaps, fancied myself a favourite with some pretty, thoughtless, rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving girl of eighteen, or eight-and-twenty; but never fell into the error of believing myself in favour with men of rank and power. On the contrary, my principal source of vanity through life has been the belief that humbug and affectation shrunk back from me with an intuitive sort of dislike, as animals know their foes by the mere force of instinct. The ladies did not see all this, and I could not explain, even if I had been so disposed; but, in truth, I hardly ever gave the subject a thought. We had danced away the best part of the winter in our hospitable quarter, and had flirted, as usual, with all the pretty girls in the place, when a lady of the neighbourhood, the mother of three fine-looking daughters, determined to make sure of me, or of my relation's fortune rather, while my heart was yet on the wing. Coming up to me one evening at a ball, she said, with all the *sang-froid* in the world, "Why have you not danced with Maria?" I answered, in truth, that I had asked the young lady, who was, unfortunately, engaged. "Leave that to me," replied Mrs. Chasewell; "can you dance this dance?" I made a bow of acquiescence, and she immediately joined her daughter. A short explana-

tion followed, and I was immediately handed up to my pretty partner. Maria, for such was her name, was really so very beautiful that it was impossible not to like her, though she was rather cold and reserved, and had a good deal the appearance of being one of your beautiful insensibles; but then she was mild and gentle, and not one of the haughty insensibles, who, unless when the insensibility is merely affected, are regular bores, and should be put into frames, and suspended, like pictures, to the walls, merely to be looked at,—being, in fact, good for nothing else. The dance ended, Mrs. Chasewell joined us, and invited me to dine at Dashton Park on the Saturday following, requesting that, school-boy like, I would stay till Monday morning, as I could easily ride in after breakfast, and be in sufficient time for all the duty required of me in a quiet country quarter. The invitation was too pleasant to be refused; and Saturday found me leading Maria to dinner, and listening to her pretty music and pretty nonsense in the evening; Sunday saw me leading her to church; and Monday beheld me cantering back to drill and duty, with the commands, rather than the invitation, of the charming hostess, to renew my visit next Saturday. I was nothing loth; till, by degrees, every Saturday found me a regular guest at Dashton Park: my room was ready for me; my horse knew his stall; the old butler spoke to me as if I was already one of the family; the housekeeper bustled doubly at my approach, and with the airs that all womankind give themselves when they see, or fancy they see, a marriage in prospect; the young servant lasses acknowledged me with a smile, and once or twice, I believe, with something more. The family circle and most intimate visitors had long fallen back to the conventional distance assumed towards engaged or *engaging* parties: Maria and I had by degrees become isolated in the midst of the company; I led her to dinner and to the piano; no one contested my seat next to her; we rode, walked, and read together. It was evidently a settled affair, and Mrs. Bombardinio's health was already a standing toast at the mess. Mrs. Chasewell sometimes asked, in a careless manner, about the health of Mr. Boodeep; but no explanation was ever asked, nor was a

single word about "intentions" ever uttered. Time flew pleasantly along : I had said many pretty things to Maria, and had acquired a matter-of-course right to kiss her hand, and to press it to my heart, whenever opportunity offered ; but I had never got the length of making a declaration in form, which, after so many informal declarations, was hardly necessary,—for the youngest sister, who was a wild sort of a hobble-de-hoy of fourteen, constantly called me by my Christian name, played me all sorts of tricks, declaring that she had a full right to do what she pleased with her brother-in-law. It was charming foolery, though, unfortunately, of too short duration. We were all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner one Sunday, when a letter from our excellent adjutant, Lieut. Fireface, was delivered to me. The man of orders stated that an officer of our most distant detachment had been reported sick, and that, as next for duty, I would immediately be called upon to relieve the invalid. Fireface added, with some barrack-room wit, that he had sent me the earliest information, to enable me to make the most of my time while at the Park ; desiring me "to storm the breastwork at once, to steer clear of sand-bag batteries, and stick to the gold bags only." The news threw a damp over the party, who all expressed great regret at my approaching departure. Mrs. Chasewell was evidently a little discomposed ; and something like a shade passed for an instant, as I thought, across Maria's beautiful face and eye. But as I was, after all, not going to any great distance, and was only to be debarred the pleasure of my usual Sunday visits, dinner pretty well restored our spirits. I had no sooner entered the drawing-room—long before the rest of the gentlemen, you may believe—when Mrs. Chasewell took hold of my arm, and, as the evening was fine, desired me to lead her round the lawn. When out of ear-shot, she asked me, "Is there any engagement between you and Maria ?" I replied that there was not, but that I certainly entertained hopes. "Well," said Mrs. Chasewell, interrupting me, "that is exactly as it should be ; you have both behaved like sensible children ; we must have no engagements. When you return to the regiment, you must come and see us as usual ; you will find us un-

changed. There is Maria's portrait, together with a lock of her hair ; you asked her for them, but it is me that give them, though not without her knowledge ; they will be a pledge of both our sentiments towards you. Look at them sometimes ; but let us have no romance, no wearing them round the neck for a week, to be neglected and thrown aside ever afterwards. Send me, in return, the painting which you mentioned." This was a small, boyish-looking, but very clever portrait taken of me by a young and promising artist : it was a striking picture, and represented me face to face with a Jaguar tiger that I had accidentally disturbed while hunting bush-fowl in Guiana, and with whom I thought it advisable to hold as long a conference as possible before commencing hostilities, which promised no pleasant result, as my gun was loaded only with small shot. A Jaguar is nothing when compared to a royal Bengal tiger ; but it is an awkward position to be placed in, to have such an adversary, in full springing attitude, glaring at you with eyes fiery red, and within one single bound of your most precious person. The sensation produced by the first introduction is almost electric : a sudden and forceful jerk throws all the blood in your veins back upon the heart ; for an instant you are rendered a pulseless and motionless statue, till the returning throbs of the breast make the blood rush, with fiery heat and speed, to the very extremity of the limbs, and make the frame stagger again by the violence of the reaction. But, though motionless in eye and person, the mind is actively at work ; and plan after plan, and project after project, pass with wonderful rapidity through the brain, and with a degree of clearness, too, that impresses every thought and shade of thought on the tablets of your memory. This affair of the tiger is not exactly of yesterday ; but I recollect every particle of it as clearly as if it had happened only three hours ago, and think I could almost tell over every hair in the rascal's moustache. Could I handle a lysh like MacIse, I should even now make the very animal start in life from the canvass. I purposely mention MacIse here, because great things are to be expected from him ; but I must, for two reasons, beg my pensive public not to overpraise him : the first is, that my dear public, though

not destitute of taste, are no judges in such matters, and only repeat by rote what they hear others say; the next reason is, that by foolish and exaggerated praise they may reduce a man of genius into an affected artist—a line that Maclise, who is very young, is already falling into. His picture of my dear, sweet, charming, and incomparable L. E. L. is not good. To return, however, with many apologies, to Mrs. Chasewell. "You will write to us occasionally," continued my charming hostess; "address your letters to me; some of us will always answer you. But let us have no parting scenes; take leave as usual, like rational children: we shall soon meet again, and I hope for good and all." We parted next morning, and without any scene; a few minutes *tête-à-tête* with Maria in the library was all that chance afforded me. What is said and done in such minutes is not worth repeating; the sayings appearing too foolish, and being only intelligible at such particular moments, and the doings requiring no detailed explanation. But transient as such scenes may be, they are always terribly short, though the mere recollection makes the heart vibrate again for years afterwards. I had not been long at my new station when the regiment was ordered to Ireland, and, as you may believe, I could not quit the land without again seeing my friends at Dashton Park. I was received with what really looked like kindness, and what probably was so at the time. If the motives that brought about our intimacy were not, perhaps, when duly examined, the most exalted that could have been imagined, we had, by constantly acting the agreeables towards each other, began also to like each other; and few persons there are, particularly among ladies, who have not some pleasing points of character about them, which, when duly examined and called forth, can hardly in the end fail to make a favourable impression. Indeed, I am not certain that I was ever, for any length of time, very intimate with a pretty girl without losing some portion of my heart; though, as formerly explained, a sound and elastic heart always grows again in good and sufficient time. The Chasewells had, besides, many pleasing points about them; they were all accomplished, well brought up, and would, probably, but for Mrs. Chasewell's love of fashionable

distinction, which naturally made wealth her idol, and crushed every generous feeling of the heart, have been remarkably amiable. I found my picture suspended in a small room, half library, half work-room, to which none but the intimate friends of the ladies were ever admitted; it had been new framed, in splendid style, and was surrounded by some tasteful drapery, that set me off to a flattering advantage, and made me not a little proud of my situation and appearance. I spare you all that was said and done on the occasion. When my carriage was announced, Mrs. Chasewell said, "Should your good old relative die during your absence—and at his time of life he cannot hope to live long, poor man—you will, of course, have to return here, in order to settle your affairs: in that case, I shall expect that you will take up your quarters here; you see we already treat you as one of the family." I promised to acquiesce, but declared, right honestly, that I had no reason to look for any thing from Mr. Boodeep, as the estate was entirely at his own disposal. This was treated as only a *façon de parler*, and we separated better friends than ever. I embraced the mother and daughters, carried Maria's glove along with me, and had a rose thrown into the chaise by the youngest daughter, as I drove, sorrowfully, from the door. During my stay in Ireland I corresponded regularly with the family: my letters were, according to order, addressed to Mrs. Chasewell, but they were mostly answered by Maria,—sometimes by one of her sisters; Mrs. Chasewell seldom added more than a postscript; but every letter contained at least one of these hints from some member of the family, to shew that the letters underwent inspection. They were only friendly and amusing, therefore; love—love divine! was never mentioned in our epistles, unless when speaking of others: it was a pleasant correspondence,—for ladies are, when they like, charming letter-writers.

It came at last—the long-looked-for event; but came not as it had been anticipated at Dashton Park. My old relative died, leaving the entire of his fortune to three very wealthy individuals; two of them noblemen, whom he had hardly known; the third, a baronet, with whom he was even more distantly connected than with myself: my name was not so much as mentioned in the will.

As Mrs. Chasewell was owing me a letter at the time, I waited quietly to see what she would say to my altered fortunes. I was not left long in suspense. No sooner had she satisfied herself of the tenor of old Boodeep's will, than she sent me a formal letter of condolence, lamenting the injustice which had been done me, not more on my own account than on account of her own family, who all deeply mourned the failure of hopes which they had so long and so anxiously cherished; as they concluded that it could not, for the present, be my intention "to settle in life." Our regiment having for some time been under orders for foreign service, Mrs. Chasewell concluded the correspondence with the best wishes of herself and family for my continued health and future prosperity: the entire of this letter was in the good lady's own hand-writing. Years rolled away. Chance had brought me to London during the height of the season; and "Captain Bombardinio" was shouted in thunder from one liveried herald to another, till it reached the drawing-room of some rout-giving house in the fashionable part of the town. I had hardly followed my name into the room, when the words, "Good God!" uttered in a well-known voice, fell upon my ear: I turned round; it was Maria, attired in all the splendour of fashion, and looking, in truth, most splendidly beautiful, though less interestingly so, perhaps, than when I first knew her. As if alarmed by my unexpected appearance, she had grasped the arm of the lady with whom she was speaking, and was, for an instant, so much discomposed, that her neighbour remarked the emotion, and questioned us by a scrutinising look. But, as I only addressed Maria like an ordinary acquaintance, she immediately, by arranging some of the folds of her dress, recovered her usual placidity of manner. I had not advanced ten steps into the room, and had not been five minutes in it, when Mrs. Chasewell already stood by the side of her daughter. Women of this class seem at times to possess intuitive sources of information. The good lady shook hands with me in the most cordial manner, asked about my travels, about her former acquaintances in the regiment, — told me that her eldest daughter was married to Lord Myrtle — hoped we should often meet; and then, taking

Maria by the arm, and saying that she wanted to see old lady somebody, wished me a good night. With the married daughter I had an equally formal meeting; and, by degrees, a friendly nod, a mutual and unanswered "How do?" was all that passed between us when chance brought us near each other. Maria, also, was married in due time, the natural consequence of her sister having made a splendid match. Like other votaries of fashion and of folly, the Chasewells were making to themselves a home in foreign countries, that, in manners, morals, intellect, and cleanliness, stand in the lowest grade of European civilisation. While performing the tour, so philosophically described in this journal, chance brought me to Florence. "You will, of course, see Lady Myrtle?" said a fair countrywoman of ours, a few days after my arrival. "I have no intention of calling," was my reply. "How so?" demanded my inquisitive friend; "you were at one time very intimate at Dashton Park; your portrait occupies one of the most conspicuous places in the so-called picture-gallery." "Where does it hang?" I asked; and found, by the explanation, that the painting had been removed from the secluded *sanctum*, and mixed up with the mass of good, bad, and indifferent pictures that decorate so many of our country mansions. "You are a good deal changed, Captain Bombardinio," continued the lady, "since that likeness was taken; I may therefore tell you of a laugh we had one day at the expense of the boyish face which it represents. Somebody remarked that you appeared to be very young for the hero of such an adventure. 'Who do you call the hero?' said Mr. Townstrut (the same who afterwards became Maria's husband.) 'Why, the young gentleman, to be sure,' replied the first speaker. 'Now I would rather call the tiger the hero,' continued Mr. Townstrut; 'for he is evidently the handsomest, and has by far the most intelligent and expressive countenance of the two.' The remark caused a good deal of amusement." "Did any one add," I asked, "that the tiger thought differently?" "I only recollect that we all laughed," said my informant — "Mrs. Chasewell and Maria in particular." I did not call on Lady Myrtle; but a few days afterwards found a card from her hus-

band, and an invitation to dinner, lying on my table. Having declined to accept, and only fired a formal card in return, I received a note from her ladyship, requesting particularly to see me before I left Florence. I never go out of the way of a *tête-à-tête* with a lady, and called accordingly. After the commonplace sayings of the day had been duly said, Lady Myrtle requested, with some hesitation, that I would promise neither to see nor to call upon her sister, Mrs. Townstrut, who was at Naples, where I was then going. "I shall neither go in her way nor out of her way," was my answer. "Go out of her way to oblige me, and for 'auld lang syne,'" said Lady Myrtle. I repeated the story of the portrait; she blushed as I thought no lady of *ton* could blush. "You have a bad opinion of us, Captain Bombardinio," she replied, and was going to add, "with good reason;" but I stopped her short. "You do me injustice," I said; "for I have a very good opinion of your ladyship, and of all the members of your family: but I have a very bad opinion of modern manners, and of modern fashions, for they tend to eradicate from the heart every good, noble, and generous feeling, and too often make mere fashionable automations of the best of your sex, and then leave you, when the momentary excitement of gratified vanity is gone, unpitied wrecks on folly's shore. We begin by harmlessly seeking for fashionable notoriety; extravagance, and all the miseries attendant on the fancied necessity of *keeping up an appearance* above our means, follow, of course; we become harsh masters, litigious customers, oppressive creditors, and mean and cringing debtors. Fortune-hunting succeeds; ill-assorted matches are the consequence; dissipation is resorted to, for the purpose of driving away *ennui*, or worse, perhaps, to drown dislike and hatred; till, in the end, Florence, Paris, Brussels, or Naples, receive in their hospitable bosoms the outcasts from British society, who there take refuge, not to amend, but to add the lax morality of French and Italian society to the follies for which our own is distinguished." To smooth down, however, the asperity of the speech, I continued,—“Your ladyship perceives that I am only speaking generally. I also know, from ‘auld lang syne,’ that the ladies of your family rank far too high in every excellence to

come within the circle I have been describing; you only sport a little with the follies of the times—and yet the recollection of such dallying made your ladyship blush just now through your own very beautiful complexion, which, by the by, is, I think, very much improved since I saw you last. And now farewell; I am off to the ‘eternal city,’ as travelling dandies say.” “Well, think of my request,” said Lady Myrtle; “I assure you we were all very spry when old Boodeep made such a shabby will: both my mother and sister shed tears on your account.” “They only mistook the real object of their sorrow, my dear Lady Myrtle,” said I, as I kissed her proffered hand, and took my leave.

Now, I look upon this affair to have been managed with extreme skill, tact, and ability; for, if old Boodeep had left me his fortune, Maria would, as a matter of course, have taken possession of a fine estate, with deeds and settlements drawn up exactly according to Mrs. Chasewell’s own direction. As he did not leave me his fortune, I only marched away with my regiment, and there was an end of the affair: there was a little talk, and no *écât*; no breaking of engagements or of hearts; no lawsuits, no love-letters: it was managed, in fact, exactly as such matters should be managed. That the mode of proceeding in these cases must depend entirely upon circumstances I need not tell you. I recollect a Scottish dowager who ended a *tête-à-tête* with a young gentleman of fortune by placing her back against the door, and by flatly informing the astonished dandy that he should not leave the room till he married her daughter. This was a *coup de force*, and succeeded; but it is a sort of experiment not to be tried every day. On stepping out of Lady Myrtle’s *palazzo*, I found, if I may so express myself, the whole town of Florence in a roar of laughter. I inquired what was the matter. An English lady of rank and fashion, who that morning quitted the town, had forgotten—not her reticule, nor her parasol, but her youngest child, which was left at Schneider’s hotel, and had to be sent after her by a courier. It furnished a pretty fair illustration to the speech I had been making.

I have no intention, at present, of entering on the subject of female education,—I reserve that for a separate

chapter; but cannot help thinking that the entire process is less mismanaged than was lately represented in this journal. It is not the education so much as what I would call the training that is faulty. What is taught is neither objectionable nor ill taught; but the ideas generally instilled into the heads of young girls by mothers and relations, as well as by governesses, are decidedly objectionable. Of the evils resulting from educating young girls above their rank, and rendering them superior in polish, refinement, and accomplishments to the men with whom they are destined to associate, I had formerly occasion to speak. Such girls are forced to look down upon their equals, and upon the manners of the station to which they naturally belong. They sigh for the company of those who are placed in a higher and more elegant sphere of life, become dissatisfied with their own unvalued position, and sometimes get an awkward fall in attempting to raise themselves up to a higher circle. I have known strange prices paid for mere introductions. On this point I have, for the present, therefore, nothing to add. But against the general complaint that female education is too superficial I must enter my decided protest. You frequently hear women say, that if they had the same advantages with men in point of education, they would easily rival men in point of intellect and attainments. As I have always been a pretty strong upholder of the sex, I may, I suppose, be allowed to declare this, in round terms, to be sheer and downright nonsense. I have often expressed my conviction that women possess far more tact, taste, feeling, quickness of perception, and more justness of observation even, than men. Join in the general conversation of a party of educated persons, and you will perceive at once that the girls beat the men out and out in point of cleverness. But with all these advantages, and they are very great, women want the power of heavy, steady, plodding application, indispensably necessary to the attainment of high eminence in learning, science, or literature. That there are a few exceptions to this general rule signifies nothing, —for they are only exceptions: as little is proved by the fact of there being millions of men who, with all the plodding in the world, never learn any thing; to pass over those who fancy

themselves men of genius because they want even the simple power of ordinary application. Women are intended by nature to be charming and accomplished, but not to be profound; and the very necessity under which they labour of attending to domestic cares and pursuits, at the age when the profound studies of men generally begin, renders this sufficiently evident. As far as mere accomplishments go, the modern style of education is, I suspect, very good; but the training of the heart is, on the other hand, too much neglected. Mental cultivation, tending to "raise the genius and to mend the heart," is not the object of these accomplishments; their sole object is exhibition, with a view to fashion, conquest, and distinction; and in this tendency lies the great error of modern female education; and on this text I intend, at some future day, to be not a little eloquent. At present, I can only say that French, English, music, drawing, geography, and history, strike me as the only necessary branches of female education. I am not speaking of religious instruction, which is a matter of course; and I mention drawing as necessary, merely because it helps to cultivate the taste, and to give the pretty dears an idea of art. If they like to carry it the length of painting flowers and feathers in albums, it is for them to do so; but such perfection is not indispensable. German and Italian, together with many other etceteras, are very well for those that like them, but by no means necessary, while the classics are decidedly objectionable. On dancing I lay great stress,—for it gives, or helps to give rather, a graceful holding to the person; but it is an art that few persons can acquire. I have known girls from the best boarding-schools, and who thought themselves first-rate dancers, unfit to stand up in an ordinary quadrille with a French *paysanne*. I do not know what the exact cause of this may be, but suspect that, in dancing, people must keep the imagination completely under, and must, like actors, think of their parts only, and not of the audience; while a single grain of affectation thrown into the balance destroys you at once. I speak of ladies only, —for, as to gentlemen, I have long since given up their case as altogether hopeless.

Talking of dancing, were you ever

at Lintz, in Upper Austria? It is a pretty town, the capital of the province, beautifully situated on the "dark rolling Danube," celebrated for the prettiness of its women, and for a pretty dance, which I must describe. This is a *pas de deux*. The gentleman stands, gracefully attitudinising, in the centre; while the lady, holding by the point of a finger of his raised hand, dances round him. There is a good deal of coquetry in the exhibition, and, when well performed, it is a pretty sort of thing. Originally it must have had some meaning or allusion, perhaps not now applicable; for in our time men do not always turn women round their fingers. I do not mention this dance with any view of recommending its introduction; it would suit us as little as the quadrille,—for we have not the art requisite for these sort of dances, and cannot, like foreigners, give ourselves "*en spectacle*:" and long may we remain so deficient! We are in the habit of tracing the practice of dancing back to a religious origin; but when we look at the eastern dances, and at all these coquettish exhibitions, is it not evident that Love was the first dancing-master, and that it is his godship who keeps the world dancing on to this very day?

Chance having brought me here front to front with blind Cupid, I shall not, perhaps, find a better opportunity than the present for entering upon a definition of what love really is,—such a definition being, in truth, very much wanted, as most people mistake the thing altogether, and look upon love as nothing better than a mere marketable commodity, which is hardly fair. Love is an essence that, like all other essences, produces different effects, according to the nature of the substance into which it is infused. Take, for instance, the essence of punch—a very good thing in its way—and infuse it into clear, pure, cold spring-water, and you have the most delightful, exhilarating beverage imaginable: infuse it into hot water, and you still have a good tippie, though something fiercer, and more dangerous than the former: mix it with tea, as I have seen foreigners do, and you have something that may be drinkable and intoxicating, but must be vile stuff: mix it with champagne, and it starts you off like a sky-rocket: or mix it with pea-soup, and see what you make of it. There are

also acids and alkali with which the said essence of punch will not mix at all. And so it is with love; it depends entirely upon the natures into which it is infused, whilst there are natures on which it makes no impression. Some are too slippery, like oil or quicksilver; some too hard, like stone; some cold, damp, and spirit-killing, like clay. It also acts differently on persons of different ages. Your school-boy lover is a sort of fire-worshipper, who hardly dreams of approaching the object of his adoration; envies the happiness of every bearded man who can speak to the object of his ethereal flame—a lady invariably much older than himself, who has already a footing in society, and never thinks of her tyro admirer. Very young girls dislike boy-lovers; they are ashamed of them: women only who are verging towards a certain age take up with the *laddies*; and I recollect my witty and beautiful little friend, Miss E., being extremely offended with the master of the ceremonies at — for proposing to her a partner that still wore a jacket. As years advance, we begin to think of the beautiful lips and white teeth of the pretty dears, and to kiss our pillows at night. This is the poetical age of love; we write verses about "love divine," but marriage hardly enters into the head of the most fervent. By degrees, however, matrimony is thought of; but still unconnected with parsons, parchments, and establishments—these unpoetical things only come afterwards; till, as we verge towards the "sere and yellow leaf," Cupid's arrows generally recoil, blunted, from the breast, if not pointed by bright and shining gold. In this respect, as in every thing else, some men verge on towards the said "sere and yellow leaf" much sooner than others. You shall sometimes see a young fellow at twenty as keen, mean, and decrepit a fortune-hunter as possible, without a single spark of the generous, elastic spirit of youth about him; while, on the other hand, you may meet with blockheads of forty, sighing away to all the winds of heaven, and preferring one kind look from a pretty girl's bright eyes to all the gold in the world. It is altogether a mistaken idea to estimate people's ages by the number of years they have lived in the world; health, spirits, and elasticity of feeling form the real criterion. Some persons never have been

young; they are old from their very cradle: others are determined never to grow old.

In love matters there is this great difference between men and women, that the affections of the latter must be sought for and solicited; nature intended them to be courted. Comparatively speaking, they seldom fall in love, though there are exceptions; but they must be dragged in: and the wonder only is how they sometimes allow themselves to be so dragged in, and how strangely they bestow their affections. I am not speaking of rank and wealth,—for where these good things captivate the minds of mothers and daughters the person of the suitor is of little consequence—I am speaking of hearts and hands gained by men who do not possess one grain of discoverable merit. Women have, as before said, a great deal more taste, judgment, and delicacy of feeling than men; and yet, see the absolute louts—I cannot think of a more appropriate name—on whom they often throw themselves away. I am not alluding to the ladies who sometimes run off with their grooms and coachmen—they form a class apart, happily a small one, and have none of the qualities I have been praising—but to the general mass of the pretty quadrilling dears we meet with in ordinary society. Leaving the resistless power of fashion, like that of wealth and rank, entirely out of the question, do we not constantly find clever and clear-sighted women gradually closing their eyes to the folly, ignorance, and worthlessness of men, merely because the latter shew them some heavy and awkward attention? Providence intended that it should be so, no doubt; but Providence bestowed a great deal of shrewdness on women, and the wonder is, that they make no better use of it. There are some pretty lines, evidently by a lady's hand, so applicable to this subject, that I cannot refrain from quoting them:—

“ Oh! woman's love's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try:
Like ivy, where it grows 'tis seen,
To wear an everlasting green;
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing.”

Whatever may be thought of the first two lines, the last two are certainly

both true and beautiful. Have we not all known women marry the very men whom, on first acquaintance, they had declared to be disagreeable bores; and have they not, in the end, too often come back, broken-hearted, to their original opinion?

The heroes round whom the ivy is seen to grow in this manner often belong to a peculiar and pretty numerous class, who, as they are sometimes dangerous to women of superficial observation, must be here exposed, for the benefit of the sex. In most parties you will meet with dandies and noddies, who are good quadrillers, rattling flirts, loud talkers, and boisterous laughers,—pleasant, good-humoured fellows, as they are called, with high-flown spirits. Trust not such persons too easily; for there are men, and women, too, who have the gift of raising up their spirits for a time by some power of excitement that keeps them going for an hour, or an evening, according to circumstances; but which, when exhausted, leaves them dead logs on the surface of society, moved by no force but that of their own boorish selfishness. Such men are sometimes spoken of by the ignorant of human character as persons who allow their spirits to run away with them; whereas, the fact is, that the spirits, instead of being the natural overflowings of generous hilarity, are nothing more than uncertain and irregular bursts of mere heartless noise. To the physiognomist such men are easily known, by the selfish eye—an eye that can never be mistaken,—for they are mostly selfish. The non-physiognomist—for there are such women—must observe them at dinner, where the good things often make them forget their assumed part; or the young lady must observe them during the progress of a party, and mark how the politeness and the agreeableness (so to express ourselves) rise and fall according to circumstances, and, above all, according to the rank and station of the person on whom the impression is to be made: if you can see such men at home, you will at once be convinced. There are, as I have said, women who answer to this description also; but they are fewer in number, and are never so completely callous as we lords of the creation. There are vain women in abundance, and you every now and then meet with a heartless woman. This union na-

turally produces selfishness ; but female selfishness is, after all, only of a passive nature ; it is seldom very active, and even the worst of the sex have some generous feeling mixed up in their composition. The mischief is, that the sparks, when called forth, often vanish again as soon as kindled. I have known a young lady feel keenly in the forenoon the injustice of which she had been guilty ; I have known her shed tears of regret, and have seen her dance away all recollection of her misconduct before ten o'clock at night. Can we grieve if such things ultimately draw down sorrow upon themselves ? Fortunately, however, the number is small.

There is another great distinction between the love of men and the love of women. " 'Tis part only," as Lord Byron says, " of man's life, but it is woman's whole existence." They have no other chance for happiness in the world ; and the wonder, therefore, is, how carelessly they often throw that one chance away. Reflect upon what you have seen in this respect, good reader, and then refrain from laughing if you can ; you may weep, on second thoughts, if you like, but laugh you must at first, *bongré, malgré*.

Take a couple of instances that chance brings to my mind at the moment. There is the Lady M——, an intimate friend of mine—intimate from the circumstance of my having been a sort of half-discarded admirer. Well ; she is tall and graceful, and no figure can be more elegant. The women say that she has not a good feature in her face ; but the men all declare that she is extremely handsome,—and very naturally, too, for she has a fine colour, fine hair, fine teeth,—a lively, animated, and highly intellectual expression. She is a first-rate musician, speaks French like a native, coquettes with Italian, and draws well enough to shew that she has a taste for the arts. Seen at the harp, with the grace and confidence *resulting from the certainty to please, she is one of those persons that make even the stoutest heart feel very strange indeed. With all her pretensions, and she is a spoiled child into the bargain, you will of course expect that she only deigned to look at young dukes or rising peers. No such thing. After refusing, when very young, settlements that would have turned the brain of half the lady-patronesses at Almack's,

on whom do you think that she fixed her fancy ? I purposely say fancy, for I hardly believe my very beautiful friend has much heart. Why, on a large-whiskered, slouching Irish apothecary's assistant, possessing neither wealth, beauty, talents, nor any perceptible accomplishment beyond that of making a good glass of whisky-punch. You may well suppose that the baron would hear of no such son-in-law, and the lady's fancy gradually cooled ; but it blazed fiercely enough for a time, nevertheless. We have all heard the story of the silly French girl that fell in love with the Apollo of Belvidere ; and many know a lady of rank who, when young, was deeply attached to Sir Sydney Smith, then the hero of Acre, without ever having seen him. These ridiculous fancies will, I hope, make the foolish fancy of a young friend of mine appear less ridiculous than it would be if standing altogether isolated in its absurdity. Melania—for such is the fair Scot's Greek name—is not only very handsome, but talented and accomplished in the highest degree ; she is endowed with great sensibility ; and few, indeed, are the hearts and the minds cast in a more perfect mould. Well, on whom think you that her affections were bestowed ? On no less a person than the Sultan Mahmoud himself. To such an extent was this admiration carried, that it gradually extended to all the bearded followers of the prophet, none of whom came to London without being seen in her train, and writing in her album, which is full of oriental poetry. And not content with having such persons about her, she bores all the world to death with her admiration of sultans and pachas ; and yet, as stated, she is, in every thing else, a person of great taste, tact, and talent. She fancies that she has formed to herself an ideal world, in which she tries to dwell ; and though the mere attempt places her above the ordinary crowd of quadrilling dears, yet her world happens to be a silly and unsubstantial world, resting on no foundation but a few oriental phrases of vague and ill-defined meaning. These fancies—for we sometimes see them in society—are, in general, only amusing, but become painful when carried beyond a certain length ; for, though they indicate feeling, it is too often feeling without the guiding power of clear and well-defined ideas. This



Hyndburn

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is saying nothing of the tendency of all such fancies gradually to cool and freeze the heart. Good and generous feeling can only be kept alive by contact with an existing, and not with an ideal, world. The heart that feels only according to artificial and self-established rules, may at times exhibit bursts of momentary feeling, but is no longer a kind and feeling heart. We might go on drawing pictures of this kind *ad infinitum*.

"But where to find the fairest flower
below
Who shall direct when all pretend to
know?"

Why, if you are a man of fortune, go at once to the beauty-bazaar at Almack's, and you will there find more beautiful women brought to market in the course of a single season than all the rest of the world can shew besides. And no man of ordinary feelings can mix, for half a season, in the fashionable society of the metropolis, without having his heart absolutely riddled. If you have no money, and are forced to stand on individual merit, I am not sure that London is the best hunting-ground. There are always so many great prizes in sight, that young women, instigated by fashion and by female relatives, mostly chime in with the general pack in pursuit of young peers and elder brothers. Mothers, also, keep dangerous rein at arm's-length under such circumstances; and we have actually seen them form a hollow square round a group of tittering seventeens with the most perfect tactical accuracy. No, no; try the country. Some pleasant mansion, where a party sufficiently large are assembled to permit you to pass unobserved; or some of the smaller watering-places—Leamington, or Pitcaithly, in Scotland, the prettiest, perhaps, of all; the Cockney resort, Brighton, is good for nothing. To me the pretty dears always appear doubly pretty, and doubly dear, in careless country rambles. The pride, pomp, and artifice—for, to a certain extent, all women act a part—of ball-rooms is then laid aside: their natural kindness of feeling makes them breathe more freely in the pure and balmy mountain-air; and they are then seen to far greater advantage than in any other situation. Small parties, so often boasted of, are trying to young women who are not naturally bold

enough, or not sufficiently hacknied in the ways of the world, *pour se donner en spectacle*. There is a charming kind of sensitive timidity about the best of them which shrinks from the gaze and observation of an entire circle, however small it may be. In this respect large parties are far better; for there may be solitude in a large crowd, but there can be none in a small one. Till things are pretty well advanced, a *tête-à-tête* in a room is mostly a stiff and formal affair. Girls are, or affect to be, afraid of such meetings, and are constantly ringing the bell for the servant to "tell my mother," or my aunt, that Captain Bombardino is here. Besides, when, having screwed your courage to the sticking-place, you really want a few minutes' *tête-à-tête*, to say the most interesting of all things, no chance ever brings such a meeting in your way,—at least not in the way of ordinary mortals. Write—write, by all means, says a simpleton. Do no such thing, if you have one grain of sense in your head. Who ever saw a true love-letter that did not appear ridiculous, however well written and honestly intended? How, indeed, can a letter written under excited feelings, and with a palpitating heart, threatening to break your sides at every throb, fail to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the unimpassionate, or in the eyes of all who are not exactly in the very same frame of mind, or possessed of the same degree of feeling with the writer? Recollect the lines of Calderon:—

"Mal aya el hombre, mal aya
Mil vezes aquel que entrega
Sus secretos a un papel,
Porque es desperado piedra,
Qui se sabe quien la tira,
Y no se sabe a quien llega."

But what then is to be done? must men become Malthusians, and despair, because they are poor? No such thing,—for you every day see men who have nothing to recommend them get on very well with women. But it is impossible to lay down rules by which success can be insured; for in love, as in war, every thing depends upon circumstances, and individual character. In the absence of rank and gold, high breeding, high conduct, and high talents will, no doubt, help you; for women not only admire merit on its own account, but they are flattered by seeing those in their train who are admired and looked up to by the world in

general. If you say that it is more difficult to bring those qualities into the field than even gold itself, then your case should be hopeless; for, if you have neither money nor manners, I cannot see why any woman should marry you. Generous and high-spirited women are even indignant at being sought after by the low and the ignorant. I have known a young peer refused by the daughter of a plain country gentleman, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of all her female relations, merely because the noble suitor happened to be what we would good naturedly call a poor subject.

If you are a low fellow, you can sometimes make a successful hit, by taking advantage of any disappointment that a pretty girl may have experienced. If she has been forsaken by her lover, or cut out by a rival, try your fortune before melancholy and reflection have altogether allayed the fire of wounded pride. Something may also be done by playing off rivals against each other. Excite the jealousy of one not exactly in your own favour, that might be peccarious, but against a rival *belle*; and then turn suddenly round, and give her an opportunity of carrying off the hated girl's lover only take care and give her no time to look too closely at your conduct and pretensions. I have known people succeed in making pretty miserable matches in this way.

It has been expected that a person of our experience should give some tangible instruction on the art of capturing heiresses. But I can give no information on the subject, for, strange as it may seem, I have never been in love with a regular heiress or tip-top beauty in all my life; and as to theorising on the subject, it is entirely out of the question. Besides, I rather think that ladies have taken fortune-hunting entirely out of gentlemen's hands; for, except a foreign gambling prince or count, you now hardly meet one belonging to the male species. You only meet with fortune-hunting mothers, who, it must be confessed, follow up the game with great keenness, be it in providing an heiress for young hopeful, or a good match for Maria. In general, heiresses are too much spoiled by flattery and attention. All the finer gloss of sentiment and of feeling is effaced by an early contact with the greedy and mannered avidity

of fashion. The same may be said of your leading beauties; and I never knew either a beauty or an heiress who, after having been out for a single season, was capable of inspiring a gentleman with a real and disinterested attachment. Both fall into the doll-school of manners, which is now the prevailing school, and consists in making young ladies look, move, walk, and hold themselves, as like dressed-up dolls as possible. The resemblance is, sometimes indeed, so very striking, that I have been afraid of seeing the poor things fall to pieces in making the most trifling exertion. Hilarity, cheerfulness, sensibility, and fine feeling, must, of course, be entirely suppressed before the doll's education can be considered as perfect; but, by the time the heart is fairly dried and embalmed, the living part of the mummy certainly looks and moves like a pretty piece of mechanism enough. And it is impossible not to be amused at the sight of a well-drilled doll exhibiting in a quadrille, along with a regular vapid: we perceive at once that we are living in a mechanical age.

All this affectation reminds me of an ill-natured answer given, in a large party, by the late Madame de Cogni, of witty memory, to the beautiful and affected Lady——, who, but for her excess of fashionable affectation, would not have wanted abilities. "I am told, 'Madame de Cogni,'" said Lady——, in her drawling, languid, and hardly audible voice, "that you say I am very pretty and very silly." "*Nom, miladi,*" replied the clever Frenchwoman, in a soft, slow, and pretended apologetic tone, "*je ne l'ai jamais dit, mais je l'ai souvent oui dire.*" Lady—— spoke in her natural voice, for a week afterwards. Having quoted from a French female wit, I shall conclude, by quoting from a German philosopher; not merely because extremes meet, but in order to prove my devotion to the sex, and to shew how zealously I ransack all the stores of learning for their benefit.

"*Es gilt nur ein Glück auf der Welt,*" says either Kant, Shelling, or Fichte—for we quote from none of less note—

"*Das Glück der Liebe und wer dieses versäumt, hat alles versäumt.*"

"There is but one happiness on earth—the happiness of love—and whoever has neglected it has neglected every

thing." A truth—for a truth it is—that I would recommend to the most serious consideration of all my fair readers; for fair they all are, as I have no idea of a man having ever seen a plain woman, unless she happened to be an affected or heartless one.

But, stop! what have we here? A book by a lady—and by a St. John, too! This is delightful.

"Awake, my St. John!—leave all meaner things

To low ambition and the pride of kings."

And time it was that the St. Johns should awake and reappear in the fields, at least of literature, for the name was rapidly passing away from the recollection of men. Well, and what is the book over which we thus delight? It is "Hector Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta, translated from the Italian of the Marquis D'Azeglio, by Mrs. George Frederic St. John." And right glad we are to see the work—not, indeed, on account of its merit, for it possesses, unfortunately, no merit whatever, but as it furnishes a specimen of modern Italian literature, and, consequently, of modern Italian intellect also. The reader, who is unacquainted with Italy, will, no doubt, deem a single volume of a novel a very insufficient standard whereby to measure the intellect of an entire nation: and it would be abundantly foolish to take any one, or any dozen, of the bad novels constantly issuing from the presses of France, Germany, or England, as fair illustrations of the national taste, literature, or intellect of those countries. But in Italy the case is different. There the mere appearance of a book is a thing of rare occurrence; and this book, when it did appear, was hailed and received as a work of great and transcendent merit, and was quoted and appealed to by high and low as an ample and sufficient proof of Italian genius. It was the first book which the best Italian teachers at Florence put into the hands of beginners, always with strict injunctions not to attempt to make out the contents, as the deep interest of the story would infallibly take off their attention from the pronunciation, the sole object of the earliest course of instruction. This teaching people how to pronounce, without teaching them how to understand, is no unusual mountebank trick among Italian masters. We call it a mountebank trick, because it is only by well

understanding a language that you can ever pronounce it properly. By the aid of a good ear and well-formed organs, any person, understanding a language thoroughly, will always pronounce it correctly; and without those aids, all mechanical teaching is useless. By reading *Fieramosca*, you will therefore learn what the Italian *beau monde* think fine and intellectual; the book will give you some standard by which to measure their taste and attainments; and is therefore of some value to those who take an interest in the "Young Italy" of the Liberals. We often hear it said by foreigners, that the English do not render justice to the merits of foreign literature, and seldom or never translate the good works which, as they maintain, so often issue from continental presses. Now, is not this pure nonsense? for who would translate a bad book, if he could find a good one to translate? The real truth is, that no work (I am speaking of the departments of the *belles lettres* only, and not of ponderous tomes of science, about which I never trouble my head) deserving of being translated could appear in either French, German, or Italian, without being immediately seized upon by a host of dandy, or professed authors, who would be delighted with so easy an opportunity of obtaining a supply of pence and praise. Even we, of the Royal Grenadiers, would not disdain to pocket a few cool hundreds by translating from some of the aforementioned languages; and, if the truth must be told, we have more than once ransacked France, Italy, and Germany, in the hopes of meeting a book that promised to be successful when rendered in an English garb. But our researches were vain—we never found such a work; nor do we recollect any translation from a foreign language that, in our time, has experienced much success. It is the fault of the translators, some will say. It is no such thing, we reply; for we have first-rate translators in every department of literature. Coleridge's *Wallenstein*, and Gillies's translations from the modern German dramatists, are admirable, and cannot be surpassed. Other translators from the German might be mentioned,—Semple, Hayward, Lord Leveson Gower, Lord Francis Egerton, besides a host of unknown. If we can translate from the German, it is easy to translate from the French; and hence is a lady of rank and fashion, who, merely

pour passer le temps, translates the best Italian novel of the day on the stray *papillotes* that she chanced to carry about in her travelling reticule.

As there is always a something in the history of every literary production that tends to throw light on the "things in general" which form the subject of this paper, we shall here attempt to make a guess at the history of this translation. About two years ago Mrs. St. John passed, we believe, some time at Florence. Her rank, beauty, talents, and elegance—for, if she is the person we recollect, there was elegance (perhaps a little studied) in the very folds of her dress—her connexion with the ambassador's family, and her knowledge of the language, placed her at once in the first circle of Italian society, where a person of her manners and appearance could hardly fail to excite a good deal of attention. She was very justly flattered and admired; and these things must, when no perceptible object is sought to be gained by such attention, make a favourable impression on a well constituted female mind, open to all the kindlier feelings of our nature. Our fair countrywoman liked her new acquaintances; and, as she probably believed a few of the fine things which they said of herself, she could hardly refuse to believe some of the many very fine things which they said of themselves. The Italians are, in all ranks, a very vain and a very ignorant people, and never cease to boast of their taste, talents, genius, and literary attainments; it is, besides, liberal and fashionable to admire whatever is foreign, and what is Italian, in particular. Mrs. St. John was, of course, bound to follow the fashion, and admired *Fieramosca* because she found it praised by all the admired. Women sometimes admire a book, even as they admire a man, contrary to their own better judgement, and simply because the gilt and bound in calf, mar or book, happens to be fashionable.

As to the work which has led to these remarks, it deserves but little notice. The wild and absurd story is laid during the wars that sprung out of the French conquest of Naples under Charles VIII. Though Italian history itself presents us only with a succession of atrocities, unredeemed by either valour, genius, or patriotism, any tale placed in the period here mentioned might have been lighted up by

the lustre which French gallantry and Spanish loyalty cast over so many events of the war. The very appearance on the scene of such men as Bayard, Gonsalvo, Nemours, and Pedro Navaro, should, with the most ordinary ability, have given interest to a knightly tale. But the ability is totally wanting; the author is altogether incapable of making such men act in character: in his hands the great, the gifted, and the brave, are as dull and uninteresting as the most ordinary persons of his drama. This Marquis D'Azeglio, who would describe knights and warriors, knows as little of a soldier's calling as of a soldier's arms; and is as ignorant of the side on which a sword is worn, as of the manner in which it is used. His combats are fit only for *Polichinello*, and his tragic love-stories for a harlequin gravedigger. The heroine comes by herself in a boat, in order to faint under the window of that genuine Italian, Cæsar Borgia, and falls a victim to his villany. The lover, instead of gallantly avenging her death, throws himself, horse and all, into the sea, where he is *found* two centuries afterwards. From first to last, the entire story is pure and simple balderdash.

Had Mrs. St. John kept notes of her own conversation during a single week of the fashionable season, and then published them with the most simple explanations, they would have formed a far more amusing book than the one she has here translated. A lady who can send even such a translation—it is neither very good nor very bad—to the press, without its being looked at by a "literary friend," and who can correct the proofs (not very carefully, indeed) in her morning rambles, is evidently capable of something better than this "Challenge of Barletta." Let the next book she publishes be one of her own writing—let her give the MS. to our excellent friend, Mr. Fraser; and you will then see something worth reading. As to the price, you have only to name your own sum; for you may well believe that we of the Royal Grenadiers do not flourish a pen for a trifle. And as to the title, the next most important point in such publications, what would Mrs. St. John think of three neat volumes, to be called, "The Interregnum, or Adventures of a Young Heiress from her first presentation to her marriage?" We suspect our fair friend could do full justice to the subject.

No. LXXVII.

LORD LYNDBURST.

It is hardly possible to conceive a prouder situation than that which is now occupied by Lord Lyndhurst. He is the recognised leader of the most honourable party in what, considered on public grounds as a whole, and without reference to the factious fraction which he opposes, is the noblest body in the world; and he owes this lofty station to his own overwhelming talents. In an assembly which comprises men who have filled the greatest offices, governed vast provinces, led victorious armies, conducted important missions, presided over courts of justice, represented large constituencies—who have, in short, fulfilled with distinction the highest functions of public life, in every department;—in an assembly where we find princes and marshals, viceroys and ambassadors, chancellors and judges, orators and statesmen, knights and nobles, the presence of any one of whom, with a few disgraceful exceptions, would be considered to be an ornament in any company in the world,—in this assembly, illustrious as it is by high birth, ancient descent, polished breeding, and not more so than by great talent, knowledge, and eloquence, its most illustrious portion has, without a dissenting voice, chosen Lord Lyndhurst as its organ and its chief. It is a distinction of which any man might justly be proud; and that just pride must be enhanced by the consciousness, that he executes the duty intrusted to him so as to excite the admiration of his noble allies, and, what is a tribute no less decisive, the bitter fury of his ignoble antagonists.

It is quite unnecessary that we should attempt the slightest sketch of the life of a man so long before the public. The howling demagogue of the day has threatened to expose his private history, and he may indulge his slanderous propensities with impunity, for all people duly appreciate the reason which dictates the hes he may publish in some obscure journals. They feel that in his sinking estate—*for sinking he is*, in spite of his swagger and bluster—he attributes his fall to the eloquence of that eminent orator whom we have enrolled in our Gallery. The celebrated speech which closed the last session, and which gives us the title to place his portrait on the opposite page, demolished the reputation of the unfortunate government, or rather shadow of a government, stridden over by O'Connell. All parties agree that it had the most withering effect. The Whigs were silent, in breathless rage or fear—the Tories, entranced in admiration and mute wonder, as the eloquent periods flowed from the lips of the stately speaker. It is generally reported that O'Connell was present under the gallery while Lord Lyndhurst addressed to him, in one of his speeches, the passage directed by Cicero against Catiline, and that the triple-bronzed beggarman shrunk away in abashment. Yet that passage pleased us not. It was not fair to Catiline to compare him who, as Sallust tells, was "*nobilis loco natus*," who never shrunk from danger of any kind in the midst of the stirring period of human history, whose hands are free from the stain of money, and who died, gallantly fighting, at last, amid his brave companions.—

"T'ach stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell"—

with one whose name is unconnected with any honourable action, whose whole life has been one scene of skulking from dangers into which he had drawn others, and who is occupied from one end of the year to the other in devising plans of drawing enormous fortunes from squalid beggary.

What Lord Lyndhurst is as a politician and lawyer is known to all. In both characters he is pre-eminent. We shall invade his private life no further than to say, that the orator of the senate is the wit of the dinner-table,—the profound lawyer of the bench or woolsack, the gayest of the gay in drawing-room and boudoir. Our artist has been happy in catching his likeness at a moment when, the robes of office or nobility being thrown aside, he aims at no other character than one in which he is so well qualified to shine—a gentleman. A pleasanter fellow does not exist; and in his case, at least, the fair author was mistaken when she said that "the judge and the peer is a world-weary man,"

It is rarely that a man of genius leaves behind him a son, also a man of genius. It has been so, however, in the present case. But little could Copley have contemplated, when he was painting his celebrated picture of the death of Chatham, that his own son was destined to equal the fame of Chatham in such an assembly as that on which he was employing his pencil.

CONSERVATISM IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

THE dismissal of the Melbourne administration in 1834 became, to the Conservatives, a signal for revived hope. For some time previous, indeed, the Reform mania had been gradually subsiding; men's minds had begun to cool; the political millennium anticipated by their excited imaginations had not arrived, and seemed to be as distant as ever: there was a pause—a faintness—a sickness of the heart, as of “hope deferred.” Still, however, the Liberals were strong in the House of Commons. Whatever measure the ministry chose to introduce there, was carried by force of numbers, at least, if not of argument. Of argument, it is true, there was often a miserable paucity; but the greatness of the majority made up for lack of talent, and the public in general troubled themselves with little beyond the result of a division. Conservatism, for a moment, almost despaired: its only trust was in the House of Lords, and to that august assembly it looked, with hope mingled with anxiety; an anxiety which was justified by the storm directed against their lordships, and a hope that was more than realised by the firmness of their resistance. It was not well, however, to let the Peers bear the whole brunt of the battle. The people had been appealed to when drunk; it was thought that an effect somewhat different would be produced by an appeal to them when comparatively sober. A movement of the royal mind anticipated the conclusions of wisdom: Lord Melbourne was dismissed, and Sir Robert Peel called upon to restore the balance of the constitution.

This step, however, was premature; and it failed to produce all the good contemplated. But the fault lay with the Conservatives, not the king. Registration had not been sufficiently attended to by the Tories: the revising barristers received their pay for merely *passing* the lists of the overseers. Many votes were unregistered, and few objections made. The general election of 1835, therefore, found the Conservatives, in many places, and in none more than the West Riding, unprepared for a contest.

• Still, the right spirit was up; the

counties, in general, nobly responded to the wishes of the king. Three hundred Conservative members were returned to the House of Commons; a number which, though not sufficiently strong to cope with the unnatural combination of Whigs and Radicals, has proved itself able, with the co-operation of the Lords, to scatter dismay among their ranks, and to check their revolutionary measures. Another general election, and Conservatism is dominant for a century: in other words, the constitution is safe.

While the counties were thus extricating themselves from the thralldom of Whig rule, the West Riding seemed to be doomed to it for ever. The depression of trade and of agriculture had produced dissatisfaction. The artifice of ascribing all calamities to the Tories had proved but too successful. The men of that party, though conscious of its falsehood, were too much dispirited to come forward in its disavowal; and even the newspapers in their interest, so great was the madness of the time, were compelled to adopt a subdued tone in defending principles which had heretofore been the glory of Englishmen. Such was the low ebb of Conservatism in the West Riding, when the dismissal of the Whigs, the return to office of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, and the consequent general election of 1835, gave an impulse to the sluggish waters. Lord Morpeth and Sir George Strickland found, it is true, no opponent in the shape of a Conservative candidate in the field, for that chance had been insanely thrown away; but they found many indications that “a change had come over the spirits” of the electors, and they literally trembled for fear of a contest. One of them, at least, had reason to tremble.

Lord Morpeth was not that one. Of a noble family, bearing a proud historical name, his avowed political principles those of a high Whig—professing, also, to be a humble but zealous friend of the Church, which he declared he wished to reform only that he might the more effectually preserve it—Lord Morpeth was looked upon by the Tories as all but one of themselves—as a Conservative in every

thing but the name. His seat was, therefore, secure. Not so was Sir George Strickland's, in the event of a contest; and not so will it be at the next general election. He was, and is, an out-and-out Radical, destitute of talent; chosen, at first, merely because he promised to vote for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill;" and continued in the representation merely because unopposed. Had the son of the Earl of Harewood thought proper to accept the call of a most respectable body of the electors, Strickland must have gone to the wall. All that is reputable among the Whigs themselves must have repudiated his further connexion with the Riding. But, as we have already said, that chance was insanely lost; and the Conservative forces were led, four months after, against the undivided supporters of his less ineligible colleague, with the all but certainty of defeat.

Nevertheless, it was a glorious struggle. The *Leeds Mercury*, the great leviathan of Whig provincial newspapers, had asserted, only a short time before, that if a man should go with a lantern and candle through every moor and marsh, every waste and wild, every borough and boundary of the West Riding, in search of a Tory, he would not find one. The race, according to Baines, was extinct. The circular of the Hon. JOHN STUART WORTLEY, announcing himself a candidate for the said Riding, in opposition to Lord Morpeth, taught his Whig-Radical trumpet a different note. The Liberals were now cautioned not to rest too confident of victory over a *powerful* party, whose long purses, it was hinted, might seduce even the pure constituency created by the Reform-bill. It was evident, from the arguments urged, and the stir made, that a panic had seized the Liberal camp. The agents of the Duke of Devonshire, of the Earl of Thanet, and of all the Whig squirearchy, little and big, red-hot Papists and ice-cold Protestants, were all put in requisition, were all important, all busy, and some even *liberal* in the cause of the Rump. It was astonishing to think where all the Tories had hidden themselves from Mr. Baines's lantern-and-candle search, and whence they had now sprung, to create so much alarm by unfurling their blue banner—the pledge of a

thousand victories—in the broad sunshine of heaven.

It should have been unfurled in January, and the deputation should have gone to Wortley Hall instead of Harewood House. The champion of West Riding independence is eventually to be found at the former place. Mr. Wortley, by his gentlemanly manners, by his pleasing oratory, by his known devotion to the cause of constitutional freedom, gained the enthusiastic admiration of his own party, and the respect even of his opponents. Notwithstanding the great interests opposed to him—notwithstanding his antagonist's investiture with the dazzling attributes of a minister of the crown—notwithstanding his being backed by all the influence of a desperate administration, who looked to his re-election as the key-stone of their arch of power—notwithstanding all this, and, added to all this, the remains of delusion and prejudice, long inculcated and still existing—Mr. Wortley stood forward on the antiquated principle of the constitution in Church and State; and six thousand two hundred and fifty-nine Tories, undiscoverable by Baines's lantern and candle, enrolled their votes in his favour!

We are not writing of unknown matters: every one is aware that Mr. Wortley lost his election, as did Lord John Russell his in Devonshire. To this point, but no further, does the parallel between them hold good. Lord John will never again be invited to stand for South Devon; Mr. Wortley *will* stand for the West Riding, and, what is more, he will carry his election. His defeat, under the circumstances, was not surprising; and his future success is safe, because those circumstances have passed away for ever. Another general election would find the parties in very different positions. Lord Morpeth himself has fallen at least ten degrees in the barometer of public estimation. His carefully prepared encomiums on the Church contrast oddly and lamentably with his attempt to strip her of her revenues. He has been, besides, baffled and beaten in that sacrilegious attempt. The taint of *failure* is upon him; he will appear among the electors (if he appear at all) with despondency on his face and in his tone: if re-elected, he will owe his seat to a feeling of

commiseration in his old supporters. Then, for Sir George Strickland—what is his chance? We wish he would put it to the proof. But he knows better: he will never appear again as a candidate on a West Riding hustings. The Liberals have known this long, and they have accordingly been beating up for a recruit to take his perilous place; but none is forthcoming. Death cropped “the fair rose of their expectancy” in the late Lord Milton; and life, among the Whigs, has no “flower” left that would be sweet in the nostrils of the constituency.

We do not thus write of the future without sufficient reason. We have mixed a good deal with the people of the West Riding; we have heard the opinions of many, both of the high, the middle, and the low classes; and we shall not widely err in describing the Conservatives as every where sanguine, the Liberals as every where dispirited. “Our party,” say the latter, “have lost the game, with the best cards in their hands; they had the people at their back, and might have achieved any thing: by disunion, by weakness, by vacillation, they have sacrificed every thing.” The O’Connell alliance, too, goes against the English stomachs and the honest prejudices of not a few. The stability or destruction of that Church for which their fathers perished at the stake and in the field, cannot be matter of indifference to BRITONS not entirely degraded. Neither is a reform of the House of Lords, advocated, if not by the ministry, by the party to whom the ministry owes its power, relished by any above the very dregs of the electors. Even Baines has made a bold, if not a disinterested stand, against the O’Connell scheme. We have a right to qualify our eulogium by glancing at *interest*, for Baines well knows, that any attempt to degrade the British peerage would annihilate his party for ever.

While public opinion has thus been returning to its old channels of loyalty and order, other influences have accelerated its progress: we allude to Conservative Associations. Mr. Wort-

ley’s struggle for the representation was of use to the Tories, by shewing the *strength* of a party which had been described as extinct; and his defeat became to them a summons for immediate exertion, in order that their strength might be increased, and be made available at the next opportunity. Associations, in imitation of the parent establishment of South Lancashire, were instantaneously formed in different towns; and their good effects became speedily apparent. Through their means the registration-lists have been purified, by the erasure of many hundreds of bad votes, and by the insertion of many hundreds of “good names and true.” They have sent, not cheap, but *gratuitous* knowledge, throughout the Riding, in the shape of Conservative tracts and newspapers; thus giving the *poorest* readers an opportunity of seeing which side has the best of the argument. Another and most gratifying proof of returning loyalty, is to be found in the Conservative Associations entered into by *Operatives*. The lower classes were the first inoculated with the *virus* of Radicalism; and it is pleasing to the philanthropic, as well as to the patriotic mind, to see that they are at length throwing it out of their system, and that in their veins will soon flow a current as healthy and pure as that which warmed the breasts of their fathers.

Let the conflict, then, come when it may, the Conservative cause is safe in the West Riding. It is safe in England. From our hearts we rejoice while we write it; and why? Because we are *interested*? We do not deny it. We *are* interested in the welfare of the British empire; and we believe the *PREDOMINANCE* of Conservative principles to be absolutely necessary to secure that welfare. We have seen what Radical principles have done for France—what they are doing for Spain—what they would do for our native land. We are Conservatives, then, because we are lovers of our country. We advocate Conservatism because the term, to us, is only another word for Patriotism.

ARCHÆOGRAPHIA.*

THE EXODI OF THE JEWS AND GREEKS.

THE EPOCH OF DEPARTURE OF THE JEWS FROM EGYPT INTERNATIONALLY CONSIDERED ;
AND PROVED, FROM THE CONCURRENT AND INDEPENDENT EVIDENCE OF SACRED
AND PROFANE WRITERS, TO BE A FIXED AND DETERMINATE ONE.

IN our essay on the scriptural principles of the period of the Jewish theocracy,† we adverted to the grand international era which is founded on it—"the departure of the Jews and Greeks from Egypt, bearing with them the seeds of European religion, civilisation, and literature, and now rendered of greatly increased interest by the disintombed records of that country."

Having demonstrated, in the paper alluded to, that the succeeding history and chronology of the judges admits of no second interpretation—that the discordant opinions which have prevailed for eighteen centuries on this important question are the results of pure oversight, and, consequently, that the date of the Exodus, on which every anterior biblical epoch depends, instead of being embarrassed by scriptural difficulties, and as variable as the weathercock of critical opinion, is as fixed and determinate as any subsequent date of Jewish annals; we shall devote our present article to the proof of this fact, as important to the general history of mankind as to that of the Hebrew nation in particular, from the synchronical and connected events and periods of profane history, derived from independent sources, yet speaking the same language as the more authoritative evidence of the Bible.

It has been the habit of critics, from the first ages of Christianity until this present year, 1836, contrary to the express evidence of history, to treat the events of the era under consideration as though the Jewish people only were concerned in them; and hence to limit their determination of the point of time to which these events belong, to ingenious calculations, founded on the Hebrew chronological data alone: as if it were not in truth an international question, connected with the birth and emancipation of more than one great state, and with the origin of the religious and civil institutions and literature of Pagan as well as of Christian Europe; as if the common laws of chronological and historical investigation, which elicit truth from the mouths of independent witnesses, were to be relinquished in a case where the higher claims of one of them render it but the more obnoxious to every test.

The contradictory opinions of commentators on the date of the Exodus, which fluctuate between the years B.C. 1796, with Julius Africanus, and B.C. 1491, with Archbishop Ussher and his followers, apart from the system of computation of the modern Jews, which descends to the year B.C. 1311,‡ at once demonstrate the absurdity of such a course; and although

* For former papers of this series, see Magazine, Nos. 48, 51, 54, &c.

† See No. 77, May 1836.

‡ And we should add, apart from the system of Mr. Samuel Sharpe, whose treatise "On the Early History of Egypt" has just appeared from the press of Moxon, in a quarto volume. We have had occasion frequently to contend with the magnifying optics of modern chronologists, but rarely with the diminishing. The rabbis must, however, now yield the palm of being considered the established diminishers of time, as the following biblical and modern Jewish dates, compared with those of Mr. Sharpe (p. 167), will evince:

		Biblical.	Jewish.	Sharpe.
The birth of Abraham,	B.C.	1996	1811	1592
..... Joseph	...	1745	1560	1475
..... Moses	..	1571	1391	1358
..... Exode	...	1491	1311	1278 (see p. 51.)
.... David	...	1085	904	1085

With this writer, the authority of historical periods and dates, whether sacred or profane, appears to go for nothing; and a standard of thirty-nine years to a generation, derived from the genealogy of the peers of England, replaces the scriptural intervals preceding the birth of David. The same mode of calculation will give us the year

we have, we apprehend, fully proved that the grounds for all such differences disappear before a careful examination of the sacred text, yet as proofs of an altogether different description are ready to our hands — involving, moreover, important historical illustrations of that text, which are reflected back on the sources from whence they are derived — it would be trifling with common sense not to endeavour to profit by them, and avail ourselves of the proper historical records of each nation concerned, for independent particulars and proofs which are not likely to appear in those of another. Such are the national histories of the Hebrew and Grecian offspring, and of the Egyptian parent, exhausted by the mighty birth, whose contemporary annals the learning and industry of our own times may well be said to have recovered from the oblivion of the tomb.

This unequalled discovery might not unreasonably have been expected to have afforded a rallying point for the adjustment of former chronological differences. Such is, however, far from being the case, for any thing that has hitherto appeared; and the only question agreed on is, that we now possess contemporary records of equal antiquity with those of the sacred historian, and official documents of a series of monarchs, under one or other of whom the events of the exode occurred: but whether these are to be referred to the incipient, the middle, or to the most prosperous and expiring period of Egyptian power, is a point as much disputed as ever. It is, in fact, only agreed, that an interval of four hundred years of the annals of that nation included the date of the departure of the Jews; while chronological opinion differs at least as much as to the dates to which the commencement and ending of the period alluded to ought to be referred.

We shall, therefore, without further preface, enter upon the question as if it had never before been discussed, and try to what results the obvious

and comprehensive course which we have proposed will conduct us. We shall first shew, from the sacred historian, that the residence of other foreign tribes in, and their departure from Egypt, to the country of their ancestors, were synchronous with the bondage and exodus of the Hebrews; secondly, that the same facts are recognised and explained in the native history of the other emigrants; thirdly, that the Jewish and Ethnic epochs of these synchronous events are the same; and, lastly, that the restored contemporary records of the parent country, alike of the Jews and the progenitors of their immediate Gentile successors in the religion and literature of the sacred writings, equally determine this epoch, by excluding it from every point of time but one in the Egyptian annals: and all from evidence that is in the hands — we may, perhaps, say, the head — of every scholar and critic, but which, from want of being combined, and brought to bear on the question to which it relates, might as well hitherto have had no existence.

I. After the account of the origin and dispersion of nations, the sacred record limits itself primarily to the fortunes of the line and people of which it is the proper history. All references to other lines and nations become thenceforward incidental and supplementary; and are, therefore, slight or explanatory, as necessary to the illustration of the leading narrative. This is the common principle of all national records, with the difference, that the facts related in the inspired one are so ordered and dependent on each other, that whatever is important to be known becomes a necessary consequence of the current of events. Nothing that is not required by the leading narrative is hooked in, yet no keystone to contemporary history is omitted.

Thus, a quarrel among herdsmen, which became a source of affliction to the patriarch Ephraim, introduces the important information that, in the time of the immediate offspring of Joseph, another race of foreigners was natural-

B.C. 1943 for the birth of Shem, and B.C. 2333 for the creation of Adam — below the biblical era of the deluge.

His new principle of correcting history is not limited to the Jewish records: those of the Egyptians and Greeks are cut down to a similar standard; and the Newtonian error is carried to the most whimsical excess. The high respectability of the writer calls for a general refutation of such views, which we shall probably undertake when time permits.

ised in Egypt besides the Israelites—"and Ezer and Elead, whom the men of Gath that were born in that land slew, because they came down to take away their cattle. And Ephraim their father mourned many days, and his brethren came to comfort him" (1 Chron. vii. 21, 22). And that the exode from that country was not limited to the numerous host of Israel, we are assured by the sacred historian; who acquaints us that, on the night of the general departure, "the children of Israel journeyed from Ramesses to Succoth, about 600,000 foot men, besides children. And a mixed multitude [or, a great mixture] went up also with them; and flocks and herds, even very much cattle" (Exod. xii. 37, 38).

This mixed multitude continued with the Israelites until after the delivery of the law, and the departure of the host from Mount Sinai, in the second month of the second year of the exode (Numb. x. 11). We find them at that time, by their example, inciting the Jews to rebellion. "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a lusting; and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat?" (xi. 4): in consequence of which, the reins of government becoming too heavy for Moses (10-15), the sanhedrim, or council of seventy elders, and a regular form of government, was established by divine appointment (16, *et seq.*). After this we hear no more of the strangers, who would appear on this occasion to have separated themselves from the Israelites, either voluntarily or by compulsion.

Who these companions of the Israelites in their flight from Egypt were, no further appears from sacred history. That they consisted of the before-mentioned foreigners, who, as well as the Jews, were naturalised in that country, probably accompanied by runaway Egyptians, we can hardly doubt. But let us now turn to the profane bulletins of these events, which are engrafted on the national histories of the other parties concerned; and which, if of less authority, are nevertheless of the last importance, as unpremeditated and independent testimonies.

II. The second member of our argument will be best introduced by re-

ference to the Egyptian annalist Manetho's account of the first expulsion of the Jewish shepherds (for he records two departures, five hundred years apart, to the distinction between which we shall recur), which the historian refers to Amos, the founder of the great eighteenth Diospolitan dynasty,* and lets us know that several races of foreign shepherds had, up to this period, succeeded each other in Egypt, sometimes as rulers, and sometimes as slaves—that of such the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth dynasties consisted; the latter being comprised of two collateral lines of Diospolite and shepherd princes,† to the former of which the eighteenth family of Diospolites succeeded. The shepherds of the seventeenth dynasty, therefore, ceased to reign at the time of the departure of the Israelites. These rulers and their people we may, therefore, fairly suppose to have, in a great degree, formed the mixed multitude who accompanied the host of Moses, fearful of inability to maintain their power unsupported by their Jewish allies. Manetho does not directly acquaint us to what nation these shepherds belonged, but calls their predecessors to the sixteenth dynasty, Greek shepherds; and those of the fifteenth, Phœnicians, or Arabians.

These inferences would appear almost conclusive, if Manetho did not partially differ from himself in his history of the events—incongruities which we hope, as before mentioned, to clear up in the following pages. But let us first refer to the more explicit intelligence of the Greeks, which connects itself with the foregoing.

Io, the daughter of Jasus, the fifth from Inachus, the coloniser and first king of Argos, and the contemporary of Abraham, according to the Hebrew and Argive chronology, is forcibly carried into Egypt by Phœnician mariners. She marries Telegon, a prince of the shepherd race, being the seventh descendant of the same Inachus, and has by him Epaphus, who reigns at Memphis; and his descendants in a direct line are Lybia; the brothers Belus, Agenor, and Busiris; and Ægyptus and Danaus, the sons of Belus; and Cadmus, Phœnix, and Cilix, sons of Agenor. All these were of royal rank, and their time corresponds with the

Joseph., contr. Apion, lib. i.

† Jul. Africa., apud Syncoll.

sojournment of the Jews, if we compare the Hebrew with the Argive chronology of Castor, as synchronised by Eusebius; and Danaus, Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, migrate with their followers to Argos, Bœotia, Phœnicia, and Cilicia, nearly at the time of the departure of the Jews.

Such is the general sum of the Greek statements of Apollodorus and other writers, and so strictly do they harmonise with "the men of Gath," who dwelt in Egypt in the time of the Israelites, and with "the mixed multitude" who accompanied them on their departure, as well as with the Greek and other shepherds of Manetho's sixteenth and seventeenth dynasties, as to amount nearly to a perfect synchronical result. We, notwithstanding, possess much more explicit information—information that expressly acquaints us of whom "the mixed multitude" who accompanied Israel consisted.

The following is the relation of the Greek historian Diodorus, who wrote sixty years before the Christian era :

"There having arisen in former days a pestiferous disease in Egypt, the multitude attributed the cause of the evil to the Deity; for a very great concourse of foreigners, of every nation, then dwelt in Egypt, who were addicted to strange rites in their worship and sacrifices: so that, in consequence, the due honours of the gods fell into disuse. Whence the native inhabitants of the land inferred, that, unless they removed them, there would never be an end of their distresses. They immediately, therefore, expelled these foreigners; the most illustrious and able of whom passed over in a body (as some say) into Greece; and other places, under the conduct of celebrated leaders, of whom the most renowned were Danaus and Cadmus.

"But a large body of the people went forth into the country which is now called Judæa, situated not far distant from Egypt, being altogether desert in those times. The leader of this colony was Moses, a man very remarkable for his great wisdom and valour. When he had taken possession of the land, among other cities he founded that which is called Jerusalem, which is now the most celebrated."*

To this express history, which takes its date from the plagues of Egypt, let us add the mythological statement, that Danaus, viceroy of the Lybian nome,

and his fifty daughters, the Danaïdes, fled from his brother, Ægyptus, viceroy of the Arabian nome, and his fifty sons, in a fifty-oared vessel, first to Rhodes, and then to Argos in Peloponnesus, and there replaced the line of his ancestors, the Inachidæ, by a new dynasty; that the country of Argolis being deficient in water, the springs of Lerna were revealed by Neptune to Amymone, one of the daughters of Danaus. The fifty sons of Ægyptus follow these heroines to Argos, and a marriage between them and their fifty cousins is agreed on. The brides, however, instigated by the cruel orders of their father, cut off the heads of the bridegrooms on the marriage-night, and throw them into the springs of Lerna. The only exception to this cruel consummation is, that Hypemnestra spares her husband, Lynceus. As a punishment, the Danaïdes are condemned to the everlasting drawing of water, in perforated vessels, in Tartarus.

In explanation of this mythologue, critics derive the names Danaus and Danaïdes, as Argos is said to have been called from that hero, from the Greek word *Δαρος*, signifying *dry*, in correspondence with the epithet of "thirsty" applied to it by Homer, according to the common acceptation. But if Danaus means the dry land, the Danaïdes, his daughters, will represent the springs; which are still in the east called "daughters of the earth;" as mists, "daughters of the ocean;" tears, "daughters of the eye," &c. Another common name for a spring is *κεφαλή*, *a head*; and this has been supposed to bring the heads of the sons of Ægyptus, thrown by their cruel spouses into the springs of Lerna, within the scope of the explanation.

But, admitting the account of Diodorus to be the truth, and that the Danaïdæ, or colonists of Danaus, formed part of the mixed multitude who crossed the Red Sea with the children of Israel, the etymology in question seems at once justified and more clearly explained. The drying up of the Sea will be commemorated in the names of Danaus and of the Danaans, the new race of inhabitants, who came to Peloponnesus, after having escaped in this manner from Egypt. The returning waters will be represented by the

* Lib. xl., Ecl. i., in Cory's *Ancient Fragments*, p. 183.

Danaïdes ; and the destruction of Pharaoh's pursuing host on the night of the exode, by the murder of the sons of Ægyptus, who followed the Danaïdes, and were by them slain on the night of their marriage, and their heads cast into the springs. The eternal drawing of water thus becomes an appropriate punishment for the personified murderesses, and the alleged descent of the Danaans and Cadmians from Neptune and Lybia harmonises with the waters and dry land of the whole story. Hence the poetical part of the account becomes almost a literal history, while the etymology has a consistent explanation, instead of one derived from a region on the confines of the proverbially fertile Arcadia and the sea-coast of Peloponnesus ; which, if *dry* in any part, it must have been so in the mountainous district of Arcadia itself.*

III. If, therefore, we shall find the foregoing remarkable chains of proof, inclusively of the express statement of Diodorus, borne out by the ultimate test of synchronous dates from independent sources, no reader will, we think, be disposed to question that the contemporary sojourners in Egypt of 1 Chron. vii. 21, and "the mixed multitude" of Exodus xii. 38, and Numbers xi. 4, are clearly and fully accounted for in the history of the Greek colonists ; who, like the Hebrews, returned to the country of their ancestors, to supersede the former at the appointed time as the people of God.

When any two independent records of equal authority, relating to the same event in remote ages, are found to cor-

respond in date as well as in circumstances, such correspondence is generally agreed to be conclusive for the truth of the history and of its date. Let us, therefore, for argument's sake, view the Hebrew and the Gentile records of the departure of the foreign inhabitants of Egypt, as alike subject to this final chronological test of their integrity, and see what will be the result.

We have already fully treated of, and, we apprehend, demonstrated the integrity of the fundamental period of 1 Kings, vi. 1, but we shall here quote it for the sake of the Greek parallel which is to follow.

"And it came to pass, in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel, in the month Zif, which is the second month, that he began to build the house of the Lord."

Ascending, therefore, 479 complete years from the fourth of Solomon's reign, B.C. 1012, we arrive at the biblical epoch of the exode, B.C. 1491 ; the former being the only critical date for the foundation of the temple, which results from the contemporary reigns of the kings of Judah and Israel, compared with Ptolemy's astronomical canon of the Chaldean kings, although varied a few years by chronological conjecture ; the legitimate extreme of which does not exceed fifteen years, as stated by Dr. Hales, who refers the temple to B.C. 1027 : and this, if admitted, would raise the scriptural date of the exode to B.C. 1506.

We now come to the Gentile era of

* An observation in the fifth volume of the *Universal History*, in which the country of Argolis is described, is here so much to the purpose, that we shall quote it at length :—

"The chief river, Inachus, so called from the founder of this kingdom, empties itself into the bay of Argos, now called Golfo d'Eugia, near the port of Asini. On this river was situate the metropolis (called, also, Inachus, from its founder, the first monarch), famous, among other things, for its excellent situation on a spacious, rich, and well-watered plain, from which it is supposed to have received its name."

The writer then proceeds in a note :—

"So says Strabo, who thinks it to be a Macedonian or Thessalian word, signifying a plain, or champagne country (*αἰδιον*) ; in which sense it is also taken by Homer. It is, therefore, a mistake in those who have supposed this city and country to have been dry and barren, because the poet gives it the epithet of 'thirsty ;' when it was so well watered, not only by the Inachus above mentioned, but by several other rivulets, springs, &c. ; and Homer's word should rather have been translated *desirabilis*, or, to be thirsted after. Besides, it is plain he did not there mean the city of Argos, but the whole peninsula, which was then called by that name ; for Agamemnon (who, the poet says, was forbid to return to Argos) kept his court, not in the city of that name, but at the capital of Mycenæ."

this event, as connected with the history of Cadmus and Danaus; the most ancient authority for which is the marble chronicle of Paros deposited in the Oxford University, which was sculptured in the annual archonship of Diognetus, anno 4, Olymp. 128, or B.C. 265, two centuries before the age of Diodorus, and records the leading epochs of Grecian history during a period of 1318 years, from the arrival of Cecrops with his Egyptian colony at Athens to the above-mentioned archonship. The Cadmæan and Danaan eras are there stated, in a manner as express as that of the exode in the book of Kings.

"From the arrival of Cadmus, the son of Agenor, at Thebes, and the foundation of the Cadmeia, the years are 1255; Amphictyon reigning at Athens.

"From the voyage of the ship Pentecontorus from Egypt into Greece, and the sacrifice by Amydone and B****, and Helice and Archedice, who were chosen by lot from the rest of the daughters of Danaus, on the shore at Para***-ade in Lindus, a city of Rhodes, the years are 1247; *** reigning at Athens."

The omitted words are obliterated in the sculpture. These dates, ascending from B.C. 265, as above, refer the arrival of Cadmus to B.C. 1520, and that of Danaus to B.C. 1512; for, although these leaders are stated to have left Egypt at the same time, the times of their arrival in different parts of Greece, by different courses, were necessarily different. The epoch of Danaus agrees within a year of the Eusebian date of the departure of the Jews, B.C. 1511, founded on the period of 1 Kings, vi. 1, but elevated above the truth, in consequence of his (Eusebius's) erroneous view of the times of the kings of Judah and Israel. It is also to be remarked that the Parian dates, which agree with all other original authorities in the times after the Trojan war, ascend twenty-six years above them in reference to the preceding ages; a difference which has been judiciously referred to a fundamental mistake. This correction will bring the arrival of Cadmus in Greece to the year B.C. 1494, and that of Danaus to the year B.C. 1486; the one exceeding the biblical date of the exode, B.C. 1491, by three years, and the other falling short of it by five. Let it also be noted, that Amphictyon is stated to have reigned at Athens

when Cadmus arrived at Thebes; and the first year of Amphictyon falls B.C. 1497, according to the Athenian canon of Castor, whose Argive canon, in common with that of Porphyry, likewise harmoniously refers the coming of Danaus to the corrected date, B.C. 1486.

These most ancient and authentic Grecian dates of the events which Diodorus connects with the departure of Moses and his nation from Egypt, from which no authority differs any thing worth noticing, are separated eight years, and include between them that of the exode, resulting from the very letter of the inspired records. They are, moreover, stated independently of the narrative of Diodorus, and how much more independently of the sacred record. And although the oldest existing authority is not, like the Pentateuch, a contemporary one, but twelve hundred years later than the events it chronicles, it is evident that the epochs are derived from sources which never contemplated a vindication or an illustration of the Hebrew annals.

It is, besides, a circumstance equally interesting and important, that the proof rests on an imperishable sculptured record of the same age with the Septuagint translation of the Pentateuch, and nearly a century older than the celebrated Egyptian tablet of Rosetta. We fear not to insist, that, ascending to the commonest laws of evidence, the conclusion is irresistible that Moses, Cadmus, and Danaus, led their followers from Egypt at the same time; and that the date of it was but a few years removed from the year 1500 before the Christian era, according to the express statement and tenor of the sacred writings.

It may not be out of place to observe, that the etymons of the names of the three leaders mentioned are well worthy of notice. The Jewish leader was called Moses, because drawn out of the water by Pharaoh's daughter (Exod. ii. 10); the Argive leader, Danaus, from the drying up of the Red Sea; and the Theban leader, Cadmus, in consequence of his arrival from the east, and introduction of the oriental letters and mysteries into Greece. The names of all these are hence equally consistent with the events.

Indeed, the parallel between the histories and epochs of the arrival, residence, and departure of the Hebrew

and Greek sojourners in Egypt, is, in many respects, so close, we might be almost tempted to infer that the history of the latter was borrowed from that of the former. The stems of both races—Abraham and Inachus—were contemporary; so were Jacob and Io, to whose time the respective arrivals are referred; as well as Moses, Danaus, and Cadmus, under whom the departures took place. History is, however, conclusive for the Gentile statement, however mixed with fable, being an original one; but, were it a mere corruption of the sacred, we should still possess in it an original and far-descended testimony to the historical as well as chronological accuracy of the prototype: and the results of our international view of the question would be equally conclusive and irresistible. We might here indulge in interesting reflections on this remarkable community or circumstances connected with the origin of the Hebrew nation, and of their earliest Gentile successors (including the descendants of Phœnix and Cilix, as well as of Cadmus and Danaus; and we may, probably, add those of Cærops and Belus, whose departures for Greece and Babylonia are dated a few years earlier), in the religion and literature of revelation; on the facts of the progenitors of the first descendants of Japhet, who dwelt in the tents of Shem (Gen. ix. 27), and of the adopted seed of Abraham, coming out of the same country from whence Israel was called (Hosea, xi. 1, Matthew, ii. 15), and at the same time, as well as on the same occasion. We find the early histories of both races have descended to us through their proper channels—that of temporal Israel in the language of the Old Testament, and that of representative Israel in the language, although not in the text, of the New. The ordering of events to bring about the purposes of Divine Providence are inscrutable: the hint may, we are persuaded, be improved upon.

Do the words of Hosea, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt," reflect back on the progenitors of the adopted seed, as well as to those of the natural, as they ultimately refer to Him who died for both?

IV. Having determined the synchronous history and chronology of the offspring, let us now refer to the records

of the exhausted parent state, which was brought to so deplorable a condition as to be, in the judgment of Pharaoh's frightened counsellors, already "destroyed" (Exod. x. 7) by the dreadful preparative events of the deliverance; what, then, must have been the state of the country, when suddenly deprived of probably one-half the population, and an immense proportion of its military force?

This being a subject which has been discussed *ad nauseam* a thousand times over, and, with hardly an exception, left where it originally stood, we should not venture on a new edition, did we not believe that similar causes to those which have for so long a period obscured the connected history of the Jewish and Gentile colonists—the want of condensation and combination of the evidence—have here contributed to leave a clear portion of history in darkness and doubt; and that, if the monumental discoveries of our times have not elicited any immediate record of an epoch so replete with misfortunes and disgrace, they have provided us with indirect and incidental data almost to superfluity, for the final decision of the question in connexion with the Egyptian records.

The end of such discoveries being the elucidation, and not the manufacture of history, we shall, according to custom, begin with the long-doubted but now vindicated historian Manetho, who is always consistent with the restored contemporary records, when consistent with himself. According to this writer, as appears from a comparison of the fragments of his chronicle preserved by Josephus and Africanus respectively, Lower Egypt was inhabited by several pastoral tribes from the east; first, as conquerors and tyrants during a period of 260 years, and then, partly as tributaries and partly as slaves, for 251 years longer—in all, 511 years; ending, as already mentioned, at the commencement of the celebrated eighteenth dynasty of Diospolites, whose first sovereign, Amosis, or Tethmosis, forced the shepherds, to the number of 240,000, to evacuate, by capitulation, their fortified district of Avaris (the site of the Goshen of the Pentateuch), in which they had been blockaded by his father, the last prince of the seventeenth native dynasty. The fugitives directed their course to Judæa, and there settled, and built the city

of Jerusalem. This national version gives the credit of the expulsion to the successor of the unfortunate monarch immediately concerned in it. It sufficiently agrees with the Hebrew account to identify the events, yet sufficiently differs to shew that both are independent statements.

The most prosperous period of Egyptian history follows, under the monarchs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties of Diospolites. The former lasted 393 years, and, with the rise of the next Manetho connects the emigration of the Danaidæ under Armais, brother to the conqueror Rameses Sethos, who (*i. e.* Armais and Rameses) are stated to have been the Danaus and Ægyptus of the Greeks. The latter are thus removed four centuries below the true time of their departure with the rest of the shepherds, under Moses, Cadmus, Phoenix, and Clix, we may fairly suppose, for the purpose of connecting these heroes, and the Greek name of the country, with the most glorious epoch of its history (with which they have nothing in common, either in name or circumstance), by way of flattery to King Ptolemy, the patron of the historian. This has been one great source of confusion to both sacred and Egyptian history; the early Christian fathers having almost uniformly inferred, that if Danaus emigrated 400 years after the departure of the Jews, Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos 400 years before the arrival of his descendant Danaus, was, of necessity, the contemporary of Moses; and hence the protracted dates of the exodus adopted by Theophilus,

Tatian, Africanus, and nearly all the early fathers.

Another source of confusion is, that Manetho has chronicled an irruption of the Jews into Egypt in the reign of Amenophis, the third prince of the nineteenth dynasty, after the express interval of 518 years from the first departure, and 125 years from the date to which he refers the departure of the Danaidæ, as above; and a second forcible departure, after a short residence of thirteen years, under a leader called Osarsiph by the Egyptians, and by the Jews, Moses, who is not named in the Egyptian version of the exode. The history has been transcribed by the historian Chæremón, with the difference that the Jews had for their leaders, Peteseph and Tisithes, whom they called Joseph and Moses. These names may be also recognised in those of Petesucus, and Tithoes, who, according to Pliny (xxxvi. 13), built the labyrinth in the Hæracliotic or Arsinoite Nome, the modern Fayoom, 3600 years before the writer's time; and the former in that of Pharaoh Petis-sionius, the contemporary of Moses, according to the traditions of Malala and Cedrenus.

Had not Manetho and Chæremón coupled the name of Moses with the other variations, Osarsiph, &c., it is unlikely that any subsequent writer would have thought of confounding this Jewish irruption and temporary abode (which has no parallel in sacred history, either as to date or event, but in the defeat and pursuit of Zerah, the Ethiopian, by Asa, king of Judah,* as was long ago stated by Sir Isaac Newton)

* The sum of the narrations of Manetho and Chæremón is, that the slaves who had, in consequence of a pestilential disease, been condemned to work in the quarries on the east bank of the Nile, revolted, under a priest of Osiris, named Osarsiph, and formed an alliance with the shepherds of Jerusalem, who had been driven out of Egypt by Amosis; that the former, being pursued by Amenophis IV. to Avaris or Pelusium, were there joined by their Jewish allies; and that, on this junction, King Amenophis retreated with his army into Ethiopia, where he remained thirteen years, leaving Egypt to the ravages of the rebels and invaders during that interval, at the expiration of which he returned and expelled them. Osarsiph, the leader of the rebels, goes over to their allies, who name him Moses.

In the advance of Amenophis against the rebels and their allies, have we not the advance of Zerah (probably the title Se-ra, "son of the sun," assumed by all the kings of Egypt on their monuments), the Ethiopian, against Judea; and, in his repulse, and retreat into Ethiopia, the defeat of Zerah by the host of King Asa, and his consequent retreat, as recorded in 2d Chronicles, xiv. 9 *seq.*? The ravages committed by the invaders, the destruction of cities and villages, &c., are nearly similar in the Egyptian and Jewish accounts. The events are very nearly synchronous; and there is no contradiction in regard to the duration of the war, which is not stated in sacred history, although the thirteen years of Manetho are probably an exaggeration.

with the events of the bondage and exode, with which they have no character in common. Be it also noted, that no method of computing the dynasties will raise the accession of the Amenophis, to whose reign the event is referred, higher than the middle of the thirteenth century before the Christian era.

In fact, it was not till modern times that this improvement upon Manetho's inadvertent transposition of the name of the Jewish legislator was thought of. Archbishop Ussher was, we believe, the first. Finding, however, the time of the Amenophis, to whose reign the event is referred, to be above a century too recent for his theory, he made no scruple to transfer the narrative to that of Amenophis, the last king of the eighteenth dynasty; and this historical dislocation has been literally adopted by M. Champollion, and many of his disciples. Other writers, profiting by this example, have fixed upon other princes of the same name; and every Amenophis has accordingly, in turn, had the credit of being the Pharaoh under whom the Israelites departed.*

The ancients, however, were more disposed to take history as they found it. Accordingly, the Egyptian annalist, Ptolemy of Mendes, Josephus, and all the Christian chronographers before Eusebius, literally adopted the first and only legitimate statement of Manetho. Eusebius and Syncellus, on the other hand, created an Egyptian history for themselves; and, without any alleged or supposed authority, reject every national statement, referring the departure of the Jews to the middle period of the eighteenth dynasty, when the monarchy was in a state of unvarying prosperity and vigour, according to the accidental results of their respective systems of the biblical computation of time: while the fluctuating state of opinion on Egyptian chronology causes modern views on the question

to be wholly unsettled, and equally dependent on accidental results.

Our readers will perceive, that, in reference to the Egyptian versions of the events relating to the residence and departures of the Jews, we have distinguished the first, which was adopted by all those writers who had the original work of Manetho before them, as alone applicable to the age of the exode, on that writer's own shewing. Let us now turn to the monuments of that line of prosperous monarchs which the historian interposes between the first and second departures of the Israelites.

Now, hieroglyphic discoveries have restored to us, not only contemporary catalogues of these reigns, but contemporary documents of every one of them, which determine, beyond controversy, that this was the great age of Egyptian art, empire, and conquest; and during which those gigantic remains that still adorn the banks of the Nile were, with few exceptions, erected. They determine, that the civil and military energy of the nation arose into sudden vigour nearly at the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty; and continued to augment, with little or no intermission, until nearly the close of the period in question, when the culminating epoch arrived, and an almost immediate decline ensued: a decline which the historical record appropriately connects with a general revolt of the labourers in the quarries,† in reference to the second irruption of the Jews.

But let us take a brief review of the actual monumental results of this period. Of the reigns of Amos, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, and his six immediate predecessors,‡ only a few isolated hieroglyphic tablets have been discovered. In that of his immediate successor, the first Amenoph, these become very numerous, and mark that prince as an object of great veneration.

* Joseph, contra Apion, lib. i. c. 26.

† Dr. Pritchard has, for example, fixed on the first Amenophis of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty; Mr. Sharpe, whom we have already quoted in a note, on the second; Ussher and Champollion, as above, on the third;—whereas, if the second account of Manetho refers to the exode, it was undoubtedly the fourth prince of this name, the third reign of the nineteenth dynasty, who perished in the Red Sea.

‡ Under Osirtesen I., the seventh predecessor of Amos, according to the hieroglyphic succession, the first referable monumental remains appear; and it is a remarkable fact that these are numerous and important. There is no room to doubt that the progress of Egyptian sculpture was suspended during the administration of Joseph, and that the arts did not fully recover themselves until the age of the Thothmoses.

ation to his subjects. Some extensive sculptures of this reign have been discovered in tombs. With the three first Thothmoses, who came next in succession, the great monuments of the dynasty begin; and they become magnificent and numerous under the third of these princes. His successors, Amenoph II. and Thothmos IV., have also left important remains; and those of Amenoph III. are almost innumerable. His successor, whose monumental name is not fully agreed on, has left important sculptures. The short reign of Ramses I., few; that of his son, the first Osiree, many monuments; and the remains of his successor, Ramses II., known as Amon-me-Ramses the Great (the Ramesses-mi-Amun of Manetho), are found in every part of Egypt and Nubia. Pthamenoph, Osiree II., and Ramerri, have left some sculptured memorials; and those of Ramses III. (the first or second prince of Manetho's nineteenth dynasty, being the Sethosis of that historian, and the Sesoosis, or Sesostris, of the Greeks) evince him to have been an extensive cultivator of the arts of peace, as well as a conqueror. Of his seven immediate successors there are magnificent tombs, but no great original above-ground edifices after Ramses III. The triumphal sculptures, inscriptions, and lists of prisoners taken by those princes, from Thothmos III. to Ramses III., assure us that they were, with few exceptions, a line of conquerors, both in Asia and Africa; of which an approximate idea may be formed, by reference to the plate entitled "*Geographia Hieroglyphica*," in vol. ii. pt. ii. of the Royal Society of Literature's *Transactions*.

If this general outline be correct, and we believe it cannot be impugned, it must be evident to every reader that Egypt had sustained no such calamities as those inseparable from the departure of the Jewish and Grecian sojourners; at least, between the reigns of the first Amenoph and the third Ramses. Every reflecting student of the monuments must at once admit that such is wholly, absolutely, impossible. It will hence follow, that these calamities occurred either before Amenoph I., with Manetho's first account, or after Ramses III., provided his second statement can be applied to the sojournment and exode of the Jews.

Chronology, however, forbids the latter, as we have seen, and as is vir-

tually admitted by its advocates; who have, without exception, transposed the events to one or other of the Amenophs who preceded Ramses III. We are, therefore, thrown back upon the first epoch—that of the accession of Amosis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty. From thence, until the accession of the Thothmoses, under whom the first important monuments of this line appear, nearly a century had elapsed; and this afforded ample time for the nation to recover its strength after the depopulating events attendant on the exode, according to the elastic principles of population in restoring itself after great calamities. All is consistent; and there is not another point in the monumental history of Egypt to which the grand egress of nations can be referred, except that identical one which is determined by Manetho's original statement.

When Eusebius, Syncellus, Ussher, and other chronologists, who lived before the nineteenth century, rejected this statement, and were content to half-depopulate Egypt in the midst of a period which Manetho had assured them was one of unexampled prosperity and power, they had not before their eyes the speaking contemporary witnesses which we now possess. Manetho might have been mistaken as well as themselves; and this was some excuse, though a poor one, for departing from original and national authority.

What, then, can be the defence of the depopulators of the nineteenth century, whose zeal, industry, and ingenuity, have given us those imperishable witnesses which are decisive of the question? Mr. Wilkinson, for example, sends away half of the inhabitants of Egypt in the reign of that conqueror and patron of the arts and sciences, Thothmos III., on the supposed authority of Josephus, who has never, on any occasion, brought the events of the exode below the time of Amos: while Signor Rosellini takes a like freedom with the subjects of the mighty Ramses II., whose unequalled magnificence and power may be best seen in the splendid plates of that antiquary. We might thus cite a whole squadron of writers before the tribunal of common sense and of truth; but that the blunders of these leaders should be echoed by their disciples, and copied by their reviewers, will excite no astonishment. With such theories to

obscure the atmosphere of the learned world, we can only say, that the slow growth of results in this new field of inquiry is but what might be expected.

We have thus far treated of what may be termed the negative evidence of the monuments, which, if it does not acquaint us with the precise point of the national records to which the departure of the foreign tribes belongs, tells us, in very clear terms, the portion of them with which this event has no connexion; thereby forcing us into the extended arms of history, of which the *right* may be well said to point to the accession of Amos, and the *left* to the middle period of the nineteenth dynasty. It remains to notice the incidental evidence of the same class, of which Sig. Rosellini's celebrated representation (*Mon. Civ.*, pl. xlix.) of "Jews making bricks," from the tomb of a superintendent of the public works, at Thebes, of the reign of the third Thothmos, furnishes us with a most important and interesting example, and the only immediate connexion between the monumental and Jewish history of the first ages which is supposed yet to have been discovered.

The representation appears so clear, that, had it been discovered on the site of the land of Goshen rather than at Thebes, we could hardly entertain a doubt but that the bondsmen and taskmasters of the Pentateuch were before our eyes; and although encumbered with the difficulty of being removed three hundred miles southwards of, and of bearing date one hundred and fifty years later than our wishes, we are far from being disposed to reject its evidence; and hope to prove it to be a desiderated record, of the highest historical and chronological importance, in support of the views which have been forced on us by the preceding examination.

We shall, therefore, at once admit, that this representation could not have been conceived before the epoch of the Jewish bondage; and hence, that it is either a contemporary or a subsequent record in connexion with that event. If the former, it is fatal to Manetho's first determination of the times of the bondage and exode; while, in either case, it is fatal to the second which has been deduced from his writings — the death of Thothmos III. (the Thmosis of the eighteenth dynasty), to whose reign the representation belongs, being

removed four hundred years from that of Amenoph of the nineteenth dynasty, according to the canon of reigns and years preserved by Josephus: whereas, the full period of the servitude, admitting its highest possible commencement from the death of Levi, does not ascend more than a hundred and twenty-eight years above the date of the departure. We thus obtain, at least, one decided monumental result in agreement with the fact already noticed, that no chronological ingenuity can raise the time of the Amenophis in question to the last-mentioned epoch, nor yet within a century of it; so that the inquiry becomes at once relieved of a chronological excrescence, founded on a very obvious oversight of the Egyptian annalist, on the coinciding evidence of chronology and the monuments.

That the representation in question is a contemporary one, has been rather hastily admitted by Signor Rosellini and his followers, doubtless because this is necessary to that scholar's pre-adopted system; and we doubt not that the acute, and generally accurate Mr. Wilkinson views it as a triumphant confirmation of his reference of the exode to the time of the third Thothmos. Rosellini, be it remarked, has enlarged the synchronical capacity of the eighteenth dynasty, by adopting a mistake of the fathers, Theophilus and Clemens, who applied the whole four hundred and thirty years of the sojournment of Abraham's posterity, which separated the covenant and the law (Gen. xv. 13; Exod. xii. 40, 41), to the residence of Jacob's descendants in Egypt, in opposition to Exod. vi. 16, 18, 20; vii. 7; Galat. iii. 17; and the express testimony of Josephus. By this process the period of bondage is augmented two hundred and fifteen years, or from 128 to 343, which will include both the reigns of Thothmos III., to which the representation belongs, and of the great Ramses, to which Signor Rosellini has referred the departure; the deaths of these princes being separated by two hundred and fourteen years in the canon of Manetho.

The difficulty inseparable from the distance of the representation from the settlement of Jacob's family, who are expressly stated to have continued within the limits of their original settlement of Goshen until the moment of their departure (Gen. xlvii. 6, 11;

Exod. viii. 22; ix. 4, 26; x. 23; xii. 37), this writer endeavours to explain by inferring a wider distribution of the Jewish bondsmen, from the statement in Exod. v. 12, that "the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw;" or by the supposition that the representation relates to the office of the functionary in whose tomb it is found, as superintendent of the public works of the kingdom. The scattering of the Israelites in search of straw can, however, be only understood relatively, and in too limited a geographical as well as chronological sense, to be in the least available towards accounting for Jews being in slavery at three hundred miles' distance from the land of Goshen; while the other supposition is a mere subterfuge.

Were our object to rid ourselves of embarrassments, we might in the same way contend, that the name of Thothmos III. may have been inscribed in a tomb of a much more remote epoch by his functionary, who adopted it for himself; no custom being more common among the Egyptians than the adoption of former tombs, by the monarchs as well as their subjects. And this supposition might fairly allow the one in question to be of the time of Amos, or even earlier, in agreement with Manetho's reference of the exode, and thereby effectually prove its date to be no fundamental obstacle to our general inferences.

We have, however, no embarrassments to contend with, and no need for conjecture, if we adhere to the terms of the history; as it has been our object, in every case, to do. The enslaved Israelites were located in the district originally granted to them, until the night of their final departure from its chief city, Ramesses, as will be evident from a comparison of the last cited texts with Exod. xii. 30, 37, 42; while if any remained behind, either through obstinacy or want of faith in the divine mission of Moses (and it is impossible to doubt that there were many such in a whole nation, as in the subsequent case of the departure from Babylon), it likewise cannot be questioned that these were continued in bondage, and transplanted from the rebellious and evacuated territory: nor that they and their descendants would be retained in rigid slavery.

It appears from Diodorus (l. i.), that, down to the time of the nineteenth dynasty, foreign slaves were exclusively employed in the great works of the Pharaohs, and that on every temple raised by Sesostris was an inscription to that effect.

Ουδὲς ἰσχυρεῖς ἢ αὐτὰ μισοχθῆναι.

"Nemo indigenarum huc impendit laborem."

Well, therefore, may there have been Jewish bondsmen employed in brick-making at Thebes, in the reign of Thothmos III., one hundred and fifty years after the departure of their nation, and even till the general revolt and retreat of the slaves already alluded to; while it is perfectly clear, that if we admit, contrary to the express tenor of sacred history, and the divine purpose of simultaneous deliverance, that any such were in slavery as far south as Thebes at the time of the general departure from Goshen, there was neither time nor possibility for their arrival at Ramesses during the short interval occupied by the negotiations of their leader with Pharaoh, whose determination to oppose the deliverance continued until the very night of its occurrence (Exod. xi. 10; xii. 29-31).

It follows, we apprehend, to demonstration, that the existence of this important representation, of the reign of Thothmos III., at Thebes, while it completely excludes the depressed and supposititious epochs of the departure of the Jews from the national history of Egypt, harmonises as completely with Manetho's original epoch (to which it is certainly posterior, if we adhere to the Mosaic narrative); the only other alternative which the excluding character of the monuments of the eighteenth dynasty has left us.

The synchronism between the epochs of the Exodus and of the eighteenth dynasty, which Josephus and all the early Christian writers derived from the national history of Egypt, being thus completely borne out by the contemporary monumental remains of that dynasty, it follows that the chronology of Egyptian history no longer fluctuates, and that its epochs, as determined by the above-mentioned writers, become liable to the same correction with their synchronous epochs of biblical history. If, therefore, the principles of that divinely inspired history irrefragably fix the epoch of the departure of the foreign

nations from Egypt, in agreement with the independent evidence of the Greek historians and inscriptions, to the commencement of the fifteenth century before the Christian era; at the same point of time the great eighteenth Diospolitan dynasty most certainly originated. The reign of Thothmos III., named Me-ra, will then correspond to the middle of the thirteenth century B.C.; precisely where Herodotus and Theon have placed Mæris, or Menophres, the Greek names of that monarch. So the nineteenth dynasty will originate at the commencement of the eleventh century, to which Herodotus and Diodorus have referred the great Sesostris, or Sesosis. The twentieth, or the last Diospolitan dynasty, will terminate with the Ethiopian conquest and establishment of the twenty-fifth dynasty in the seventh century; and this will involve the necessity of the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth dynasties, composed of natives of Lower Egypt, which extend to the same period, being contemporary with the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties of Diospolitans, in correspondence with the testimony of Herodotus and Diodorus that the two kings, Anysis and Bocchoris, were conquered by Sabbacon the Ethiopian: Bocchoris being of the twenty-fourth dynasty, and Anysis, undoubtedly, of the twentieth

and last Diospolitan; of which the names do not appear in the fragments of Manetho's chronicle, while the connected monumental lists of succession terminate with the nineteenth dynasty.* The sum of the years of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, is 757; and, ascending from the Ethiopian conquest B.C. 730, this will conduct us to the year B.C. 1487 for the Egyptian date of the general departure of the shepherds: that is, seven years below the Cadmian, four below the Mosaic, and one year above the Argive era of the same event, as stated above.†

If the foregoing arguments be valid, it will follow, that the immediate predecessor of Amos was the king who perished in the Red Sea, respecting whom there are some variations in the history, because the eighteenth dynasty succeeded to the power of several preceding families.

In Manetho's Diospolitan fragments preserved by Josephus, the father and predecessor of Amos is called Misphragmuthosis, who was probably the last prince of the seventeenth legitimate dynasty. In his account of the Memphite kings, preserved by Africanus, the last prince, before this line was succeeded by the Diospolitan, is Menteshuphis, who is named Achesus Ocaras in the Theban list of Eratosthenes, and Ouchoreus in the outline

* The Theban Necropolis has given us the tombs of the last four kings of the eighteenth dynasty, all those of the nineteenth, and several more, which, doubtless, belong to the blank twentieth dynasty of Manetho. But no tomb is found which can be referred to any prince of the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, or twenty-fourth families of Lower Egypt, of whom Manetho has left most of the names: good evidence that these never succeeded the former on the throne of Thebes.

† By way of contrast to this harmony, let us state the inevitable results to those theorists who would adopt Manetho's account of the second departure of the Jews, in reference to the exode (without falsifying that historian), and, consequently, make all the latter dynasties to have ruled in succession:

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| B.C. 1870, eighteenth dynasty... | Departure of the Shepherds. |
| ... 1477, nineteenth dynasty... | Departure of the Danaidæ. |
| ... 1352, <i>an. 1</i> , Amenophis IV. | Arrival of the Jews. |
| ... 1339, <i>an. 14</i> , <i>ejusdem</i> | Departure of the Jews. |

Apart from the chronological absurdities of this statement, let it be noted, that Manetho expressly acquaints us that the Jews who arrived and departed in the reign of Amenophis IV. were the descendants of those who were expelled by Amosis, after a residence of several centuries in Egypt; thus leaving no question that the departure of the Israelites is included in his account of the general expulsion of the shepherds, and proving that his only mistake is in the transposition of the name of their leader. If from these raised dates we take the 383 years of the xxi. xxii. xxiii. and xxiv. collateral dynasties, we obtain the true Egyptian date, B.C. 1187, for the general departure of the shepherds, including that of the Jews and Greeks, as above; B.C. 1094 for the xix. dynasty, and fictitious egress of the Danaidæ; B.C. 969 for the 1st of Amexophis IV., and the second arrival of the Jews; and B.C. 956 for their departure, which is not far removed from the date of Asa's return from the pursuit of Zerah, the Ethiopian, B.C. 942.

of Diodorus from the same source. His monumental name is Hakor, as appears from the incorporated hieroglyphic tables published in vol. ii. pt. ii. of the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Literature; and inscriptions of this reign are found in the neighbourhood of Memphis.

Now we learn, from Lysimachus and Apion (as quoted by Josephus), and from Tacitus, that the name of the king who expelled the Jews was Bocchoris; which, without the Egyptian particle, becomes Occhoris, as the Acoris of the twenty-ninth dynasty. So B'ousiris and Osiris are agreed to be the same name. Let us remark that Apion, the opponent of Josephus, was so well satisfied that Bocchoris was the king under whom the Jews departed, that he would appear thence to have deduced his argument for lowering the date of the exode to the eighth century before the Christian era, when a king of the same name appears in Manetho's twenty-fourth dynasty, as above. Lysimachus, however, raised the Bocchoris in question to the seventeenth century B.C.

It follows, that in Ocaras, Ouchoreus, Hakor, and Bocchoris, we have the name of the same prince; and we may perhaps also include that of Lachares, who appears in the twelfth dynasty of Diospolitans, and Concharis, who terminates the sixteenth dynasty of Tanites (according to Syncellus and the *Chronicon Vetus*), both of which immediately preceded the eighteenth: this being an epoch marked by Egyptian history as one of the highest political convulsion, in which the claims of the fortunate line of Amos were the

most successful. Now, Manetho acquaints us, that the labyrinth in the Arsinoïte Nome was built in the reign of Lachares; and we have already seen, that the authorities of Pliny attributed it to Petesucus or Tithoes, who are (as above) the Peteseph and Tisithes, or Joseph and Moses, of Chæremôn: so that this labyrinth may have been a work in which the enslaved Jews were employed. It is certain, that its situation agrees to admiration. We have here correspondences of name, time, and events, which, in connexion with the former results of the present inquiry, really seem to leave nothing more to be desired, in the way of evidence, on a question which is equally important to the theologist and the historian.

We shall not tire the patience of our readers by pursuing this interesting inquiry further at present, satisfied they will agree, that every proposition announced at the commencement of this article has been clearly and demonstrably realised; and that we have elicited enough to enable every intelligent mind to pursue and improve on the questions treated of, with advantage to itself and to the cause of truth. Our materials are, nevertheless, far from the point of exhaustion, and we shall probably again recur to the subject, in connexion with the mythological calendar, and astronomical tables and sculptures, which, we apprehend, will be found to fix the chronological relations of the Egyptian dynasties, with little less certainty than those of the dynasties of modern Europe, are fixed by contemporary history.

HERMOGENES.

M'NAMARA RUSSEL'S LARK IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN.

BY CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE, LATE ENSIGN ROYAL IRISH.

"It was said that a sprite,
In the dead of the night,
Cried 'Bo!' to the leading goose, sir."—GEORGE HANGER.

DEAR YORKE,—Many years ago I had the honour and pleasure of numbering among my friends a man whose name, even at this distant moment, has a talismanic effect upon my old heart and thin blood; and makes the one leap back nearly half a century to the days of boyhood's glee, and the other quicken my pulse, till it throbs

again at the recollection of him who was foremost in frolic, first in danger, and last at the bottle, of almost any man, afloat or on shore, that it has been my fortune to meet while rolling round this terrestrial orb of ours, during a life of I-don't-choose-to-mention-how-many lustræ. M'Namara Russel, though dead these twenty years, is still

remembered among the admirals of the British navy; but I knew him at nearly the commencement of his naval career, when he trod the deck as midshipman of the *Tigris* frigate; and the friendship that began then continued till he could tread plank no more — till he struck his colours to the grim tax-gatherer, Death, and was laid up in heart of oak to await the last whistle, when, once more, M'Namara Russel will jump upon deck. The very last time I dined with him *tête-à-tête* — poor fellow! 'twas not a month before he died — he put me in mind of some of our early pranks together; and, after having finished a couple of bottles of south-side Madeira, he threw off the following sketch, which, as nearly as I can recollect it, I now send you in his own words.

Yours ever,

C. O'D.

People are very much addicted, in the present day, to bespatter young naval heroes with pity, just as if they were tenfold more unfortunate than other folks' children; but for my own particular part, my dear O'Donoghue, I must say that, were my career to commence again, and I could choose my cruising-ground, I would cry, "Hurrah for the blue jacket!" and pitch long togs to old Nick. You know that my old father, of Kilballyhalter, in Ireland, was ambitious of having one of his numerous budding offspring entered into the priesthood; and that I was the hopeful lad who was eventually to wear a scarlet hat and flamingo-legged stockings, cardinal fashion, through the instrumentality of the St. Omer Jesuits. But a puritanical phiz and a shorn crown, to say nothing of the strictness observed by the black rogues over the uninitiated sinners in the cloisters, were by no means after my own heart; so I soon balked my father's intention, by shewing St. Omer's a clean pair of heels one clear frosty night, abjured the pope, the devil, and the pretender, in good set terms, and three years afterwards had no reason for grieving over the loss sustained by the followers of old Ignatius Loyola, when I found myself a strapping reefer, pipe-claying my weekly accounts, on board the *Tigris*. Ay, and were I to be so placed again, again would I follow my course on the deep, and see won-

derful things upon the great waters, in spite of pity or sea-sickness; for in those days I could turn my hand, or my intellect, to the current matters of my profession, quite as well as any of my neighbours; and being gifted by nature with an easy though enterprising disposition, an ostrich-like stomach, a quick sight and brawny shoulders, a love of fun and wholesome disregard of consequences (natural, I believe, to all the sons of Erin's isle), I weathered upon my duty without discredit, my leisure without care, my liquor without quarrelling; and cared no more for to-morrow than to-morrow cared for me. Our work, at times, might have been hard, to be sure; but then, the pleasure of command! Talk of delight! Who was ever so happy as a midshipman when finding himself, for the first time, in charge of a frigate's deck? By George! I then thought myself a finer fellow than any man in the cabinet, and in an infinitely more responsible position than the chancellor of the exchequer himself.

We were fortunate in our skipper; still more so in his prime-minister, old Joe Berril, the first-lieutenant. A taut hand was Joe — knew his business, and did it well; ay, and piqued himself upon making others do it, as an occasional mast-heading in my own person gave me full reason to know. I forget what sort of a fellow the second-lieutenant was, for he was only a short time with us; but the third, Bobby Hacket by name, was modelled upon the first — a good officer, but fidgetty; rather more apt to blame than to praise; and, in times of great responsibility, unfortunately wanting in that confidence in himself which invariably infuses confidence into others. Bobby was a bit of a tartar, too — even more so than Joe; rather through fear lest blame should be attached to himself, than on any fixed principles of discipline, that I could ever discover. With these officers I got on very well; but my great stand-by — my *Fidus Achates*, I may say — was one Roderick O'Donnell, who joined the frigate on the West India station: and I will tell you how.

One morning we were lying in Basseterre Roads, off St. Kitt's, where we had been for a couple of days landing stores, which we had brought down from Barbadoes, and were again all

a-lanto, ready for sea, when a shore-boat came alongside, and through the gangway-port appeared a strapping fellow, in a midshipman's uniform, about one-and-twenty years old, and of prodigious build. He stepped up to Joe Berril, to whom I happened to be making some report concerning the duties of the ship at the time—so I heard and saw what passed—and, touching his hat, announced himself as Mr. Roderick O'Donnel, just arrived in a schooner from Jamaica, and ordered by the admiral of the station to join the *Tigris*. We had seen the faery craft by which he came dancing across our forefoot, in the moonlight of the preceding evening, with her long tapering masts switching like whips, and her snow-white canvass, like a swan's breast, distended before the breeze, but little thinking she contained in her cockleshell hull so bulky a freight as our new messmate.

But though a stranger to most of the ship's company, it did not seem that he was entirely unknown to the first-lieutenant, who scanned him well over with his keen eye, as if there was something below the surface to be detected by a close observer, however fair the exterior might shew, and that that something was not altogether to his liking; for, instead of welcoming him on board in the customary manner of most officers, he only gave utterance to a prolonged "He—em—em! Mr. O'Donnel?"

"Yes, sir," answered O'Donnel, presenting his orders.

"Hem—em! late of the Castilian—eh?"

"Yes, sir, I have just left her in Kingston harbour."

"Ay—he—em!—ha—I have heard of you, sir."

"Well, sir, I am glad of that," returned the new-comer with a smile, as if he was overjoyed at his superior officer's knowledge.

"Hem—ha! don't be too sure of that, neither!"

"Nothing bad, I hope, sir?"

"Harkee, Mr. O'Donnel!" said Berril, looking as grim as the Jupiter's figure-head, "this I know of you,—in blue water you are as good a seaman as the best,—in harbour your jokes are of the broadest,—and on shore you are apter to hold a devil's jubilee than attend your legitimate devotions. Now, mark me! I give you fair warning;

and if you try any of your slippery hitches with me, I'll bring you up with a round turn. You will find, to your cost, that I am a different hand from old Growdy, of the *Eolus*, whom you sent on a fool's errand through Gosport in search of a sweetheart; and not quite so soft as the fat purser you mounted on the kicking pony, at Kingston races, in Jamaica, last year. So, look out, sir!"

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed O'Donnel, looking quite shocked, and as innocent as baby-linen; "my goodness, sir! those were mere boy's tricks, and happened so long ago that I was in hopes they had been forgotten entirely. You will allow, sir, that it is a hard case, a man's having lived to repent his folly, and still get no credit for even good intentions, when, on my conscience! his intentions have ever been of the best to get credit wherever he goes."

"Well, Mr. O'Donnel," returned Berril, "you clearly perceive that we understand each other. With your credit I have nothing to do,—that rests between your tailor and your conscience; neither do I mean to trouble myself about the lay of your intentions; but before we have been long together your actions will tell what course you mean to keep."

"Really, Mr. Berril," replied O'Donnel, with the gravest possible face, and most respectful demeanour, "I am very sorry that what was done merely as a thoughtless boy should attach a character to me as a man, which would materially interfere with my future prospects of promotion in the service. I have been a passed midshipman these three years: I am informed that I nearly head the admiral's list; and, even if all this was not sufficient to keep me quiet, you, Mr. Berril, whose character is well known, are the last person on whom I should think of playing tricks, under any circumstances. I am not quite so silly as that, neither, sir."

"Very well, sir," said the first lieutenant; "now we start fair, and I hope we shall be mutually satisfied."

"Thank you, sir; I shall recollect," returned our new hand. "But please, sir, may I get my chest hoisted in from the boat alongside?"

"Certainly," answered Berril. "Waist there! whip on the main-yard! Is it heavy, Mr. O'Donnel?"

"Very, sir."

"Then clap on a double purchase, and hand up a pair of butt-slings," cried Joe to the boatswain's mate in the waist. "But I have something else to attend to now; so you had better see to getting it over the side yourself, Mr. O'Donnel."

"Very well, sir," answered the tall reformed reefer, and proceeded to get his traps on board. Accordingly, a double-purchase tackle and guy were made ready from the larboard main-yard-arm; the falls overhauled; the rope leading from the block aloft down to the main bitts manned; a pair of butt-slings, strong enough to have held up the cupola of St. Paul's, hooked to the lower tackle-block; and all was ready for hoisting in a weight of ten tons, if required; when O'Donnel once more intimated to Berril that the chest was heavy.

"Then clap on the whole of the after-guard; but don't carry away the bitts and main-yard," answered Joseph, smiling,—yet little thinking of what was to follow.

About a dozen stout fellows, in addition to those who were already there, laid on the slack of the fall, to run up the chest when the signal should be given; and the boatswain's mate, a hard-a-weather old cock with a face like a piece of unbarked fir, and a back like a table, who never was known to laugh in his life but once, and then, nearly half-seas over, he alarmed the whole of his watch by the extraordinary roar of his merriment, stuck himself in the gangway, to superintend the operation, and fend off the chest from the ship's side; while O'Donnel edged away towards the main hatchway. Berril, at this instant, shifted his position to the foot of the mizen-mast, turned his nose upwards towards the main-top-mast cross-trees, though he was wide awake to every thing passing on deck; for Joseph could keep one eye on the man at the wheel while t'other was watching the weather-leach of the main-royal. The men swore he often saw what was doing at the jib-boom end *through* both the courses. I was standing at his elbow; the afterguard were in a line aft, ready to start away with the rope in their hands, only waiting for the boatswain's-mate's whistle; and our new member of the cockpit, with as grave a face as ever judge wore under the black-cap—onc foot on the comb-

ings of the hatchway—was imploring all hands to take tender care of his valuable goods and chattels.

"All ready in the boat?"

"All ready, sir."

"Ready with fall?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

We fully expected to see a chest as big as a jolly-boat coming gradually over the top of the hammock-nettings.

"Hloist away!"

So they did with a will. Aft started all hands, stretched along the fall, with an exertion of main strength sufficient to have hove out the lower masts of a first-rate, and rattled aloft like a shot—a blue pasteboard bandbox! The consequence of expending so much force upon naught may be easily conceived; there was nothing to counteract their vigorous pull; and, with the exception of two or three at the extreme end of the fall, who carried it clean away to the tafferil, over they all rolled on the deck like a row of children's card-houses,—changing, in a twinkling, the strict decorum of his majesty's frigate *Tigris's* quarter-deck into a regular Bartlemy fair *hoorroosh*. In the mean time, up flew the unfortunate bandbox higher into the firmament than its maker had ever contemplated, till the tackle was chock-a-block; there the jerk casting it clear of the slings, it whirled upwards and backwards in an indescribable flourish, nearly as high as the topsail-yard; then, getting a send from the mizen-top gallant-braces, down it came on the deck, and at the same instant down dived our new midshipman through the hatchway.

"Hai—golly! massa! him bery fine jump, I tink!" screamed one of the negroes from the boat.

"What the d—l thingumbob have you slung instead of the chest, you old hedge-and-ditch lubber?" cried Joseph to the boatswain's mate.

"That's all as I sees in the boat, sir," answered old hard-a-weather.

"No chest?"

"Nothing so big as a 'bacco-box, sir, barring the two niggers."

"Done from the starting-post, by —!" said Joe, putting his hands in the side pockets of his round jacket, and walking aft to hide his vexation at being so easily humbugged by the only man he had ever, perhaps, in his life warned against trying to circumvent him, and that, too, in the face of the ship's company.

No doubt at first he swore vengeance against the author of this ridiculous scene; but Berril was not the man to hatch a spite against any body; his wrath was soon blown over. He had sense enough, as well as good-nature, to be one of the first to laugh, particularly as he had almost dared O'Donnel to work to windward of him if he could. Then, too, the next time O'Donnel presented himself on the quarter-deck, he treated his officer with such perfect respect, did his duty so well and so cheerfully, never for an instant presumed on having been practically witty at his expense, that he was soon as great a favourite with the first-lieutenant as with the other officers of the ship.

Rory O'Donnel and your humble servant soon became sworn cronies; he was only an enemy to oppression and himself. He was a tremendously powerful fellow, which enabled him to uphold the cause of the youngsters of the birth against the oldsters with considerable success. He soon established his supremacy in the cockpit; and our little community flourished amazingly under his dictatorship, considering the precious life we had of it. Twelve or fourteen of us crammed away below water-mark, in a hole scarce big enough to hold us all; perspiration running from us by the quart; water so stale, that it almost spoiled the rum when manufactured into grog; biscuit which often walked about the table, *se ipso*, by its own unaided efforts; and junk saltier than saltpetre,—we did not mind its being nearly as brown and hard as a piece of mahogany, for our teeth were young and sound; with no light but from the yellow flare of a purser's glim, and no air but what wandered many feet down to us through a windsail. But the evenings were delicious, and the nights on deck were beyond every thing delightful. We run through the Gulf Stream, skirted the Floridas, and, stretching across the outer edge of the north-east trade latitudes, made our way to Gibraltar; from thence we ran down to Madeira; and from this beautiful island we were despatched to the southward, along the coast of Africa,—what an infernal coast that is!—to look after a vessel with a good deal of bullion on board, which was said to have struck on a reef in the Bight of Benin, and sunk. We had a pleasant run from Funchal to the line. Your

trade-wind navigation is choice work; your doldrums between the trades from 6° to 10° N. for as many degrees S. are detestable. The N.E. trade first flutters, flaps out your light duck aloft, and expires; the ship loses steerage way; the sea becomes like a looking-glass; Jack shark pokes his shovel nose up under your counter, flirts with a four-pound piece of pork, scratches his whiskers against the hook-chain, and toddles off after his little pilots, to your great disgust; the main clue garnets are manned, up go the lower corners of your main course; and if brother Jonathan is in company, he calculates 'tis a tarnation sight too considerable wear and tear of canvass carrying on in a dead calm, and so furls every thing low and aloft. Then comes a plump of rain you can't tell where the mischief from; up gets the sea in a twinkling; it blows like fury for fifty seconds, and there you are again, smoking hot, with your jib-boom pointing towards the place whence you came, and, consequently, the captain looking out of his cabin windows in the direction you wish to go: this is pleasant.

I don't at this distance of time remember any thing of consequence occurring during this part of our voyage, except a gale of wind off Cape Lopez; when a Yorkshire landsman, being asked by one of the marines, who had slept, I believe, through the first part of the gale, what was going wrong, replied, "O know, not mooch the matter; only the ma'asts be a coomin oot, and the riggins a al of a poeple."

A day or two afterwards, having found out whereabouts our sunken vessel lay, Hacket, the third lieutenant—the second and the master being both on the doctor's list—was sent in the cutter, with O'Donnel and myself, to see what could be done towards weighing her, or, if that was impracticable, fishing up some of the bars of gold. After a hard day's work, we pulled in shore to peep about us, and perhaps pick up a trifle for the mess; the skipper having given Hacket permission to remain on shore, even after dark, or all night, if he pleased, provided matters were favourable. We landed on a fine smooth sandy beach, the ground rising gradually from it to a sort of sea-bank, beyond which the country seemed to be flat, with occasional patches of rice-fields, studded with the long brown-stemmed, green-

topped cocoa-trees, and plots of bamboo thickets. Having reconnoitred a little, we beached the boat; and soon after were accosted by some of the natives—not niggers exactly, but good-looking, straight-nosed black fellows, who came up to us in that free-and-easy style, so congenial to Jack's social notions, which gave us every reason to suppose that they were highly delighted with our society. Of course, we were immediately on the most friendly terms; and as one old blade had somewhere or other picked up a smattering of English—probably from the slavers, who then carried on a wholesale trade with the West Indies—we got on famously with our new allies; particularly as they brought us a quantity of fruit and a couple of goats. Our men, laying aside their pistols and cutlasses, fell to dancing with the black damsels, who capered, flung, and jigged, as merrily as if they had graduated at the back of Portsmouth Point; while their countrymen, nowise jealous of the attentions paid by the blue-jackets to their living property, looked on with grave joy at the fun. In the midst of this queer ball, one old lady took it into her head to cast the eyes of affection upon me; and as she seemed to be a topping sort of person amongst them, however I might have been covetous of the love of a younger belle, the superior rank she evidently held with the heathens compensated for other matters. She was a princess, that was clear, though a black one; and as real princesses don't run foul of reefers on all tacks, I rejoiced in the honour of being noticed by so great a personage. Now, my princess was a lady of a good comely figure, rather plump, perhaps, with not a bad face of the sort, though the sort was not of the handsomest, and, when illuminated by a pair of dark eyes, had a good deal of dignity about it. She wore nothing on her head; but round her shoulders, across her bosom, and down nearly to her knees, she was swathed in a whitey-brownish cotton cloth, edged with scarlet binding, while yellow silken trousers of extreme width enveloped her legs to her ancles, which, as did her arms, bore heavy silver bangles. This, I presume, was a sort of court-dress, and mighty fine it certainly looked. Instead of being on foot, after the vulgar manner of her female compatriots, she bestrode, man-fashion, a tight little gray pony,

of good shape and breed, which she managed with admirable dexterity; and was closely attended by a strapping wench, mounted on a boney brown horse, who might have been an aide-de-camp, or orderly-in-waiting upon the loving Amazonian princess. The progress of our intimacy made rapid way, though I could not comprehend a word of her chatter; till at last the interpreter, who seemed her chief male adherent, gave me to understand that the subject-matter of her lingo was an invitation to accompany her to her mansion, only a few hundred yards from our landing-place, and be made much of. I was a good deal tired, more fit for a sound sleep than any thing else; but, indulging a laudable thirst for information, I acceded to the proposal *instanter*. Having stipulated for a companion in the person of my friend, Rory O'Donnel, I requested Bobby's permission to be absent for a couple of hours. Hacket hemm'd, haw'd, and hesitated; but at length allowed us to go—warning us, however, not to be long away, as he intended pulling off to the ship when the moon should be up; for it was now growing dusk. I made no bones about mounting *en croupe* behind my old girl, and Rory was accommodated something in the same way with the hinder half of the brown horse, belonging, as we judged, to the one of her suite and sex I have mentioned. Away we trotted, the old interpreter telling me all the while he was running alongside of us how fortunate I was to be loved by such a missis, and perhaps I should be married to her when we got to the house. Here was an adventure for a boy of sixteen! such a thing could only have happened to a midshipman.

In about a quarter of an hour we hove to at the door of a snug mud-cabin, sheltered under some fine overhanging trees, which was the residence of my sable Dulcinea. Rory and I jumped to the ground, unshipped our mistresses from their saddles, such as they were, and soon brought ourselves to an anchor inside, fully determined to be married as much as our friends pleased during our leave from Hacket, provided we got something to eat first. This being clearly explained through the interpreter, it was cordially acceded to, and all hands set to work for a jollification; while we did mighty grand, gave ourselves the airs of regular

built bashaws, and received the adorations of our wives that were to be—for Rory, too, was to be spliced with his horsewoman, the A.D.C., not a bad-looking damsel neither—as if we were quite accustomed to be considered lords of the land. We soon had a spread that few reefers would despise—bananas, roasted yams, boiled rice in a pilau, with a fowl stewed full of cloves and onions (uncommonly nice), and a goat's after parts cut up into junks, and burned nearly to a cinder. But toddy was the cream of the jest. It is the fermented milk of the cocoa-nut, or, rather, I believe, the juice or sap from the tree, oozing from an incision made in an upper branch, which, being allowed to stand, ferments, and becomes as strong as geneva. We ate a jolly supper, without being pestered with knives or forks, and took more than one swig of this liquor. Hard work and hot weather, wound up with such potent stuff as the toddy, played old gooseberry with our senses. We were soon as drunk as a lord-provost, primed for matrimony in any shape, colour, or quantity; and utterly independent of Hacket, the boat, the captain, or the frigate. Rory sung the heathens an Irish song, and, I believe, danced a jig; my old girl struck up a stave—I sung too; so did the interpreter—we all sung, in short—there was a regular sheavo; and I do positively think we were both married, according to their unhallowed notions in those matters—though not exactly sure, for I have no distinct recollection, neither had O'Donnel, of what took place near the close of the entertainment, beyond my trying to knock the old servant on the head for interpreting, as I thought, wrong, and embracing something black—all afterwards was oblivion for that night.

I awoke next morning at daybreak, with a burning throat and splitting headach; my hands were as hot and dry as red cinders; little, funny things were dancing up and down before my eyes; and I would have given half my worldly effects for a draught of cold spring water. But where I had got to puzzled me amazingly. I was extended on rice-straw, in a mud hut about six feet long by four feet wide, with all my clothes on except my jacket; which, however, was replaced by a whitey-brown thick cotton cloth, edged with scarlet binding, in a villanous

state of unwashitiveness. A hole in the wall, doing duty for a window, admitted daylight. Up I jumped, and, through this aperture, saw the gray pony, alongside Rory's brown charger, grazing within ten yards of my sty. The whole of the last night's adventure flashed on my mind. Where was O'Donnel? where were our wives, *in esse* or *posse*? where was Bobby Hacket? where was the boat? where was the frigate? and where, oh! where should I be, if she were gone? Left behind, to console myself in the venerable charms of an old black she-devil, determined to marry me in spite of myself. It was necessary to reconnoitre previous to breaking ground, for fear of running foul of her. I opened the door very gently, and discovered that I had been put to sleep in a sort of out-building—an excrescence, as it were, from the main one, sticking out from a corner like the quarter-gallery of a first-rate, and having no communication with the exterior except through the apartment where we had been feasting. As gingerly as if I had been treading on egg-shells did I enter this. There lay my brother of the cockpit fast asleep on the mud floor, with his head supported by a huge pumpkin, and his right hand and arm by half the goat we had failed to devour. Next him lay the interpreter, sound as a ground-tier butt; and next to him again, were a couple of women, one being Rory's "Cynthia of the minute," in a similar state of happy oblivion to this world's cares and sorrows, by no means violently incommoded with a superabundance of bed furniture, nor yet oppressed with too much upper gear, but clothed with all the simplicity of Venus herself, when she arose from old father Ocean's realms, ere she had been attired by her handmaidens the Graces; only these dark hours did not look exactly as if they had very lately been intimate with Neptune's element. A noise, like the grunting of a hog, attracted my attention from these sable charmers to a mat curtain in a corner of this dormitory. I lifted it gently: there reclined at her ease my own particular beauty; there she reposed *al fresco*, no longer tricked out with the trappings of her rank, but arrayed in her own unadorned loveliness alone, redolent of cocoa-nut oil, and snoring as if for a wager. Though I could not but greatly admire

the excess of affection which, bubbling up in her feminine bosom, had induced her to envelope me in an article that most ladies think indispensable to themselves, yet something strongly approaching to disgust rendered me less grateful for the kindness than perhaps was Christianlike; and, hoping that Hacket and the boat might be still lingering on the shore, I determined to have a run, at any rate, for my liberty and celibacy. I cautiously opened the door. But poor Rory was not thus to be left to his fate and mate, without some effort to save him; and the difficulty was to awake him without disturbing the black people, as he lay next the wall—they being between him and the door.

"Rory! Rory! Rory O'Donnel!" Alas! he had been too long in blue water to be disturbed in his snooze by any noise at all. A touch, however, will rouse a seaman, though he sleeps through the row of an action or a hurricane. I looked about, and found a stick long enough to reach across the sable population; with which I gave him a judicious tickle on the lower jaw, under his whiskers, just sufficient to awake him without a flurry. He turned his head sharp round, and opened his eyes. I clapped my finger to my nose, and pointed to the door. He understood me in a twinkling, and tried to rise; but when he had so far elevated himself as to sit up, he could get no further towards placing himself on his legs.

"Come, saw blocks, will you?" said I, in a whisper. "Be alive, or these niggers will bring us up with a round turn, whether or no Tom Collins."

"There's a half-inch line here made fast to my thigh; t'other end is belayed to that fair virgin's wrist, and this old sinner is lying just in the bight," said Rory.

"Unbend it, can't ye?"

"Not I! the end is jammed like Jackson, in a regular bowline-knot, without an inch to work upon. Lend us your knife."

"I haven't got one."

"And why haven't you? Well, this is precious nice! I can't break bulk without rousing out the old interrupter athaw't my hawse. By the piper that played before Moses! if it was the last dollar I had to jingle, I would give it with my blessing to any one who would oblige me by knocking

his brains out; and, even then, I could not top my boom without taking this young black 'un in tow. I wish to Heavens I was at home in Galway!"

I could not help laughing at Rory's wish.

"Confound you!" said he, louder than was prudent; "here I am, hard up in a clinch, without a knife to cut the seizings, while you stand grinning there doing nothing at all." Here his eye glanced round the apartment. "Stop, old fellow—I beg your pardon—there is something like the handle of an axe peeping from under yonder jiggamaree contrivance of a seat."

I looked, and soon brought to view an axe, or rather a tomahawk, which I very gingerly handed to my friend; who said, "That's your sort, Mac—an elegant bauble, by the powers! Now side out for a bend, blackey, my boy, and mind I don't chop your starboard fin off."

In less than half a minute, Rory had emancipated himself from his bonds by means of the implement I had given him; then he gathered himself up, and was striding across their bodies, when the interpreter opened his eyes. Rory's leg was instantly in his grasp.

"Gorraw murrabow!" shouted he in his lingo, which we could not comprehend.

"Let go my leg, you old fool! or I'll shake you to oakum," cried O'Donnel.

"Split his skull with the tomahawk, man, or we shall have every mother's son of them about our ears in a crack," cried I.

"Clap a stopper on your jaw, you nigger, or d—me if I don't!" swore Rory, lifting up his weapon.

The interpreter relaxed his hold; but in an instant up jumped the female heathens from the group, yelling blue murder; and out poked the grizzled head of their mistress from behind the mat curtain in the corner.

"We must run, Mac, like fun," said Rory, as we bolted.

"I mean to ride," cried I; and, catching the gray pony by the nose, I jumped on his back, twisted my fingers firmly in his mane, and exercised the stick with which I had roused Rory on his hide.

"A capital plan," said O'Donnel, seizing the gray's brown companion, and, throwing his huge limbs across

him, still flourishing his axe. He was in an instant fully equipped for flight. A few hearty thwacks put our steeds on their mettle just as the black fellows began to turn out of their houses in pursuit.

"Crack on all sail, Mac!" cried Rory to me. "Steer due west, for yonder cocoa-tree; then luff a little, to weather the corner of the bamboo thicket. I logged the bearings and distances yesterday; and we ought to find the cutter about two points on the larboard bow. Crack on, my hearty! I'll keep in your wake." There is a vulgar prejudice against a sailor's seat on horseback, and a vile prejudice it is, devoid of the slightest shade of reason, untenable in argument, and diametrically opposed to fact. Is it more difficult to sit on a horse topping a flight of rails in full swing, and shove his nose port or starboard with the reins, than to cross the studding-sail boom-iron at the end of a topsail-yard in a gale of wind, when one instant you may fancy yourself almost touching the summit of a sea in the weather roll, and the next canted aloft to the extremity of an arch over the centre of the ship in the lee lurch? and on this pretty perch there is no guiding your steed with the reins—no; but there is a weather ear-ring to haul out, inner and outer turns to be taken, and every thing to be made taut as a bar, and fast as the church; while at the same time it blows so hard, you think there is a fresh hand at the bellows every two minutes. I want to see some crack cross-country rider sitting out a gale of wind upon the weather-end of a fore-topsail yard; 'twould puzzle him, methinks. Had any one seen Rory and myself streaming away without the adventitious aid of saddle or bridle, and our nags going an eighteen-knot pace, we should have been pronounced topping equestrians; and I swear we learned to ride chiefly at sea.

Keeping the course which O'Donnel had pointed out, we soon cleared the edge of the bamboo jungle, and bore up for the beach, where we arrived just in time to be too late. An awful surf came tumbling in from the south-west, through which the half-dozen stout fellows who composed the cutter's crew had succeeded in forcing her, when we hove in sight over the rising ground, which I have before mentioned as forming a sort of sea-embankment.

We hailed them as we galloped down to the water's edge; and Hacket ordered the men to lie on their oars, keeping the boat a half pistol-shot distance beyond the outer break of the surf. Standing up in the stern sheets, he addressed us,—

"So, young gentlemen, here you are at last; and pray what has kept you all this time? You have contrived to get yourselves into a precious mess; ay, and me too."

"For Heaven's sake, sir, take us on board!" cried I, leaping from my panting steed.

"Oh, do, sir!" cried O'Donnel, dismounting from his; "the niggers are giving chase: we are only hull down from them now; and the rascals will make Mungo Park of us in the turning of a handspike, if they catch us."

"Serve you right, too, Mr. O'Donnel, for disobeying my orders. You have broken your leave, and may now get on board the frigate the best way you can, for me; and when you do get there, I'll sheet you both home for this prank," said Bobby.

"Do any thing but leave us behind, sir," said I; "any thing rather than leave us here to be butchered."

"Butchered! ay, both married and butchered, by Saint Peter!" cried Rory.

"Butcher you! who is going to butcher you?" asked the lieutenant; "you were a'l on very friendly terms with the natives last night, when you started."

"Yes, sir, yes; but they are all on t'other tack this morning," I answered. "Pray take us on board, sir."

"I will do no such thing, Mr. Russel," returned Bobby; who would have seen us married, or any thing else, indeed, rather than run the risk of getting himself into a scrape. "It is impossible to pull back through this surf now; it would hazard the loss of the boat and the lives of the men. Besides, here it is coming on to blow; the ship has been signaling us to return these two hours. I sent two parties out to look for you, but to no purpose; and I have waited a deuced sight too long already."

This was all true; the volume of water rolling in from seaward in each wave was increasing every moment, and the surf was becoming more boiling, while the low moaning sound the ocean gives on the shore previous to much

wind indicated a gale: we perceived, too, that the frigate in the offing had sent down her royal and top-gallant masts, and close reefed her topsails, as if apprehensive of severe weather; she then had a weft at her fore-mast head for our return; and we knew that Hacket was right as to the danger of the boat, if he should attempt to recross the surf. However, we again implored him to take us on board, and this most lustily, as a black head or two appeared over the rising ground above the beach, then a few more; and in a second after a whole crowd of natives rushed towards us, all of them having their thick quilted cotton *bornos* on—as the sword-proof gabardine they wear is called—evidently bent on mischief, brandishing their spears, and led on by the old interpreter. They flung their arms about their heads like black ambulatory windmills, and yelled like so many devils keeping jubilee. Our lives seemed not worth two minutes' purchase,—for these fellows have no trifling accuracy of aim.

"You can both swim like ducks; strike into the surf like men," cried Hacket.

"All is up with us, Rory, if we don't take to the soil," said I.

"We would be agreeable society for the sharks, Mac; we saw more than one black fin last night."

"Our wives, Rory!"

"Not a word about the pig, my hearty! only, if Jack Sprat nibbles your toes, write to us; here goes!"

There were scores of sharks about, and we knew it; but better to run the risk of being gobbled up in a trice, or even losing a leg, or so, than to encounter the tender mercies of the heathens. We took to the water; in time we did so,—for, as I dived through the outer break of the surf, a spear whizzed past my ear, within a couple of inches of spoiling me *in toto*. Better even that, thought I, than the black wife.

We rose to the surface together, within two oars' length of the boat, and struck out manfully for our lives. Whirr! came another assagaye cutting into the water between us; and bang! went a musket shot. In another minute we were hawled over the cutter's gunwale, and in safety. Not so our pursuers; for, though they scattered off pretty sharpish at the fire from the boat, four or five musket-bullets and a handful of swan-drop told very decently among them,—the swan-shot in particular, which seemed to take effect principally on that part of the interpreter where, as Hudibras,

"A kick hurts honour more
Than deeper wounds received before,"

rattling about his counter, and sending him over the sea-bank with an extra hop in his gallop. Served him right, too; for he led the attack, and flung the first spear. We arrived at the ship before the heart of the breeze came on; and I told the whole story to the captain, who laughed at the business of the marriage as an excellent joke; though Bobby Hacket was by no means satisfied that we were not regularly brought over the coals for what he considered a direct breach of duty, and contemptuous disregard of the orders he had issued. Bobby, therefore, did not deem it at all a ludicrous occurrence; neither, by jingo! did Rory nor I. Rory, to be sure, made a good yarn of it for a Saturday night, in the cockpit; but he emphatically whispered confidentially into my ear, "By George! Mac,—'tis all very fine fun talking about it now; but when the black vagabond nearly harpooned me, and I was looking out for a thumping shark to swallow me into the bargain, I could not help wishing the biggest blackguard in Dublin was kicking me from Ring's End to Kilmainham,—ay, and back again."

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE FOURTH.

(From the *Prout Papers*.—No. XXIII.)

"Horatii curiosa felicitas."—PETRON. ARBITER, cap. 118.

"D'un si vivace
Splendido colorir, d'un si fecondo
Sublime immaginar, d'una si ardita
Felicità sicura
Altro mortal non arricchì natura."

ABBATE METASTASIO, *Opera*, tom. xii. Firenze, 1819.

"Sublime, familier, solide, enjoué, tendre,
Aisé, profond, naïf, et fin;
Vive, HORACE, avant tout! l'univers pour l'entendre
Aime à redevenir Latin."—LA MOTTE, *Poës. Leg.*

"When ALBA warred with ROME for some disputed frontier farms,
Three HORACES gained fatherland ascendancy in arms;
A single-handed champion now amid the lyric throng,
ONE of the name, stands forth to claim supremacy in song."

BARRY CORNWALL.

WHEN the celebrated lame poet, Paddy Kelly, had the honour of being introduced to George the Fourth, on that monarch's *Mulgraving* visit to Dublin (an honour extended to several other distinguished natives, such as Falvey the sweep, Jack Lawless the orator, Daniel Donnelly the boxer, and another DANIEL, who of late years has practised a more profitable system of *boxing*), his majesty expressed himself desirous of personally witnessing an exhibition of the bard's extemporaneous talent, having heard many marvellous accounts of the facility with which his genius was wont to vent itself in unpremeditated verse. The Hibernian *improvisatore* forthwith launched out into a dithyramb, of which the burden appeared to be a panegyric on Byron and Scott, whose praises he sang in terms of fervid eulogy; winding up the entire by what certainly seemed to his illustrious auditor a somehow abrupt and startling conclusion, viz.:

"'Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,
Rolled up in one, to make a PAT O'KELLY!"

Doubtless, such *was* the honest conviction of the Irish rhapsodist; and if so, he had an undeniable right to put his opinion on record, and publish it to the world. Are we not, every week, favoured by some hebdomadal LONGINUS with *his* peculiar and private ideas on the *SUBLIME*; of which the last new tragedy, or the latest volume of verse (blank or otherwise), is pronounced the finest model? What remedy can the public have against the practice of such imposition? None whatever, until some scientific man (the Rev. Mr. Magawly, for instance, of the British Association) shall achieve for literature what has been done for the dairy, and invent a critical "galactometer;" by which the exact density of milk-and-water poetry may be clearly and undeniably ascertained. At present, indeed, so variable seems the standard of poetical merit—so confused, unsettled, and contradictory the canons of criticism—that we begin to believe true what Edmund Burke says of *TASTE* among the moderns:—"its essence is of too ethereal a nature for us ever to hope it will submit to bear the chains of definition."

In this vague and unsatisfactory state of things, Prout has, perhaps, adopted the safest course, and "chosen the better part." *He* would appear to reserve the expression of his approval, and confine the range of his admiration within the happy circle of recognised, incontestible, and transcendent excellence.

All this he has found supereminently in the canonised object of these running commentaries which form the current series of his "papers." He stands not alone in hailing therein *HORACE*, prince of all lyric poets, of every age and clime. In so doing, he merely bows to the general verdict of mankind; which, when

fairly collected and plainly uttered, constitutes a final and irrevocable award. St. Augustine applied this test to the detection of surreptitious doctrines, and the ascertaining of Catholic orthodoxy—"Quod SEMPER, quod UBIQUE, quod ab OMNIBUS traditum est." Geometry and logarithms may admit of being demonstrated in the abstract nakedness of their intrinsic evidences; but in poetry, as in religion, the experience of every day sufficiently shews the proneness of individual judgment to strange and fantastic theories, which can only be rectified by a reference to the universal sentiment—the *sensus communis* of the human species. Prout always paid deference to time-honoured reputations. Great was, hence, his veneration for the "venerable Bede;" and, notwithstanding the absence of all tangible evidences, most vigorously did he admire the "admirable Crichton." In ARISTOTLE he persisted to recognise the great master-mind of metaphysics; he scouted the Scandinavian mysticism of KANT:—sufficient for him was the cosmogony of MOSES; he laughed to utter scorn the conjectures of geology.

This reminds us of the "astounding discovery" with which Dr. BUCKLAND is reported to have lately electrified the Bristolians. Ephraim Jenkinson's ghost must have heard with jealousy, on the banks of the Styx, the shouts of applause which echoed the Doctor's assertion on the banks of the Avon, that the world had already lasted "millions of years!" that a "new version of Genesis" would be shortly required, since a new light "had been thrown on Hebrew scholarship!" The doctor's declaration is very properly described as the only "original fact" elicited at the meeting. What fun, to hear a mite in the cavity of a Gloucester cheese gravely reasoning on the streaks (or strata) of red and yellow, and finally concluding, all things duly considered, that the invoice of the farmer who made it bears a wrong date, and that the process of fabricating the cheese in question must have been begun as long ago, at least, as the days of the heptarchy.

There is often more strict logic, and more downright common sense, contained in a professed poet's view of nature and her works, than in the gravest and most elaborate mystifications of *soi-disant* philosophy. We shall, therefore, hesitate not to place in contraposition to this Bucklandish theory the ideas of Chateaubriand on the subject-matter, leaving to any dispassionate thinker to say on which side reason and analogy preponderate. "They tell us," quoth the noble author of *Génie du Christianisme*, whose exact words we cannot remember at this time of the evening, "that the earth is an old toothless hag, bearing in every feature the traces of caducity; and that six thousand years are not enough to account for the hidden marks of age discoverable to the eyes of Science:—but has it never occurred to them, that, in producing this globe for the dwelling of man, it may have suited Providence to create all its component parts in the stage of full maturity, just as Adam himself was called into being at the full age of manhood, without passing through the preparatory process of infancy, boyhood, or youth? When God planted the soil of Paradise, think ye that the oak of a hundred years' growth was wanting to shed its mighty shadow over our first parents? or, are we to believe that every tree was a mere shrub, just emerging from the ground? Was the LION whom Milton describes so graphically, as

' Pawing to get free
His hinder parts,'

nothing but a new-born cub? I do not believe it. I hold that the grove waved its majestic pines, already bearing among their topmost branches the ready-built nest of the rook and the young family of the dove; that the sheep browsed on the green sward, with her attendant lamb; and that the bold rock overhung the running stream, with the mantling ivy already twining through its crevices, and exhibiting the *marks of age* on its hoary surface. Did not the Creator understand the effect and the beauty of what we are agreed to call the *picturesque*? or, in his EDEN, did HE overlook the graces of landscape? What a clumsy artificer these men would represent their Maker to be, were we to entertain their notions of cosmogony! What a crude and ill-assorted planet would they describe as issuing from the hands of Omnipotence, so as to require the operation of time and the influence of chemical agents to bring it to perfection. 'Non! non! le jour même que l'océan épandit ses premières vagues sur nos rives, il baigna, n'en doutons point, des écueils déjà rongés par les flots, des grèves semées de

débris, de coquillages, et des caps décharnés, qui soutenaient contre les eaux les rivages croulans de la terre; sans cette vieillesse originaire, il n'y aurait eu ni pompe ni majesté dans l'univers.' "The great whales" lay

"Floating many a rood"

at the first instant of their creation, and the full-grown elephant roamed in the Indian forest, among gigantic trees coeval with a world of yesterday." So much for Buckland.

We feel that we have digressed from the professed object of this preamble, by going so far back as the *hexëmeron*, or six days' work of the Creator. In Racine's only-begotten comedy of the *Pleuders*, the judge, anxious to bring an advocate who had indulged in a similar flight back to the stolen capon, which formed the matter in dispute, gently interposes by the celebrated joke, "*Passons au déluge.*" We shall take the hint, and return to Horace.

This decade terminates the *first book* of the ODES. Prout has thus furnished the world with a complete translation—so far—of the Sabine songster. Whether we shall be able to fish up any further leaves of the Horatian category from the old trunk is yet a riddle. Sufficient, however, has been done to place the critic of Watergrasshill on a level with the long-winded Jesuit, Father SANADON, in the muster-roll of the poet's commentators.

Regent Street, 23d September.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, al solito.

The life of HORACE, as all the world knows, has been epitomised by SÆTONIUS, a Roman biographer, who (so far as we may judge from the portion of his works we possess) must have entertained peculiar notions as to the relative attraction possessed by the individual subjects selected for his memoirs, and the comparative ratio of interest which posterity would attach to their perusal. In Falstaff's tavern-bill there appeared but one hap'orth of bread to counterbalance several dozens of sack; SÆTONIUS furnishes us with a miscellaneous account of celebrated characters, in which the rules of proportion are just as little attended to—there is but one* *poet* to twelve "*Cæsars.*"

In this solitary life of a single *homme de lettres*, which seems to have found its way, through some mistake, into the gorgeous circle of imperial biography, there is one occurrence marked down by the courtly chronicler with more than usual carefulness; sparing neither circumstantial nor documentary detail in his anxiety to put us in full possession of the (to him inexplicable) conduct of the poet on the occasion.

One fine evening, towards the close of autumn, Flaccus was seated, *al fresco*, under the porch of his Sabine villa, his arms crossed on his breast in a pensive attitude, a tall Greek-made jar, filled with home-made wine, standing out

in bold relief before him, his eye apparently intent on the long shadow projected by the graceful *amphora* as it intercepted the rays of the setting sun.

He was thinking of VIRGIL, who had just died at NAPLES, after a long and painful illness, and whose loss to literature and social companionship no one could appreciate more feelingly than HORACE. They had but lately wept in common over "Quintilius;" and the same reflection which had dried up the tear of the mourners then (*viz.*, that "there was no help for it"), was probably the only one that presented itself to his mind to mitigate the pangs of this fresh bereavement. A slave was meantime seen approaching in the distant landscape, dressed in the peculiar costume of the *tubellarii*, and bearing, in the dust and exhaustion visible throughout his person, evidence of a hurried journey from the metropolis. On reaching the spot where the poet sat, absorbed and "gazing on vacancy," the arrival of one in whom he recognised a familiar servant of Mæcenas was sufficient to draw him from his reverie; especially when, on examining the tablets handed to him by the slave, he perceived on the seal that closed the silver thread with which the letter was bound up, the impression of a sphynx—a well-known emblem used by his patron. He broke the envelope at once, and read as follows:

* Prout seems to think that the fragments relating to Lucan, Terence, and Juvenal, are not to be ascribed to the biographer of Horace. Saumaise has not decided the question.—O. Y.

"OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, Augustus, Prince of the Senate, perpetual Consul, Tribune for life, to C. MÆCENAS, Knight, Prefect of Rome, dwelling on the Esquiline, health.

"Hitherto I have been able to find time for keeping up a friendly intercourse by letter with my numerous correspondents myself, but the increasing press of business, and my growing infirmities, now put it out of my power. I therefore wish to entice our friend Horace from your exclusive circle. Allow him to exchange your hospitable board for a residence at the palace here. He is to act as my private secretary. Farewell.

"From Mount Palatine, the kalends of October." *

Mæcenas had transmitted to his friend and guest the imperial epistle, without adding a single syllable of note or comment to what was thus briefly couched in the handwriting of his august correspondent. Horace was at first at a loss to account for this deficiency, but, after a moment's reflection, could not but bestow his approval on the delicate reserve, which left him entire liberty to act according to his own unbiassed judgment in a matter so wholly personal to himself.

The slave, meantime, stood waiting in respectful silence; the poet motioned him to follow into the *atrium*, where he traced a few lines for his master, and despatched him back to Rome. That night, at supper, Mæcenas conveyed to Augustus the result of his message to the Sabine farm: it was a refusal to accept the offer of the emperor.

The secret motives which influenced a determination so prompt and decisive on the poet's part, he most probably did not communicate to Mæcenas. It is likely that he adopted in his reply the usual plea of "ill health," though his jolly, plump, and rubicund appearance at their next meeting, sufficiently gave the lie to any valetudinarian pretences. Perhaps he put forward his predilections for a country life, and his fondness for rural solitude, of which he has so often (ironically) celebrated the charms: such pretext must have amused those who were best acquainted with his versatile disposition, and knew how little the dull monotony of rustication was suited to his lively humour.

"*Romæ Tibur amem; ventosus Tibure Romam.*"—Ep i. 8. 12.

Are we, then, to conjecture, that sheer

idleness dictated the refusal? Are we to conclude that the *dolce far niente* of a modern lazzarone had been practically anticipated, and exemplified in the conduct of an ancient Roman? I shall have a word or two to say hereupon, ere a verdict is given dishonourable to the character of Horace. I merely remark, *en passant*, that the duties of a private secretary in the palace of Augustus were far from bearing any resemblance to the tedious functions imposed by the prosy and long-winded style of correspondence adopted in recent diplomacy: *billets-doux* of old were quite as short as those of Lord Melbourne.† There were no foolscap sheets of protocol nonsense interchanged in those days; and the secretaryship on Mount Palatine would have been, as nearly as possible, a luxurious sinecure.

But may not he, as an *homme de lettres*, have looked on the mere technical employment of "polite letter-writer" as something degrading to his genius, and derogatory to the high aspirings of intellect; as clogging the wings of fancy, and impeding the lofty flights of lyrical enthusiasm? There may be something in this surmise, yet it is far from affording a satisfactory explanation of the matter. The case, I apprehend, admits of reasoning drawn from analogy. PINDAR held some such ministerial appointment at the Sicilian court of HIERO, yet he soared unshackled into the æthereal regions with undiminished buoyancy, fixing on the effulgent source of poetic inspiration an eagle eye that never blinked, and wafted on a wing that never tired. Old JOHN MILTON was "*Latin secretary*" to the copper-nosed usurper at Whitehall, yet what spirit like his could

* Verbatim from Suetonius. See Cuvillier Fleury, R. D. Paris, 1830.

† *Ex. gr.*: "How are you? I shall call at two.

(Signed)

"MELBOURNE."—O. Y.

"Tempt, with wandering feet,
The dark, unfathomed, infinite abyss;
And through the palpable obscure find
out
His uncouth way? or waft his airy
flight,
Upborne on indefatigable wings?"

TASSO had an epistolary engagement in the household of Este, at Ferrara; VIDA did the duties of a Roman canonicate, and held a Tusculan prebend at the hands of Leo X. RACINE occupied the post of "historiographer" to the *Grand Monarque*; Addison and Prior, Chateaubriand and Petrarch, have been each in his day members of the "*corps diplomatique*," without suffering any detriment in their imaginative and poetic faculties. But of all the official ministrations which have brought literary men in contact with courts and sovereigns, no two more similar positions could be instanced than those relatively occupied by Voltaire at Potsdam, and (had he chosen to accept) by Horace in the palace of Augustus. It is true, that the witty French infidel occasionally complained of being compelled to revise and retouch the poetic effusions of Frederick—"Je lave le linge sale de sa majesté;" but it would appear that the Roman emperor had a similar mania for trying his hand at versification, as several hexameter fragments still extant seem to indicate: and no doubt he intended to avail himself of our poet's facility and good nature to introduce certain metrical graces into the dull routine of imperial correspondence. Certain it is, that (snuff, brandy, obscene jokes, and blasphemy, apart) the *petits soupers* of Potsdam might be not inaptly compared to the *noctes canaque delum* enacted of old on Mount Palatine.

But I do not believe that the repugnance of Horace to the proposed arrangement had its origin in any fear of stultifying his inventive powers, or dimming his poetic perceptions in the apprehended drudgery of an amanuensis. Neither, as I said before, do I concur in the supposition that downright indolence—arrant sloth—kept him in such habitual thralldom that he could not muster energy sufficient for undertaking the functions of secretary. To vindicate him from the charge of yielding to imbecile lethargy, of succumbing in utter incapability of all strenuous effort, need I recall the historical fact of his having been selected to take

command of a regiment in perilous times, days of iron exertion?

"Cum mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno."
Sat. i. 6.

Need I instance the further proof of his business habits and worldly capacity, afforded us by the well-authenticated circumstance of his having held, and duly discharged, the important office of commissioner of the public revenue (*scriba quaestorius*), somewhat equivalent to the attributions which, in a subsequent age of the world, were deemed the fittest to occupy the abilities of ROBERT BURNS, "poet and exciseman"—(not to speak of one Wordsworth, distributor of stamps in Cumberland)? Need I observe, in corroboration of all the other evidences which prove his willingness to work, that he at one time of his life went through the most wearisome and laborious of all the hard tasks to which flesh is heir—the crowning drudgery of all human toils—that of earning his bread by scribblement and versomongery?

"Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem."

The gods, when they hate a man with uncommon abhorrence, are said to drive him to the profession of schoolmaster: but a pedagogue may "go further" into the depths of misery, and "fare worse," should he be tempted to worry his brains (τον νουν) in gathering intellectual samphire—

"Dreadful trade!"

This is the true reading of a fragmentary passage from Euripides, which is often misquoted:

Όταν δὲ Δαίμων ἀνδρὶ προσυνη κακὰ
Τὸν νουν ἐξελαψὲς πρῶτον.

Incerta Trag., publ. by BARNES.

What our poet endured in passing through that expiatory stage of his chequered existence we can only conjecture, as he barely alludes in the above brief terms to the period of his probation; which, by the kind interference of Providence, was probably abridged. He had long since arrived at the enjoyment of a moderate competence, and if he still courted the Muses and indulged "in numbers," it was (like Pope)

"Because the numbers came."

Having thus fully acquitted Horace

of a propensity to idleness, it is time to state my own view of the cause which operated in producing the rejection of so tempting an offer as that conveyed by letter to the poet, "from the highest quarter," through the instrumentality of Mæcenas. Fully to understand the delicacy of mind and the sensitive feelings of honour he evinced on this occasion, it is perhaps expedient to recapitulate anterior occurrences.

Horace, by the mere circumstance of birth, could scarcely claim admittance into what we call the middle class of society.* His father was a freedman of POMPEY's house, and, on his emancipation from service in that distinguished family, had set himself up in trade as a crier, or collector, at public auctions: a social position, need I add, far from equalling the splendid rank held in modern times by George Robins of Covent Garden. He was, however, an old man of considerable sagacity; and to him, much pondering on the unsettled state of the political horizon, there appeared no reason why he should not look out for the chances of raising up his dynasty in the midst of the coming confusion. Wherefore, to the education of his only son, Flaccus — rather a smart boy for his age — he devoted all his earnings and energies, so as to fit him for the very highest functions of the state, should fortune turn favourable. He accordingly sent him to the tip-top school of the day — the Eton or Harrow of Rome, kept by one Orbilius "for a select number of the young nobility and gentry." Nor has Horace omitted gratefully to record the pains and trouble which the worthy principal of this academy bestowed on his studies; though he jocosely applies to him now and then the endearing epithet of "*plagosus*," and is supposed by the German philologist, Wolff, to have drawn his portrait in the well-known lines about Death:

"Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, *timidove tergo*."
Lib. iii. ode ii.

Having exhausted, at the age of twenty, all the stock of information possessed by *Orbilius*, his excellent father, begrudging no expense, and securely calculating on a full return for

the capital invested in so hopeful a son, now sent him to Athens, where Philosophy still sauntered in the shady walks of Academus, and Wisdom yet held forth from the porch of Zeno. Here was congregated all the young blood of Rome; the promising scions of every noble house were allowed to grow up in the genial sunshine of Greece: Athens was the fashionable university. The youthful acquaintances formed here by Horace were, naturally enough, selected from the partisans and supporters of POMPEY; such as young Plancus, Messala, Varus, Bibulus, Cicero (son of the orator), and all that set. What a delightful and interesting picture it were to contemplate the development, in these ardent breasts, of genius, passion, patriotism, and all the workings of the Roman soul; to note the aspirings of each gallant spirit; to watch the kindling of each generous emotion, fanned into a blaze by the recollections of Grecian renown and the memorials of bygone glory! Nor were it a less curious study to observe the contrast of Roman and Athenian manners in this refined and intellectual city, at once frivolous and profound, servile and enthusiastic; the parent of Pericles, Phidias, and Phocion, yet nursing numerous and genuine specimens of the sycophant and the sophist, to all appearance equally indigenous in the soil with the hero and the sage.

Dwelling with fondness on this young colony of noble students, imagination revels in the vision of their joyous and animated intercourse; fancy follows them through their pursuits of science or of pleasure, their reveries of Stoic or Epicurean philosophy — (for PAUL had not yet astounded the Areopagus with the announcement of Revelation) — calm dreams, not unmingled with speculations on the symptoms of important change, already but too manifest in the political system of the mother-country. Of a sudden, the news of Cæsar's murder in the senate-house burst on the quiet leisure of these pleasant hours; and, to add to the excitement, the arrival at Athens of BRUTUS himself, fresh glowing from the deed of antique stoicism, communicated an irresistible impulse to the cause, and sent an electric shock through the veins of each young POMPEIAN.

* He was not ashamed to own it:

"*Ego pauperum sanguis parentum*." — Ode ii. 20, 6.

Loud was the acclaim, and warm the welcome, with which Horace and his circle hailed the asserter of the rights and privileges of the Roman aristocracy: for this, *en passant*, is the true light in which the hero of the ides of March should be considered by those who wish to understand the actuating motives and political views of that period. An army was to be organised in all haste; and high must have been the opinion of our poet's personal intrepidity and skill, when Brutus did not hesitate to place him at once at the HEAD OF A REGIMENT: the post of "military tribune" being equivalent to the functions of colonel in our modern army-lists.

Here, then, we have the pupil of the "polu-flog-boyo" *Orbilius*, gallantly accoutered, unflinchingly erect in the van of a LEGION, forming one of the "staff" in an army of 100,000 men, who were soon to meet an equal number on the disastrous plains of *Philippi*. It was the last effort of the expiring constitution; the last bold stand made by the confederated nobility, the Cavaliers of Rome, against the odious idol of Democracy embodied in the Triumvirate. Several years subsequently, in a drinking-song alluding to this battle, *he charges himself* with the basest cowardice; describing his conduct as that of a runaway, who flung knapsack, belt, and buckler, to be foremost in the flight when *sauve qui peut* was the cry. But we may safely look on the avowal as merely one of mock modesty, meant to be taken *cum grano salis*; especially as the bacchanalian song in question was addressed to one of the young POMPEYS (*Pomp. Grosph.*), before whom he would be loath to stultify or stigmatise himself by such a statement, if intended to be taken literally. We may confidently assert, in the absence of every other testimony but his own, that he behaved with proper courage on the occasion; and for this reason, viz. no one likes to joke on matters in which he is conscious of deficiency. Joe Hume, for instance, never ventures a witticism on the Greek loan.

The results of the campaign are well known. BRUTUS made away with himself, with stoic consistency; but a number of his lieutenants — BIBULUS, his brother-in-law, MESSALA, PLANCUS, and many others, with 14,000 of the troops, capitulated, and made their submission to the triumvirs. A few

years after, Messala fought at Actium, under the banner of Octavius, and is reported to have exclaimed in the hearing of Antony's antagonist, "*It is ever my destiny to bear arms at the side on which justice and honour are arrayed.*" A saying equally indicative of MESSALA's free-spoken intrepidity, and the tolerating high-mindedness of the emperor who could listen without chiding or displeasure.

Horace followed the example of those whom he had known at Athens in the intimacy of early youth, when attachments are strongest, and the ties of indissoluble friendship are most effectually formed. But in this tacit adhesion to the new order of things, old feelings and long-cherished opinions were not readily got rid of. The Jacobites could not yet divest themselves of a secret antipathy to the house of Hanover. There still existed, among most of them, a sort of sulky reluctance to approximate with the government, or accept its favour, or incur any obligation irreconcilable with the proud susceptibility of patrician independence.

It becomes obvious, from this brief *exposé*, that, for Horace to accept a situation in the household of Augustus, would be tantamount on his part to a complete apostasy from all his old familiar friendship, and a formal renunciation of all acquaintanceship among the numerous surviving partisans of Pompey. Every one who recollects the abuse poured out on Burke (in his capacity of government-pensioner), from the foul organs of Holland House, will understand the annoyance to which our poet would have subjected himself, had he yielded to the proposal of the emperor. Besides, he possessed a becoming share of rational pride; and was unwilling to barter the free sentiments of his mind, and their honest expression, for emoluments and functions which would give to any support his writings might afford the established dynasty, a semblance of venality, stamping him as a mere mercenary character. The friendship of Mæcenas had procured for him the restoration of some confiscated property which his father had acquired, but which had become forfeited by the part he had taken in the civil war: this was the "Sabine farm." Presents and valuable benefactions had flowed on him from the same munificent source, but perfect

equality and reciprocal esteem were the terms on which the patron and poet lived towards each other. No wonder, then, that the letter of Augustus failed to seduce him from the table of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline Hill, to a secretary's duties, and accompanying golden shackles, on Mount Palatine.

Such is the simple explanation of an otherwise very extraordinary passage in the life of Horace. Viewed in this light, his reluctance would appear perfectly justifiable, and would seem to evince sound judgment, as well as a delicate sense of honour. I happen to have some very particular reasons, which it is unnecessary to specify, for dwelling on the conduct here described; and having, I trust, put the matter in its proper light, I now return to my hermeneutic labours.

We are informed by STRABO (lib. xvi.), that in the year 730 U.C., the emperor decided on sending out an army, under the command of GALLUS, to conquer *Arabia Felix*, the "land of Hus." This country, by all accounts, sacred and

profane (see Isaiah, cap. lx., *et passim*), seems to have been celebrated for its treasure and renowned for its luxury, though very little traces remained a few centuries after of either riches or civilisation: at the present day, it is literally "as poor as Job." Such, however, were the ideas entertained at Rome of this *El Dorado* of the East, that thousands enrolled themselves under the standard of GALLUS, in the hopes of making a rapid fortune from the spoils of the Arabs. The expedition proved a wretched failure. One ICCIUS, however, was among the deluded speculators, who joined it through sheer eagerness for pillage: he sold a capital law-library, to purchase an outfit and a commission in the newly raised regiments. His abandonment of professional pursuits for a military engagement was the laughter of all Rome, and Horace heartily enjoyed the general merriment. Such was the occasion which provoked the following witty and polished remonstrance, addressed to the warlike lawyer:

ODE XXIX.—THE SAGE TURNED SOLDIER.

Air—"One bumper at parting."

AD ICCIUM.

I.

The trophies of war, and the plunder,
Have fired a philosopher's breast —
So, ICCIUS, you march (mid the wonder
Of all) for ARABIA the blest.
Full sure, when 'tis told to the PERSIAN,
That you have abandoned your home,
He'll feel the full force of coercion,
And strike to the banners of ROME!

II.

What chief shall you vanquish and fetter?
What captive shall call you her lord?
How soon may the maiden forget her
Betrothed, hewn down by your sword?
What stripling has fancy appointed,
From all that their palaces hold,
To serve you with ringlets anointed,
And hand you the goblet of gold?

III.

His arts to your pastime contribute,
His foreign accomplishments shew,
And, taught by his parent, exhibit
His dexterous use of the bow.—
Who doubts that the Tiber, in choler,
May, bursting all barriers and bars,
Flow back to its source, when a scholar
Deserts to the standard of MARS?

I.

Icei, beatis nunc
Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem
Militiam paras
Non ante devictis
SABÆÆ
Regibus, hor-
ribilique Medo

II.

Nectis catenas.
Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato,
Barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aula
Capillis
Ad cyathum
Statuetur unctis,

III.

Doctus sagittas
Tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno?
Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi
Posse rivos
Montibus, et
Tiberim reverti,

IV.

When *you*, the reserved and the prudent,
Whom SOCRATES hoped to engage,
Can merge in the soldier the student,
And mar thus an *embryo* sage—
Bid the visions of science to vanish,
And barter yon erudite hoard
Of volumes from GREECE for a SPANISH
Cuirass, and the PEN for a SWORD?

The "*Spanish*" cuirass would seem to indicate that the peninsula was, so far back as the Augustan age, renowned for its iron manufactures. The blades of TOLEDO kept up, during the middle ages, the credit of Spain for industry and skill in this department. Likewise, in the craft of *shoemaking*, the town of CORDOVA shone pre-eminent: nor did the hero of that ilk, GONSALVE de Cordoue, confer on it greater celebrity than its leathern glories; as the English word *cordwainer*, and the French term, *cordonnier*, still testify. In an old MS. of the King's Library,

IV.

Quum tu coemptos
Undique nobiles
Libros Panæti,
Socraticam et domum
Mutare loricias
IBERIS,
Pollicitus
Meliora, tendis?

Paris (marked Q.), a monkish scholiast has made a marginal observation on this ode to ICCRUS, which is highly characteristic of cloister criticism:—" *Horatius reprehendit quemdam qui sua CLERICALIA OFFICIA mutat pro militaribus armis*:"—a clerk who could sell his "office-book," or *breviary*, for a suit of armour, was assuredly a fit subject for the poet's animadversion. It is to be regretted that the same worthy commentator did not continue his glossary throughout; as, for instance, what might he not discover in the next *morceau*?

ODE XXX.—THE DEDICATION OF GLYCERA'S CHAPEL.

Air—"The Boyne Water."

AD VENEREM.

I.

O VENUS! Queen of CYPRUS isle,
Of PAPHOS and of GNIDUS,
Hie from thy favourite haunts awhile,
And make abode amid us;
For THEE Glycera's altar smokes,
With frankincense sweet-smelling—
THEE, while the charming maid invokes,
Hie to her lovely dwelling!

II.

Let yon bright Boy, whose hand hath grasped
Love's blazing torch, precede thee,
While gliding on, with zone unclasped,
The sister GRACES lead thee:
Nor be thy Nymph-attendants missed:
Nor can it harm thy court, if
HERE the youthful swell thy list,
With MERCURY the sportive.

I.

O VENUS! Regina
Gnidi, Paphique,
Sperne dilectam
Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo
GLYCERÆ
Decoram
Transfer in ædem.

II.

Fervidus tecum
Puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis,
Properentque
Nymphæ,
Et parum comis
Sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

Honest *Dacier* says, in his own dry way: "*On ne doit pas s'étonner qu'Horace mette Mercure à la suite de Venus; cela s'explique aisément!*"

Augustus, in the year U.C. 726, according to Dion (53. l.), built a temple to Apollo on Mount Palatine, to which he annexed a splendid library, much spoken of under subsequent emperors.

The ceremony of its consecration appears to have called forth as many "addresses" as the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in the heyday of Horace Smith: one only has been preserved to posterity. Here is the Roman laureate's effusion, replete with dignified and philosophic sentiments, expressed in the noblest language:

ODE XXXI.—THE DEDICATION OF APOLLO'S TEMPLE.

ANNO AB U.C. 726.

Air—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

AD APOLLINEM.

I.

When the bard in worship, low
 Bends before his liege APOLLO,
 While the red libations flow
 From the goblet's golden hollow,
 Can ye guess his ORISON?
 Can it be for "grain" he asketh—
 Mellow grain, that in the sun,
 O'er SARDINIA's bosom basketh?

II.

No, no! The fattest herd of kine
 That o'er CALABRIAN pasture ranges—
 The wealth of INDIA's richest mine—
 The ivory of the distant GANGES?
 No—these be not the poet's dream—
 Nor acres broad to roam at large in,
 Where lazy LIRIS, silent stream,
 Slow undermines the meadow's margin.

III.

The landlord of a wide domain
 May gather his CAMPANIAN vintage,
 The venturous trader count his gain—
 I covet not his rich per centage;
 When for the merchandise he sold
 He gets the balance he relied on,
 Pleased let him toast, in cups of gold,
 "Free intercourse with TYRE and SIDON!"

IV.

Each year upon the watery waste,
 Let him provoke the fierce ATLANTIC
 Four separate times—... I have no taste
 For speculation so gigantic.
 The gods are kind, the gain superb;
 But, haply, I can feast in quiet
 On salad of some homely herb,
 On frugal fruit and olive diet.

V.

Oh, let LATONA's son but please
 To guarantee me health's enjoyment!
 The goods he gave—the faculties
 Of which he claims the full employment;
 Let me live on to good old age,
 No deed of shame my pillow haunting,
 Calm to the last, the closing stage
 Of life:—nor let the LYRE be wanting!

I.

Quid dedicatum
 Poscit Apollinem
 Vates? Quid orat,
 De patera novum
 Fundes liquorem?
 Non opimæ,
 SARDINIÆ
 Segetes feraciæ,

II.

Non æstuosæ
 Grata Calabriæ
 Armenta, non aurum
 Aut ebur Indicum,
 Non rura, quæ
 LIRIS quietâ
 Mordet aquâ,
 Taciturnus amnis.

III.

Premant Calenam
 Falce, quibus dedit
 Fortuna, vitem;
 Dives et aureis
 Mercator ex-
 siccet culullis
 Vina SYRÆ
 Reparata merce,

IV.

Dis carus ipsis;
 Quippe ter et quater
 Anno revisens
 Æquor Atlanticum
 Impune. Me
 Pascunt olivæ,
 Me cichorea
 Levesque malvæ.

V.

Frui paratis
 Et valido mihi,
 Latœ, dones;
 At, precor, integrâ
 Cum mente,
 Nec turpem senectam
 Degere nec
 Citharâ carentem.

The following stanzas would seem to form a sort of introductory flourish, or preamble; and, in the opinion of Father SANADON, were intended as a musical overture to the *Carmen Saculare*. In it, Horace calls the lyre a *testudo*; and tells us that Jupiter never

dined without an accompaniment of the kind: "*Dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis.*" My friend, William Jerdan, thinks, nevertheless, that "*fine lively turtle*" is of far greater acceptance, on festal occasions, than a mere empty tortoise-shell.

ODE XXXII.

AD LYRAM.

I.

Poscimus. . Si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures, age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen,

II.

Lesbio primum modulate civi ;
Qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religarat udo
Litore navim,

III.

Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebar,
Et Lycam nigris oculis, nigroque
Crine decoram.

IV.

O decus Phæbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis ! o laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti !

AN OCCASIONAL PRELUDE OF THE POET TO HIS SONGS.

Air—" Dear harp of my country."

I.

They have called for a hymn, which they say shall not perish,
But ECHO its music through ages prolong ;
Then wake, LATIN lyre ! Since my countrymen cherish
Thy wild native harmony, wake to my song.

II.

'Twas ALCEUS, a minstrel of GREECE, who first married
The tones of the voice to the thrill of the chord ;
O'er the waves of the sea the loved symbol he carried,
Nor relinquished the lyre though he wielded the sword.

III.

Gay BACCHUS, the MUSES, with CUPID he chanted
— The boy who accompanies VENUS the fair —
And he told o'er again how for LYCA he panted,
With her bonny black eyes and her dark flowing hair.

IV.

'Tis the pride of APOLLO — he glories to rank it,
Amid his bright attributes, foremost of all :
'Tis the solace of life ! Even JOVE to his banquet
Invites thee ! — O LYRE ! ever wake to my call.

I do not admit the next ode to be young (twenty-six) ; and, besides, was genuine. The elegiac poet, TIBULLUS, too great a favourite of the ladies to have to whom it is inscribed, died very such lines as these addressed to him :

ODE XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albi, ne doleas,
Plus nimio memor
Immitis Glyceræ,
Neu miserabilis
Decantes elegos,
Cur tibi junior
Læsâ præniteat fide, &c.

Be not astonished, dear Tibullus,
That fickle women jilt and gull us !
Cease to write "*elegies*," bemoaning
GLYCERÆ's falsehood — idly groaning
That thou in her esteem hast sunk, or
That she prefers a roaring younker.

K. τ. λ.

I consequently dismiss it to its appropriate place amid the *Apocrypha*.

It is a remarkable fact, though overlooked by most historians, that the "Reformation" originated in a clap of thunder. A German student was so terrified by the bolt (which killed

his comrade) that he turned monk, and, having had originally no vocation for that quiet craft, afterwards broke out, naturally enough, into a polemical agitator. Horace was nearly converted by the same electric process as LUTHER. *Ex. gr. :*

ODE XXXIV.—THE POET'S CONVERSION.

AD SEIPSUM.

I.

I, whom the Gods had found a client,
Rarely with pious rites compliant,
At Unbelief disposed to nibble,
And pleased with every sophist quibble —
I, who had deemed great Jove a phantom,
Now own my errors, and recant 'em !

II.

Have I not lived of late to witness,
Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
The God, upon his car of thunder,
Cleave the calm elements asunder ?
And, through the firmament careering,
Level his bolts with aim unerring ?

III.

Then trembled EARTH with sudden shiver ;
Then quaked with fear each mount and river ;
Stunned at the blow, I FELL reeled a minute,
With all the darksome caves within it ;
And ATLAS seemed as he would totter
Beneath his load of land and water !

IV.

Yes ! of a God I hail the guidance ;
The proud are humbled at his biddance ;
FORTUNE, his handmaid, now uplifting
Monarchs, and now the sceptre shifting,
With equal proof his power evinces,
Whether she raise or ruin Princes.

Here is a specimen of the poet's more elevated manner—a sample of his grander style of composition. He invokes the smile of FORTUNE on two impending enterprises of the emperor : one an expedition to Arabia, composed of new recruits (concerning which, see the first ode of this decade) ; and, se-

I.

Parcus Deorum
Cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis
Dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus

II.

Cogor relictos.
Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco
Nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum,

III.

Quo bruta tellus,
Et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, et invisi
Horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis

IV.

Mutare, et insignem
Attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens.
Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

condly, an excursion to Britain. Napoleon would call the first, "*l'Armée de l'Orient* ;" and the other, "*l'Armée d'Angleterre*." Both were intended rather to divert public attention from politics than for real conquest. Horace, however, appears quite in earnest.

ODE XXXV.—AN ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

AD FORTUNAM.

I.

Fortune, whose pillared temple crowns
Cape ANTUM's jutting cliff,
Whose smiles confer success, whose frowns
Can change our triumphs brief
To funerals — for life doth lie at
The mercy of thy sovereign fiat.

II.

THEE, Goddess ! in his fervent prayers,
Fondly the frugal farmer courts ;
The mariner, before he dares
Unmoor his bark, to THEE resorts —
That thy kind favour may continue,
To bless his voyage to BITHYNIA.

II.

O Diva, gratum
Quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo
Tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos,

Te pauper ambit
Sollicita prece
Ruris colonus ;
Te dominam æquoris,
Quicumque Bithyna læssit
Carpantium pelagus carina ;

III.

Rude DACIA's clans, wild SCYTHIA's hordes—
 Abroad—at home—all worship THEE!
 And mothers of barbarian Lords,
 And purpled tyrants, bend the knee
 Before thy shrine, O Maid! who seemest
 To rule mankind with power supremest,

IV.

Lest THOU their statue's pillared pride
 Dash to the dust with scornful foot—
 Lest Tumult, bent on regicide,
 Their ancient dynasty uproot;
 When maddened crowds, with Fiends to lead 'em,
 Wreck empires in the name of freedom!

V.

THEE stern NECESSITY leads on,
 Loaded with attributes of awe;
 And grasping, grim automaton,
 Bronze wedges in his iron claw,
 Prepared with sledge to drive the bolt in,
 And seal it fast with lead that's molten.

VI.

Thee HOPE adores—In snow-white vest,
 FIDELITY (though seldom found)
 Clings to her liege, and loves him best,
 When dangers threat and ills surround;
 Prizing him poor, despoiled, imprisoned,
 More than with gold and gems bedizzened.

VII.

Not so the fickle crowd!—Not so
 The purchased Beauty, sure to fly
 Where all our boon companions go,
 Soon as the cask of joy runs dry:
 Round us the Spring and Summer brought 'em—
 They leave us at the close of Autumn!

VIII.—The Prayer.

GODDESS! defend, from dole and harm,
 CESAR, who speeds to BRITAIN's camp!
 And waft, of Rome's glad youth, the swarm
 Safe to where first APOLLO's lamp
 Shines in the East—the brave whose fate is
 To war upon thy banks, EUPIRATES!

IX.

Oh! let our country's tears expunge
 From history's page those years abhorr'd,
 When Roman hands could reckless plunge,
 Deep in a brother's heart, the sword;
 When Guilt stalked forth, with aspect hideous,
 With every crime and deed perfidious;

X.

When Sacrilege and Frenzy urged
 To violate each hallowed fane.—
 Oh! that our falchions were reformed,
 And purified from sin and shame;—
 Then—turned against th'ASSYRIAN foeman—
 Baptised in exploits truly ROMAN!

III.

Te Dacus asper,
 Te profugæ Scythæ,
 Urbesque, gentesque,
 Et Latium ferox,
 Re: urpûrei metuunt tyranni, et

IV.

Injuriouso
 Ne pede proruas
 Stantem columnam;
 Neu populus frequens
 Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
 Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

V.

Te semper anteit
 Sæva Necessitas,
 Clavos trabales
 Et cuneos manu
 Gestans aena, nec severus
 Uncusabest liquidumque plumbum.

VI.

Te Spes, et albo
 Rara Fides colit
 Velata panno,
 Nec comitem abnegat,
 Utcumque mutata potentes
 Veste domos inimica linquis.

VII.

At vulgus infidum,
 Et meretrix retro
 Perjura cedit;
 Diffugiunt cadis
 Cum fæge siccatis amici,
 Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

VIII.—Antistrophe.

Serves iturum
 Cæsarem in ultimos
 Orbis Britannos,
 Et juvenum recens
 Examen Eois timendum
 Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.

IX.

Eheu! cicatricum
 Et sceleris pudet
 Fiatrumque. Quid nos
 Dura refugimus
 Ætas? Quid intactum nefasti
 Liquimus? Unde manum juvenus

X.

Metu Deorum
 Continuit? Quibus
 Pepercit aris?
 O utinam nova
 Incude defingas retusum in
 Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

The unaffected simplicity of the next song, and the kindly warmth of affection it bespeaks, are highly creditable to

the poet's heart. The "gentle Lamia" has already figured in this series,* but nothing is known of "Numida."

ODE XXXVI.—A WELCOME TO NUMIDA.

AD PLOTIUM NUMIDAM.

I.

Burn frankincense ! blow life
A merry note !—and quick devote
A victim to the knife,

II.

To thank the guardian powers
Who led from SPAIN—home once again,
This gallant friend of ours.

III.

Dear to us all ; yet one
Can fairly boast—his friendship most :
Oh, *him* he doats upon !

IV.

The gentle LAMIA, whom,
Long used to share—each schoolday care,
He loved in boyhood's bloom.

V.

On both one day conferred
The garb of men — this day, again,
Let a "white chalk" record.

VI.

Then send the wine-jar round,
And blithely keep—the "Salian" step
With many a mirthful bound.

I.

Et thure et fidibus juvat
Placare, et vituli
Sanguine debito

II.

Custodes Numidæ Deos,
Qui nunc, Hesperia
Sospes ab ultimâ,

III.

Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen
Dividit oscula,

IV.

Quam dulci Lamiaë, memor
Actæ non alio
Rege puertiaë,

V.

Mutatæque simul togæ.
Cressâ ne careat
Pulchra dies notâ ;

VI.

Neu promptæ modus amphoræ,
Neu morem in Salium
Sit requies pedum.

We now come to a political squib of loud *éclat* and dazzling brilliancy. How he exults in the downfall of an antinational confederacy ! How he revels in the dastard Antony's discomfiture ! The cowardice and effeminacy of the latter are not positively described, but cannot fail to strike us at once (as they did the contemporary public), by the forcible contrast with CLEOPATRA'S

intrepidity. This ill-fated queen receives due honour from the poet, who shews that he can appreciate a daring spirit even in an enemy. To my own version I have annexed *Victor Hugo's* celebrated French translation, as sung at the *Porte St. Martin*, with rapturous applause, in his *CLÉOPATRE, Tragédie, par l'Auteur de Marie Tudor*.

ODE XXXVII.—THE DEFEAT OF CLEOPATRA. A JOYFUL BALLAD.

The Ballad.

I.

Now, comrades, drink
Full bumpers, undiluted !
Now, dancers, link
Firm hands, and freely foot it !
Now let the priests,
Mindful of NUMA's ritual,
Spread victim-feasts,
And keep the rites habitual !

"Ad Sodales."

I.

Nunc est bibendum,
Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus,
Nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar
DEORUM
Tempus erat
Dapibus, sodales !

Air de "Malbrook."

I.

Or sùs ! buvons
Plein verre ;
Dansons, frappons
La terre,
De fleurs orrons,
Pour plaire
Aux Dieux, tous nos
Autels. (bis.)

See last decade.

II.
 'Till now, 'twas wrong
 T'unlock th' ancestral cellar,
 Where dormant long
 Bacchus remained a dweller ;
 While EGYPT's queen
 Vowed to erase (fond woman !)
 Rome's walls, and e'en
 The very name of ROMAN !

III.
 Girt with a band
 Of craven-hearted minions,
 Her march she planned
 Through CÆSAR's broad dominions !
 With visions sweet
 Of coming conquest flattered ;
 When, lo ! her fleet
 AGRIPPA fired and scattered !

IV.
 While CÆSAR left
 Nor time nor space to rally :
 Of all bereft
 — All, save a single galley —
 Fain to escape
 When fate and friends forsook her,
 Of Egypt's grape
 She quaffed the maddening liquor ;

V.
 And turned her back
 On ITALY's fair region ; —
 When soars the hawk,
 So flies the timid pigeon ;
 So flies the hare,
 Pursued by Scythia's hunter,
 O'er fallows bare,
 Athwart the snows of winter.

VI.
 The die was cast,
 And chains she knew t' await her ; —
 Queen to the last,
 She spurned the foeman's fetter ;
 Nor shelter sought
 In hidden harbours meanly ; —
 Nor feared the thought
 Of death—but met it queenly !

VII.
 Untaught to bend,
 Calm 'mid a tottering palace —
 'Mid scenes that rend
 Weak woman's bosom, callous —
 Her arm could grasp,
 The writhing snake ; nor waver,
 While of the asp
 It drank the venomed slaver !

VIII.
 Grim Death unawed
 She hailed with secret rapture,
 Glad to defraud
 ROME's galleys of a capture !
 And, haughty dame,
 Scorning to live, the agent
 Of REGAL shame,
 To grace a ROMAN pageant !

II.
 Antehac nefas
 Depromere Cæcubum
 Cellis avertis,
 Dum Capitolio
 REGINA
 Dementes ruinas
 Funus et
 Imperio parabat,

III.
 Contaminato
 Cum grege turpium
 Morbo virorum,
 Quidlibet impotens
 Sperare, fortunâ-
 que dulci
 Ebria. Sed
 Minuit furorem

IV.
 Vix una sospes
 Navis ab ignibus,
 Mentemque lympha-
 tam Mareotico
 Redegit in
 Veros timores
 Cæsar, ab
 Italia volentem

V.
 Remis adurgens,
 Accipiter velut
 Molles columbas,
 Aut leporem citus
 Venator in
 Campis nivalis
 HÆMONIÆ,
 Daret ut catenis

VI.
 Fatale monstrum ;
 Quæ generosius
 Perire quærens
 Nec muliebritur
 Expavit ense,
 Nec latentes
 Classe citâ
 Reparavit oras.

VII.
 Ausa et jacentem
 Visere regiam
 Vultu sereno,
 Fortis et asperas
 Tractare serpentes,
 Ut atrum
 Corpore com-
 biberet venenum,

VIII.
 Deliberatâ
 Morte ferocior ;
 Sævus Liburnis
 Scilicet invidens
 Privata deduci
 Superbo
 Non humilis
 Mulier triumpho.

II.
 Sors ! libre et sans
 Entrave
 Bacchus, qui dans
 Ta cave
 Languis deux ans
 Qu'Octave
 Contre Egypte est en
 guerre (bis.)

III.
 D'un vil ramas
 Que mene
 Sa flotte, hélas !
 La Reine
 N'attendait pas
 Qu'a peine
 Le quart lui
 resterait (bis.)

IV.
 Sa nef au vent
 Se livre ; —
 César se prend
 A suivre ; —
 Elle, en fuyant
 S'enivre
 Du vin des bords du
 Nil. (bis.)

V.
 Comme un vautour
 Deploye
 Son aile et court
 Sa proie,
 César, ce jour
 De joye
 Sur l'océan
 voguait ! (bis.)

VI.
 Lors elle à part
 Proscrite,
 Fixe un regard
 Tacite
 Sur son poignard,
 Et quitte
 Tout espoir d'é-
 chapper. (bis.)

VII.
 Voit mis à bas
 Son trône,
 Sans que le cas
 L'étonne ;
 Sans que son bras
 Frissonne
 Un serpent y
 grimper ! (bis.)

VIII.
 Et par sa mort
 Esquive
 D'entrer au port
 Captive ;
 Ainsi le sort
 Vous prive
 Romains ! d'un beau
 régal ! (bis.)

Directions for supper are appropriately given in the concluding ode of the book: they are short and significant.

I think I may now call for a fresh tumbler myself. Molly! bring me the "*materials!*"

ODE XXXVIII.—LAST ODE OF BOOK THE FIRST.

AD MINISTRUM. DIRECTIONS FOR SUPPER.

I.

Slave! for my feast, in humble grot
Let PERSIA'S pomps be all forgot;
With twining garlands worry not
Thy weary fingers,
Nor heed in what secluded spot
The last rose lingers.

I.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Dispicent nexæ philyra coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

II.

Let but a modest myrtle-wreath,
In graceful guise, our temples sheathe—
Nor thou nor I aught else herewith
Can want, I'm thinking,
Cupbearer thou;—and I, beneath
The wine-tree drinking.

II.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curæ; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

I WAS BRED IN A COT.

I was bred in a cot, and in one I may die—
So lived and so perished my fathers obscure;
But no peer of lineage is prouder than I,
For my fathers were honest, and loyal, and poor.

I envy not—covet not—title and sway;
Yet 'tis pleasant to think that to all they are free:
That, thanks to the laws of my country, the way
To her honours is open—ay, even to me.

I'm content to be part of society's root—
To feel that the branches, which over us wave,
Derive from us foliage, blossom, and fruit,
And give us again all the strength that we gave.

And never, when clamour and menace are loud
Against all that is noble, and all that is high,
Will I add my voice to the cry of the crowd—
I know the result of that reasonless cry!

I know that the lightning their madness would launch,
Though meant but to injure the *loftiest shoots*,
Attracted that moment from twig and from branch,
Would glance to and shiver the stem to its *roots!*

THE BIRTH OF THE PAINTER RAFFAELLE.

AN ITALIAN TRADITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAINED EAGLE," "HYMN OF THE VIRGIN MARY," ETC.

At the head of the Roman school of painting stands Raffaele Sanzio de Urbino, the last of a great triumvirate. He was born in 1483, and died at the age of 37. He was the son of Giovanni Sanzio, a painter of inconsiderable talent; but Raffaele far surpassed every competitor. Correggio alone could ever bear comparison with him for sublimity of thought, correctness, and elegance of expression. He also excelled in portrait painting, and his pencil has immortalised Pope Julius II. and Leo X. It has ever been the tendency of mankind to throw a cloud of mystery around the births of the greatest and the best of men. How many heroes have been raised to demigods by after-generations! Theseus, Hercules, and even Romulus, were deemed of divine origin; and an attempt has been made in Italy, I find, to give the same honours to the painter of the "Transfiguration." I was speaking, the other day, of the nobleness of his attitudes, and the grandeur of the antique, mixed with the simplicity of nature in his designs, to an Italian, who assured me that at Urbino, the place of Raffaele's birth, they have a tradition that the angel who is his scriptural namesake, captivated with the charms of his mother, caused her to elope with him, leaving an *animated portrait* of her to supply her place. But after a year she returned with an infant, gave him in charge of the Pope, and vanished from his sight. This conversation originated the present legend.

It was the early matin hour,
Each nun had left her narrow cell,
When Lady Giuliette sought her bower,
Disturb'd by thoughts she dared not tell:
How strange that *eyes* should have the power
To work on hearts a magic spell!

Yet all have felt this power, I deem—
Is there a heart that knows it not?
One piercing glance, one bright eye-beam,
From stranger-eyes at distance shot,
Made Giuliette's life one musing dream;
Her absent father all forgot.

He left her in this holy place,
And many a parting blessing gave;
She thought not of his fond embrace,
Nor of her Saviour's outraged grave—
Which, from a heathen, scoffing race,
Her father fought in vain to save.

She was so fair, that all might see
The course of her pure azure veins;
Like that famed flower on Indian tree,
That by its mystic, purple stains,
Prefigureth futurity—
'Tis thus the Brahmin thinks or feigns.

Reposing in luxuriant shade,
Inclosed within the convent-wall,
Thus sigh'd the visionary maid,
Far from the abbess, nuns, and all—
Some read, some work'd, some talk'd, some pray'd,
And some did on the Virgin call:

“ Oh, could I see those eyes again—
 Their fond expression fix'd on mine;
 I'd care for neither grief nor pain,
 But would the world,—my life,—resign !
 But months have pass'd— all hope is vain—
 So welcome veil and Marie's shrine !

No longer here I'll sit and grieve,
 But as a nun I'll weep and pray.
 Why did I those false eyes believe ?
 Why think upon them night and day ?
 What pity eyes should so deceive,
 When such sweet things they seem'd to say !

The matin and the vesper-bell
 Call me at morn and eve to prayer ;
 In vain my beads at church I tell,
 And gaze around— *He is not there !*
 The convent-bell shall ring my knell—
 I'll die with anguish and despair.”

She said, and in a flash of light
 Before her shone these beauteous eyes ;
 There stood that form as angel bright,
 Dropp'd, she believed, from native skies :
 He was indeed a glorious sight,
 And she all rapture and surprise.

He seem'd a painter— but a smile
 Play'd like a sunbeam on his cheek ;
 Such smile might older hearts beguile,
 But Giuliette's was both young and weak.
 Thus (mixing colours all the while),
 Thus did the youthful painter speak :

“ I ask one boon on bended knee,
 Thou bright perfection ! angel-saint !
 Oh, grant this boon to love and me,
 Permission thy fair form to paint !
 Though weak the art that copies thee,
 And every colour must prove faint.

Oh, say not that thy sire would chide,
 If with my wish thou dardest comply ;
 I know I shall not be denied,
 By that bright smile and tender sigh—
 Oh, seek not that soft blush to hide,
 Nor veil the splendours of that eye !

Commission'd by my king's command,
 The Virgin's portrait I would trace.
 Canst thou a monarch's will withstand ?
 No, I shall paint that form, that face !
 Already grows beneath my hand
 That head of most unrivall'd grace.

In every clime of earth I've sought
 To find perfection, but in vain ;
 And though from each some charm I've caught,
 Yet still I've sought, and sought again :
 But now, by inspiration brought,
 Here full perfection I obtain.

I've sketch'd the head, and now those eyes
 Let me with trembling hand begin ;
 I'll dip my pencil in the skies,
 To gain that look so void of sin —
 Within their depths what feeling lies !
 Oh, that I dared to gaze within !

Why dost thou turn those eyes away ?
 Why veil them with their lids of white ?
 So clouds obscure the star of day,
 So seek to hide his dazzling light :
 But soon breaks forth each brilliant ray,
 Rejoicing each beholder's sight.

And now those azure suns of thine
 Are shooting forth their kindling rays —
 Oh, lady, scarce can I refrain
 From worshipping, whilst thus I gaze !
 In pity their bright beams restrain,
 Or I shall faint beneath their blaze.

How shall I those fair lips portray,
 That though they silent be, yet speak ?
 Dare I interpret all they say ?
 Ah, no — the blush upon thy cheek
 Assures me, there is dearer way,
 The meaning of those lips to seek.

Forgive me, Giuliette, that I dare
 Salute that shrine I've sought so long ;
 But bid me worship ever there,
 Nor deem my adoration wrong :
 When pilgrims to such saints repair,
 Such homage to such saints belong.

And must we part ? No, Giuliette, no !
 Our lips when join'd proclaim'd us one —
 'Tis nature wills it should be so,
 And be her holy purpose done.
 My bride ! come, quickly let us go,
We've far to ride ere setting sun.

Thy finish'd portrait I will leave
 Thy father's doting love to cheer :
 Behold, I make thy portrait breathe !
 Behold thy living portrait here !
 Then, for thy father do not grieve —
 Thy painter will be ever near."

And it was so — his hand of fire
 Produced a breathing thing of life ;
 But, *how* he could such form inspire,
 Or *where* he took his lovely wife,
 'Tis not for mortal to inquire —
 Nor whether they had love or strife.

The father came and sought his child —
 Her form, her features, all were there ;
 She walk'd, and talk'd, and ate, and smiled,
 And deck'd with costly gems her hair :
 Yet, still, there was expression wild
 Within those eyes so wondrous fair.

A hundred lovers came to woo,
 But all return'd they knew not why;
 For in those eyes so bright, so blue,
 A hundred devils seem'd to lie!
 A mocking, jeering, flouting crew,
 Who play'd *bo-peep* from either eye.

No hymn nor prayer would she aspire,
 No goodly talk would she abide;
 She laugh'd outright at nun and friar,
 And made the Abbot Jerome chide;
She smelt so strong of brimstone fire,
 No lady would with her reside.

Her father trembled at her sight;
 His thin white hairs she loved to jeer,
 She fill'd all creatures with affright;
 No lover would approach from fear;
 She slept all day, and waked all night;
 The mastiffs howl'd as she drew near.

She loved to see all creatures die,
 And hunted like a hound for death;
 And when she heard the parting sigh,
 She always caught the parting breath;
 No being ever ask'd her why,
 Except her nurse, Elizabeth.

And she that very evening died,
 With marks upon her aged throat!
 Her father groan'd, the servants sigh'd,
 And Jerome holy texts did quote;
 Which she did scoffingly deride,
 Mocking his drawling, nasal note

A twelvemonth pass'd, and worse she grew,
 No servant would with her remain:
 She pinch'd and beat them black and blue,
 Nor did her father dare complain—
 But silently did he beshrew,
 And pray, and weep, and sigh again.

One night he sat and wept alone,
 Whilst lightnings gleam'd and thunders peal'd;
 At length he gave a piteous moan
 At what one lightning flash reveal'd—
 He sat transfix'd, as cold as stone,
 His hair erect, his blood congeal'd.

A form of light before him sits,
 Like Giuliette in her earliest charms;
 Another daughter round him flits,
 Filling his soul with wild alarms:
 Then in a flash the room *she* quits,
 And Giuliette rushes to his arms.

His own sweet child!—and on her breast,
 Most strange to him! an infant child;
 Yet still the father felt so bless'd,
 He to that sight grew reconciled,
 And to his bosom fondly press'd
 His lovely daughter, good and mild.

Within his arms her child she laid,
The offspring of most ancient line ;
 And thus the beauteous vision said :
 “ My father, this sweet babe is mine !
 When I am but a fleeting shade,
 Oh, let this precious child be thine !

I know thou wilt my truth believe—
He was not born in guilt or shame,
 Do not for me, my father, grieve ;
 And *Raffaella* be my infant's name.
 Within thy arms this boy I leave ;
 He will have never-dying fame.

I must not tell his ancestry—
 'Tis far beyond thy utmost thought !
 It far exceeds thy pedigree,
 And this he should be duly taught.
The Prince of Painters, he shall be
 With all his *father's* genus fraught.

Farewell ! the morning streaks the east !
 I cannot stay one moment more !
 That I am happy, sure thou seest ;
 And still thy God and mine adore.
 I go—one last embrace, at least,
 Ere I depart for foreign shore.”

She said, and like a flake of snow
 She vanish'd from her father's eye !
 He look'd around, above, below—
 Nought but the child could he descry :
 He did not even see her go !
 He only heard her parting sigh !

The nuns and friars all came to see
 This wondrous child, supremely fair ;
 They thought it quite a mystery,
 And straight did to the Pope repair :
 Who on his bare and bended knee
 A miracle did it declare.

With pomp and show the child was brought
 To Rome for its baptismal name ;
 The Pope himself his horn-book taught,
 And watch'd his early growing fame ;
 Whilst princes his acquaintance sought,
 And guess'd the stock from whence he came

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

WEEP for the Minstrel! scatter round
 With flowers his grave, as holy ground,
 Pluck ye the weeds, and plant the rose
 To shadow o'er his last repose;
 Rear ye the turf above his head,
 To guard the spot from stranger's tread,
 And let the setting sunbeam throw
 A smile on him who sleeps below

His course was like yon ray of light
 Trembling across the wave so bright,
 Round which the waters dull and slow
 With plaintive murmur darkly flow,
 For he threw off, with fluttering joy,
 Those cares which meaner hearts destroy,
 And with quick eye and maddening song
 Charmed the sad world he passed along.

Weep for the minstrel! fatal were
 The gifts to which his soul was heir,
 In festal song his accents thrilled,
 At feast his cup was highest filled,
 And as the wine sparkled o'er the brim
 Delight shot from the eyes of him —
 Those flashes which, alas! but spoke,
 "The happiest heart is easiest broke!"

Weep for the minstrel! sorrow stayed
 Her tears when he his wild harp played,
 To arms the eager soldier sprang
 When he the fiery summons rang,
 To bliss the merry heart gave o'er
 All thought, those quickening chords before,
 And sighing maid approved the tone
 Which eased all love — except his own.

Weep for the minstrel! he who moved
 All hearts to love — he vainly loved.
 On him dark eyes looked cold disdain
 From one who never pitted pain,
 Dim grew his sight, his voice sank low,
 The melting strain refused to flow,
 His spirit's boasted freedom fell
 At tyrant Love's o'erpowering spell

Weep for the minstrel! lightly lay
 The turf that guards his hallowed clay,
 Nor let the babbling tomb disclose
 With idle epitaph his woes.
~~Short~~ Short was his life; his memory, too,
~~Should~~ Should rest alone with those who knew
 The brilliant start and brief career
 Which, meteor-like, now leaves him here

PALMERSTON POLICY.

SOUTHEY, in his *Espriella* Letters, says, that when England is quiet at home it is no great matter what occurs abroad ; just as when there is a calm at sea it is of little consequence who is at the helm ; or, when there is no battle expected, if the cook be appointed gunner, and load the cannon with potatoes. A feeling of this kind has generally actuated us. We are assured that when the time comes we shall not be found without heads to contrive and hands to execute all that the honour of the country demands. When that feeling departs from us, then we must depart from the rank which we have held in the world, and England may sink to what Spain is now. But that time has not yet come.

Such a feeling of comparative indifference to the management of foreign affairs descends even as low as the conduct of magazines. In this magazine foreign politics have scarcely been adverted to ; while nobody will do us the injustice of saying that we have shrunk back from considering most minutely and zealously all matters of domestic interest. It appears to us now, however, that we are called upon to devote a few pages to the state of our external relations, because they are forced upon our consideration by the fact that we are suffering in interest, and, what is of much higher moment, in character, from the manner in which our credit and our name, our trade and our honour, are compromised all over the world by the person who is seated as chief in the Foreign Office.

Of this person individually we shall say but little. The *sobriquet* which by universal consent attaches to him shews the estimation in which he is held. No man for whom a political antagonist feels the slightest species of respect, or the smallest appearance of fear, is nicknamed Cupid. It is not what the king of Dahomey would call "a strong name ;" it does not indicate that those who impose it think much of the intellectual energy of the individual. We confess that we do not see there is any harm in a man's taking care of his personal appearance, or that a dandy is a person more worthy of unfavourable notice than a sloven ; but still it is an ill sign of a statesman when we find

that he is notoriously distinguished by his attention to his good looks, and his devotion to the toilet. The man who has to manage the interests of England over all the world ought to be distinguished for something more than a knowledge of the best made breeches, or a dangle after the most perfumed petticoats. All this, we admit, is personal ; and we shall go no further, except to remark that, among foreign diplomatic circles, "*ce pauvre Cupidon*" is made the regular butt and jest for persons who know how to intrigue both diplomatically and otherwise, with more energy and success than the juvenile Whig of half a century's standing, who has been drawing official pay for more than a quarter of the same period of chronology.

Pass him by. We have only to look at his acts. Doyle, who signs himself in his unsurpassed pictures H. B., has depicted the Viscount as a blind beggar, led over a broken bridge by an old French poodle, which answers to the name of Talleyrand. Never was there a truer character of our foreign secretary. In every thing he has been duped, baffled, deceived, humbugged, laughed at, by the governing power of France, whether it assume the shape of the ex-bishop of Autun, or of Louis Philippe, king of the French. Never was spider more completely master of the enmeshed fly than the French diplomatists have caught the poor aromatic buzzer who hums and flutters in Downing Street. And all the while he is lauding himself in all the quarters which he can command for his infinite sagacity, and his deep foresight of all events. We do not know, it is admitted, that his lordship assumes the principal editorial management of the *Globe* newspaper, and that he occasionally wanders there to diffuse the darkness visible of his pen over the *Morning Chronicle* ; and as we do not know, we shall not assume the knowledge. To Mr. Daniel O'Connell and his friends be it left to pry and pimp into the secrets of newspapers, and upon guess or spite deal forth assertions purulent of slander respecting all who are supposed to write in them ; we shall not imitate the example of Lord Palmerston's master in dealing with

Lord Palmerston. But there cannot be any harm in saying, that the ministerial journals, to the best of their ability and knowledge, represent the opinions of their employers; and from them we may gather what were the hopes and expectations of our great protocoliser.

As for principle, he never had any. The man who has held office, and in most cases done the dirtiest official work for all the administrations of the last thirty years,—who has been with Percival, Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, Grey, Melbourne, still found an official fixture, no matter what might have been the varying politics of each administration,—who at one time wrote Tory despatches, at another time Whig—who, under one phase of the cabinet, was a partisan of the holy alliance; in another, the correspondent of Carbonari—who one year truckled to the dictation of Prince Metternich, and in the next was in underhand correspondence with Mina, or whatever other vagabond meditated massacre for Spain,—this man can have no principle. If it were of personal advantage to himself, he would turn Mahometan to-morrow: he certainly would take office under the grand signior, if it yielded him an additional thousand pounds in the year. But, in his present position, he is obliged to pretend to some rule of conduct; and, in deference to the opinions of the men whom he has lately joined for the sake of pay, he adopts what, by a most melancholy misappropriation of the word, is styled the *Liberal* party in European politics.

Melancholy, indeed, is the misappropriation. We shall not go further back than the French revolution,—for that is set down as the day-spring from on high by our reformers. Where was the liberality there? In a speech put by Sallust into the mouth of Cato, a most professing faction was described as *liberules*; but it was added, *alienæ pecunie*. Private and public plunder were the objects which stimulated the great leaders of that revolution. No doubt there were a few fanatics like “Roland the just, with ribands in his shoes” (who was a rogue in his own way, nevertheless); but they were soon got rid of by the men of business. And at last, in what did the revolution result? In the most gigantic military despotism ever imagined, conducted and guided, the voice of history will

say, with consummate talent and untiring energy; but, the same voice will add, with an utter contempt for the rights and freedom of mankind, and a scowling scoffery of all the principles which those who gathered together the National Assembly had contemplated. Such was and ever will be the natural result of such revolutionary movements; such, indeed, was it predicted to be by Burke. But has that result shaken the confidence of the revolutionists? Not the least. That very man who knocked down their image of clay and blood; that very Napoleon Buonaparte, who flung the representatives of the people forth from their house at the point of the bayonet,—who shot down the “people,” as the town rabble is called by the lovers of mischief and treason, by hundreds, as mercilessly as if they were so many puppy-dogs, in the heart itself of Paris,—who strictly and rigorously kept down the press by the severest laws, executed with the most unrelenting rigour,—who tore the youth of France by the force of laws enacted by himself from their firesides, to perish in distant lands, in wars excited by his own personal ambition; this man, the impersonation of hatred to every thing that could resist his own despotic will, is the god and idol of the Liberals all over the world, and the fall of him and his hard-handed marshals made the especial object of lamentation with those who took upon themselves the especial guardianship of that world’s liberties. These men feel no admiration for his great military genius. The splendid combinations which won his glorious campaigns, and his all but unrivalled battles,—the fierce intensity of purpose which bent to his will the energies of the ablest and bravest of men,—the endless resources of his mind,—his undying perseverance in bearing up against reverses,—all these are unknown and unappreciated by the howling hound who applauds him merely because he was the child and champion of Jacobinism, because he insulted, or oppressed, or cheated King This and Emperor That, or—what is a still dearer passport to applause—because he was the constant enemy of England. And if that be a merit, no man can claim the praise of being highly meritorious. He hated us fiercely, because this country governed according

to the constitution matured by long ages of deep thought and manly contest, and, consummated by the revolution of 1688, is the ground of freedom; and such, unless it be Jacobinised, will it continue, was destined to put him down. He fought us, and us alone; for the battles against Italy, Spain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the rest, were fought against us,—and we beat him.

Peace be to his ashes! It is a deep fall, to come from the consideration of Napoleon Buonaparte, lying in his ocean tomb, to Lord Palmerston. What a revolution of ideas! What a tumble from the hero to the valet! But such is the condition of life. Buonaparte himself used to say, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. And that step we are obliged to make. During the time of the empire, Palmerston was in office, and, of course, exerted his small utmost in combating the general enemy. His department, we suppose, was writing notes, or at all events folding them, tying on red tape or green ferret according to the most approved etiquette—or at the highest flight of his genius squibbing the Whitbreads, or Hobb-houses, or Greys of the time—the leaders or scrubs of the party before which he is now pence-bowed. Old Homer said long ago (and what has he not said?), that the day which makes a man a slave takes away half his worth. The process that could take away half the worth of Palmerston must be a very stringent one; but that he is a slave, and that whatever value he might have had is diminished fifty per cent, is too evident to be denied. He is now the servant of Louis Philippe—once he belonged to a party which controlled Napoleon. As Napoleon himself would say, “*C'est juste.*”

He may console himself with the reflection that even the emperor, man of the sword, was not much more than a tool in the hands of the ecclesiastic, man of the pen. And what chance has Palmerston? Sword never did he wield; and from the published correspondence with which we have been occasionally afflicted, it is plain that among the pen-wielders he could never obtain a situation as high as even Charles Buller. We have had the fortune—good or ill, as it may be—of reading much trash in the course of our travels through this life; but trash

so miserably jejune, as that which we have lately had to wade through on the subject of our liabilities towards the kingdom of Greece, never met our eyes. Pozzo di Borgo and Matuchevitz, gentlemen whose diplomatic integrity is attested by the disclosures of the *Portfolio*, and whose character for candour and simplicity of purpose stands so high before all the world, must have laughed outright at the whining trash, in whining phrase written, begging them for the sake of Palmerston and all his gods to permit him to raise the money from them. Courtly was the Russian diction, well turned the phrase, nicely balanced the period, well inserted the comma; but the note, whether we consider it diplomatically or musically, was struck at the same pitch: Not a farthing—not a farthing—not a farthing. We shall allow you to pay what you please; but from us not a farthing. And all the time poor Palmerston keeps pottering about good faith, and honour, and so forth, taking care at every step not only to involve the country in debt, and, so far as he can do it, in disgrace, and himself in as much contempt as it is possible now to bestow upon one who is *the* contemptible.

With France we do not meddle: of course not. The old motto of the Romans was “*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*” We reverse it: *Parcere superbis* is our motto; *Debellare subjectos* our practice. It used not to be so—but never mind. Once on a time the aggressive policy of France was an object for our repression. We do not try it now. We are, in consequence of the Liberal system, bound to the French government. Most willingly do we admit that there should not be any antipathy between the people of the two nations. They are both injured, oppressed, and cheated by the men now in authority over them, and should therefore have a common sympathy. The poor Lyonesse at his *métairie*, who thinks that the Spitalfields’ weavers are ruining him, while the unfortunate, rag-clad inhabitant of Bethnal Green reciprocates the suspicion by imagining that his starvation is attributable to the “bloody French,” is not more unreasonable than those who imagine that antipathy to what are commonly called French *principles* is to extend to French *men*. But we who pretend to have something like

knowledge or reason, must not make such a mistake. The cant about the French nation we must repudiate—the people of whom we are speaking are the French ministers; and before these the unfortunate Palmerston is prostrated as if he were their salaam-bestowing Syce.

A controversy is going on in the Parisian papers as to the share which the concoctors of the revolution of “the three glorious days”—(the three *glorious* days!!)—of July had in the late movements in Spain. A man of the name of Louis Viardot, who appears to have had some connexion with the precious crew who fled Spain after the affairs of 1823, and who have each and all, in their several departments, since proved themselves the most incapable or corrupt of men—we mean Toreno, Mendizabal, Martinez de la Rosa, Gil de la Cuadra, Isturiz, Galiano, Calatrava, and others, whose names are now synonymous with swindling and thieving—this Viardot has written a long letter in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, exposing the intentions of Louis Philippe with respect to the affairs of Spain, when the paving-stones of Paris placed his majesty on the throne. According to this letter, assistance was tendered, and money paid, by Louis Philippe, or his advisers—Count Molé is particularly mentioned—for the purpose of de-throning, by the aid of the Jacobin refugees from Spain, no less a person than Ferdinand the Seventh, and putting the young Duke of Nemours in his place. We do not know what is the authority to be attached to Mons. Louis Viardot, but it is only fair that he should be allowed to tell his own story in his own words. Here, then, is his tale:

“My first business was to proceed to the Palais Royal, which had become the seat of the government, in the place of the Tuileries, then deserted. What the Spanish emigration demanded was, to receive aid, to create an insurrection in their country, and to drive away Ferdinand VII. and his family to another Cherbourg. The Spanish emigration offered, in return, under the promise of a solemn ratification by the Cortes, the crown of Spain to the Duke de Nemours. This new Philip V., by espousing Donna Maria, the heiress of Don Pedro, who was then at Paris, might unite by such a marriage Portugal to Spain, as in the time of Isabella and Ferdinand Castile

was united to Arragon. Thus the whole of the Peninsula would become annexed to France; or, at any rate, the two nations would be so closely allied by a community of interests, of institutions, and dynasties, that at last the celebrated expression of Louis XIV. would be realised,—‘The Pyrennees exist no longer.’ This proposition was received, as it deserved, with eagerness—I might almost say enthusiasm. The Spanish refugees were encouraged in their designs; they were allowed perfect liberty to act, and efficient aid was promised them; 100,000*l.* were taken from the royal purse to supply their first wants. It was M. Molé, then the minister for foreign affairs, and now the head of the cabinet, who conveyed this sum to General Lafayette, and who, in conjunction with him, superintended its distribution: 70,000*l.* were sent to Bayonne, to be given to the refugees who assembled on the frontier; and 30,000*l.* were sent to Marseilles, to be transmitted to General Torrijos, who was preparing at Gibraltar an expedition into Andalusia. The other object of the business I had undertaken had reference to the ministers, the official agents of the government. I consequently waited on M. Guizot, at the very moment when he took possession of the office of Minister of the Interior. I explained to him the object of my visit, and the intentions of the Spanish refugees; and I told him that they expected from him a categorical answer, in order that they might know whether they should continue or give up their designs. M. Guizot without hesitation replied, ‘Tell those who sent you here that France committed a political crime in 1823, and that she owes to Spain a complete and striking reparation, and that this reparation will be given!’ An answer so explicit, which gave delight to the Spanish refugees, and induced them to pledge themselves irrecoverably to the enterprise they had in view, was not of a nature to be without its effect, as was soon made manifest.”

We should be very sorry to vouch for the authenticity of anecdotes of this kind, vouched by so unknown a man as M. Viardot: but it is still possible that they are true; and the chance of their truth is enhanced by our intimate conviction, that practices of this kind will be perpetually resorted to under the jobbing and police-employing agencies of the continental governments.

My first business, says M. Viardot, whoever he may be, was to enable France to obtain full possession of Spain. The Frenchman is not so

insincere as to pretend that he had any European or Spanish object in hand. No! He honestly confesses, that, though the watchword of his faction might be freedom all over the earth, or any other rubbish of the same kind, the leading idea in the minds of French statesmen of every class is the territorial aggrandisement of France. The king *par excellence*, Louis XIV., or the republican directory, are not more filled by this idea than the chivalrous Henry IV., the military Napoleon, or the pawnbroking Philippe. And to obtain this much-coveted result, every other matter would be unscrupulously sacrificed. It was the game of Louis XIV. to plead the divine right of kings as his pretext—of Barras and his associates to plead the rights of man—of the emperor to talk bigly of the bustling matters of war—of him who now occupies the château of the Tuileries, to gabble loquaciously of the *juste milieu*; but the aim and object of all is to augment the power of France, by the incorporation of Flanders as part of the integral territory of the French monarchy, and by the political subjugation of the Peninsula.

M. Viardot was, therefore, most loyally serving his country, in the manner in which the great majority of his countrymen think that it is best served, by aiding and abetting the invasion of Spain by her refugee sons. But what are we to think of the conduct of our own ministers? Here we have a man openly boasting that his main reason for engaging in the business was, that the famous declaration of Louis XIV. was about to be fulfilled,—that there were to be “no more Pyrenees,” and that a new Philip V. was to appear upon the throne of Spain; and by looking at the actions of our ministers at the same moment, we find them co-operating to their utmost in projects, which the death of Ferdinand VII. afforded the opportunity of turning into realities, the very design of which, according to the confession of the persons engaged in these conspiracies, was to drive England from any beneficial connexion with the Peninsula.

But the quadruple treaty? Yes, that is a model of superhuman wisdom. This treaty in effect provided that England, France, Portugal, and Spain, should unite in a design of placing on the throne of the last-named nation the infant daughter instead of

the brother of Ferdinand VII. We shall not meddle in the dispute whether the Salic or the Visigothic law is the more proper to be in this case followed. In Shakespeare's *Henry V.* the poet puts into the mouth of Archbishop Chicheley a speech which he in a great measure versifies from Holinshed or Hall, and which, perhaps, may in some sort pass for a report of what the primate did actually say; and in it we find expounded at some length, that the Salic law was originally ordained by the tribes, who, having won the land between the Sala and the Elbe, being displeased with the looseness of the conduct of the females whom they found there, ordained that women should not succeed in Salique land. We are inclined to think that a similar reason for upholding the Salic law may now exist in the royal circle of Spain, and that the Visigothic rule of succession might, if no other reason existed for its suppression, be, on original principles, justly set aside. But we must still maintain that with this *we*—we, the English—have nothing whatever to do. As for liberality and liberty, these are things which are to come from the nations themselves—not to be imported, as cottons and calicoes. We hear much noise of the superior love of freedom, and the more expanded range of intellect of those who drew up the constitution of 1812. Looking at this constitution, as men of pretension to sense and knowledge of the world, we can only laugh at the greater part of its provisions. It is purely impracticable, as every body knows who is aware of the difference between the writing on a parchment, and the working of the affairs of a nation. But we shall affect for a moment to believe that it is perfectly practicable. In this country we are perpetually told by the Whigs [when they are out of place—to do them justice, they hold rather different language when they are in place] that religious liberty and the freedom of the press are the main matters which all those who are high in the degrees of liberalism should consider. It is now beyond our purpose to say that what they call religious liberty means perpetual subjugation to the tyrannical yoke of an irresponsible priesthood, and freedom of the press unrestrained license to abuse those who do not agree

with their politics, confirmed with a license equally unrestrained to punish by all the rigours of a harsh law all persons who dare breathe a word against themselves. [We may *obiter*, as we happen to be speaking of the press, take a passing notice of the controversy between the government people and the *Courier*, and remark, that though we have any thing but a feeling of regard for Mr. James Stuart, and think that he who shot Sir Alexander Boswell is, by that circumstance, duly fitted with a factoryship by the men of whom that honourable, honest, high-minded, and warm-hearted baronet was an uncompromising foe—the conduct of Nugent, old Holland, and John Russell, in the business, was at once the most shuffling and the most tyrannical that can be conceived.] But to do justice even to the Whigs, they have not had the courage, in their zeal for freedom, to insert in any published document, however it may be inscribed in their secret code, such articles as those which we find in the Liberal Spanish Constitution of 1812; to support which Lord Palmerston has dyed his gray hairs and furbished up his rusty armour. With their recorded professions of liberty of conscience and the press, we submit to the attention of the supporters of Whiggery that the second article enacts, “That any attempt to establish in Spain any other faith than the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, shall be likewise punished with death. The third article declares, that any Spaniard, whatever may be his class or condition, who may, either in writing not printed, or by word of mouth, endeavour to prove that the whole and entire Constitution should not be observed in Spain, or in any of the provinces, shall suffer eight years’ confinement in a town of the adjacent islands, under the inspection of the civil authorities, and shall be deprived of all his situations, allowances, and honours; and if he be an ecclesiastic, his temporalities shall be seized.”

We shall not trouble ourselves with any commentary upon these civilised enactments. It is quite sufficient to say, that if waging war for the constitution which ordains them is waging war for liberty, it is a liberty of a kind which we do not usually recognise as such. We do not know what Don Carlos could decree of a more atrocious nature, even if he re-established the Inquisi-

tion and imposed an absolute silence on the press. Freedom, indeed! You may write or speak on every subject, saving these alone which concern the temporal and eternal interests of men. On these you are to be dumb; and this is the liberty for which Lord Palmerston is fighting! The truth must come out. We do not know that Palmerston has any thing to do with the Stock Exchange, except what he has said upon oath, from which people will of course draw their own conclusions; but this we *do* know, that the war in Spain is a stock-jobbing war, in which the belligerents are the men of the Bourse and the ‘Change. Spain, and all that Spain contains, would be sold by her present minister, Mendizabal, for an eighth per cent. Of Portugal we say nothing, on the old principle, *de nihilo nihil*. Since the loss of Brazil, that country is of no more importance, except that it happens to contain the Bay of Lisbon, than the kingdom, or whatever else it may be, of Tangiers. We suppose, if there ever be a firmer government in Spain, that Portugal will become an appanage of the Spanish dominions, unless the Portuguese, who are far superior to the Spaniards in all respects of constancy and bravery, should conquer Spain; which would, however, lead to an amalgamation of the kingdoms of the same kind: for the larger country must, in an union, ever govern the lesser. Perhaps it would be, in that case, the interest of England to take possession of Lisbon; dispeopling it of its present inhabitants, without partiality to any division among them, religious or political. In that unhappy country, the uncalled-for interference of England has led to its cureless ruin. As we write, the intelligence reaches us that the situation of the queen is most critical. Like the lady who has the misfortune of appealing to rule in the other kingdom of the Peninsula, Donna Maria is now in the power of a disorderly rabble, stimulated by the political party which has always manifested its hatred at once of royalty and of Great Britain. It is certainly of no great importance what they may attempt to do, so far as we are concerned; but we are sure the queen will find her best refuge on board an English man-of-war.

We shall not go to the origin of the dispute which led to the separation of Holland and Belgium. A set of play-

house rioters set in motion the revolution which divided these countries; but the quarrel lay deeper. Some noise was made about a tax called the *mouture*, of the merits of which we remember nothing further than that it, like all taxes, was unpalatable to the tax-payer. It is surprising how much patriotism is stimulated by the pocket. The true cause of the "repeal of the union" was the disinclination of the Roman Catholic people of Belgium to remain under the sway, no matter how mild (and mild it was), of a Protestant sovereign. We do not blame the Belgic priests for fomenting this dislike—they were acting in their vocation; but we have a right to blame our own people, calling themselves statesmen, for allowing the parish-prejudices of the Belgians to disorder all Europe, and to violate the most solemn compacts. We hear every now and then the treaty of Vienna invoked, when it suits particular purposes; and of late we have been stunned, by apprentices in the art of statecraft, about the necessity of keeping strictly and literally to the terms of that rotten parchment, the quadruple treaty. The treaty of Vienna was a matter of somewhat more serious importance than any thing which the framers of this last piece of mischievous quackery could have meditated; and among its principal provisions was the junction of the two Netherlandish states, as a barrier against the engrossing ambition of France—against her being allowed to do what the late General Maximilian Lamarque used to call "rounding her territory." What has become of that article, the main provision of the whole treaty? Who took Antwerp? Who potentially holds the mouths of the Scheldt? Whose son-in-law sits on the beggar-throne of Belgium? Where is the iron frontier? We need not suggest the answers. France may get to the Rhine whenever she pleases, and the treaty of Vienna is to be made again.

"Unlucky this," some Whig may exclaim; "but we did not intend it. We did not foresee it; we did every thing to promote the cause of freedom, and the fault is not ours. *Victrix causa deis placuit*," &c. But our minister cannot have even this excuse: we should think that "Poland" must be iterated in his ear, as often as the starling-cry threatened by Hotspur. Mr. Thomas Camp-

bell sometimes eloquently, but always absurdly, drags the Poles before the public; and loud are his objurgations of the Emperor Nicholas. The czar is, indeed, the general butt for the abuse of the Liberal party, wherever dispersed. He may console himself by the reflection that he is all but adored by his own people, and that he has only to stamp on the ground to raise up legions beyond what Pompey even contemplated. It may be very well to deplore this, but people who intend to manage affairs must take the world as it is. The Polish insurrection was, in many particulars, marked by much gallantry; but from the outset it was hopeless. At a gaming-table, the heaviest purse, if its owner perseveres, is sure to win. In a war, as Frederick the Great said, Providence decides in favour of the most numerous cannons. It was not friendship to Poland that dictated the encouragement which was given by the clap-trap governments of England and France to the outburst, rendered famous by the talents and courage of Skrzynecki, and debased by the Jacobin murderers of Warsaw. All that the Whigs and their worthy friends in Paris desired, was to afford materials for noisy paragraphs in newspapers, perfectly regardless of the fate of the men whom they were hallooing on to what they knew to be certain destruction. The Emperor Nicholas was far more considerate when he told the members of the Warsaw corporation, who waited upon him with an address, the hypocrisy of which he with singleness of soul disdained, that he was determined, if any opposition were offered to his power, to let loose the thunders of the Alexander battery, and make their city a heap of ruins. He spoke what he intended, and the threat was no more than a caution, rough in utterance, but friendly in ultimate effect. Our foreign minister threw out good wishes to the Poles (and good wishes, from men in high office, ought to be followed by good assistance), while he was in his notes truckling and apologising to Russia; and his colleague, Lord Althorp, was advancing the money which enabled her armies to move. We are sorry to see that Mr. Campbell has not of late employed his muse: we can recommend him a subject—*Whig sympathy for Poland*. He may borrow, with slight variation, Lord Castlereagh's famous metaphor, and

describe them as crocodiles weeping over the Poles, but putting their hands in their breeches' pockets for the Russians.

To the Russians, indeed, Lord Palmerston has been an invaluable auxiliary. He has given them Turkey; for nothing can prevent them from taking possession of Constantinople except a general war. Upon Austria must devolve the necessity of doing what should have devolved upon England; and the newly crowned emperor must unsheathe the holy sword of Saint Wenzel, to perform that which was looked for from the red-cross banner of Saint George. We confess we do not participate in the terrors which that magnificent warrior, Col. Evans, wished to inspire about our Indian empire, for invasion there cannot be dreaded for some generations; and before Russia is in power to attempt it, she will have undergone such an organic alteration in all her domestic affairs, that we shall have to deal with a different country. But we ought to dread the appearance of the great master of the land making his appearance as the great master of

the sea. Locked up in the proverbially inhospitable Euxine, the frozen White Sea, and the scarcely accessible Baltic, Russia has no means of rearing sailors. Of every thing else conducive to marine greatness she has abundance—iron, hemp, wood, are hers inexhaustibly. All that she wants are men trained to the sea; and the gift of the Dardanelles, which draws in its train the Archipelago, the Levant, and the Mediterranean, will supply that want. And we may then have to cope with a new antagonist upon the element which was exclusively our own.

Such have been the results of Lord Palmerston's policy. He has given to France the chance of mastery of all Southern Europe—to Russia, the certainty of ruling all the East. And all the while he has chattered, with a silly complacency, of his perspicacity and the largeness of his views, while he has been made, by the Russians and the French, the most notorious gull that ever strutted cross-gartered, a smiling pretender to the favours of the fair, since the days of Malvolio.

OCTOBER SONNETS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART

DEAR YORKE,

I send you a couple of sonnets on the 1st of October. They are sad rubbish, but they may go somewhat towards filling your last page, if you approve of them. I do not wish to interfere with the department so ably filled by your friend Nimrod; but I do not forget my own early recollections of Trinity College, Dublin, where we used to take a shine out of our October. It is many years ago since I tasted it; and perhaps we, in our general ignorance of the aleography of England, overrated its merits. It appears to me, however, that Tom Moore has not done his native university justice, by omitting to devote a melody to this academical fluid

Yours in haste,

M. O'D.

I

I do not know for what this month is famed
 So notably as for its brew of ale,
 And what is near as splendid? Every tale
 In which the sons of England's land are named,
 And every ballad in her honour framed,
 Record her old October, liquor stout,
 Which for long days has ruin wrought and rout
 To all 'gainst whom her vigorous nerve is aimed
 But just now looking on this pot, I think,
 With philosophic musing neck and crop,
 That as upon the liquor that I drink
 The bilious froth hath risen to the top,
 So in our state we find, at highest price,
 Such bubbles as Jack Russell and Spring Rice.

II

But let them sink or burst I don't forget
 This is the month of Crispin Crispian;
 When the fifth Henry told each gallant man,
 Whom in the field of Agincourt he set,
 That in our annals they would never yet
 Pass unremembered, and Will Shakespeare's art
 Has fix'd the hero's promise in our heart.
 Proud was the triumph when the archers met
 Their five-times-told opponents in the plain,
 And many a battle since has proved that here
 The good hard hands and manly hearts remain:
 For is not this the month, when, fight won dear—
 'Mid triumph in our own, our native war,
 Fell Nelson in the fight of Trafalgar.

Radley's, Saturday.

M. O'D

P.S.—I was going to say that, after Henry V. and Lord Nelson, I could not get back to the Whigs, and that I had no fear of our shaking them off; but I could not manage to weave that into a sonnet. Ask Wordsworth to do it

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THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF WHIGGISM.

THE summer is over and gone; autumn is wearing out her last and most dreary days; to which fogs, and damps, and wintry storms succeed: all things are "in the sear and yellow leaf;"—what time can be more fit than this, to contemplate "the State and Prospects of Whiggism?"

It was in December 1833, as our readers will remember, that palmiest day of Whiggism, when more than four hundred pledged supporters of Lord Grey's administration crowded the benches behind Lord Althorp, and overflowed the neutral seats, and almost pushed the Tories into the lobby,—it was at that period, when it was the sport of the Whigs to be insolent to the Tories, and when it was not even thought worth their while to be civil to the Radicals,—it was even at this moment of exultation that we ventured to say a few words touching the real strength and standing of the Whigs, which nettled a few of that party, but which were passed over by the greater part, as too absurd to deserve even a moment's notice.

We said, for instance, that "the country is divided between two great parties,—the *Tories*, or the supporters of the constitution which has existed in this country for the last one hundred and fifty years, and the *Radicals*, or Republicans, who dislike and would remodel that constitution." And, "be- sides these, there is a faction, the

Whigs, which, by leaning, first on the one party, and then on the other, and by borrowing support, now from the Constitutionists, and then from the Republicans, have contrived, for more than three years past, to ret on the government of these realms."

And we explained and justified this statement, by observing that "Whiggism is nothing else than a confederacy of great families," and that we did not believe in "the existence of such a thing as a connected scheme of Whig principles."

These were our views in December 1833, now not quite three years since. Some of the Whigs, doubtless, thought us very foolish,—some, very saucy; but all agreed that there was not a particle of truth in our description. Yet what an inconsiderable space of time has it taken fully to justify our views, and to force from the lips "even of the Whigs themselves" the very same declarations which we then made, and which *they* then scorned!

Take, for instance, these two assertions,—that there is no such thing as a Whig party,—and that any connected system of Whig principles is equally a dream, and see how the very spaniels and turnspits of Downing Street have been forced to admit the exact correctness of both. As to the first, we take up the *Globe* of the 20th of this last September, and there read,—not, indeed, in the editor's own leader, but

"passage selected with approbation from another "Liberal" journal, and inserted without a syllable of exception, —the following words:—

"As a party, the Whigs are, in themselves, powerless either to guide or to control the course of events. There are now only two parties in this country,—the people and their Tory enemies. The name of Whig remains, but that is all."

This is a mere echo of our statement of December 1833. That statement was then treated as a jest. Now, however, it proves to be so far from a joke, that it finds its way,—not willingly, indeed, but as a thing too notorious to be any longer denied,—into the columns of the most servile of all the Whig journals.

And that the Radicals should be blind to this helplessness of the wretched creatures whom they alone keep from sinking into utter oblivion, is not to be expected. The *Spectator*, as well as several other of the journals of that class, plainly warn the Whigs that they are fully aware of their real position. Take one of these admonitions as a specimen:—

"At every public meeting or dinner of the Reformers, the differences between the Whigs and Radicals are made more or less prominent. And the Whigs must have perceived that, among their own supporters, the Radicals predominate in number as well as energy. That such should be the case in Manchester, Birmingham, or the metropolis, was to be expected; but we have seen that in the agricultural counties of Cumberland, Hereford, and Somerset, mere Whiggism is at a discount. Now, without the aid of 'something more than Whigs,' the mere Whigs have nothing to rely upon but the influence of property. The Tories have the fierce support of a bigoted Church party, and can operate powerfully on the more ignorant electors, by stimulating their religious prejudices. Supposing that the property were equally divided between Whigs and Tories, and the Radicals were neuter, there can be no question but that the Tories would receive much the larger support from those who were not acted upon by the influence of property. Let the Whigs recollect their position in the House of Commons before the Whig-Radical union was formed, and then calculate whether, if that union is not again cemented, they have any chance of reaching even the numbers of their miserable minority during the Liverpool administration, now that their rotten-borough no-

mines are diminished? Certainly they have not. The Tories beat them in the popularity which depends on prejudice, as well as far outweigh them in wealth. Let the Whig-Radical union be completely dissolved, and the number of Whig members in the House of Commons would be reduced to the representatives of their few remaining rotten boroughs. It would then be seen that the Reform-act, which was said to have 'poisoned' the Tories, had demolished the Whig party."—*Spectator*, Sept. 24, 1836.

Our first position, then, unanimously scouted by Whigs and Radicals in 1834, is generally admitted by both in 1836. And equally agreed to, now, on all hands, is our second declaration, that "Whig principles" were merely something like the phoenix, or the philosopher's stone, which served to tag a verse, or furnish a simile, but had no real existence. The assertion was reckoned an insult, at that moment; but now it is fully admitted, and even put forward as a proof of practical wisdom. Read the following passage from the *Morning Chronicle* of Sept. 23:

"They who aspire to lead the people must not separate themselves in sentiment from them. It is dangerous to outrun public opinion in laying down the course to be pursued; but it is equally dangerous to remain behind it. When the public shew unequivocally what their sentiments are on peerage-reform, public men will have a rule by which to guide their conduct."

Nothing more despicable than this ever disgraced the English press. It is the bold, broad, impudent determination, that

"Whatsoever king doth reign,
I'll still be vicar of Bray,"

put into maudlin cant and solemn palaver. "It is dangerous to outrun public opinion,—it is dangerous to remain behind it." What is the danger? "Why, that we may lose our places!"

"When the public shew unequivocally what their sentiments are on peerage-reform, public men will have a rule by which to guide their conduct"!!!

In other words, as to whether there shall be a house of lords or not,—or whether that house shall be elective or hereditary, permanent or ever-changing, independent or a packed assembly,—the Whigs have not even thought it

worth their while to form an opinion. Nor can they see any other way of arriving at any conclusion on these points, than by ascertaining which scheme is likely to be most *popular*. Only shew them which plan is likely to give them the longest lease of Downing Street, and they will be for *that* scheme, without a moment's doubt or hesitation.

And, of course, if they are thus incapable of forming an opinion on such a question as the peerage, they must be equally so on the question of the monarchy. They announce that they will be "the public's most obedient and very humble servants," as to the house of peers; and, of course, they will be equally conformable as to the crown. If, therefore, "public opinion" should ever express any desire for another Whitehall scaffold-scene, the Whigs are quite ready to be "public opinion's" "servants to command," in that or any other way that may seem expedient!

Thus it stands, at last, broadly confessed, that the country is in the hands of men who have no one fixed principle of action whatever, except that of adhering to Downing Street to the latest possible moment, and by adopting any system that may seem likely to keep them there; and of whom it is asserted, by their own journals, that, to maintain themselves in office, they are quite ready to sacrifice the house of lords, or any other of our national institutions which "public opinion" may take a fancy to have a spite against.

A more explicit confession of the real state of the case,—that the Whigs are a *faction*, and not a *party*, could not possibly be made. It is, in truth, the chief distinction between the two,—that a party is founded upon *principle*, upon a certain system of policy,—while a faction is based wholly on selfish and interested views. The whole course of legislation in England, up to a certain period, has been carried on, professedly at least, on principle. The very substance and staple of all our parliamentary debates has been, the strife of contending *principles*—the conflict of *reason*. But upon this new Whig theory the business may be greatly simplified. A minister will have nothing to do but to rise and say, "I do not mean to argue that the measure I intend to propose is a *wise* one; I shall not even contend that it is a just one. It may be neither the one

nor the other; in fact, I have not taken the trouble to form an opinion on either of those points. It is enough for me to know that 'public opinion' seems to call for it; and as 'public opinion' is the pole-star which we profess to follow, I submit the motion, and shall not trouble the house with any further argument."

This, then, is the Whiggism of 1836. We own that we think it a bad sample, even of a thing originally evil. We have no remembrance of any period in our annals in which Whiggism had fallen so low. At the same time, it is a very natural thing that a cause entrusted to such hands as have had the management of Whiggism for the last two years should fall rapidly into rottenness and decay. We happened the other day to cast our eye over the names of the Whig ministry of four years back; and a slight glance over it, with a comparison between those days and the present, removed all the surprise which we had lately felt, at the degradation to which the present Whigs are sinking themselves and their name. We add that list, with a parallel column for the present year.

1833.	1836.
Grey	<i>gone</i>
Brougham	<i>gone</i>
Lansdowne	Lansdowne
Althorp	<i>gone</i>
Goderich	<i>gone</i>
Melbourne	Melbourne
Richmond	<i>gone</i>
Stanley	<i>gone</i>
Holland	Holland
Graham	<i>gone</i>
Grant	Glenelg
Palmerston	Palmerston

Now, with the exception of Lord Melbourne, who made a tolerable home-secretary, nothing can be plainer than that the whole weight and value of the cabinet of 1833 has vanished, and that the wreck which remains behind consists solely of just those four members whose presence conferred no strength on Lord Grey's ministry, and whose absence would have been of the least possible consequence. Yet to this rump of a cabinet, reinforced by such statesmen as *Mr. Thomas Rice*, *Lord Minto*, *Lord Duncannon*, and *Lord Cottenham*, has the cause of Whiggism been entrusted. And, truly, they seem likely to bring the poor old creature to so deplorable an end, as scarcely to be provided with a rag to cover her wretched remains!

Miserable, then, is the present *state* of Whiggism. Its character, all the *prestige* which once attached to its name, is wholly gone. Its own adherents now confess it to be nothing else than a confederacy of certain individuals for certain personal ends. The *Globe* admits that, in the country, among the people, there is no such party,—that “the name of Whig remains, and that is all;” and the *Chronicle* boldly puts it forward as their system of government,—to take their policy from the popular cry of the passing hour,—to “guide their conduct” by no other “rule” than the vague, uncertain, ever-changing thing, called “public opinion.”

And, as a natural consequence, resigning the very profession and name of a party, they have lost the strength of a party also. They held Toryism to be all but extinct in 1833, because it reckoned but one hundred and eighty supporters in the House of Commons. One more election has passed, and they themselves have not even that number; and when the next has taken place, we may seek through St. Stephen's with a candle and lantern for a Whig, and scarcely be able to find one.

They sometimes retort, “Ah! but this is a parliament of Sir Robert Peel's calling.” They would be at a loss, we believe, to point out more than two members in it who owed their return to government influence, exerted by Sir Robert Peel's administration. But there is another circumstance, of far greater weight, touching which it suits them to preserve an entire silence. This is,—that the present House of Commons is but the second elected under the *Whig* Reform-bill. The first being chosen amidst the fervour of popularity arising from the success of that measure,—the election of December 1834 may be considered as the only fair trial we have yet had of the practical results of the new scheme of representation. In the concoction of that scheme, the utmost skill and ingenuity of the Whig triumvirate,—of Russell, Durham, and Duncannon,—were exerted, to crush for ever the hopes of the Tories. To gain this end, the most unblushing manœuvres were resorted to. In admiration of the mobs of Southwark and Covent Garden, half-a-dozen similar elective bodies were constituted in and about the metropolis. In obvious violation of the first principle of the bill,

divers notorious pocket boroughs, such as Malton, Calne, Morpeth, Tavistock, and others, were saved from extinction, simply because they were in the hands of the Whigs. Nay, not content with these, new nomination boroughs, such as Huddersfield, Gateshead, and various others, were actually constituted. In every way, therefore, the utmost wit of man was taxed to devise a scheme by which the natural influence of the Conservatives should be counteracted, and the power of the Whigs increased and established. Yet, on the second trial (and, in fact, what was really only the *first*), the result is that England, taken by itself, returns more Conservatives than it does of Whigs and Radicals together! When they tell us, therefore, to remember that this is a parliament of Sir R. Peel's calling,—we remind them, in return, that it is a parliament of Lord John Russell's contriving. And the result of his utmost skill seems to be, that, with the aid of the Irish priests, and the Scotch Radicals, he has reached a majority of 27, in a house of 658!

Such, then, is the present *State* and condition of Whiggism,—deplorable enough, truly! *Confessed*, at last, to have no real existence in the country,—to be a fungus, and not a plant; *confessed*, too, to be utterly without that necessary life-blood, fixed and consistent principle,—it hangs, at present, upon the sturdier stem of Radicalism, and is now chiefly occupied in endeavouring so to work upon the leaders of that party, that it may not be cast off in disdain, and consigned to everlasting oblivion. But these efforts will be in vain,—as we shall presently see, when we come to consider, in the next place, the *Prospects* of Whiggism.

And these are truly, as far as the Whigs themselves are concerned, of the most hopeless character. In fact, they all seem to terminate, whether we look on the right hand or on the left, in nothing else but entire *extinction*. For, *first*, if it be asked, Why the ministry cannot contrive to get through another session, as they have got through those of 1835 and 1836,—by playing off the Conservatives against the Destructives;—professing to fight the battle of the Radicals, but taking good care, all the while, that the said Radicals shall gain no step of ground under their assistance and patronage? the answer presents itself in the letter of Mr. Hutt, the member for

Hull, one who is deservedly looked upon as of leading rank among the Radical party. No sooner had the session closed, than Mr. Hutt addressed to his constituents a letter, of which the following is an extract :—

“ Lord Melbourne took office, resolved to propose good measures,—reforms agreeable to the nation, without regard to what might be the pleasure of the Lords; but also without any plan for overcoming lordly opposition to his proposals of reform. The necessity had not then arisen for deciding on the question of Peerage-reform; and it was, therefore, possible that Lord Melbourne’s cabinet should contain persons who—let the lords do what they may—object to all further organic change. But the case is now altered. Either Lord Melbourne must take another step, or the country will require another minister. * * * And if, unhappily, nothing be done by ministers with a view of preventing another such absurd session as that which has just closed, I can no longer range myself among the supporters of government. Nor am I singular in this intention. Many earnest reformers in the House of Commons are weary of attending to support measures of reform which end in nothing.”

Here, then, is a determination expressed which at once makes it impossible, if that determination is not changed, for the Whigs to proceed any longer in their present course. But will not Mr. Hutt’s views, and those of the Radicals generally, change on the near approach of that dissolution of the present ministry, which would inevitably follow a perseverance in the course thus announced?

We cannot, of course, answer for Mr. Hutt’s steadiness of purpose; but we can easily see that the resolve which he here states to have been taken is one which must, sooner or later, be acted upon by the Radicals, as a party. It is inconceivable that they should ever submit, for any prolonged series of years, to remain in their present absurd and ridiculous position,—that of being made subservient to the views of a mere faction, whose strength, even in parliament, is far inferior to their own, and whose hold upon the country is absolutely nothing!

The *Spectator* has, once or twice, put this question in a very clear and forcible point of view; as, for instance, in its publication of Oct. 1 :—

“ There were two parties, of course,

to the Whig-Radical union. There was a compact, though Mr. Shiel would call it a compact union. Virtually, if not in so many words, the Radicals, without requiring the smallest share of official power, agreed to support the Whigs in office, and to leave in abeyance those questions of organic change which belong to the Radical faith. The Whigs, on the other hand, promised to effect such reforms, not being organic, as should from time to time content the Radicals. In 1835, both parties were satisfied: the Whigs were steadily supported by the Radicals, without being asked to promote any organic change; and the Radicals obtained the important but not organic change of English Municipal Reform. Each party received the consideration, to use a legal phrase, for which it had signed the contract. Both parties again were satisfied with the programme or promise of this year’s proceedings: no Radical pressed any organic change upon the Whigs; no Whig but assured the Radicals that, with hearty Radical support, the Whigs would do ‘justice to Ireland.’ But what has been the result? The Whigs have received all that they ever stipulated for—the Radicals absolutely nothing. ‘His promises,’ says Lord Lyndhurst, speaking of Lord Melbourne, ‘were, as he then was, mighty; but his performance, as he now is, nothing.’ The Tory leader openly boasts of the success of his plan for putting an end to the Whig-Radical union. There can now be no doubt that, as we said at the time, he formed the plan deliberately with a view to the aim which it has all but accomplished. He might well be sure that the Radicals would not for *nothing* support the Whigs in office, and cease to demand organic changes which they have at heart. To the organic questions of ballot, triennial parliaments, and a larger suffrage, he has added that of peerage-reform. There are now four great organic questions on which the Radicals differ from the Whigs quite as much as from the Tories, and which Lyndhurst may well be sure that the Radicals will not give up to the Whigs for *nothing*. Why should they? Why should they give up any thing for *nothing*? During a whole session, the Whig performance of promises to the Radicals has been—*nothing*. All turns upon that word: the new policy of the Tories has consisted in reducing to *nothing* the consideration for which the Radicals consented to support a ministry opposed to all organic change. Opposed, just like the Tories, to all organic change, and prevented by the Tories from effecting any other reforms, the Whig ministry had no longer any the slightest

claim to Radical support. So far Lyndhurst's bold plan was eminently successful."

Whether this supposition, that the Lords, in presenting so bold a front to their assailants, during the last session, acted upon a deep and settled design of bringing the Whigs to a point—whether this idea be well founded or not, we know not, nor shall we stay to inquire. For, in fact, in this, as well as in many other cases, the plainest, simplest, most obvious, and honest course, is at the same time the most entirely wise and philosophical. The Lords, therefore, may have merely taken each bill on its merits, and have proceeded on a general feeling, that it was no longer safe to concede even a part of the demands of the democratical party in the Commons; or they may have entertained the more extensive design imputed to them by the *Spectator*, of rendering it necessary for the Whigs either to join the Radicals in an attempt on the constitution, or to break their alliance with the revolutionary party, and, by consequence, to drop into their own proper insignificance.

However, let the immediate motive actuating the Peers be what it may, the difficulty in the way of the Whigs is just the same. The plan of the Radicals has always been to attack boldly in front—to carry the fortress of the constitution by storm, in the open face of day. But the Whigs have withheld them from this design, promising that by clever manœuvres, well-planned undermining, and flank attacks of every description, they would contrive to frighten the Tories from their ground, and to gain the field without risk and without loss. But this very delectable scheme has failed. Their mines have been countermined; their manœuvres out-manœuvred; and the campaign terminated, at last, with nothing but discomfiture and disappointment on their part, and exultation and increased confidence on the other. Very naturally, then, do the Radicals now turn round on their allies; charge them with having befooled and deluded them during two whole sessions; and give them regular warning that they have no idea of going through "another such absurd session as that which has just closed."

The union, then, between the Whigs and the Radicals, is, we may suppose,

on the point of dissolution. Most incessant have been the entreaties, most pathetic the beseechings, of the Whig journalists, during the last few weeks, to their "dear friends," the Radicals, not to listen to the "apostles of discord," but to "keep ever in mind the necessity of *all Reformers*" being united against "*the common enemy*." Whether these entreaties will or will not have any momentary weight, is a matter on which we feel very little interest; nothing being more certain than this, that only by a decided change of system—only, in short, by ceasing to be Whigs, and throwing themselves wholly into the ranks of the Radicals, can the contrivers of the Lichfield-house compact hope to maintain, much longer, that unprincipled coalition.

A decided change of system, then,—that is the course which most naturally offers itself, and which is, in fact, daily and hourly urged upon the Whigs by such half Radicals as the *Bulwers* and *Examiners*, who, for their own private reasons, earnestly desire the continuance of the present coalition. A decided change of system! But of what character? This is, perhaps, best explained in one of O'Connell's late letters, in which he both admits the impossibility of proceeding further without a change, and at the same time describes what, in his view, that change should be.

He first describes the great practical difficulty in the way of the continuance of the present system of misgovernment, namely, that the people of England detest it:—

"The substantial point in difference between us is this—I assert that the majority of the English nation are *indifferent*, or worse, *hostile*, to the claim of the people of Ireland to 'justice. I assert that *indifference*, or rather that *hostility*.

"The substance of what I said on the occasion was just this—which is my present opinion also—'That I would concede, for argument sake, that a numerical majority of all the people of England were favourable to doing justice to Ireland; yet that the disposition of the English nation towards Ireland was best evinced by '*the class of voters*'—that class constituted the portion of the English people most, if not solely, efficient for political purposes. I insisted that it was by the *class of voters* alone that the opinion of England alone could be known with any certainty. It was true, that

such class included the Chandos voters, who, in general, had not the power to express their own sentiments, and shewed only those of their landlords: so far the experiment was not complete; but whatever defect existed in the experiment as to the counties, was compensated for by the town of Newcastle, when the only difference between the two candidates was, that which touched the government of Ireland. The enemy to Ireland was elected, and the friend to Ireland rejected.

"I therefore said—'That if it were asserted to me that the people of England are favourable to the Irish, my answer would be in one word—Newcastle.'

"You say this would be a foolish answer. My reply is, that it would be quite a rational answer.

"As far as mere assertion, we are upon an equality. But you proceed to reasoning. You say Blackett was rejected by the Newcastle electors because he was a mere Whig—that he did not go far enough for the Reformers of Newcastle, who, therefore, rejected him. You also allege, that if a Radical Reformer had stood, the result would have been his return to parliament.

"According to you, the Reformers of Newcastle rejected Blackett because he was a Whig; whereas, they would have elected him had he been a thorough Reformer.

"Patience, my good sir, patience—you go too far. Recollect that Newcastle did not merely and singly reject Blackett for not being Reformer enough; but it elected Hodgson, who is no Reformer at all.

"If the Newcastle men acted upon your principles, and rejected a mere Whig, why what confounded blockheads must they be to elect an unequivocal Tory!

"Really, with all your talent, you look only at one side of the question. You see Blackett rejected, and you exclaim—'Mighty well! Out with him! He is not Reformer enough! Out with him, the mere Whig!'

"You forget, in your joy at the blow given to the Whigs, that there is a stronger blow given to the cause of reform by the election of a stark-staring Tory.

"No; the truth is, that the experiment at Newcastle was complete. There was but one essential difference between Hodgson and Blackett—only one, and that related to Ireland. Blackett was for the ministry, who are tranquillizing Ireland by some practical justice: he was for the appropriation clause; he was for municipal reform in Ireland. Hodgson, on the contrary, was against that minis-

try, against the appropriation clause, against corporation reform in Ireland.

"It was impossible to bring before the minds of Englishmen, in a more simple and single shape, the question of 'good government for Ireland.' There was no other question at that election. Both candidates rejected ballot and short parliaments, and extension or universality of suffrage. The Irish question was the only question,—the only difference between them.

"How can you, then, shrink from my conclusion, that the result proves the electors of Newcastle to be either indifferent or hostile to the rights of the Irish people?"

Yet, in this very same letter, he does not despair. On the contrary, setting out with the assumption that the people of England are opposed to the ministry—a position which he effectually maintains,—he, nevertheless, proceeds to urge and encourage Lord Melbourne to persevere, and to point out a course which, in his opinion, leads to victory.

"What a glorious career lies before Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, if they do but possess energy and integrity adequate to the lofty destiny that awaits them! They may, if they please, add more than one-third to the strength and resources of the empire. They may conciliate Ireland, and become the first of benefactors to Great Britain. See how successful is Lord Mulgrave's experiment—consisting of nothing but the working out of common sense and common honesty! * * * *

The great national question can, nay, must, now be decided; are the Irish people to be fellow-subjects, or are they to be—I will write it—enemies? Lord Melbourne may blot out the enmity for ever; he may make the Irish willing and most useful subjects. But for this purpose—and I joy that it should be so—he must satisfy the rational portion of the English people; he must content the English and Scotch Dissenters; they only ask for 'justice.' He must become the advocate of an increased and extended franchise. He must consent to shorten the duration of Parliament. He must not shrink from the ballot. Above all, he must prepare for the conflict with the Lords. The contest has begun by and from the Lords. Hitherto the Ministry and the Commons have not gone beyond—even if they have reached—mere passive resistance. The state of active hostility must commence. It will commence either under Ministerial auspices, or without the countenance of Ministers. One way or the other the fight

must be carried on. The Lords have already begun on their part. If the Ministry desert the people in this crisis, revolutionary dangers will necessarily occur; nay, a violent revolution is, in my opinion, inevitable. The Lords will yield only to a defeat. The people cannot much longer endure aristocratic despotism. A violent overthrow of our present institutions must be the result of the present posture of affairs, unless the 'Reform of the Lords' becomes the watchword of the Ministerial party. If Lord Melbourne will but conduct and manage that necessary organic change—if he will combine in his own person the popular leader with the king's minister—the transition would be easy and safe, and secure from social change or individual misery. His duty to his king and to his country equally demand, not that he should ride 'on the political whirlwind, and direct the storm,' but that he should prevent every such whirlwind, and render such a storm unnecessary, and therefore impossible. The ministry of Lord Melbourne owe a debt of gratitude to the Irish. Let them enable themselves to pay that debt, by joining now heart and hand with the rational Reformers of England."

There is an impudence about this precious proposition, which has not been properly remarked. It is one which could hardly have come from any one but an O'Connell. He tells Lord Melbourne, at starting, that it is a fact, which it is worse than useless to deny, that *the people of England are against him*. But then he immediately adds, that "a glorious career is before him." And what is that "glorious career?" It is to *put down* the people of England—to govern the empire in spite of the King, in spite of the Lords, and in spite of the representatives of England! And this, to an *English* nobleman, he calls "a glorious career." But by what means are the people to be thus put down? By a complete and thorough union of all that is evil in the empire, to make one joint attack on the ancient constitution of our forefathers. The Papists of Ireland, the Dissenters of Scotland and England, the Radicals and Infidels of all three countries, are to be banded together. The Papists are to have "justice for Ireland;" which means the extermination of heretics, and the division of their lands. The Dissenters are "to be contented;" which, as every one knows, is only to be done by the entire demolition of the Church. The Radicals are

to have the whole British aristocracy, at once and for ever, put under their feet. Of the monarchy it would not be quite discreet to speak with equal plainness; but its fate is obviously and necessarily implied. And this is the "glorious career" marked out by O'Connell for Lord Melbourne, and marked out by him as *the only course which can save the ministry!*

Nor is this a mere freak of the Derwynne Dictator,—in which case, indeed, it might merit little notice. It is now the fixed and declared sentiment "of the whole Radical party,—i. e., of the second political body in the empire in numbers and importance. Mr. Hutt, an acknowledged leader of this party, says, in his letter already quoted, "I have no hope to hold out for the future *except in the prospect of Peerage-reform*;" and, again, "Peerage-reform is now the *only* question."

Here, then, we have the conclusion and resolve of a *majority of the supporters of the ministry in the House of Commons*,—that "the Reform of the Lords must become the watchword of the ministerial party;" and that, as Mr. Hutt plainly declares, if they shrink from this duty, he himself, and many others, will no longer be reckoned among their supporters.

Shall they, then, decide upon taking this step? Shall they become, at one leap, more Radical than the fiercest Radical of five years back ever dreamt of becoming? Shall they boldly come forward in 1837 with a proposition for abolishing that constitution of three co-ordinate estates, which they declared, in 1831, it was their only and their highest wish to repair and to perpetuate?

For several members of the cabinet we will at once answer, that they would find, in their own breasts, not the least difficulty in taking this or any other step which a continuance in place might demand. The Grants and Palmerstons, the members, in rapid succession, of the Castlereagh, Wellington, Canning, Goderich, Grey, and Melbourne cabinets, are not the men to raise objections, if it were proposed to them to form part of a Roebuck and O'Connell, or even of a Beelzebub and Apollyon cabinet, "always provided, of course, that the *salary* were a fitting and proper one." And as for Lady Holland's lord and master, or "my man Hobbi-o," it will hardly be expected of either, as known idolators

of the Corsican tyrant, that they could feel the least horror either of an anarchical republic, or its natural successor, a military despotism. Of a good proportion of the ministry, therefore, we may feel pretty well assured that a proposition for disbanding the Peers, or, as it might happen, for transporting them to Nova Zembla, would excite in their minds very little repugnance.

There is a difficulty, however, in another quarter. Even in the House of Commons the ministry have but a bare majority, and in that majority there are still found many who retain some shreds and relics of conscientious feeling, and many others who feel another kind of check,—to wit, a doubt as to what their constituents may think of all these matters. From these and various other causes this cruel difficulty arises,—that while O'Connell and the Radicals insist upon a forward move, another large section of their friends, and a shrewd and long-headed section, warn them in the plainest and most emphatic language, that to move forward will be to move to utter ruin!

One of this class, Baines of Leeds, a cunning, crafty, low-minded creature, but a "practical man," thus explicitly states the danger. He is addressing O'Connell:—

"Let us test the question at issue between us by an examination of its working in Parliament. You know, as well as I can inform you, that a bill brought into the House of Commons, for depriving the members of the House of Lords of their hereditary privilege as legislators, would scarcely be supported by as many members in that house as voted for your celebrated motion for the repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. You were so well aware of this that, though you gave notice of a motion for reform of the House of Lords early in the last session of parliament, you very discreetly let the whole session pass without venturing to bring the subject formally under consideration. But we will suppose a thing which is next to impossible—namely, that the bill might pass the House of Commons. What, then, is to be done? It has to pass the Lords; and who is to introduce it? I do not know of a single individual in that house who would move or second a bill to change its character from an hereditary to an elective assembly. Can you mention any lords who would move and second the bill? But, suppose such a motion to be made, the hon. and learned member for Kilkenny must be a great

deal more blind than he thinks the hon. member for Leeds to be, if he supposes that there would then be the most remote chance for such a bill passing into a law, with the sanction of a majority of the members of that body. You know that there is just as much reason to hope that the House of Lords will pass a bill for the confiscation of all the estates of the peerage of England, as that they will enact a law to render their hereditary legislative power elective. If you do not know this, you are the only man in parliament that is ignorant of it.

"Then, as to the king—of course I speak from no authority on this point,—but I believe that his Majesty William IV. would as soon abdicate his throne in favour of the hon. and learned member for Kilkenny, as he would give the royal assent to a bill for disfranchising the peers of parliament of their hereditary honours.

"If this be a correct view of the reception that a bill for the reform of the House of Lords would meet with from the three estates of the realm, it is impossible to effect that reform by sanction of law; and if, therefore, it is to be carried at all, it must be effected without law—that is, by revolution. In revolution it must begin, and in revolution it must end."

Thus much of the impossibility of success in this course. But in another paper, Baines had previously explained how inevitably it must happen, not only that an attack on the peerage must fail, but, also, that it must utterly destroy the party making it. He says:

"We add a truth, of which we are as strongly convinced as if it had been proved by experience, that nothing could be imagined more certain to *strengthen Toryism and to throw back Reform*, than to propose the demolition of the House of Lords.

"We will bring this matter home to the people of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Suppose candidates to be brought forward at our next election on the principle of advocating a remodelling of the House of Lords;—they would be opposed by all the noble Whig families—by the baronets,—probably by the whole of the landed gentry, and by nearly all the oldest and most influential Reform leaders in the towns. What sort of a figure would the candidates and their supporters cut? Most lamentable. And into what position would all the influential classes above-mentioned be thrown? Into an alliance with the Tories. Of course the Reform party would be broken to shivers. A Liberal member for one of the southern counties said to us the other

day, we now return fourteen Liberal members for our county: if the question of depriving the Lords of their independent character should be urged on, we should only return four.' Would it not, then, be infatuation in the Liberals to urge on this question."—*Leeds Mercury*, Oct. 10, 1835.

Here, then, is, certainly, as pretty a dilemma as ever any set of men were placed in. Of their own supporters, the leaders of the larger section plainly tell them, "You must make a move in advance. We will not be marched and countermarched in this 'absurd way,' merely to find ourselves, at the end of the session, just where we were at the beginning. Give the word, 'Forward!' or we shall forthwith disband, and leave you to manœuvre for your own pleasure and gratification." Another, and no inconsiderable body, consisting of more cautious and far-seeing individuals, at once warn them, on the other hand, that an attack of this kind on one of the branches of the legislature, on one of the three independent states of the realm, must inevitably lose them so many adherents as to make their defeat and destruction certain. Between the two, the poor ministry writhes and twists itself, turning first to the one and then to the other,—beseeching them both to bear in mind "the necessity of union," and reminding them that the least division must at once bring in "their common enemy, the Tories."

These entreaties and arguments may have a momentary effect; and we shall not at all lament it, should they for the present succeed in re-establishing a hollow truce. At the same time the Radicals cannot fail to see, with their journal, the *Spectator*, that the compact which has existed, and which it is the object of the Whigs to retain in force as long as possible, is one by which the gain is all allotted to the one party, and the loss, or the no-gain, entirely to the other. The weaker party, the Whigs, are allowed to possess themselves of their object, the government, with all its emoluments and patronage; while the stronger party, the Radicals, have the honour and glory of maintaining the Whigs in possession of Downing Street, without being indulged with even a hope or prospect of advancing, by their patient services, any one of all the great measures which are peculiar to their creed. Thus a set

of politicians, of such numerical force as to be able to decide which of the two bodies, Whigs or Tories, shall hold the reins of government, are actually gulled into the folly of espousing one of the two, without a stipulation, or even a hope, of thereby forwarding their own principles or their own views even a single step! "During a whole session," says the *Spectator*, "the Whig performance of promises to the Radicals has been—*nothing*." Is it in human nature, is it to be supposed possible for sane politicians, to persevere in a compact in which all the gain is on one side, and all the loss, all the sacrifice, on the other? Grant that zeal and animosity may lead to the formation of such a compact, and to its temporary continuance; still, is not permanence upon such preposterous terms altogether impossible?

The "disgraceful and unprincipled coalition," then, draws near its end. Whether it may yet last for a few weeks, or for a few months, is, to us, a matter of great indifference. We feel not the least impatience; knowing that the longer an exhibition so deplorable is continued, the greater will be the instruction derived by the people from it, and the more complete their rooting and grounding in Conservative principles.

The *dénouement* may be brought about in one of two ways, either of which would be the destruction of the Whigs and of Whiggism, and by a process almost equally rapid.

The ministry may yield to the urgent persuasions of some of their Radical friends, and may take the forward step which is said by those friends to be essential to their very existence. They may concede, or half concede (for the difference between *espousing* and *not opposing* is a mere quibble), the Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, the overthrow of the Established Church, and the destruction of the House of Lords. They may, if they please, adopt these views, either at once, or by some insidious course of "no longer making opposition to them a fundamental principle with the cabinet;" but then, on so doing, *they cease to be Whigs*. They admit the principle and the demands of Radicalism; and henceforward, if not at once standing forward as declared converts, they can be considered in no other light than as the agents and servants of the Radicals,

and as forming, in truth and fact, one party with them.

But there is another course obviously open. They may maintain their present ground. They may say to the Radicals; "We cannot cease to be what we are. We are Whigs, and you always knew us to be such. You accepted an alliance with us as Whigs, as Reformers, but as opposed to all organic changes. No hope was ever held out by us that from this ground we would ever depart. If you are tired of the compact upon this footing, it rests with you to terminate it. But then remember that the change of mind is yours, not ours. You then thought it worth while to concede somewhat of your own wishes, and to place us in power, rather than your natural enemies, the Tories. If you now think otherwise, and deliberately determine to thrust us out, and to bring the Tories back again, you ought surely to be prepared to state, before the country, your reasons for this total change."

This would be the most upright, straightforward, and manly course for the Whigs to take; and it might, for a short time, shame their discontented allies into silence. But this enforced acquiescence could not long continue. The spirit of the Roebucks and Wakleys and Humes is not one which can be lulled to rest without some tangible prey. The stronger party would not long continue to help the weaker, without some better inducement than the mere pleasure of "keeping out the Tories." Radicalism rightly denominates its followers "the *movement* party;" and every moment during which its onward course is checked and restrained, is a moment of unnatural pause and painful uncasiness. Even already, not on the declared decision, but simply on the suspected disinclination of the Whigs to move forward, this is the language of their most prominent journal:

"Down to last Easter holidays, we certainly did think Lord Melbourne's ministry the best possible ministry for Reformers; and it received, accordingly, our constant and not inefficient support. But the case has been altered by the new policy of the Tories, which Lyndhurst devised during the Easter holidays, and has ever since steadily pursued. Lord Melbourne's claim to the support of Reformers rested upon certain promises. 'His promises,' says Lyndhurst, in words all the more

offensive for their truth, 'were, as he then was, mighty; his performance has been, as he now is, nothing.' Nothing—no reform—is not more reform than a Tory government would give. Lyndhurst, as premier, could not give less than 'nothing.' Nay, it should be remembered that, except reform of the House of Commons and English Corporations, all the more important changes of the last ten years—reductions of public expenditure, the removal of restrictions on trade, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the great measure of 'justice to Ireland'—have been granted by Tory administrations, which were able to manage the Lords, and willing to make any sacrifice of opinion for the retention of office. If Peel's conformity had been allowed a two years' trial, it would probably have done much more for reform last session—it could not possibly have done less—than Lord Melbourne's 'nothing.' So long as there is a merely Whig ministry—that is, a ministry which the Tories wish to displace, and which is not Radical enough for the masses—the Lords can and will prevent all measures of reform desired by the Commons. Except through a change in the policy of the Whigs, there is not the slightest prospect of any change in the new Tory policy. That policy, if not defeated by a sufficient counter policy, renders the Whigs good for 'nothing' to Reformers. The Whigs do not intend to change their policy. Their chancellor of the exchequer, following their secretaries of the admiralty and the colonial office, who speak for their secretary at war, has just informed us that there is to be no 'hunting after novelty' next session—that only 'the same' means of reform are to be pursued next year, as have this year ended in 'nothing.' We deny, therefore, that the Whig ministry, in its present position, and as at present disposed, is 'the best ministry that the country ever had.' And as for its being 'better than any that could be formed upon its ruins,' let us observe, in reply to the absurd, and therefore insulting, proposal which Mr. Rice makes to the earnest Reformers of Scotland and England, that a Tory ministry would grant more reform than two mere bills, not acts, relating only to Ireland. There is no Toryism in office. Toryism, getting into office, becomes Conformity. Conformity is very much better than 'nothing.' Besides, if the Whigs were in opposition, most of them, instead of being Whig-Tories, as they all are just now, would become Whig-Radicals. The Whigs radicalize to obtain office; the Tories to keep it. Upon the whole, therefore, we further deny that this ministry, as at

present situated and inclined, is 'better than any that could be formed upon its ruins.'—*Spectator*, Oct. 23, 1836.

It must be obvious to every one, that if the Radicals generally adopt this plain, straightforward view of the case, the continuance of the coalition, during the next session of parliament, cannot be worth a single week's purchase.

Such, then, is the deplorable predicament of Whiggism at the present moment. Extinction seems to await it, whether it resolve to merge and lose itself in Radicalism, or to break off from its dangerous allies, and crumble away into a visible ruin. Nor is its end without a moral. The story of the Melbourne cabinet,—in all probability the last Whig ministry that England will ever see,—will be fraught with instruction to all future learners in statesmanship and legislation. In faction was it founded, by faction has it lived,—but that same faction will be its destruction. A low and despicable passion for place, no matter by what means obtained, or at what price secured, has betrayed it into courses from which there is no return, and of which there can be none but a disgraceful termination.

A few moments' reflection places this fact in a very striking point of view. What is the actual position of the Whigs at this instant? It is one which writes "*faction*" in broad and legible characters on the forehead of that body.

Here are the two great leading parties in the state,—the Conservatives, or adherents to the ancient constitution,—the Destructives, or those who demand a total subversion of that constitution. Now the least consideration makes it abundantly evident that the real bent and inclinations of the Whigs, as far as they have any, is *towards* the former, and *against* the latter, of these two par-

ties. Yet, in practice, they unscrupulously disregard their own convictions of truth and justice, and join hands with the Destructives against those who are arrayed on the side of the constitution! And why is this?

The answer is obvious to every one. By following their own convictions, and supporting what they know to be right, they would be led into alliance with the Conservatives, and into opposition to the Destructives. But, then, once united to the Conservative force, they lose their rank as leaders. The defenders of the constitution have already more able commanders. With Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley at their head, it were impossible that the Lord Johns and Spring Rices could be allowed to take the foremost posts. And this reflection at once suffices to check the dictates of honour and conscience, and to send these factious men into the opposite ranks. *There* the foremost place is willingly assigned to them. *There*, hopeless of success by any other means than an unprincipled coalition, the Destructives gladly embrace their alliance, and reward their recreancy by lifting them into power and place. They succeed for a few short months; they force themselves into possession of Downing Street; but, amidst all their triumphs, the chilling recollection must be perpetually returning,—that they have sold themselves to the tempter Radicalism, for the gratification of a brief ambition, and that the fiend will quickly return to demand his stipulated price.

Look again at the actual position of parties, on all the questions which call for a legislator's judgment. Arrange them in a tabular view, and you will see, at a glance, how unnatural, except with a reference to *place*, is the present alliance of the Whigs with the Radicals, and their hostility to the Conservative party.

CONSERVATIVES. WHIGS. RADICALS.

Church of Ireland Appropriation Clause	No.	Yes.	Yes.
Popish Corporations in a few Irish towns	No.	Yes.	Yes.
The Ballot	No.	No.	Yes.
Repeal of the Septennial Act	No.	No.	Yes.
A new Reform Bill	No.	No.	Yes.
Abandonment of the Established Church	No.	No.	Yes.
Change in the constitution of the House of Lords...	No.	No.	Yes.

Here, in an instant, we see that the Conservatives and the Whigs are agreed on *five* of these seven leading questions; while the Whigs and the Radicals are only united upon *two*. But

this very faintly expresses the real fact. The opposition of the Whigs to the Radicals on these five great questions has been, up to this moment, and is still, except the Whigs are already shift-

ing their ground, total, complete, and without hope of approximation. Towards the Ballot the great body of the Whigs have always expressed their decided repugnance. The repeal of the Septennial Act they treat with equal dislike, but with more contempt. An extension of the suffrage they wholly oppose, without hesitation or the least approach to concession. And on the maintenance of the Establishment and of the independence of the House of Peers, their sentiments are as fully and explicitly known to be wholly opposed to those of the Destructives.

On the other hand, with the differences of opinion still remaining between the Whigs and Conservatives, the case is far otherwise. In each of the two questions remaining unsettled, a point almost imperceptibly narrow is all that divides the opponents. In the matter of the Irish corporations, the ministry proposed abolishing the existing Protestant corporations, and in some few towns (only 12 or 18 in number) substituting for them similar bodies, but with a Popish tinge. The Conservatives assented to the first and leading proposition, the abolition of the existing bodies, on the score of their exclusive and party complexion; but they objected to replace them, even in so few as a dozen instances, by new corporations of priestly selection, on the ground that the one bias, in the eye of an impartial legislator, was at least as undesirable as the other. Upon this trivial difference the two houses remained at issue, neither choosing to be the first to propose a medium course.

And in a like manner fared the Irish Church Bill. First, the ministry proposed, eighteen months since, to commute the tithes of Ireland for a land-tax; screwing out of it, however, in that operation, a sort of toll, or rent-charge, of 50,000*l.* a-year, for what they call "national education." The Conservatives examined the plan, and soon shewed, by the unerring proofs of common arithmetic, that for many years, at least, no part of this toll, called "surplus," could be realised. The ministry, after being for a while perplexed with this practical difficulty, at last obviated it by the very simple course of taking the required 50,000*l.* a-year, not out of the tithes, but out of the common stock-purse called "the Consolidated Fund." Still, however, they chose to retain, for

consistency's sake, what was called "the appropriation clause," though, by their own confession, it must remain a mere dead letter for many years to come.

The second repetition of this senseless quarrel came on in the last session. The matter was now reduced to a very simple question. The Conservatives again repeated their assent to the main provisions of the bill; and again declared their willingness that all necessary sums for education should be granted out of the general revenues of the country. But to the oft-contested "appropriation clause"—reduced, indeed, now, to a bare skeleton, wholly destitute of any practical operation, even if conceded—they declared their unconquerable aversion. That aversion ought to have been respected, because, whether correctly or incorrectly, it originated in a feeling that the principle asserted in that clause was a principle of spoliation; while on the other side no concession of principle was called for; the chief object professed to be aimed at, namely, funds for education, having been already secured. Yet upon this barren and fruitless controversy did the Whigs deliberately choose to wreck the whole measure. They might have terminated the tithe war in Ireland—they might have saved many lives, which will now be lost in resistance to the law—and they might have done this with perfect power to devote any sums to their stalking-horse, "education," that they pleased. But they would not. Upon the factious pretence of the "appropriation clause" they gained office; and consistency in factiousness demanded that, through whatever absurdity or wickedness, the "appropriation clause" should be clung to to the last.

Upon these two frivolous pretences, then, do the Whigs continue at war with the Conservatives, the general tenor of whose policy they approve; and in alliance with the Radicals, whose every distinguishing principle they hold in abhorrence. Could any but factious and self-seeking motives lead to so unnatural a warfare, and so unprincipled a coalition.

But we have still further evidence of the real character of their motives and objects. We observe—what, indeed, is obvious to every one—that this furious zeal for appropriation clauses and new corporation bills is

a mere pretence, a mask assumed for the occasion. We have but to look back a very few years to find Lord John Russell and the whole body of the Whigs dividing the house against an appropriation clause (the 147th of the Irish Church Bill of 1833), and his lordship explicitly declaring, that though he adhered to the abstract principle of that clause, yet, knowing the impossibility of carrying it through the House of Lords, he thought it absurd and mischievous to bring about a collision between the two houses, on a point of such minor importance, and without the remotest prospect of any good result. Lord John's speech on that occasion was closed by those emphatic words, not soon to be forgotten: "*Let who will be for collision, I am for peace.*"

But Lord John was then "for peace," because "collision" could have been of no earthly use to him. He was then snug in Downing Street, and saw no possible good that could arise from quarrelling with the Lords about nothing. Once out of place, however, he soon learned to view the matter in another light. What peace could now be desired, till he and his colleagues were once more re-seated in the Treasury? A good weapon of attack was now worth any money; and in this point of view, the appropriation clause promised to prove, and did prove, a most effective engine for battering down Sir R. Peel's administration. Thus we see exactly when and how the Whigs first adopted the spoliating principle; and must be wilfully blind if we do not discern very plainly the real character of the motives by which they were actuated in so espousing it.

Nor is there any more reason to doubt the sort of inspiration which first filled them with such zeal for Irish Corporation reform. Who ever heard, during all the four years which preceded the death of Lord Spencer, and the dissolution of the Whig cabinet—who ever heard a whisper of any proposal for Irish corporation reform? Or who can doubt that if, then, while suffering under O'Connell's abuse, a proposition had been made to throw all the corporations of Ireland into the agitator's hands, the very idea would have been received by the whole body of the Whigs, with equal astonishment and indignation.

But we need not tax our imaginations on this subject, or indulge in

surmises while the facts are recorded. We have it under their own hand that the Whigs of three years back would have thought nothing more absurd than the proposition of planting the Saxon institutions of England among the priest-ridden savages of Cork and Tipperary. The simple souls who have been swallowing with implicit trust all the furious denunciations of the House of Lords which have filled the ministerial press for three months past, grounded as those denunciations have been on the bare fact that the Lords have adjudged the Irish not to be in a fit state to receive and to appreciate the same institutions which may be applicable to England,—those credulous ones, if such there be, will be somewhat surprised, we may suppose, to be informed that, no longer ago than the 21st of December 1833, or less than three years from the time at which we write, the *Morning Chronicle*, the leading journal of the Whigs and the Whig ministry, thus declared the opinion then entertained, of the inapplicability of English institutions to the present state of Ireland:—

"The institutions of England are not adapted for a population so divided as the Irish. Mr. O'Connell asks, Why Irishmen should not manage the affairs of Ireland? They might manage the affairs of Ireland well enough, were there no ascendancy. But till the two parties have found out their natural level, they ought not to be trusted with sitting in judgment on each other. We would not only not allow jury trial in Ireland at all; but we would not allow a single Irishman to be a magistrate in Ireland."—*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 21, 1833.

Perfectly evident, then, must it be, to every one whose mind is not closed against proof and fact,—that these two questions, which furnish the main ground of quarrel at the present moment between the Whigs and the Conservatives,—are nothing more than two stalking-horses, set up by the authors of the Lichfield-house confederacy, for the purpose of gaining and of keeping place and power; and that amidst all the zeal and animosity with which these points are urged, there is not one particle of real, sincere desire for their success, much less of a conscientious approval of them. All is false; all is assumed; all is hypocritical!

The Whigs, then, for the mere factitious purpose of getting and keeping

place, have joined with the Radicals in fiercely contending for two points about which they themselves care not one straw, if, indeed, they are not absolutely inimical to them. They unite as closely as they can with men who on the five great points of Ballot, Extended Suffrage, Shorter Parliaments, No Church, and No Peers,—are diametrically opposed to them. They blink, or pass over in silence, all these great questions, and raise a mighty noise about the necessity of giving corporations to some Irish towns, and “the all-important question” of an wholly inoperative appropriation clause. Even so respectable a man as Sir George Grey stoops to the trickery of talking to his constituents at Devonport, of “THE GREAT QUESTION,” meaning thereby the question whether or not the Irish Tithe Bill shall contain a clause appropriating a surplus which might possibly begin to arise some forty years hence! And Mr. Spring Rice, admitting as he does, in his speech to the people of Limerick, that “little remains to be done in England,” still perseveres in the like foolish and factitious exaggeration of the value of a dozen Irish corporations, and of a theoretic appropriation of a non-existent “surplus” of church property!

But this sort of delusion cannot be practised, to any extent, much longer. Day by day the people of England are becoming more and more aware of the fact, that, with the mere paltry motive of keeping themselves in office, the Whigs are striving to keep up a ridiculous dissension with the Conservatives, upon two points of no real importance, and thus throwing their adherents into an unnatural union with those whose aims they know to be dangerous, and, in fact, revolutionary. And as this becomes more and more visible, the well-informed among our population are coming forth from their former doubt, or neutrality, or even their Whiggishness, and arraying themselves on the side of those who are banded together in defence of the constitution.

The few respectable and well meaning Whigs, therefore, which have heretofore existed in the middle classes, are daily disappearing; and it cannot be long before the existence of such a creature as a Whig merchant, or tradesman, or physician, or solicitor, will be as rare as it was before the passing of the Reform-bill. That measure did unques-

tain for them many adherents, who had previously been convinced, by the conduct of the House of Commons in 1829, of the necessity of reform, and who had, from gratitude, attached themselves to the first party which offered to do justice on that detested body. Their adherence to Whiggism was honest, and, in some sort, well-founded. They meant, in sincerity and good faith, the purification of the constitution, and its perpetuity. They now leave the Whigs, because they find that they prefer endangering the constitution to suffering the loss of their own places.

Besides the schism, then, which is certain to happen shortly, if not, in fact, immediately, except, indeed, the Whigs resolve to become Radicals, *en masse*, and commit suicide in that way,—besides the disruption of the unprincipled Lichfield-house compact, which is inevitable,—there is the rapid decay which Whiggism is suffering from the detection of its hollowness by the people. That the middle classes, generally, have abandoned the Whigs, and feel no longer the slightest interest in Lord Melbourne’s administration, is abundantly clear. The shouts of exultation, the rallying cries which so rapidly succeed each other from the Conservative festivals which crowd and jostle for room in the columns of the daily press, are feebly and faintly answered by the “few and far between” gatherings of the disheartened Whigs, or by those Whig-Radical meetings at which, as the *Spectator* itself confesses, “the Reformers shew that they cannot dine together without quarrelling.” That this is the case,—that the people are now exhibiting, on one side an earnest opposition, on the other a chilling indifference, to the present ministry, is confessed by the second ministerial morning paper, the *Advertiser*, at the very instant of our writing, in the following lamentable wail:—

“What then is to be done? How are the Tory Peers to be incapacitated for the performance of further deeds of destruction? Ministers themselves are unable to contend with the power which has opposed itself to them. It were a folly, if not a species of national suicide, to disguise this fact. * * *

“To whom, then, does blame attach? To the Tory Peers? To them, certainly. To them alone? By no means. Who shares the blame with them? Why, the people of England. * * *

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Nor is there any more reason to doubt the sort of inspiration which first filled them with such zeal for Irish Corporation reform. Who ever heard, during all the four years which preceded the death of Lord Spencer, and the dissolution of the Whig cabinet—who ever heard a whisper of any proposal for Irish corporation reform? Or who can doubt that if, then, while suffering under O'Connell's abuse, a proposition had been made to throw all the corporations of Ireland into the agitator's hands, the very idea would have been received by the whole body of the Whigs, with equal astonishment and indignation.

But we need not tax our imaginations on this subject, or indulge in

surmises when the facts are recorded. We have it under their own hand that the Whigs of three years back would have thought nothing more absurd than the proposition of planting the Saxon institutions of England among the priest-ridden savages of Cork and Tipperary. The simple souls who have been swallowing with implicit trust all the furious denunciations of the House of Lords which have filled the ministerial press for three months past, grounded as those denunciations have been on the bare fact that the Lords have adjudged the Irish not to be in a fit state to receive and to appreciate the same institutions which may be applicable to England,—those credulous ones, if such there be, will be somewhat surprised, we may suppose, to be informed that, no longer ago than the 21st of December 1833, or less than three years from the time at which we write, the *Morning Chronicle*, the leading journal of the Whigs and the Whig ministry, thus declared the opinion then entertained, of the inapplicability of English institutions to the present state of Ireland:—

"The institutions of England are not adapted for a population so divided as the Irish. Mr. O'Connell asks, Why Irishmen should not manage the affairs of Ireland? They might manage the affairs of Ireland well enough, were there no ascendancy. But till the two parties have found out their natural level, they ought not to be trusted with sitting in judgment on each other. *We would not only not allow jury trial in Ireland at all; but we would not allow a single Irishman to be a magistrate in Ireland.*"—*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 21, 1833.

Perfectly evident, then, must it be, to every one whose mind is not closed against proof and fact,—that these two questions, which furnish the main ground of quarrel at the present moment between the Whigs and the Conservatives,—are nothing more than two stalking-horses, set up by the authors of the Lichfield-house confederacy, for the purpose of gaining and of keeping place and power; and that amidst all the zeal and animosity with which these points are urged, there is not one particle of real, sincere desire for their success, much less of a conscientious approval of them. All is false; all is assumed; all is hypocritical!

The Whigs, then, for the mere factitious purpose of getting and keeping

place, have joined with the Radicals in fiercely contending for two points about which they themselves care not one straw, if, indeed, they are not absolutely inimical to them. They unite as closely as they can with men who on the five great points of Ballot, Extended Suffrage, Shorter Parliaments, No Church, and No Peers,—are diametrically opposed to them. They blink, or pass over in silence, all these great questions, and raise a mighty noise about the necessity of giving corporations to some Irish towns, and “the all-important question” of an wholly inoperative appropriation clause. Even so respectable a man as Sir George Grey stoops to the trickery of talking to his constituents at Devonport, of “THE GREAT QUESTION,” meaning thereby the question whether or not the Irish Tithe Bill shall contain a clause appropriating a surplus which might possibly begin to arise some forty years hence! And Mr. Spring Rice, admitting as he does, in his speech to the people of Limerick, that “little remains to be done in England,” still perseveres in the like foolish and factitious exaggeration of the value of a dozen Irish corporations, and of a theoretic appropriation of a non-existent “surplus” of church property!

But this sort of delusion cannot be practised, to any extent, much longer. Day by day the people of England are becoming more and more aware of the fact, that, with the mere paltry motive of keeping themselves in office, the Whigs are striving to keep up a ridiculous dissension with the Conservatives, upon two points of no real importance; and thus throwing their adherents into an unnatural union with those whose aims they know to be dangerous, and, in fact, revolutionary. And as this becomes more and more visible, the well-informed among our population are coming forth from their former doubt, or neutrality, or even their Whiggishness, and arraying themselves on the side of those who are banded together in defence of the constitution.

The few respectable and well-meaning Whigs, therefore, which have heretofore existed in the middle classes, are daily disappearing; and it cannot be long before the existence of such a creature as a Whig merchant, or tradesman, or physician, or solicitor, will be as rare as it was before the passing of the Reform-bill. That measure did unques-

tionably gain for them many adherents, who had previously been convinced, by the conduct of the House of Commons in 1829, of the necessity of reform, and who had, from gratitude, attached themselves to the first party which offered to do justice on that detested body. Their adherence to Whiggism was honest, and, in some sort, well-founded. They meant, in sincerity and good faith, the purification of the constitution, and its perpetuity. They now leave the Whigs, because they find that they prefer endangering the constitution to suffering the loss of their own places.

Besides the schism, then, which is certain to happen shortly, if not, in fact, immediately, except, indeed, the Whigs resolve to become Radicals, *en masse*, and commit suicide in that way,—besides the disruption of the unprincipled Lichfield-house compact, which is inevitable,—there is the rapid decay which Whiggism is suffering from the detection of its hollowness by the people. That the middle classes, generally, have abandoned the Whigs, and feel no longer the slightest interest in Lord Melbourne’s administration, is abundantly clear. The shouts of exultation, the rallying cries which so rapidly succeed each other from the Conservative festivals which crowd and jostle for room in the columns of the daily press, are feebly and faintly answered by the “few and far between” gatherings of the disheartened Whigs, or by those Whig-Radical meetings at which, as the *Spectator* itself confesses, “the Reformers shew that they cannot dine together without quarrelling.” That this is the case,—that the people are now exhibiting, on one side an earnest opposition, on the other a chilling indifference, to the present ministry, is confessed by the second ministerial morning paper, the *Advertiser*, at the very instant of our writing, in the following lamentable wail:—

“What then is to be done? How are the Tory Peers to be incapacitated for the performance of further deeds of destruction? Ministers themselves are unable to contend with the power which has opposed itself to them. It were a folly, if not a species of national suicide, to disguise this fact. * * *

“To whom, then, does blame attach? To the Tory Peers? To them, certainly. To them alone? By no means. Who shares the blame with them? Why, the people of England. * * *

"In what respect are the people of England to blame for the discomfiture of ministers? In this respect,—that they have not, up to this hour, made that demonstration of their opinions and feelings which the urgency of the occasion demands. * * *

"Here, then, the people are to blame; they ought to have given an unequivocal expression of their opinion as to the conduct of their lordships. Had they done this, ministers would have by this time been armed with a power which would have been omnipotent for good. *

* * * The great cause of the weakness of ministers lies in the circumstance of the people not sufficiently identifying themselves with them. * * * Nothing, we are sure, is the source of greater regret to Lord Melbourne than the absence of that demonstration of public feeling which we are recommending."—*Morning Advertiser*, Oct. 25, 1836.

It is, perhaps, needless for us to express our full conviction of the truth of the last clause in this lamentation. Lord Melbourne must unquestionably feel the deepest mortification at the total want of sympathy which even those classes of the people to whom he might have reasonably looked for support now manifest towards him. Most men would have been driven by this desertion into an abandonment of office; but there is something, in the clinging to place of the present ministers, altogether unprecedented in the history of British statesmanship. However, it is here plainly confessed, by one of the firmest friends of the ministry,—that they are "weak," that they are, in fact, powerless. And the only means by which they can become otherwise is, confessed to be, the gaining a support from the people which they now have not. But *how* to gain this, is a question of which no solution is offered.

Every thing betokens, then, the speedy extinction of that faction which has now for a hundred and fifty years troubled England. According to present appearances, it must either resign

itself to its powerful ally, and become lost for ever in the hosts of Radicalism,—or it must break the existing compact, attempt to stand alone, and thus shew, to use the words of the *Speculator*, that "the Reform-bill has demolished the Whigs."

In this state of affairs, only two cautions are needful to our friends. First, let no one even wish to precipitate the end which is already within view. The only thing which can possibly save the Whigs from destruction is some manifestation of impatience on the part of the Conservatives. Sir Robert Peel came back to office in 1834, as he was bound to do, at the earnest desire of his sovereign. Many months can hardly elapse, now, before he will be called upon to return, not only by the king, but by the people also. Let no one even wish him to return until that call is distinctly and unitedly made.

But to our brethren of the middle classes we would say, Let not the assured hope of speedy triumph have the baneful effect of relaxing your exertions. The Whigs are lost, and they know it, except they can obtain a better House of Commons for their purposes than the present. For this they inwardly sigh and groan, and their eyeballs ache with looking out in the horizon for its hoped-for approach. But they have heretofore looked in vain. If this succour come not to them soon, their ruin is inevitable. With you it rests, under God, to say whether that succour shall ever come. Patiently wait, therefore, but at the same time perseveringly exert yourselves to extinguish even the possibility of this, their last, their only hope. Continue to make it impossible for them—as it is now—to dissolve without the prospect of losing even their present scanty majority; and you may then contentedly look on,—keeping the flames alive on every side, till the devoted scorpion darts its sting into its own vitals, and, self-doomed, expires!

THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

GENERAL HARCOURT.

I HAVE been looking over my notebook to refresh my memory, and to select some circumstance worthy of narrating. My only difficulty is how to choose, as there are two or three of them almost equal in their claims to notice.

I have seen and heard very surprising things since I became a monthly nurse in the families of the rich and the noble. A common acquaintance, or a visitor, never enters into the *penetralia*—the secret and mysterious room, which they say (and justly) every family possesses—the *blue chamber* where the skeletons dance; but a nurse, whether she wish it or not, is sure to know every corner and nook throughout the house; nor is there a cobweb on the wall, or a crease on the character, but, if she possess a common share of penetration and sagacity, she must become well acquainted with it in the unguarded hours of her month's sojourn in the family.

Let me not be set down as an inquisitive busybody, meddling and prying into every one's concerns,—I am nothing of this sort; but I cannot close my eyes and my ears, nor can I hoodwink my understanding, so as not to draw inferences and make deductions. It would have been happier for me if I had been born less quicksighted in the spirit,—for it would have saved me the contemplation of much crime, weakness, and misery, and that fearful excitation of mind I have often experienced when pity and blame have alternately had dominion over me at what I have discovered; and a nice sense of honour in my soul has been combated by the most intense compassion—shall I say, in one instance has been vanquished? If “the recording angel” have written aught against me in this particular, may I not hope that the tears I have shed, from the source of purest charity and womanly sympathy, for one of my own sex, have effaced it from the stupendous volume containing the sad catalogue of the sins of the human race. Alas! if mine has been a sin, it is one, also, that is still unrepented of. I feel that I should so act again, if so circumstanced; but this is no test of the propriety of my past conduct,

only of the weakness of my own nature. I must leave it to be settled at the final day of account.

There seems to me no especial reason why I should not detail the circumstances to which I allude. *It can do no mischief now.*

Some years ago (for I will give no date to this memoir) I was engaged to attend a lady, the wife of a general officer; and I went down in the stage to Richmond when informed by a note that I was wanted, although it was some weeks before the time specified for my engagement. The note, which was written with a very unsteady hand, acquainted me that, “as Mrs. General Harcourt felt very low-spirited and nervous, she would feel obliged if Mrs. Griffiths would come and reside with her up to the time of her accouchement, and her pay would then commence at the same rate as during the month.”

I could have no possible objection to this arrangement. Richmond was a most delightful place, and the general's house was by the side of the river; its gardens and grounds sloping down to its very edge, clothed with a turf soft and green, and dappled over with primroses, violets, and polyanthus in abundance. Nothing could exceed the sweetness of the spot, at least for high culture, and that calm home-view so composing to the mind,—and, perhaps, nearly as beautiful, though not so grand, as some of those wide-spreading prospects over the bolder features of nature. When I arrived, the place looked like a Paradise; and the lovely young creature that inhabited it, a fit tenant for such a spot.

Mrs. Harcourt, although she had been a wife three summers, was scarcely twenty years of age, and looked like one of Guido's angels,—perhaps I should have said, his Magdalens. Her hair, which she wore unadorned, fell in profuse and large ringlets over the fairest neck and shoulders in the world. I have never seen any skin so purely white as Mrs. Harcourt's. She had no colour on her cheeks, except when emotion painted them for a few brief moments with the slightest possible shade of softest pink, which, when

it subsided, left them even whiter than before. Her hands and arms were spotless; and as she wore no rings, except her marriage one, nor ornament of any kind or description, clothing that delicate form with muslin of the finest texture simply flowing around her, she looked, as I entered the room, like one of Chantrey's exquisite reclining figures carved in marble; and I felt a thrill of unknown emotion creep over me as I gazed upon her,—her eyes closed either in sleep, or in languor, or in thought, and her exquisite form extended on the blue damask sofa in her dressing-room.

The general was reading at a small table near her the history of the Peninsular war; but he was thinking much more of his beautiful wife than of Sir Hugh Dalrymple, and the heroes of that campaign.

General Harcourt politely bowed on my entrance; and, placing one finger on his lip, he, pointing with the other hand to the recumbent form of his lady near him, then silently handed me a chair, where I could see both husband and wife at my leisure, and commence, as usual, my faint outlines of their character, to be deepened or amended by future observations.

It has been said by some modern reformers, "that circumstances form the character of all the human species—that it is made *for* a man, and not *by* him." If this be so, we have nothing to do but to find out what train of strange events have surrounded an individual from his cradle to his tomb, in order to write a history of his thoughts, his feelings, and his actions;—to hunt out for the *model* that has formed him, as we might do at the confectioner's, were we anxious to know the exact pattern of the blancmange, or jelly, we ate a year ago, at the Guildhall dinner, or the exact size of the butter-swan at Lady E——'s breakfast-table, (now, alas! melted away,) in order to decide a wager. Then, indeed, the "school-master," so long and so uselessly "abroad," might solve the problem of his want of success,—for he has been trying his hand on the *materials* when he ought only to have been making the *moulds*: from henceforth let him keep a variety of such models by him, properly ranged and in order, at his public schools; and he can make, according to this notion, as many statesmen (and they tell me they are wanted),

patriots, painters, poets, as he pleases. But where am I rambling to? I only meant to say, that the mind will have its own wild shoots, its blossomings, and blightings, totally independent of all the schoolmasters in the world, with Lord Brougham at the head of them.

As General Harcourt continued his reading, and his lady remained motionless a full half hour, I had ample time to mark every turn of his anxious features, and every article of furniture in the room.

The general was rather beyond the middle age, with handsome noble features; a little inclined to corpulency; and I soon found out, by the peculiar make of his shoes, that he was sometimes troubled with the gout. He had a florid, healthy look; and, I made up my mind to believe, could take a couple of bottles, at least, of claret, whenever he chose. He seemed of an open, easy temper, rather (I fancied) fond of gay and jovial discourse, kind and affectionate in his temper, and, above all, doatingly fond of his young partner. This last surmise could not be doubted, —for he was every instant turning his eyes from his book towards her; and once, when she faintly sighed, he half started from his chair, and I thought, as he replaced himself, that he sighed also.

I had forgotten to state that, with the true politeness that ever distinguishes the real gentleman, especially towards women, General Harcourt had handed me a volume of Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, immediately after I had sat down; and I fancied (but I am certainly a great fancier) that the place where I tried to open it stuck together a little, from the falling of a tear upon the leaf. It was scored and underlined in a hundred places. I deciphered, with some difficulty, the following lines, written in pencil at the bottom of a page; and I have, alas! the book by me as a record, having retraced the words with red ink, so as still to preserve the delicate formation of the letters, which were feminine, and in something of what they call the Italian style of caligraphy. I have many more vestiges of the same writing by me.

When winds and waves in frenzy rage,
They calm, at length, and find repose;
Storm lasts with us from youth to age,—
Ceaseless the tide of passion flows.

No sunshine ever beams again

Upon that heart once shadowed o'er,—
Its chords once tuned to passion's strain

Will vibrate nought but passion more.

I turned my eyes from the book, when I had made out the words clearly to my mind, and gazed long and steadily on her who I supposed had written them. There she lay, calm to all appearance—motionless as a lake in summer—and how classically beautiful! My looks spoke my admiration; and the urbane general, who had, no doubt, been making the same observation for the hundredth time in the day, ever day since he had been married, perceived my silent homage to her charms, and smiled intelligently in reply to it. Thus I interpreted his smile: “Yes, she is the most exquisite being on the face of the earth; and she belongs to me. How proud I am of having such a treasure! Yes, I am proud; I have the most beautiful wife of any man, I believe, in the kingdom.”

Just then Mrs. Harcourt moved, and, raising one of her delicate hands to shade her eyes from the light, although the blinds were half drawn, she slowly opened them.

Oh, what eyes did she unfold! what tenderness, what depth in their expression! yet, what melancholy, too! Until that time I had never much esteemed blue eyes, and for a good reason, *my own* were of another colour, and had, too, in their time, been thought somewhat of; but, decidedly, all the children of Cupid and Psyche have eyes of deep celestial blue; and if there is one amongst those lovely beings possessing eyes of any other colour—black, brown, or hazle—I should pronounce the rogue at once illegitimate, and have him drummed out of the family.

“I am glad you are come, Mrs. Griffiths,” murmured one of the sweetest voices I had ever heard; “I wished to become acquainted with you before.” She paused, and a soft tinge passed over her cheek. “Ah! Harcourt,” she continued, “how kind and attentive you are to me; you have been sitting here all the time I have slept, *I fear*.” And she fixed those love-beaming orbs full upon him. There was a searching inquiry in their expression, and an ill-concealed uneasiness, that I could not well account for.

“*You fear!* Emma,” said the general, good-humouredly. “Did you

think, then, that I should ‘murder sleep’ by my creaking old shoes, or by an ill-tuned clarion with my nose, loud as ‘hunter’s call?’ No, my love; I have been as quiet as a mouse (that has done nibbling), and am rejoiced to find you take such calm repose. I will leave you now to the care of a more experienced watcher. But, remember, Mrs. Griffiths, that I am not yet a *banished man*. You are not yet the lady of the ascendant here but by courtesy; and Emma will not make the time of our separation—which I suppose must come some time or other (and he turned deferentially to me, as if I were the best judge of the when and the where)—longer than is necessary. Good morning, dearest! as I have business at the Horse Guards, I think I shall sleep in Gloucester Place to-night. Have you any objection, of any commands? Can I bring you any new publication—any new music? Any thing in *your* way, Mrs. Griffiths?” And he laughed at his own fancy of his going to choose baby-linen, or China candle-cups. “God bless you, Emma!” he added, most emphatically; “keep up your spirits, and take, if you can, a stroll on the lawn in the afternoon; it will do you good: and I can trust my sweet girl with the excellent Mrs. Griffiths; she knows already what a treasure I leave under her care.” This was said with much gallantry and affection; and I thought to myself, as the good-looking officer stooped to kiss the cheek of his lovely wife, “At any rate, he *deserves* to be happy. I trust he is so. But, for her? I shall know more soon.”

Mrs. Harcourt now rose, and shook back her clustering hair. She invited me to a little womanish conversation, which it is needless to relate; all my female readers—at least those who have had the weal or woe of becoming mothers—may judge of its import; and at four precisely we had a boiled chicken, &c., served up to us in her elegant dressing-room,—I performing the office of carver, which, as I have had an elegant table of my own, I think I can achieve as well as most ladies; for, although a monthly nurse, I still consider myself a lady. As in the army, so is it in the code of etiquette,—“Once a captain always a captain,”—once a gentlewoman (and how few there are of the real ones!), and you are dubbed a gentlewoman for life. It is

impossible to *lose caste*, as they say, by doing this or that. I have seen the most costly exotic growing in a cottager's garden, purloined, no doubt, from the squire's hard by, by the thrifty gardener; I have beheld it flourishing there among the vulgar daffodils and sunflowers, and have wondered how it came there; but I never had a doubt as to its identity. The camelia did not dwindle down into the piony, nor the beautiful erica, into a common heath-flower, by *association* with the plants around it.

I possess a very valuable diamond ring; it was given to my late husband by —, no matter who. It is composed of one large brilliant; and I sometimes wear it before I come into *actual office*, as at this time, knowing how much is gained with most people by dress and decoration. I had this ring on as I carved the chicken, and saw the eyes of Mrs. Harcourt, and the domestic in waiting, riveted upon it. The object was obtained; both respected me more, and I felt they did so. Ring of enchantment! What could a fairy-gift do more? Thou hast served me this good turn many a time, and oft; and thy brilliant hues have, therefore, not blazed in vain.

There was an air of conciliation in the manner of Mrs. Harcourt towards me that I could not comprehend; it was more than my Indian shawl, my diamond ring, and my quiet, lady-like manners had ever won for me before, since I had entered on my vocation. I had been ever respected, sometimes beloved; but here I was courted, flattered by the softest attentions, almost subdued with blandishments; yet I was not satisfied. There was something overstrained, almost unnatural, in the deference she paid to my opinions, and the winning manner in which she sought to draw me into conversation. "She had liked me," she told me, "from the first moment she had engaged me; and had declined the proffered company of one or two female friends she mentioned, *and most charming women, too*, relations of General Harcourt, to have me with her the two or three weeks, perhaps more, previous to her accouchement; and she was so happy now she had secured me,—for I was so far above my situation—so noble in my manner, so entirely fit for a confidant, so certain never to abuse the confidence of those who

trusted me,—so feeling, so generous!" I was quite overwhelmed with all these compliments, and had nothing to do but to bow, and bow again, in acknowledgment.

As the evening was a very fine one, I reminded Mrs. Harcourt of the parting recommendation of her husband, that she should take a gentle stroll upon the lawn, or sit awhile near the beautiful Thames, and watch the swans, and hear the nightingale,—for I knew that Richmond, especially near Twickenham, where our house was situated, had numbers of those evening vocalists.

Mrs. Harcourt was all submission—all docility. She would do whatever I recommended; and, after wrapping her up in her large Cashmere, and placing a bonnet on that beautiful head, we wandered out into the shrubberies and lawn.

Mrs. Harcourt was extremely delicate; and I did not think it advisable that she should fatigue herself too much: so we ordered two garden-chairs to be set in a place she thought most lovely, but which I should not have selected; and there we sat ourselves down, and continued our conversation, "out of the way," as she observed, "of all eaves-droppers."

I was rather surprised by a question she put to me, as I thought, totally out of place. She asked me, and her voice trembled as she spoke, "Whether I had ever been in love?" The question jarred upon my feelings. I could not at first reply,—for I was carried back, as if by a magician's wand, to days long passed—to circumstances I scarcely ever dared trust myself to think on.

The question was repeated, and with a tone of the most intense interest: "My dear Mrs. Griffiths, have you ever truly, exclusively loved?"

They may say what they will, but we are surrounded with moral instincts—guardian angels, if you like to call them so—that always warn us of approaching danger. But we heed not these inward monitors—these voices of "the Divinity that stirs within us."

A chord had been touched within me by the question Mrs. Harcourt had so unexpectedly put to me,—it vibrated throughout my whole being; but distinctly, though not audibly, I heard with the *spirit sense*, but not the outward one that lives within the ear; nor can it be called a sense at all, but that

intelligence which causes the eye to see, the hand to feel, the mind to think : by this mysterious power I fully comprehended that this question was a snare—the prelude to a trial of I knew not what. “Answer it not,” said the internal voice ; but the hour was unpropitious for such warning. I had been taken unawares ; memory was strong within me ; the evening was soft, the scene enervating ; the voice of Mrs. Harcourt attuned to the tenderest sympathy, and she had laid her swan-like hand on mine as she waited my reply, and fixed those pleading, searching, lovely eyes upon me.

“Have I ever been in love, madam ?” I replied, and my own voice sounded deep and hollow. “O God ! O God ! Yes, fervently, devotedly ; but the hand that was linked in mine, and I trusted would have guided me through life, is,—oh ! what is it now ?”

A short silence followed this sudden burst, and tears were shed on either side. I felt ashamed at my folly. I, who had schooled myself to such an outward appearance of firmness, calmness, even of matron-like decision, to be whimpering like a school-girl, and betrayed into a romantic frenzy of expression, like a second Juliet ! Oh, it was too bad ! Besides, I had lost my guard, as the fencers say ; I lay open to any attacks that might be made upon me ; and it was not long before I felt the approaches of the enemy, in the insinuating voice of the almost agonised Mrs. Harcourt.

“I knew it must be so,” said my fascinating neighbour ; “every look told me that you had been one of *Love’s victims* ; your beauty, your elegance——”

I interrupted her with some little shew of displeasure. “What mean you, madam, by the term, *Love’s victim* ? I have been the honoured wife of a brave and noble gentleman ; I am his virtuous widow, and——”

“Still you are *Love’s victim*,” and she smiled most sweetly on me. “Could aught on earth induce you to take a second husband ?”

“Not for worlds.”

“Did I not say as much ? I am fully answered.”

There was another pause. “Good God !” said I, mentally ; “can it be possible that, after all my pains, my deep sense of propriety, the sacredness of my inner feelings, that every look

of mine should declare that I am a *hopeless victim to the power of Love* ! Have I, then, worn my sorrows on my sleeve,” I added, “for vulgar eyes to gaze on ?” I hated myself at that moment most cordially, and resolved, like a true penitent, to do severe penance for my folly, and exorcise it for ever.

My meditations and resolves were now interrupted by the low, plaintive breathings of a flute, that seemed immediately behind us, in a thick plantation of firs and flowering shrubs.

Mrs. Harcourt started violently, more, I thought, than even the most nervous person in the world would have done at such sweet sounds ; her hand, which still reclined on mine—she had forgotten to remove it—trembled with emotion ; and I became again fully conscious that some evil influence was near.

“The evening air begins to grow chill, madam,” I said, with that air of decision I had ever found of such great service to me with invalids and nervous ladies. “The general committed you so strongly to my care, that I dare not disobey him. Shall we return, madam, to your dressing-room ?”

“Ah !” murmured Mrs. Harcourt, “you are not fond of music, I see. I wonder at it ; and at this witching hour of eve, too ! Does not music awaken in you a thousand tender recollections ?”

“It is not always safe, madam,” I replied, with marked emphasis, “to indulge in retrospections. The path of duty is often a severe one, and requires all our energies to walk in it aright. All that enfeebles us is unwholesome ; and, therefore, music, if it call back too fervently the images of the past, is pernicious.”

She sighed deeply, and softly repeated the following lines from the *Lady of the Lake* ; but I had a shrewd suspicion that they were intended for other ears than mine :—

“But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has got a harder task to prove,—
By firm resolve to conquer Love.”

So assured did I feel, by the peculiar manner in which the last line of this quotation was pronounced, that there was some “*caves-dropper*” near us, that I arose, and respectfully

declared that I should not perform my duty to my sacred trust in allowing her any longer to breathe the *dangerous atmosphere* around us, in her peculiar situation. She arose, also, meekly, dejectedly; and, saying not another word, she took my arm, and returned with me to her chamber.

For the rest of the evening, and throughout the following day, there was a sort of armed neutrality, to use a soldier's phrase, between my interesting foe and myself. I was fully conscious that she well understood that I had a secret meaning when I uttered the words *dangerous atmosphere*, and she feared to prove me further. Her dejection increased, her sighs were incessant, and she attempted not to conceal her tears. She looked at me most pathetically, and there was disappointment, and almost despair, mixed up in the glances of those beauteous eyes. Her attentions to me even increased, although she had plainly no hopes of abating my strong sense of principle, or of working me to her purpose, whatever that might be. On my part, I was struck with her generosity, charmed with her engaging manners, and affected with her sorrows. We could talk on no common subject, for our hearts were full; there would have been hypocrisy in the attempt, and this we agreed in by mutual but tacit compact. We tried a game of chess, but it would not do. What cared we for ivory kings, and queens, and knights, and bishops? There was an intelligent smile passed between us, as she languidly cried, "Check to the king;" when her own, without our knowing it, was check-mated. I put away the board, and she ordered her maid to bring us up a large portfolio of drawings from the library; but we found that the general had taken away the gold key from its filigree padlock. We were again foiled. "I have some other drawings," she exclaimed; "fetch them from my Indian cabinet, Annette." We sat down to examine them.

They were chiefly sketches, drawn in a masterly manner, of West Indian scenery. In one, a party of ladies and gentlemen were on horseback, ascending one of the blue mountains. One of the fair equestrians had been thrown from her horse, and an officer, by main strength, was stopping the furious animal from dragging her down a precipice.

"This is a most spirited sketch," I observed. "I could almost fancy that you were the lady who had been dismounted; there is a strong resemblance, though done so freely."

I repented having made this observation, for the eyes of Mrs. Harcourt filled with tears; and, taking my hand, she placed it amongst her clustering hair. "Do you feel any thing there?" she asked. I distinctly felt a small piece of silver under her ringlets. She had been trepanned. Her head had been fractured, she told me, by that accident, and she had nearly lost her life.

"Would that I had died at that moment!" she exclaimed, passionately; "I should then ——"

"I fear the sight of these drawings agitate you, my dearest madam," I said, with real compassion.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed; "they do me good—they do me good!" There were several more by the same hand—bold and masterly. She did not tell me who was the artist, nor would I have asked her the question for the world. If the general had done them, why should she not be proud to own it? I praised the drawings no longer; and this delicately organised creature told me, with a mournful smile, that she comprehended why I was silent.

If ever fascination dwelt in human form, it inhabited that of Mrs. Harcourt. She seemed to enter into one's very soul, and commune, by those eloquent eyes of hers, with its very secret thoughts. "O Heaven!" I cried, as I retired at night from this feminine and not unfriendly warfare; "O Heaven! grant that this most captivating woman may only have venial offences to repent of! that her *heart* may have been the only criminal to her marriage vow. Would that I had never seen her!"

She read to me aloud on the following day. She shewed me all her baby-finery. She had been married, she told me, three years, and never until now had given the general a hope of presenting him a child.

There was extreme embarrassment of manner in her telling me this; she could hardly force herself to bring it out, and then with averted looks, and a deeper flush than I had ever seen before. But there is always much delicacy respecting a *first child*: I only thought hers was extreme.

The general returned in the evening. The pockets of the carriage were loaded with presents for his lady; and he told us that he had actually ordered, himself, from Weale's, in Berner's Street, a white satin pincushion, after the fashion of one that had been preserved by his mother, and shewn to him as a relic of his own birth-honours. "You will have it the day after to-morrow, Mrs. Griffiths," said he, addressing himself to me. "It will be in time, I hope?"

I saw his lady could not endure his talking on this subject. That was natural enough; but she might have afforded him a smile for his kind intention.

It is a great comfort not to be too quickwitted. The good general, animated by his paternal anticipations, nay, even longings, to behold his child, perceived not what pain he caused its mother. He was full of the subject, and shewed me a copy of the lines he had ordered to be placed on the cushion, which he said had been used, word for word, in the Harcourt family for many generations. It may serve as a sample of pincushion poetry for many more; so I give it here verbatim.

"Sweet babe, whate'er thy sex may be,
Thy mother's smile will welcome thee;
And this fond verse shall also prove
A record of thy father's love."

I began now to find out that Mrs. Harcourt always became more abstracted and uncomfortable whenever the general was present; and, to escape from his conversation and assiduities, perhaps from actual weariness of spirit, she would recline on the sofa, apparently under the influence of sleep; but I soon detected that any thing so holy a visitant bound up her senses. She indulged in reverie, in retrospection, in dark forebodings. I thought once or twice she wandered a little in her discourse, when she chose to speak at all; and I heard the stifled sigh—the spasmodic sob.

A week had now passed, and we continued on the same terms, or, rather, the kindness of Mrs. Harcourt increased daily. We often sat for hours on the lawn; and every evening we had occasional snatches from the same unseen musician; but no allusion whatever was made by either of us to the subject. The general had been appointed governor of one of our western colonies, and he only waited until the

accouchement of his lady was safely over, ere he departed with herself and suite for his new honours and abode; but I observed, with extreme anxiety, that Mrs. Harcourt now seldom liked to speak at all. She gave herself up to her own internal feelings, whatever they might be, and I trembled for her reason. I sat and gazed on her for hours; so meek, so gentle, so unhappy. I began to think myself harsh and unfeminine, in not suffering her to unburden her griefs to me. "Surely," I thought, "I may console her; I may even strengthen her better feelings, if she have them, or rouse them to quicker action. At any rate, I cannot endure any longer to see her thus."

I have said she was a woman of infinite tact—of the most acute penetration—that she could divine the very thoughts. She read my pity in my eyes, and, as usual, her own held commune with me. I felt myself pledged to hear her story, though not a word had been spoken between us.

"You are a kind-hearted, excellent creature, Griffiths (for such you choose to call yourself); but you are more than this,—you are noble and generous. From my very soul I thank you for the sacrifice you are making of your honourable principles to humanity and compassion; nor will you shrink from the wretched being who has but only you to confide in. You will save my reason, perhaps, by your timely kindness."

Those pure and beautiful arms entwined themselves round my neck—that lovely face hid itself in my bosom. She panted for breath, and seemed torn to pieces by the appalling secret that escaped her lips,—for the moment she had spoken she fainted in my arms.

What was that dark, mysterious secret? It was a thousand times worse than I expected.

Such was the precarious state of this fair young creature's nerves, and so great an ascendancy had she gained over me by her affectionate, appealing manners, that I uttered no exclamation; but I felt, at the bottom of my heart, and, also, as quick as lightning, the most unpleasant situation in which I was placed by her confession. An honourable and confiding husband, a British officer, and a gentleman, to have a spurious offspring palmed upon him for his own! I thought of the simple, though commonplace, lines which he had, in the unsuspecting

guilelessness of his heart, ordered to be placed on the cushion, as

“A record of a father’s love.”

Of all treachery, surely this, (practised, I fear, too often,) stabbing the very centre of domestic faith and manly tenderness, is the very worst; it is one base and abominable *lie* from the beginning to the end.

“I see you despise me, Mrs. Griffiths,” said, at length, the beautiful delinquent; “and yet I have no fear that you will betray me to the general; it would break his heart. Besides, it would cost much blood—*his* blood; and I and *his* infant must perish, also; or, I, perhaps, may become *unconscious* of the calamity around me;” and she placed her hand upon the late fracture on her brain. I am sure the action was involuntary, and not intended to intimidate me.

“Be assured, madam,” I said, solemnly, “that even the rack should not extort your appalling secret; but I have a right, and I will use it fearlessly, to extort from you a promise in return, which God assist you to keep sacred. This unholy connexion must not continue; and should the injured general, at some future time, have really a child, this innocent and expected intruder on its rights must not——”

She would not suffer me to finish, —a convulsion passed over her as she answered, “I swear that the crime shall not be repeated. I have before taken this oath, and should I ever—but that will never be,—this unhappy, but beloved infant—oh, how beloved for *his* sake!—is the only one destined for Emma Harcourt to bring into this world of sin and sorrow!”

“But that flute!” I said, half reproachfully.

“Oh, deny me not that one mournful pleasure,—break not two hearts at once by your severity! Those sounds are the only communication now between hearts that love each other to their own ruin. Can there be crime in listening to music? But for that flute, how should I know that he existed? How could I be certified that he pities and adores me? How could the father of his only offspring endure life himself, and be cut off wholly, at a time like this, from its hourly expecting mother?”

Again I grew alarmed. She became incoherent, and off her guard. I

heard the general’s steps coming up the stairs; and I promised her that I would not prevent the music.

“Shall I hear it after my hour of trial and of anguish?” she added. “Will you open my casements to its sound? Will you let me, without chiding, listen to every note, and suffer me to interpret its meaning, yet reproach me not?”

“Be calm, madam, let me conjure you. This is no time to argue with you on punctilio and propriety. I will be most kind, most indulgent. On your part, be generous, also. Struggle with your besetting sin, and indulge it not by romantic associations. But the general is here; be cautious.”

My heart bled for the fond, the devoted, husband. I turned away to conceal my tears; but, with the quickness of affection that ever fears for those it loves, he perceived my agitation, and looked alarmed.

“How is my beloved Emma, Mrs. Griffiths?” said he, addressing himself to me; for Mrs. Harcourt had recourse to her usual method of feigning sleep at his approach. “Will you step with me into the library?—I wish to speak to you:” and he went softly out of the room.

Those persuasive, dark blue eyes opened in a moment. “Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Griffiths! remember your sacred promise,” she said, extending her hand to mine.

“Did you speak, my love?” asked the injured husband, returning. “I thought I heard her voice; but I am growing nervous myself, I believe. These affairs are new to me. Would to God it were over!”

“Tell me, my kind, good lady,” said the general, handing me a chair,—“tell me your real opinion of Mrs. Harcourt’s situation. She is so extremely delicate—so sensitive—so—in fact, I once thought that fearful accident would have destroyed her reason for ever. Did Mrs. Harcourt never tell you that, through my mad folly, in suffering her to ride a horse not properly managed, she fell, and had a concussion of the brain? Indeed, I should have lost her there and then, but for the gallantry of my aide-de-camp, one of the noblest young fellows that ever breathed; he stayed the horse that was dragging my adored wife to instant destruction.”

“One of the noblest young fellows that ever breathed!” I said, inwardly.

"How little do we poor, shortsighted, shortwitted beings know of each other!"

"Mrs. Griffiths, you do not answer me!" said the still more agitated husband. "Do you feel alarmed?"

"Mrs. Harcourt must be kept as calm as possible," I replied. "She is easily excited, and her nerves are in sad order; but, still, I see no just ground for apprehension. She has youth on her side; and when once she sees her infant, maternal love will give her new ties to life; she will struggle with her weakness for its sake."

"And for my sake, also, I trust," fervently continued the general. "Oh, Mrs. Griffiths, it may sound like a folly to you, but I will not be ashamed to own it; it would break my heart to lose her. I love her even more tenderly than when she was given to my arms by her dying father, and I promised she should be as dear to me as my heart's blood. I have never contradicted her in my life, that is one comfort, come what will; nor has she ever given me the slightest cause. She is an angel! How elegantly will she preside at the government-house of——! She will be the queen of the island, you know! I wish you would go out with us, Mrs. Griffiths; between taking care of Mrs. Harcourt and the baby—and, perhaps, others, you know—we will find you employment enough, and we will make it worth your while, too. What say you, will you go with us?"

I only smiled in reply; and, assuring him that every attention should be paid his lady, I was glad to get away.

The flute was heard now, not only in the evenings, but several times a-day. If there really be language in music, as some suppose, fixed and universal, had we but the key to it, Mrs. Harcourt fully understood the meaning of each cadence; and her countenance flushed and paled as it commenced and died away. She had the delicacy never to allude to it, except once, when she asked me, "if I thought the general ever noticed the flute?"

"He never named it to me, madam," I answered, restrainedly; "yet I consider it hazardous to——"

"It is, indeed," sighed she; "but I cannot stop it. Poor fellow! he has given up every thing in the world (not excepting his honour), for the melancholy gratification of being near me during nature's trial. I have not

even seen his face since his return to England. Surely that is something of self-denial that even you will approve of; but I have promised him by letter, and I must keep my word, *that he shall once look upon the face of his child* before he quits his native shore for ever. *Mine*, you know, he will never see again!" and she sighed deeply.

Again tears started into my eyes at the thrilling tones of her voice; it was so subdued, so meek, so desponding, and, I thought, so *penitent*, also.

"They may be happy, yet," said I, —"at least the husband and the wife: for *him*, he must take his chance; he has invaded the rights of another, and he deserves to suffer. Perhaps the general may die in one of those gout attacks—it often flies to the head and stomach, and they may be married together."

It is extraordinary how unjust the human mind is in its wishes and its hopes. We always sympathise with lovers who are unfortunate, and seek to extenuate their errors. The real object of my sympathy ought to have been the unoffending and the injured husband; and yet here was I, who piqued myself on my justice and propriety, quietly putting a worthy and affectionate man into his coffin, that two betrayers of his open faith might be happy. And yet, "my wish was father to this thought." We are composed of inconsistencies, shreds, and bits of all manner of colours. Where can we find a character that is "made without seam?"

I reflected all that night upon the difficult and dangerous task I foresaw would be imposed upon me, by one who seemed to have gained perfect ascendancy over me,—one that I dared not refuse; the task, but not the duty, of contriving that the father should look upon the face of his child for the first, and, I trusted, the only time. I pondered it over a hundred ways, thought of a hundred expedients; and left the thing, after all, to chance, or, as the ancients would say, "*to the decisions of Destiny.*"

I knew not even the name of the father, nor did I feel the slightest curiosity. I had known many officers in the army, from my early association with it through my husband, and I dreaded to find that I knew the person of the offender. *The chances of*

life (as they call them) are so very strange; such a tossing together in life's lottery of persons and of things, that it was possible—and what is possible often happens—that this young man might be a relation of my own, either by marriage or by blood. "If I am to be mixed up in this hateful affair," I said, "let me know nothing of this man but his offence and his suffering."

Another week passed away, and at length the dreaded time approached. Mrs. Harcourt gave indications that we should soon need the assistance of her medical friend, and a confidential servant was accordingly sent to summon him immediately. General Harcourt looked, as all affectionate husbands do at such a period, restless and uneasy. We advised him to take a little ride in the neighbourhood, to compose his feelings; and we parted with him with the hope, on all sides, that there might be a speedy termination to our suspense.

Not half an hour had elapsed, and we were all in the same state, *neither worse nor better*, when the general returned, and, tapping at the door, asked if he might be admitted, just for a single moment, to speak to Mrs. Harcourt.

"Something has occurred to agitate him," whispered his lady. "I know his temper so well, and the tones of his voice, that I cannot be mistaken."

"Shall I admit him, madam? I will do just as you desire. I can dismiss him, if you please, *now*, without offence."

"Oh, send him away, then; yet, stay. I am uneasy to know what has happened. Can he have seen——"

"You may come in, sir, for a minute, if you please; but, of course, you will only speak a word or two to your lady, now."

"He entered the room,—his face was flushed even to crimson; but I saw no abatement of tenderness in his manner to her. He most kindly inquired how she was, and bade her be of good cheer, for the *worst would soon be over*. "But, Emma," he said, with much animation, "whom do you think I have this moment seen? He would not know me, though! You will be surprised, and delighted too; that is, if he is not making a fool of himself, as I very much fear. But, can you conceive it, I absolutely saw

Horace Lyttleton, your former preserver, and my *protégé*, skulking about under the trees in this neighbourhood. Some love affair, I'll lay my life on it. But only think, Emma, of Lyttleton having come from the West Indies, and not told us of his intention; 'tis very strange. How has he managed with his regiment, I wonder? Are you not surprised, love? aye, and pleased, too, I warrant. He has just come in time to be sponsor to our boy, hey, Emma? I declare I am so surprised, yet so angry, with the fellow, for slighting his old friends, that I can hardly contain myself. I'll play him a trick for it."

Not a word did the poor lady answer; but her pale face grew whiter still, and her lips trembled with emotion. "I must take the liberty, sir," I said, "of putting you out of our apartment, I see; and I am sure you will forgive me." The general departed.

"Oh! Mrs. Griffiths, this is most unfortunate; I shall no longer be cheered and supported by those much-loved strains. Lyttleton dare not, after this meeting, approach our premises again; and I have nothing to do but to die!"

* * * *

In a few hours a fine healthy boy was given to my care; and nearly at the same moment we heard the breathings of the flute. She burst into an agony of tears.

"Let me look upon him; let me press him to my heart! O God! the very image of my adored!"

"Can you find out a likeness of the *general* so soon, madam," said I, touching her hand significantly; for her own woman still loitered in the room with officious pertinacity, and one or two other female servants were passing to and fro. "You will have plenty of time to scan his features, by and by; but now you must be quiet. Recollect, madam, I have supreme authority; my full reign has commenced, and I forbid all talking."

"And must I go with this lie to the poor general?" I thought; "acquaint him that he has a son, when I know the contrary! Must I keep to myself the truth? Yes, it must be done;" and I went down accordingly.

"Mrs. Harcourt, sir, is safe; she has given birth to a lovely boy." He wrung my hand, and left in it a small brown purse. This I could not take; and he, mistaking my motive only,

said, "It matters not, I shall find some other way."

The young mother doated on her infant.

At early dawn and midnight we constantly heard strains from our unseen melodist; sometimes he played for an hour together the most difficult passages, and at others only some exquisite melody: he always finished with that of Moore's—

"Oh, come to me when daylight sets!"

"He is pleading with me to see his child, Mrs. Griffiths! How can you deny him? Oh, take the baby to him!"

"Alas! madam, after his encounter with the general, how dare I? Have patience; it is very probable that he may be met by him again, and then he will be brought to the house, and I can manage it without suspicion."

And it was even so. The general out-manœuvred the aide-de-camp. Suspecting that some lady near our house must have attracted Mr. Lyttleton from the West Indies, the general lay in ambush, and fairly caught him by the arm, with his flute in his hand, not a stone's-throw from our plantation; but, fortunately, still he was not on the grounds.

"Ha! have I caught my man?" said the general, holding him fast, and looking him full in the face. "Horace, you are pale? yes, very pale, and sadly altered! My dear fellow, think not to escape me now. Why, you know I would help you in any straight, whether in love or in war; so, confide in your old friend, and believe that you have not a firmer one on earth. Come, come, Lyttleton, confess that you are under the influence of the tender passion, and have followed your mistress to England; but we'll undermine the citadel, and force her to a capitulation. Courage, my boy! How you tremble, Horace! Lean on my arm, and come in with me; a bottle of burgundy will set you all to rights. Congratulate me, Horace; your old friend, Emma, has just made me a father! Such a chopping boy! We will bribe the nurse to let you see him, although it is rather early times yet; rather punctilious, too, is Madam Nurse. Good God! Horace Lyttleton, you have not spoken a single word to me yet! What, in the devil's name, is the matter with you? You look as if you beheld a ghost; you quite alarm me!"

"I am ill, General Harcourt; you see I am ill: I am an altered man since last we met. I am no longer worthy of your confidence; I cannot enter your house. Oh, God! oh, God!"

"What, you have got into some absurd scrape or other? But I'll help you through it, man. I have been young myself, and have had my follies. You shall be set upon your legs again, or Ned Harcourt is no general. Horace, do you want money? Only tell me the sum, and I will write an order on Cox's house directly: not even Emma shall know it, though you are such a favourite of hers that she would not grudge you half my fortune. Do you remember how you saved her life? Bless you, Horace!"

A groan of agony was the only answer of Horace Lyttleton, and he reeled, fainting, against a tree.

I heard the whole of this conversation; for I was beating round the bush, with the baby in my arms, watching for Mr. Lyttleton, to shew him, according to our treaty, its tiny features. I was obliged to conceal myself amongst some shrubs, or, I too, should have been caught.

The general seemed half distracted; he flew to the house for assistance, and I escaped to Mrs. Harcourt's room. I did not tell her of the scene I had witnessed; but she perceived that something had occurred, and that I had not succeeded: just after, a housemaid came into the room for some restoratives. "The gentleman," she said, "was as white and as cold as death, and the general was moaning over him. She thought he was dying, and so the butler thought too."

Mrs. Harcourt leaped from her bed, and, like a maniac, would have rushed from the apartment. I held her by main force, and compelled her to return to her bed. I assured her that Mr. Lyttleton had only been overpowered with emotion, and would soon recover. I even offered to go myself, and assist in his restoration, if she would promise to compose herself. I went; but felt uneasy at leaving her alone.

Horace Lyttleton was placed upright in a large library-chair, and the general was bathing his temples with vinegar. He was just beginning to open his eyes; mine rested on him. Never shall I forget him.

In a moment I saw that this interest-

ing young man was in the last stage of a decline; his cheeks were hollow, his lips were bloodless. Passion had ravaged one of the fairest of God's creatures!

He could not endure the kindness of the good general; remorse was gnawing at his heart; he longed to escape into the garden, and he looked wistfully at the garden-door. "The gentleman wishes for air," said I; "leave him, sir, if you please, a few moments with me. I know how to manage people who are ill better than you do." Mr. Lyttleton seemed to comprehend my meaning, and tottered towards the door. I saw the big drop roll down the cheek of General Harcourt. Oh, how he loved the man who had injured him!

When I had got Mr. Lyttleton into the garden, I rapidly told him that Mrs. Harcourt had sent me out to shew him the baby; and that, in fact, I knew all the circumstances of the case.

"How is my love, my adored Emma?" said the poor youth. "Oh, madam, have pity on us both; one moment's human frailty has undone us! To General Harcourt I owe every thing; education, my commission, all—all! and how have I requited him? She was so fair, so exquisitely lovely, and I so adored her, that, in an unguarded hour, honour, gratitude—all was forgotten! But it has broken my heart. Let me only behold her and my—*her* offspring, and I shall die content!"

How dangerous it is to enter the slippery road of deception! Deeper and deeper was I getting into this miserable affair; I seemed to have lost all power of resistance. I promised Mr. Lyttleton that, "if he would compose himself, he should have one parting interview with the mother of his child." I led him back into the library, and then ran up-stairs to Mrs. Harcourt.

There she sat with anxious eyes, waiting for my coming. Her glances much alarmed me; I saw frenzy was approaching; and, to calm her, as I thought, I told her "that I had promised Mr. Lyttleton he should once more behold her."

"Then it must be *now—now*," she answered, impatiently. "Mrs. Griffiths, I am desperate. Bring him to me *now*, or I will fly to the general, tell him all, and expire at his feet!"

Almost wild myself, I again descended the stairs, and sought the general. I told him "that an imprudent servant had informed his lady that Mr. Lyttleton was dying in the house; that the fright had produced the most fearful consequences; and I thought it the better way, as the gentleman was *so old a friend*, to suffer him just to see her for a moment, which might help to calm her agitation."

"By all means, Horace," said the kind-hearted general; "go up to Emma. She will find you dreadfully changed; 'tis true; but if she hear your voice, it will satisfy her that you are worth a hundred dead men yet. Come, I will present you to her, and she shall shew you our child."

I interposed; but my cheek kindled with shame as I spoke. "Pardon me, sir; but Mrs. Harcourt is so feverish, and so excited, that the fewer persons enter her chamber the better. Mr. Lyttleton will, of course, only shew himself for a minute, and speak a couple of words; and then I shall close the door *to all*, until she is better."

"I don't understand those things much," muttered the good-humoured husband; "nor do I think I ever shall comprehend the *tactics of an accouchement*. I should have thought that seeing me (and I need not have spoken a word, you know) could not have hurt her. I should like to have seen Horace with his—I mean with Emma's infant in his arms."

Lyttleton groaned again, and I was peremptory. He followed me, trembling, up the stairs; and, bidding him wait a moment at the door, I went in to apprise the lady of his visit. The general had followed, too; and, I found, intended to wait *outside* the door, poor man! that he might, at least, catch the sound of his Emma's voice, and hear Mr. Lyttleton's admiration of his little son.

The plot now thickened; the catastrophe was near at hand. I felt that I could do nothing more than to caution the trembling, half-frenzied creature that her husband was within hearing, at the very door—perhaps would, notwithstanding my prohibition, which I was conscious must have appeared to him both strange and almost insulting, disregard it altogether, and enter with his young friend.

Mr. Lyttleton needed not my silent admonition with the hand and eye; he

saw the perilous situation of Emma and himself; and "the worm that never dies," *remorse*, was praying on his vitals.

Fever, and its attendant, frenzy, were coming fast upon my poor patient; her head and temples ached; her pulse beat high; a deeper flush, almost a rose-tint, was on her cheeks; her eyes looked bright and flashing, yet beautiful in the extreme. She held her baby in her arms, as she sat, supported by pillows, in her bed; her cap she had impatiently thrown off—it heated and incommoded her, and those burnished tresses of hers fell around her in rich luxuriance; her voice had that peculiar tone that all persons have, when not under the strict guidance of reason, high-pitched, and piercing. I saw there was but feeble chance of her attending to my signs and whispers.

"He is at the door, madam, waiting your permission to enter; and *the general, too, is—*"

But she would hear nothing more. "Oh, bring him in! why, why does he wait? Horace Lyttleton! saviour of my life! my—"

I absolutely placed my hand over her mouth, to prevent her finishing. I was at my wit's end. I flew to the door, and requested the general to send instantly for a physician; assuring him that his lady was worse. He turned about, and went away, much alarmed; and I led the hapless young officer, more dead than alive, to Mrs. Harcourt.

Why should I attempt to describe the scene that followed? What are words? mere signs; cold forms of speech, compared to the deep-seated feelings of the heart, its agonies, its mortal writhings. A smile, a tear, can be described, or painted; but the thrice of unutterable passion, the anguish of hopeless love, can only be conceived.

"My own, my beloved Horace!"
"Being most idolised on earth!"

These exclamations were poured forth simultaneously, and were mingled together in their sound. For a moment—a short-lived moment, they tenderly embraced, and her head rested in his bosom; but when she caught a view of his faded, his sunken features, she gave a shriek that still sounds in my ears from memory. "Oh, Horace! it is true—you are dying! and your unhappy passion for me has killed you! I knew it would, from the very

first—I knew it would! But have you seen my child, Horace—*our child?*"

I went to the door; the general was not returned; I heard the gallop of the horse sent in quest of the physician; I looked out of a side window,—it was the groom, and not his master, as I hoped, gone on the errand.

When I returned, Mr. Lyttleton was holding the baby in his arms, and scalding tears were falling fast upon its innocent little features. The mother seemed to have forgotten her apprehensions, and was entranced with ecstasy. At that moment she seemed to have lost all remembrance that she was the wife of another. She saw her infant in the embrace of its idolised father, and she felt the rapture of his presence; all other sensations were banished from her mind. Her smile was celestial; and just then the general himself entered the room.

"I can stand on no ceremony now, Mrs. Griffiths," he said, sturdily; "if there be danger, who so right to be present here as myself?" He came softly round, and beheld the group I have just feebly sketched.

Some new-born emotion was working in the breast of General Harcourt as he gazed upon them unperceived; for each had their eyes riveted upon the infant. "God bless you all!" exclaimed, he fervently; "there are all my heart's treasures together in that little group. Oh, Horace, Horace! I will throw off all disguise, for I am quite unmanned. Emma, my beloved wife! our precious infant is now encircled in the arms of his *own brother!* Horace Lyttleton, I confess and own you my long-cherished, my natural son!"

* * * * *

Oh, what a pause followed! what an awful silence. The words of General Harcourt had produced a *double effect*: the emaciated, heart-broken Lyttleton was dead; the beautiful, but most wretched Emma was irrecoverably mad.

When the physician arrived, his first cares were directed to the general's fondly beloved, but never acknowledged son. A vein was breathed, but blood would not follow the puncture; it had already become congealed within his heart. He assured General Harcourt, who seemed quite inconsolable, that Horace had died of consumption, and that no art or medicine could have saved him.

His next care was with my poor patient. He shook his head, as he inquired the symptoms, and saw her state. Leeches, and fomentations, and bathings, and laudanum, and every kind of application were tried in vain. She raved incessantly, and of her husband, and her lover, and her child; but no suspicion of the actual circumstances was awakened in any one, except in the physician, who gave me a penetrating and questioning look, which I did not respond to, nor would seem to understand. She lived only a week from that time, and before she died recovered for a few hours entire possession of her senses. She gave me many orders, and some bequests. I have executed the former, and am still in possession of many of the latter. It was her dying wish that she should be buried near to Horace Lyttleton, or Captain Harcourt, as he now was called by the general's orders; and that I should take the charge of the child for one twelvemonth after her death. She did not repeat her request that the general should know nothing of this secret,—she knew it would be inviolate.

General Harcourt is now gone where, if he be permitted to know all that happened on earth, it will be accompanied with that divine compassion for those two unhappy frail objects of his love, which will prevent it from being a diminution of his happiness; and I trust their intense sufferings for a momentary crime may be expiated by the death of

Him who pardoned the dying penitent. The child, Lyttleton Harcourt, was the only comfort on earth to the poor general; and when he traced the strong resemblance in the features of the boy to his elder son, he was rather pleased than disturbed by it. "It is very natural, Mrs. Griffiths," he would say, when I visited him, after his return to England some years subsequently, and was looking on the child,—"it is very natural indeed that *brothers* should be alike."

Had General Harcourt possessed the moral courage to *own*, as well as to supply the wants of, his *natural son*, none of this misery would have occurred. But, feeling himself that there could be no danger in his lovely young wife being on the most familiar terms with *his son*, he forgot that *they* were unacquainted with the circumstance, and left them exposed to all the danger of such an intercourse.

Here ends my story. Is there not a lesson to be gleaned from it? Yes; nor one only, but many, and those important; and, therefore, I have selected it for publication. If one child of intense passion can be restrained, by a perusal of the tale, from abandoning himself to its headlong fury, instead of curbing it by a due sense of duty and religion, *my end has been answered*; and the MONTHLY NURSE will, in the course of another moon, return to another and a "*livelier strain*."

Lines on PEEL CASTLE AND ITS ANCIENT CATHEDRAL,
ISLE OF MAN.

There is not a spot in Mona's isle
Has purer charms for me,
Than yonder lonely mouldering pile,
Which beams in the bright sun's parting smile,
Ere he sinks in the Western sea:
'Tis a hallow'd spot, with its turrets of light,
That gleam in the glassy wave;
Where its image is mirror'd so calmly bright,
You'd think it the work of enchanter's might,
Raised up from the ocean's grave.

There beams each hoary time-worn tower,
All bent with the weight of years,
Like goodly Age in his dying hour,
Whilst sunny Hope's triumphant power
Dispels his doubts and fears:

There stands the holy mouldering fane,
 Where rest the sleeping dead;
 Where they for ages long have lain,
 And slept the sleep that knows no pain,
 Each in his grassy bed.

But roofless now is that hoary pile,
 And its arches are rent and riven;
 Yet I love to tread its lonely aisle,
 Where the footfall only is heard the while,
 And muse on the things of heaven:
 For who could cherish dark thoughts of gloom
 In a scene so bright and fair—
 Where the sunbeams lighten the place of the tomb,
 And gild the wild flowers that around us bloom,
 Which offer their incense there.

But let us explore the ruins around,
 And the castle's lone dungeon-cells,
 Where the royal lady lay fetter'd and bound,*
 (Till lingering death her chains unwound,)
 Accused of dark magic spells;
 And the room near the dim portcullis-door,
 Where the night-watch oft was scared
 By the "Spectre Hound," so famed of yore,
 As told in his tale of minstrel lore
 By Scotia's brightest bard.†

Then haste from these scenes of doubt and dread,
 On the battlement's heights to roam,
 And gaze on the ocean's tranquil bed,
 Where the sunset's purple hues are shed,
 Unruffled by billows' foam;
 Where the little pinnace, with white sails furl'd,
 Seems asleep on the calm sea's breast,
 Where not a breath the waves have curl'd,
 One lonely speck on the watery world,
 Like a living thing at rest.

And watch the sun's declining ray,
 As we sit on the grassy mound,
 Until the sweet hour when twilight gray
 Casts her dim mantle o'er tower and bay,
 And the ruin'd heaps around;
 And the lengthen'd shadows begin to fall,
 And the lone bat wings his flight,
 And the dismal owl begins to call,
 And hoot to his mate from the castle-wall,
 Deep hid in the dim twilight.

Then, muse on the years long past away,
 When these walls echo'd sounds of glee,
 On gallant knights and ladies gay,
 Sweet minstrel's harp and roundelay,
 And feats of chivalry:
 And linger still, till the lamp of night
 Is sparkling o'er the deep,
 And holy fane and turret height
 Seem slumbering in the pale moonlight,
 In a calm and dreamless sleep.

* See *Peveril of the Peak*, and Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, Part II., act ii., scenes 3 and 4.

† See *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Walter Scott.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE IRISH INSURRECTION OF 1803.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

AMONG the memorable events of Irish history may be justly ranked the insurrection of July 1803, of which little has been recorded, if we except a mere numerical account of those who perished on the scaffold. The following relation is intended to supply this omission; and is chiefly gleaned from those who were deeply engaged in that wild enterprise.

To render the narrative intelligible to those who may be but partially acquainted with the history of that eventful period, we are compelled briefly to revert to the years 1796, 7, and 8, in the political movements of which years the chief persons of this insurrection had been assiduously engaged.

In the autumn of 1798, even while Arthur O'Connor, and the other state prisoners in Newgate and Kilmainham, were negotiating with the government for their lives, a plot was in forwardness for their liberation. This plot embraced an ulterior view of still greater magnitude, namely, the effecting of a subversion of the existing government of the country. Though devised with the utmost secrecy, the plan was frustrated by the imprudence of one of the conspirators having committed some part of their designs to writing, which was seized. Soon after, sixteen of the chief state prisoners in Dublin, and four from Belfast, were transmitted to Fort George, in Scotland; while Robert Emmet, the chief agent in this meditated rebellion, effected his escape to France.*

On the peace of Amiens in 1802, the prisoners at Fort George were enlarged; but generally on condition of their never returning to Ireland, nor entering the dominions of Great Britain. A few of those exiles halted for a time at Hamburgh, but the greater number proceeded to Paris, from whence several of them soon after removed to the

United States of America. Among those Irishmen, who continued in Paris, were William Dowdall, Michael Quigly, William Hamilton, and Thos. Russel. As these persons make a conspicuous figure in our history, we shall give some account of them before proceeding further.

William Dowdall was a native of Mullingar; but, for several years prior to 1798, he had resided in Dublin as an itinerant clerk, and was deeply engaged in the political events of that period. He had been secretary to a popular society, entitled, "The Whigs of the Capital;" and was also for a short time registered as proprietor of the *Press* newspaper, on Arthur O'Connor's name being discontinued. About April 1798, he went on a special political mission to England; and the same year he was arrested at Liverpool, on his return from attending the trial of Arthur O'Connor at Maidstone. He was forwarded a prisoner to Dublin, where he remained in confinement until sent to Fort George.

Michael Quigly was from Rathcoffey, county of Kildare. He was by trade a bricklayer, but had been for some time a builder in Dublin, in which business he had become insolvent. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1798, he was a captain in the insurgent army; but, on their defeat, he surrendered himself on condition of his life being spared. He was afterwards liberated, on giving security to transport himself out of the British dominions.

William Hamilton was a native of Enniskillen, and son of Mr. Johnston Hamilton, a solicitor of that town. At an early age he was distinguished for his attractive manners, literary attainments, and gentlemanly accomplishments. His convivial habits rendered him a welcome guest in the best society of Enniskillen; and by his exer-

* The prisoners from Belfast were, Robert Hunter, William Simms, William Tennant, and the Rev. Steell Dickson, Presbyterian minister of Portaferry. Three of those sent from Dublin also belonged to Belfast, viz. Thomas Russel, Samuel Neilson, and Joseph Cuthbert. The others were, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas A. Emmet, William Dowdall, Wm. J. M'Nevin, Mathew Dowling, John Sweetman, Roger O'Connor, John Sweaney, Hugh Wilson, John Chambers, Joseph Cornick, Edward Hudson, and George Cumming. Four of these were Roman Catholics; the others, Protestants of various denominations.

tions an amateur theatrical party was established there, in which he was distinguished as the *star*. The company did not confine themselves to the productions of others: they joined hands, and brought out a little piece, called *The Lough Erne Farmer*, in which some songs were introduced, written by Hamilton, and sung in character by him.

About this time, at a public dinner given in his native town, he attracted the notice of the Earl of Enniskillen, who soon after obtained for him a letter of service to raise men for a commission in the army. Unhappily, he had previously formed an intimacy with persons deeply infected with the revolutionary mania of that day; and, at a meeting held in Enniskillen, for the purpose of promoting some popular measure, he delivered a speech of such an inflammatory tendency, as to place for ever a bar to any further patronage from his lordship. From that moment all thoughts of the army were abandoned.

Soon after he bade adieu for ever to Enniskillen, and repaired to the Irish capital in search of kindred spirits. Those, it is probable, he soon found. He afterwards married to a sister of Thomas Russel; and, like him, embarked in revolutionary schemes. In May 1795, he visited Belfast, in company with Theobald Wolfe Tone, then about to depart for America; and we find him attending the sittings of the disaffected in that town, who, in imitation of the French, had formed a *junto* called, "the Executive Directory." This legislative body met in the upper room of a public-house in Sugar-house Entry, under the name of "the Mudlers' Club;" and, to cover their plans, above the fire-place of the room where they sat, a number of fictitious rules were exposed, all of which related to drinking. Here the reports from the baronial committees were received, remittances made of the money collected, secret services and other expenses paid, and instructions issued. At this time a

civic festival was held "on the summit of M'Art's fort," Cavehill, in honour of Mr. Tone. Hamilton, Russel, and a select party, were present, who "took a solemn obligation" "never to desist" in their efforts, until they "had subverted the authority of England" over Ireland, and "asserted her independence."*

On the departure of Mr. Tone, † Hamilton remained for some months in Belfast, and afterwards returned to Dublin; where, though actively engaged in the united system, he continued to have the good fortune to evade the vigilance of the government. He was afterwards dispatched on a confidential service to England; but becoming alarmed for his safety, he effected his escape from that country into France, about the time that Mr. Arthur O'Connor was arrested at Margate.‡

In October, 1798, he was on board one of the French ships when taken by Sir John B. Warren's squadron off the coast of Donegal. More fortunate than his companion, Mr. Tone, he escaped detection by feigning himself sickly, by his fluency in the French language, and by exchanging his name and dress with a French grenadier.

The Irish government were early apprised that Hamilton and ten other Irishmen were on board the enemy's fleet. On the arrival of the French prisoners in England, the soldier with whom Hamilton had exchanged names, and five others, who were called after the like number of Irishmen on board of the French ships, were transmitted to Dublin for the purpose of being identified. No discovery, however, took place; and soon after Hamilton was exchanged with other prisoners, and reached Paris in safety. He afterwards served in the French army of the Rhine, but in what rank we have not discovered.

Thomas Russel was born in Fermoy, county of Cork, and was the son of a captain in the army, who, on retiring from the service, settled near Dublin. While yet a stripling, he went out a cadet to India; and, distinguishing him-

* The *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone*. M'Nevin, in his *Pieces of Irish History*, mentions that on the 10th of May, in the above year, delegates from seventy-two societies of United Irishmen met in Belfast, to improve the United system.

† Mr. Tone sailed June 13, 1795, having previously arranged with the leaders of the United Irishmen, in Belfast, his plan on landing in America, namely, to obtain from the French ambassador a passport to go to Paris, for the purpose of promoting an invasion of Ireland.

‡ He was arrested February 28th, 1798.

self in the army under the Marquess Cornwallis, he was presented with a pair of colours. He was afterwards an ensign in the 64th regiment of foot.

In the interim between those appointments, in the summer of 1790, he resided with his father in the vicinity of Dublin, spending much of his time in the company of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, from whom he probably imbibed those revolutionary principles which ultimately proved his ruin. Be this as it may, Russel, on joining his regiment at Belfast, in the spring of 1791, mingled freely with the leading political characters of that town, and became a member of several clubs, in which the science of government was frequently the chief subject of discussion. It is here worthy of remark, that it was at one of those convivial meetings a plan was matured for the extinction of parties, by the formation of a society, which afterwards became so famous under the name of United Irishmen.*

In those social hours, devoted to political disquisitions, Russel soon became tired of the restraints and duties of a life, to which his opinions, as regarded allegiance to the government of the country, had become so much opposed. He therefore sold his commission; and, paying off some debts imprudently contracted as bail, he returned to Dublin, to study in private the theory of government, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Tone. In the October of 1791, these persons visited Belfast, for the purpose of being present at the formation of the first society of United Irishmen, which took place, on the 14th of that month. Of this society, and of its secret committee, both were original members.†

After passing several weeks in Belfast, of which Mr. Tone has preserved some interesting details in his *Diary*, our travellers returned to Dublin. On the 9th of November, they were also present at the formation of a similar society in that city, which adopted the resolution that had received the approbation of the parent society in Belfast, that—"We have no national government."

Though of regular and economical habits, Russel soon found that, from his slender means, he must relinquish, at least for a season, the pursuit of the "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," and the society of Mr. Tone. Reduced to his last shilling, and without any employment in view, he was, through the interest of the Hon. George Knox, with whom he had been acquainted in India, and whom he had frequently met at Tone's, appointed to the seneschalship of Dungannon, and was in the commission of the peace for Tyrone.

An office so dependent on its patron, and limited in its emoluments, was evidently ill calculated to soothe the mind of one who had imbibed the most extravagant ideas of the rights and high immunities of man. His conduct, however, as magistrate and seneschal, was marked by the strictest justice and impartiality. He was respected by the people, and by the Knox family treated with the most marked attention. Thus far all were pleased; but, differing with his brother magistrates regarding the delinquency of the Peep-o'-day Boys and Defenders, who disturbed that district, he resigned his situation, and went to Belfast, which at this period he appears to have regarded as his home.

* It is, however, evident that a comprehensive union, on the plan of United Irishmen, was in contemplation so early as 1779: see the *Letters of Owen Roe O'Neill*, p. 42., written by Joseph Polluck, Esq. Newry. Again, in the *Letters of an Irish Helot*, by Dr. William Drennan, we read, "Oh! let me conjure those among different descriptions of religion, whether of the Established Church, of Presbyterian, or Catholic persuasion—let me conjure them, at this most trying hour, to form one grand association, one great fund of virtue, good sense, and patriotism, which may yet sustain our tottering credit."—[The efforts of Mr. O'Connell, for a similar purpose, are no doubt in the memory of our readers. O. Y.]

† This society consisted originally of thirty-six members. The first prospectus was written by Mr. Tone, and widely circulated in Dublin, in June 1791, commencing with the following paragraph: "It is proposed that, at this conjuncture, a society shall be instituted in this city, having much of the secrecy and somewhat of the ceremonial attached to free-masonry—with so much secrecy as may communicate curiosity, uncertainty, and expectation, to the minds of surrounding men—with so much impressive and affecting ceremony in all its internal economy, as, without impeding real business, may strike the soul through the senses; and addressing the whole man, may animate his philosophy by the energy of his passions."

For several weeks after his arrival, his time passed in a constant round of festivity. He was hailed as a martyr to the popular cause, and promoted by public courtesy to the rank of captain, by which title he was afterwards usually known. To render his life as little irksome as possible, through the kindness of his friends he was appointed librarian to the society for promoting knowledge, the salary attached to which office was now advanced from thirty to fifty pounds per annum.

Of studious and religious habits, for some time he attended regularly on public worship at the established church. Afterwards he changed his mind, and went on Sundays to a Presbyterian meeting-house of the *old light*, the pastor of which took an active part in the revolutionary movements then going forward.* His reasons assigned for this change, were the passive obedience and submission to the higher orders of society, inculcated in the doctrine, homilies, and service of the former.

From this period his manners and conversation were more reserved, particularly on religious subjects, which he had always treated with the most reverential attention. At times he appeared quite absorbed in biblical meditation; and in the mornings, when the hour of breakfast arrived, he was often sent for to his room, where he was usually found musing over the scriptures—perhaps pondering on the dogmas of his newly adopted creed, amidst the perplexities of election, and the strange doctrine of Calvinistic predestination.

Still, amidst his biblical studies and seclusion, he found time to attend to his favourite political pursuits. He was present at every measure of importance adopted by the leaders of the United Irishmen in Belfast or its neighbourhood; and occasionally deputed into

the country on matters deemed of the highest importance to the common weal. In September 1796, he published, in Belfast, a small pamphlet, entitled, *A Letter to the People of Ireland, by Thomas Russel, an United Irishman*. It is a strange medley of religion and politics, in which it is declared, that whatsoever human laws were made in contradiction to those of God "should be resisted;" and that mankind should "pay no regard or obedience to any men, or institution, which is not conformable to His will." Four days after its publication, he was arrested in Belfast; with nine of his political colleagues,† on a charge of high treason, and transmitted to Dublin, where he remained in custody, until removed as already stated. We now proceed with the narrative of the rise, progress, and overthrow of the insurrection of 1803.

At the time that these persons were in Paris, Robert Emmet‡ also resided in that city; and, from a similar train of reasoning and misfortunes, they had become endeared to each other, so that between them the most confidential friendship was maintained. They even contrived to keep up a correspondence with their friends in the British dominions; and they appear never for one moment to have relinquished their favourite project of separating Ireland from England, and of establishing a republic.

In September 1802, intelligence was received by these exiles of the most cheering description, being no less than the successful progress of the conspiracy of Colonel Despard for assassinating the king and overturning the government. On the receipt of this news, a meeting was convened of such Irish exiles as could then be collected. After some debate, it was agreed that Dowdall, whose return to the United Kingdom had not been prohibited,* should pro-

* The Rev. Sinclair Kilburne, minister of the third Presbyterian congregation. Sunday, March 10, 1793, this gentleman preached to his congregation (who upon this occasion were mostly Volunteers in uniform) with a loaded blunderbuss lying on the end of the cushion before him; while Volunteer emissaries, also in regimentals, perambulated the country, calling upon the people to rise in arms. About four hundred and fifty armed Volunteers were also assembled at this time in Belfast. On the previous evening there had been a military riot in that town, but on this day all was quiet.

† Their names were, Samuel Neilson, woollen-draper, and editor of the *Northern Star* newspaper; Henry Haslet, Samuel Kennedy, Rowley Osburne, Daniel Shanaghan, John Young, James Barclay, Charles Teeling, and Samuel Musgrave. The last two belonged to Lisburn.

‡ Brother to Thomas A. Emmet, barrister-at-law, one of the prisoners sent to Fort George.

ceed to London to glean further particulars, and, if possible, to promote the intended explosion.

In a few days, Dowdall set forward by the way of Hamburgh, and reached Loudon in safety. He presented his credentials, and offered his services to Despard, and was received with the most cordial satisfaction. Matters between them were soon arranged; and Dowdall, having communicated the result of this interview to his friends in Paris, departed for Dublin, in order to concert measures for an active co-operation.

In Dublin he found the greater number of his old acquaintance exactly as when he had seen them last, and discovered that enough of the embers of rebellion still remained to afford a hope that another explosion might be excited. Thus far, matters were decidedly favourable; but, on his becoming explicit regarding the service in which he was engaged, he found that, though many were willing to countenance his views, none except those of the lower orders were disposed to embark in such a dangerous undertaking. He was not, however, to be deterred from his purpose, by what he deemed merely the gloomy surmises of a few: he set about forming a band of brothers, in whom he could confide; and, with the money that had been furnished him, confidential workmen were engaged in various warlike preparations. Vast numbers of pike-heads were forged, and handles provided, cut for them into proper lengths. But these were not rounded off; so that, if discovered, their use could have been only conjectured.

Though Dowdall continued indefatigable in the discharge of the perilous duties in which he had engaged, yet he appears to have wanted, at least, one great essential for such an arduous and important trust. In his better days he had mingled freely in those convivial meetings which had characterised the advancement of the united system, and in his progress had become rather a *bon vivant*. Vain of his present office, he was often remarkable for his volubility of speech, especially after dinner, which several times had been the cause of no little uneasiness to his friends.

On one of those occasions he talked openly of the intended insurrection, when a known Orangeman sat at table. This imprudence is believed to have only escaped observation by a feigned dispute, got up for the purpose of drowning his ill-timed harangue.

For some time after, affairs were considered in such imminent danger, that all operations were suspended; and Dowdall, being threatened by "a visit from *Moiley*,"* deserted his charge. So great was the alarm excited, that a letter was despatched to Despard, signed "*A Friend*," entreating him to desist, as it was feared that his plans were discovered. From the government having been previously in possession of the intended movements of Despard, it is supposed this letter never reached his hand.

Soon after, Dowdall having found means to pacify his associates, and promising to be more circumspect, business was renewed. But, on the apprehension of Despard in London, on the 16th November, all operations were again abandoned. Dowdall was so seriously alarmed, that he disappeared from his former haunts; and though inquiries were frequently made by his friends, he kept so completely secluded, that they were unable to discover his retreat.

In the midst of this fearful state of things, when all except a few of the most sanguine adherents deemed matters lost, Robert Emmet and William Hamilton arrived in Dublin from Paris. From their arrival at this critical juncture, it is more than probable that, at their setting out, they had contemplated being present at the grand co-operative movement to be made in favour of Despard.

Mr. Emmet, under the name of Hewitt, put up at an obscure lodging at Harold's Cross, in the vicinity of Dublin, where he soon learned the disorganised state of those preparations which had promised so favourably to his views. In this dilemma, a meeting was convened of the most influential of those who had countenanced the late undertaking; and, Mr. Emmet offering to embark his talents and fortune in the enterprise, it was resolved that a subscription should be entered into, to

* A cant term for assassination. The writer has often heard the word, *Moiley*, thus applied; but he has been unable to discover the origin of its application as a term for murder.

enable him to perfect a military organisation throughout the kingdom.

From this period the warlike preparations were renewed with redoubled vigour, and workshops and magazines were established in several obscure parts of Dublin, in which upwards of forty expert workmen were employed. About this time Mr. Emmet shifted his quarters to Rathfarnham, where he and Dowdall lived in the greatest seclusion, the former under the name of Robert Ellis.

Hamilton was now despatched to Paris for Thomas Russel; who soon after arrived, accompanied by Quigly, the former under the assumed name of Frazer, and the latter of Graham.

An executive council was immediately formed, over whose deliberations Mr. Emmet always presided. The members were, Russel, Hamilton, Dowdall, Quigly, and Nicholas Stafford; and occasionally Thomas Wilde, Redmond, M'Intosh, Allan, and a few others of less fatal notoriety. Their meetings were usually held in the grand depot, Mass Lane, off Thomas Street. Here all important measures were arranged; the various forms of government propounded and discussed; and, among other visionary schemes, even the wild theories of the Spencean school* appear to have engaged their attention. On one occasion a motion was made that, on the revolution taking place, a proclamation should be issued by the government, forbidding all payments by persons, except for value actually received—and declaring the soil free to the cultivator, the tenant founding his right of exclusive possession on his improvements. This proposal was, however, rejected with indignation by Mr. Emmet. "I would rather," said he, "cease to exist, than live to witness the confusion and misery such a measure would bring on the nation. Let that afterwards be the people's work, if they will: it shall never be mine."

Sometimes the discourse turned on the blood about to be shed, which Mr. Emmet always declared should flow as sparingly as possible, consistently with the common safety. Russel was also eloquent, at times, on the

sparing of human life, making frequent allusions to the wisdom and dispensations of Providence; displaying, by turns, the gloomy zeal of the fanatic and the piety of the saint.

Early in March, a letter was received in Dublin, from friends in Belfast, anxiously inquiring into the political state of the capital, and whether all hopes were relinquished of wresting the "*Green Island*" from her tyrants. The letter concluded by expressing a hope, that some great effort would yet be made to place old Ireland in that pre-eminence to which she was so justly entitled, as

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

This communication was immediately submitted to the junto in Mass Lane, where the contents diffused the liveliest satisfaction. The letter was read again and again, amidst the most enthusiastic approbation; and it was unanimously agreed that Russel should repair to the "*Black North*," to promote by his presence a co-operation in that quarter.

In a few days Russel departed for Belfast, accompanied by a confidential agent from that neighbourhood. To evade observation, they took a circuitous route; and reached their destination in safety on the evening of the third day from their leaving Dublin. On the following day their arrival was announced to their friends, and a meeting appointed. About twenty persons attended, when, after mutual congratulations and inquiries, Russel proceeded to lay before them the object of his mission, with a brief detail of the prosperous state of affairs. He particularly dwelt on the number and respectability of their friends, the secrecy and dispatch with which all their plans were conducted, and the certainty of the success of the undertaking; concluding by an eulogium on the patriotism of Belfast, and expressing a hope that no time would be lost in organising the veteran patriots of the North.

To this proposal no direct objections were made; yet, from the silence observed for some time after, it was evident that the greater number of the

* A name taken from Thomas Spence, a native of Newcastle, who, about the year 1800, published several political tracts in London, in which he asserted that all land belonged in common to the people, and could not be sold nor alienated; and that the rents should all go for the benefit of the state.

assembly were rather taken by surprise. However, the most influential of those present assenting to his views, it was agreed that they should assemble on the second night after, to deliberate on the plans now submitted for their consideration.

During the stay of Russel and his friend at Belfast, excursions were made by them into the country, for the purpose of establishing a safe and confidential communication among their adherents. At Knockbracken, county of Down, meetings were held in the house of James Witherspoon, clerk to the covenanted congregation of that place; this sect, as in 1797-8, evincing the most inveterate hostility to the government.* The only meeting held by Russel in the county of Antrim, except those in the town or vicinity of Belfast, was at the Trench, near Roughfoot. From the tiffness of the attendance, no other meeting was held at that place, though a correspondence was kept up with some active partisans in that neighbourhood.

About a fortnight was thus spent in looking out for proper agents; establishing a council of war in Belfast, to forward affairs in their absence; and devising means for maintaining a safe and expeditious intercourse with Dublin. These matters being satisfactorily arranged, Russel and his companion returned to make their report in Mass Lane, without having excited the slightest suspicion that any rebellious movements were contemplated.

In the meantime dispositions for the meditated insurrection in Dublin were proceeding with secrecy and dispatch. Pikes continued to be prepared; blunderbusses, pistols, and swords were purchased, but in small numbers, lest the demand might excite suspicion. Gunpowder was procured in a similar manner; and two laboratories were established for the manufacture of rockets and grenades. As these several

preparations were perfected, they were secreted behind a false, or double wall, erected some feet from the outer wall, and which extended around the house. This magazine was a contrivance of Mr. Emmet's; and, as the building was of considerable width, seemed well calculated to elude a cursory search. Some of the other stores were also furnished with secret magazines. In that of Patrick Street, a kind of pike was made, the shaft of which had a hinge to double like a lady's parasol. These could be carried under a great-coat: if necessary, they might likewise be fixed across streets or lanes; thus forming a formidable barrier, especially against cavalry.

About this period it became imperative to hasten on the insurrection. For some time there had been an unaccountable falling off in the subscriptions, though the eventful task fast approached completion. The want of money was, therefore, seriously felt; and Mr. Emmet had been obliged to rely chiefly upon his own resources. It was soon found that he could not continue to supply the constant drain of expenses; nor could they be diminished without risking materially the chance of success. At a special meeting of the council it was, therefore, agreed that Russel and his former colleague should again proceed to the North, to take the command of the patriots, who, from accounts recently received, were believed to be "burning with ardour for the contest." Hamilton, who some time before had been despatched on a particular service to the Roman Catholics of a wild district in the county of Cavan, was instructed by letter to head them in Belfast; and the hour of trial was finally fixed for the night of Saturday, the 23d of July, 1803. This night was selected, because on Saturday evenings a greater number of the working classes are abroad in the streets of Dublin than

* M'Nevin's *Pieces of Irish History*, p. 19, in noticing the progress of the rebellion of 1798, states that the Covenanters were "republicans in religion and descent," and "the most active promoters of the system." In the spring of 1797, one of their ministers, named Gibson, perambulated the county of Antrim, preaching up treason and rebellion to thousands assembled in the fields. He was succeeded by another minister, named Orr, who traversed the country in a similar manner, but commonly chose more secluded stations for his missionary labours. In Sept. 1798, he was made prisoner after preaching near Gleno, and, we believe, had afterwards to give security to leave the country in a certain time. In 1797, the Rev. William Stavely, covenanted pastor of Knockbracken, was for some time confined in Belfast, charged with seditious practices.

at other times. Hence, as many friends were expected from the country, it was supposed that they would escape observation until they actually appeared in arms. On the capture of the city, this success was to have been announced by the appearance of three rockets in the air; and afterwards was to have been communicated by fires raised on hills in the distance, and so to others. By this arrangement, it was supposed that the glad tidings would be known to their friends throughout the kingdom in one hour after the event had taken place. These fires were also to have been the signal for the people to rise in arms.

Preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily digested, the northern emissaries set forward by Ardee, avoiding the direct road to Newry. On their way thither the following accidents occurred, which, though of trivial import, are given here, as they prove the disordered state of the mind of Russel, and his unfitness for the arduous service in which he was engaged. Having gone into a field, on returning over a fence he slipped and fell, but received no material injury. He appeared much distressed by this accident, observing that it foreboded ill luck; and, notwithstanding the railery of his friend as to omens, he continued to brood over this casualty the remainder of their journey. Passing Jonesborough, they observed in the distance a number of persons on horseback advancing from Newry, who, from their moving in rather a compact body, were mistaken for dragoons. Russel immediately exclaimed, "All is lost! we are betrayed—it is the will of Providence—we'll submit—it's vain to strive against an host." Against this conduct his comrade remonstrated with some warmth. "We have each," said he, "two cases of loaded pistols; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible: it is cowardly to submit, no matter how great the odds. Be their numbers what they will, let us fight. Whatever be the issue, I shall ever prefer the chance of the field to the ignominy of the scaffold." By this time those on horseback had come so near as to be distinguished from dragoons, which put an end to this unpleasant altercation.

Leaving Newry, they took the road to Downpatrick; afterwards passing through Ballinahinch and Saintfield; they announced their arrival to a few friends, and appointed a meeting at

Knockbracken,—the old precentor being by letter aware of their approach.

On convening a meeting in Belfast, it was found that affairs were far from being in that prosperous state which had been anticipated from the accounts lately received. The council appointed had not followed up their instructions; neither stores nor arms had been provided. Except in a few cases, the correspondence with their friends had been neglected. Hence, to many deemed favourably disposed, their designs were unknown; while, to the mass of the people, even the idea of an insurrection was a complete mystery.

This unlooked-for neglect was succeeded by a series of equally ill-omened events. It was discovered that already fears and distractions had thinned their ranks. Several, having had time to reflect, had withdrawn from the society, on one pretence or another; while some seemed less ardent in their professions of attachment to the cause. A few, however, remained firm, and, if possible, were more enthusiastic than on their former visit. These talked much of the ardour and devotion of the people to the cause of *liberty* the moment the rising should become known; and proposed that Belfast should be secured at the same time as the capital. In furtherance of this project, it was proposed to surprise and disarm the military in their barracks. The discussion of this measure occupied the attention of the meeting till a late hour, when they adjourned without coming to any determination.

On the following evening, Russel and his colleague attended at Knockbracken, where they found about twenty persons assembled, and the glass passing freely round. The chief person in this group was James Drake, a horse-jockey, from Lochmishland, a district about four miles from Downpatrick. Though Drake possessed no peculiar qualifications for a leader, he yet was a person of some influence among his numerous acquaintance. He was one of those rollicking fellows who are seen occasionally figuring away at country horse-races and fairs—flourishing a huge horsewhip—shaking hands with almost every person he meets—and equally ready, as occasion might serve, to break a head or crack a bottle.

Mutual salutations having passed, and the General's health (meaning Russel's) having been drank in a bumper,

he, having shaken hands with every brother in the room, proceeded to lay before the meeting the great object of his present visit to the North. He gave a brief detail of the secrecy and dispatch with which all their plans had been conducted, the weakness and pusillanimity of the government, the distracted state of the country, and the devotion of the people to the cause in which he was embarked.

This address was received with the most hearty approbation. "*Erin go bragh!*" resounded in full chorus; and, at the end of each verse, the stamping of feet upon the floor, clapping of hands, and thumping of fists upon the table, made the glasses reverberate, and shook "the lonely spider's thin gray pall," which tapestried the rafters of the old precentor's room.

During this ebullition of patriotism and hilarity, Russel untied a bundle, and took from it a splendid military coat, green, edged with white and trimmed with gold, which he put on, and, bowing to the company, took several hasty turns across the room. Perhaps, never before was a General so disappointed in the disposition and ardour of his troops. The very sight of those appointments silenced at once the confusion of tongues—the table was no longer in a roar—the fall of a pin might have been heard. Not one word was uttered by Drake, who the moment before had been so vociferous. Even the jugs and glasses ceased to perform their several rounds; while each person sat staring at his neighbour, as if inquiring, "What shall we say to this?" In fact, the company were quite taken by surprise. Up to the appearance of the uniform-coat, they had considered the meeting merely as one of those drinking bouts which had marked the progress of the former rebellion, when, for years previous, the chief business had been to assemble, drink, and sing songs from "*Paddy's Resource*." No wonder, then, that they were astonished when they saw their General before them in the gorgeous livery of war, and were informed that the night of the ensuing Saturday was to be the *turn-out*,* and

asked what numbers they could bring to assist in the *national warfare*.

The silence was at length broken; but though the glass began again to circulate, there was an evident sluggishness in its movements, and the gaiety of the company continued overcast. Some even proceeded to find fault with what they called too hasty an arrangement, and proposed that the insurrection should be put off until the arrival of the French. This they were informed was incompatible with the public safety, and that the rising could not be deferred. Soon after this intelligence the greater number of the party retired, on one pretence or another, leaving Drake and a few more in consultation with the General. At the parting of these, it was agreed that on to-morrow they would sound the dispositions of the people in their respective neighbourhoods, and again meet to report the result on the following night in Belfast.

The council had scarcely assembled, when Drake, with those who had been traversing the country, arrived, and gave rather a favourable account of the numbers and disposition of their friends in Down. Again the attack on the different barracks was brought under consideration, and again constituted the chief subject of debate, in the course of which a strange variety of wild and conflicting schemes were produced. It was, at length, agreed that the old barrack should be taken by the people of Belfast, and the new barrack by those from the country; the latter to meet at Shankill graveyard, and to be led on by Stephen Wall.† It was also determined that the insurrection in the counties of Down and Antrim should take place at the same time as that in Dublin, and commence by a general disarming of the military and those attached to the government. The signal in Belfast for the advance of the different corps was to have been the discharge of a six-pounder cannon against the gate of the old barrack. To keep its advance from being heard in the streets, the wheels were to have been wrapped about with hay ropes.

* The name commonly given by the Irish people to the rebellion of 1798; who appear to have a rooted aversion to calling it an insurrection or rebellion.

† Formerly sergeant in the Tipperary militia, then the keeper of a public-house in Belfast, and afterwards permanent sergeant of a yeomanry corps in that town. He died at New York.

A new difficulty now arose, who was to lead the assault on the old barrack, which, from the reluctance of several to this service, appears to have been considered a kind of forlorn hope. This difficulty produced some debate, during which various new plans were suggested; but no arrangement was made, and the council adjourned till the following evening.

In the interval a disastrous fact was disclosed, which for some days had been rather suspected. This was the defection of a person of considerable influence, who signified his intention to have nothing further to do with the affair. The misfortune was the more severely felt, as up to this time he had taken a lively interest in the undertaking. His cottage had been the chief place of Russel's retreat; who had only been secluded from the festivities of his mansion, lest he should be recognised by some of his domestics. It was also discovered that his apostasy did not even end here. He had forwarded letters to the principal of those who had taken an active part in the proceedings, cautioning them against a rising, as circumstances had just occurred which must bring those who attempted it to the scaffold. One of these letters was despatched to a surgeon in Ballymena, who was to have had a high command, another was forwarded to a Mr. S. in the Glynn's, and a third to a farmer in Glenravel.

Though the gloom was evidently thickening fast, Russel was the first person at the appointed place of meeting. The council had scarcely assembled, when they were seized with a panic, on which they retired by different routes to a house in Barry Street. Again a sudden terror came over the party, and they hastily removed, in fearful silence, to a house off High Street, where they resumed their deliberations, if such their distracted reveries may be called.

Though Russel must have felt no little chagrin from the series of disappointments to which he had lately been subjected, his manner seemed firm and unruffled; and, after some brief observations had passed, he arose and addressed the company with a considerable degree of confidence and ostentation. "The love of liberty," he said, "was almost coeval with his existence—it had 'grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength';

and in her sacred cause he had braved the buffets of fortune, and endured, amidst a host of privations, the loss of friends, the scoffs of enemies, and the horrors of a prison. Still, under those difficulties, he had never been for a moment without hope; but at present he must draw a veil over the past, and attend only to the future. At this time he firmly believed that the utmost wishes of his soul were on the eve of being realised. He was still confident that the good citizens of Belfast would be found at their post in the hour of trial, and that, from the effective measures arranged, little difficulty would be found in securing the barracks. For himself he was about to take the field: he had no fears whatever for the result. The green flag would be again unfurled: he trusted that all would be found well—that none would let slip this favourable opportunity. His only call was 'To arms!' his war-cry, 'Liberty or death!'

To this harangue no objections were made; and matters connected with the rising continued to be discussed, particularly the meditated capture of the barracks. By a strange fatality, every time this attack was talked over, new difficulties seemed to arise, till at length it was proposed that the insurrection should be postponed till a more fit and proper season. Russel immediately declared that it was too late to retreat or deliberate on that subject; and, the assembly not being likely to come soon to any determination, he and Drake took leave for Lochinisland. Just before their departure, Russel shared the contents of his scanty purse (four guineas) with his former colleague, now about to accompany Hamilton as aide-de-camp and guide. His words were, "I have shared with you the contents of my military chest." They were scarcely gone when the council broke up, leaving affairs in the same uncertainty as when they had met. It was, however, agreed that they should assemble next morning at a cottage on the Antrim shore, lately the asylum of Russel, and still regarded as headquarters.

About the hour appointed, a few persons met at the cottage; but, on their proceeding to discuss the matters connected with the project, their views were found still more discordant than on the preceding night. The attack on the old barracks, the principal sub-

ject of debate, continued to distract their councils. Their deliberations appeared to savour much of those in the fable of the mice, when devising means for hanging a bell around the neck of the cat; and, like them, though all approved of the measure, none were disposed to lead the attack.

Disgusted by such trifling, Hamilton and his staff, amounting to two persons, departed for the neighbourhood of Craigbilly, leaving a messenger in waiting to forward the final result of the council. This person was not long kept in suspense; they could not agree, and soon after adjourned, we believe, *sine die*.

Just before their departure, a few thoughtless, illiterate fellows, were sent about the country with proclamations, headed, "Thomas Russel,"* calling upon the people to rise in arms. These papers were wet from the press, and were to have been kept secret until some favourable intelligence might be received. The persons who had them in charge, however, had not proceeded two miles, when, through an ill-timed zeal, they distributed them freely to almost every person they met. At Carnmoney and Ballyclare, some of those proclamations were posted up, and meetings held in furtherance of the scheme. These assemblies were less numerous than had been expected, though the orders to attend were usually accompanied with imprecations and threats. In Carnmoney, the few adherents determined to proceed to the camp, as the place of intended ren-

devous was called; and early on the following morning some straggling parties of about half a dozen persons, armed with pikes or muskets, set forward for the vicinity of Broughshane. Those of Ballyclare were more circum-spect. On consulting together, they despatched a messenger to inform the General that they would not attend, until account should come to hand of the success of the rising in Dublin. Meetings of a few disaffected persons were also held in several other places of the county of Antrim; but the people generally refused to take any part in the affair.

In the evening Hamilton and his party reached the village of Kells, where they halted to take some refreshment; after which one of them went in search of some old acquaintances, who, like himself, had been engaged in the warfare of 1798. A few friends were found, to whom was disclosed their perilous mission. They were much surprised—wondered if it were possible their plan could succeed—declared their attachment to the "*good old cause*"—and the next moment questioned the policy of the undertaking. While they declared their own principles unchanged, they said that the people were far from being so unanimous in their politics as before "*the turn-out*." The "*troubles*" of that period were still fresh in the recollections of many: there were even Orangemen in that county, where formerly none but true patriots dared to be seen. They were therefore certain

* The following is an exact copy of the proclamation:—

"THOMAS RUSSEL.

"Men of Ireland!—Once more in arms to assert the rights of mankind and liberate the country! You see, by the secrecy with which this great effort has been conducted, by the multitudes in all parts of Ireland who are engaged in executing this great object, that your provisional government has acted with wisdom. You will see that in Dublin, in the west, the north, and the south, the blow has been struck in the same moment. Your enemies can no more withstand, than they could foresee, this mighty exertion. The proclamation and regulations will shew that your interest and honour have been considered. Your General, appointed by that government to command in this district, has only to exhort you strongly to comply with these regulations. Your valour is well known. Be as just and humane as you are brave, and then rely with confidence that God, with whom alone is victory, will crown your efforts with success.

"The General orders that hostages shall be secured in all quarters; and hereby apprises the English commanders, that any outrage, contrary to the acknowledged laws of war and of morality, shall be retaliated in the severest manner. And he further makes known, that such Irish as, in ten days from the date of this, are found in arms against their country, shall be treated as rebels, committed for trial, and their properties confiscated. But all men behaving peaceably shall be under the protection of the laws.

"Head-quarters, July 24, 1803."

that the people would not turn out, unless some favourable intelligence was received beforehand. In reply, they were assured that there was not the least doubt of Dublin being in the possession of Mr. Emmet before twelve o'clock—that Belfast, and the principal towns in Down, would be secured at the same moment; but, for their part, no movements were intended until the arrival of favourable news.

This last information renovated the spirits of their Kells friends, which the moment before had been evidently on the wane—perhaps from a recollection of their perils and hairbreadth escapes during the late rebellion, when several of their associates had met with an ignominious fate. Now nothing was heard of but readiness to prepare for the rising. Some even talked of wiping off the disgrace incurred at Antrim, in the battle fought in that town, June 7, 1798, from which it was acknowledged the regiment of Kells had made a very precipitate retreat. The contents of a few tumblers having been swallowed, with at least an equal number of toasts, about "*crushing tyrants*," the "*sovereign people*," and "*rights of man*," it was agreed that those persons, with as many friends as could be collected, should repair on the following morning to a bog between Craigbilly and Broughshane. These were also apprised that a council of officers was to be held there at an early hour, by which time it was supposed the expected intelligence might arrive.

On parting, Hamilton and his followers crossed the country to Skirry, where they halted for the night; but their host, though he welcomed them to his best, refused to take any part in their proceedings. At their entreaty, however, a messenger was despatched to the Glynnns and Glenravel, to notify to the leaders of the disaffected in those places that their General was come, and anxiously expected their presence on the following morning.

Hamilton passed the night in contemplating the situation of the mountains, bogs, and defiles, of the county of Antrim, as laid down on a large map unrolled before him. About sunrise the party repaired to the ground appointed, and were there joined by a few persons, chiefly from Kells or its neighbourhood. Soon after other stragglers also arrived, whose spirits were kept up by details of the numbers ex-

pected immediately from the Glynnns. The numbers assembled never exceeded above twenty persons; for, as some arrived, others, alarmed at so thin a muster, retired without even the ceremony of taking leave.

Presently two of the leaders expected from the Glynnns and Glenravel arrived, but without any troops,—a disappointment as severe as unexpected, the chief strength for the insurrection in Antrim having been supposed to lie in those districts. Hamilton was quite disconcerted by this new disaster, but said little; while with a hurried pace he spurned at the rushes as they lay in his way, and his downcast eyes and disordered looks testified his deep and violent perturbation. Their numbers not seeming likely soon to increase, and the people beginning to talk, it was proposed that they should separate for the present, for fear of exciting an alarm. It was also agreed that the General and suite should retire to Broughshane, and there pass for smugglers; their Glynn friend being well known as one deeply engaged in the contraband trade. Two persons were to remain on the field, to signify to such friends as might arrive that their leader was at hand, and would again appear on the receipt of expected despatches.

In the evening a lad arrived in Broughshane from Ballymena, with intelligence that considerable alarm prevailed in that town, in consequence of a report that there was going to be "*another turn-out*," and that the yeomanry were in arms. On this information, the party immediately decamped, taking the road to Glenravel, but separating soon after, each person shifted for himself; while Hamilton and his colleague returned to their former quarters in Skirry.

By the following day reports were in circulation that Dublin had been taken by the rebels; but in the evening a boy, who had been despatched to Belfast, arrived with a verbal account of the total failure of the insurrection. The General and his colleague again determined on changing their quarters, and removed to a farm-house in the vicinity of Clough, which, from the high loyalty of its owner, was not likely to be subjected to a military visitation.

Here they passed several weeks without molestation, though at times alarmed by fears of discovery, or of their being betrayed. During the day,

they usually remained at some distance from each other in the fields. At night, while one slept, the other kept watch in front of their lodgings, armed with loaded pistols.

In a few weeks the excitement created by this insurrection having in a great measure subsided, the wanderers, early one morning, bade adieu to their hospitable host. Joining the people going to market at Ballymoney, they passed through that town; and, again mixing with those on their way home from market, they crossed the river Bann into the county of Derry, and continued their route into Monaghan, where they parted for ever. Hamilton retired to the house of a Mr. D——, who had been his chum at college; while his trusty comrade proceeded to the county of Meath, and hired with a farmer for the harvest. A few mornings after, the hamlet in which he resided was surrounded by a body of horsemen, under the orders of Major SIRR, who searched minutely every house for some person evidently deemed of high consideration. During this search the reapers assembled were permitted to go to their labour; and our hero, in his working-garb, with hook in hand, passed close to the Major, who was little aware how near he was to the object of his pursuit.

Of rambling, and convivial habits, Hamilton soon tired of that seclusion to which he was now compelled, 300*l.* being offered for his apprehension.* He therefore determined on quitting the kingdom; and, in furtherance of this project, he was consigned by his friend to the care of Mr. S——, an attorney, near Dundalk. Not being enabled to effect his purpose so soon as he had expected, he became restless and suspicious of his guardian, and returned to the vicinity of his former quarters, where he was taken the second night after, not without strong suspicions as to the fidelity of the attorney. The party by which he was captured were yeomen, commanded by Mr. Ker. On their being paid the reward offered for his apprehension, they bought themselves gray great-coats; on which account they were afterwards distinguished by the name of "*Hamilton's*

Grays." Immediately on his capture, Hamilton was transmitted to Dublin, and lodged in Kilmainham; but no proof being obtained that he had levied war against the king, he was not brought to trial, but kept in confinement until 1806. On his liberation, he became editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*; and, having resigned that situation, returned to France, and was for several years the foreign correspondent of that popular journal. About 1820 he went out to South America, in the Colombian service, where he obtained the rank of colonel; and died at Carthage early in 1826, in the 55th year of his age. His widow and one son, we believe, still survive, and reside in the vicinity of Dublin. We now return to notice the progress of Russel and Drake, whom, it will be remembered, we left on their way to Lochinisland.

On the morning after their departure we find them in Saintfield, where they hired horses to carry them to Annadorn, nine miles distant, at which place a meeting of friends had been appointed. On their arrival, they found about a dozen persons assembled in an obscure alehouse; and, on talking with them about "the rising of the people," a similar apathy was found to prevail as in Belfast. Some persons, who had been sent about the country to sound the dispositions of the peasantry, reported that they would not rise; and, on their being pressed further on this subject, they declared that "none but fools would have any further connexion with the business, as they would be hanged like dogs." This alarming intelligence shook for a time the firmness of Russel. "James," said he, addressing himself to Drake, "this will never do: I will leave this country and return to Belfast, where the people will fight." Presently he changed his mind; and, probably forgetting for a time the terror formerly excited on the display of his regimentals, he determined on making one great effort to rouse his audience to take up arms. Untying a parcel, he took out a green coat, richly laced with gold, which he held to Drake to put on, that his friends might all have a full view. This Drake, however, with a significant

* In the reward offered he is thus described: "He is about six feet high, slender make, fair complexion, strong beard, large dark-blue eyes, his nose a little turned up, thick lips, a small dimple in his chin, dark-brown hair, genteel address, and swaggering walk."

shrug, peremptorily refused; on which Russel took off his coat, and put on the uniform, while the company sat staring with open mouths. He proceeded to acquaint them that his dress was exactly the same as that of the French generals, seven of whom had come over at the same time with himself to assist in the liberation of Ireland. "There was no doubt," he said, "that before this time the French had landed in Scotland, and were carrying every thing before them in that country. Thirty thousand stand of arms were about to be landed for the use of the patriots at Kirkcubright. Of money there was abundance, thirty thousand pounds being already at the disposal of the provisional government." His audience being entirely Roman Catholics, he proceeded to descant largely on the political disabilities of that body, whom he represented as the most abject slaves, daily insulted and massacred by those monsters, the Orangemen. "Such tyranny," he said, "should no longer be borne. They ought to rise in arms, and by one great effort shake off their chains, and annihilate their worse than Egyptian oppressors!"

He afterwards detailed the excellent dispositions made for securing the success of the insurrection: the magistrates to be taken as hostages for the safety of such friends as might fall into the hands of the "*Sassanachs*;" the yeomen and loyalists to be made prisoners; Dublin, Belfast, and Downpatrick, to be taken on the same night; those who distinguished themselves to be rewarded by the confiscation of the properties of their enemies; and the government of the country to be placed in fitter and better hands.

Though his hearers were not so fearfully paralysed as those at Knockbracken, their silence and grave demeanour amply testified that they felt no relish whatever for the pomp and perils of glorious war. The conversation was at length renewed by some commonplace remarks on the weather and the state of the crops. But the only answer made to the oration of their General related merely to the colour of his coat, and the glitter of its lace.

After some private conversation between the General and Drake, it was deemed prudent not to press the business further at present; and, taking a ceremonious leave of the company,

they departed for Lochinisland, where a meeting had also been appointed to be held.

Contrary to expectation, this meeting proved as thinly attended as the last; and the few who met were equally averse to joining in any measure to overturn the government. None of those ardent spirits were present who would "pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon," or seek "the bubble, reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." With a few exceptions, the love of peace was equally as predominant in their conduct as remarks. At those places Russel passed for a dealer in horses, and in public he was named Captain Shields; but with his friends he was always called "the French general."

Notwithstanding the evident reluctance of the people to engage in rebellion, Russel, Drake, Curry (a shoemaker), and a few others, determined to take the field on the following night; no doubt whatever being entertained of the success of Mr. Emmet. It was therefore agreed that Russel should repair to Killinchy, and, assisted by a person named McCann, should marshal the patriots of that district; and that Drake should organise those of Lochinisland, where it was still believed their friends would be found numerous on the display of the joyous signal. A person, whose name we are unable to recollect, was to lead those who were to assemble at Ballyvange, or Vianstown, near Downpatrick. The parties were then, on a concerted signal, to move briskly to the assault of the latter place, many of the inhabitants of which were said to be ready to receive them as deliverers; and on the capture of Downpatrick, those in the interest of the government were to be disarmed and committed to prison.

Agreeably to this plan, evening had scarcely "in her sober tivery all things clad," when parties of armed men were seen concentrating their numbers on the green fields of Killinchy. As these arrived, they kept moving about in conversation, pointing out some new device, which in their opinion was still wanting to perfect the several arrangements. Suddenly the gray haze of evening deepened into darkness, occasioned by dense floating clouds loaded with rain, which seemed, as it were, to hover over the field, and served to deepen the gloom which now began

to pervade the assembly, on the signal being delayed beyond expectation. As they wearied walking, they clustered together, each as if anxious to exchange fears with his neighbour; while the captains of hundreds, and the leaders of fifties, remained in close consultation with their General, giving vent at times to their several opinions, with great earnestness and gesticulation. During this suspense, a few persons are said to have retired hastily from the field; while those of a more sanguine disposition continued to expatiate on the glories of the approaching morning.

At length, when patience and hope were almost exhausted, a light was seen to twinkle in the direction of Maerne, and a deep hum of "See, see!" ran through the anxious crowd. This light, though clear, never assumed a blaze. Soon after it seemed to rise; and the next moment appeared as if borne off by a whirlwind, or some strange convulsion in the air. Let the light have arisen from what cause it may, its strange extinction was immediately looked upon as the signal of defeat, and consequently for those assembled to disperse. While this conjecture was in debate by the leaders, a panic seized the crowd. In an instant all were in tumultuous motion to leave the ground. None sought leave, or waited to bid farewell to their General; and in about eight minutes from the disappearance of the flame, not one except the ill-fated Russel stood on the field.

On the same night a rising of the people took place at Annadoon, but we have been unable to learn their conduct or numbers. A considerable body of men were assembled at Lochinisland by Drake, who contrived to keep them together till about sunrise, when, receiving no intelligence, they dispersed. About twenty persons met at Vianstown, some of whom were armed with muskets or pitchforks. These continued watching until nearly one o'clock for a light, which was to have appeared in the direction of Seaford; but no light was seen. They became alarmed; and, a heavy shower falling, they retired, and met not again.

We are without any information how Russel passed the night on the dispersion of his troops, whose flight had blasted every happy expectation. He was left alone; nor was there one human being in whom he could confide.

About sunrise he approached a cabin on the shore, near which an aged female was tending a cow. Bidding her good morning, he requested a drink; and while she went to fetch it, he sat down in the shelter of some corn, evidently to avoid being seen. On her return he was nearly asleep. Perceiving him much fatigued, she invited him into her cabin to rest. He accepted the offer; and, throwing himself carelessly on a bed, he slept soundly until noon, "as fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour." On awaking, he appeared much refreshed; and, hastening towards the beach, he got on board of a smack bound for Rush, and landed on the following morning near the entrance of the port of Drogheda.

At some distance stood the mansion of a gentleman, with whom he had been formerly acquainted under more favourable circumstances. Though aware that this gentleman was opposed to the political measures in which he had been recently engaged, he hastened thither, in hopes of obtaining, at least, a temporary refuge: nor was he disappointed in his expectations. He was received with that hearty welcome which usually distinguishes the meeting of old school-fellows: and, on the disclosure of his situation, while regret was expressed at his imprudence, the best offices of the family were proffered for his safety.

Russel had partaken of a luncheon with his friend, and they had begun to descant on the happy scenes of bygone days, when they were alarmed by the appearance of a body of armed horsemen moving briskly towards the house, who in the next minute drew up on the lawn. Russel's host hastened out, and found them to be a detachment of yeoman cavalry, under the orders of a particular friend. To inquiries made regarding their business, he was informed that they were on the look-out for a person of suspicious appearance, who had lately landed from a smack, and was supposed to be secreted in that neighbourhood. In reply, they were assured that no person of that description had been observed, and were entreated to alight and to partake of some refreshment. To this the officer replied, that their present duty admitted of no delay; and, bidding good-bye, they were soon out of sight towards the beach, where Russel had so lately landed. During this conversation, Russel remained in the parlour; and,

the doors being a-jar, he could hear distinctly every word that passed.

In this hospitable retreat he continued several weeks, while dispositions were made for securing him a safe and expeditious conveyance to America. On the intelligence of the arrest of Mr. Emmet, he suddenly changed his mind; and though 1000*l.* reward was now offered for his apprehension,* he determined on returning to Dublin, impressed with the strange belief that some means might be devised to save the life of his dear friend and companion. The utmost persuasions and entreaties of the family were used to divert him from a purpose so evidently fraught with destruction. These failing, it was agreed that he should travel in the carriage of his friend, accompanied by his son, then going on business to Dublin. This scheme fully succeeded, and he reached his destination in safety; but a few nights after (9th Sept.) he was taken in the house of Mr. Molley, a gunsmith, in Parliament Street, by Major Sirr. On the entrance of the Major into his room, he grasped a pistol, which he attempted to discharge. In the hurry he was unable to effect his purpose, from having formerly accidentally dislocated one of the fingers of his right hand. He was immediately taken to the Castle and identified. He seemed no way cast down—talked freely of the cause in which he had lately been engaged, and his readiness to support it in the field or to die for it on the scaffold. Soon after, he was transferred for trial to Downpatrick, where we shall leave him, and proceed to notice the dispositions made by Mr. Emmet in Dublin; whose failure probably saved much bloodshed in the North.

From the departure of Russel, affairs connected with the meditated insurrection were continued with redoubled dispatch, when an accident occurred which it was feared would have led to a discovery, or at least have again retarded the operations. Several artificers were employed at No. 26 Patrick Street, in a laboratory of rockets and grenades,

one of whom let fall from his pipe a spark of fire upon the floor, which had become incrustated by the frequent drippings of inflammable matter, as conveyed from a furnace to a table in the room. An explosion immediately followed, accompanied by a tremendous crash.† The floors were torn in pieces, and the house rent to the foundation. One of the workmen was killed; and several so dreadfully wounded, that they had to be carried to the nearest infirmary. The adjoining houses were all more or less injured; and during the alarm which succeeded, the police repaired to the ruin, and found it strewn with copper ladles, nitre, and other inflammable materials, supposed to have been employed in the making of gunpowder. Contrary to the fears of those concerned, no further inquiry was made. By this explosion the pikes with handles like parasols were destroyed; a circumstance much regretted by Mr. Emmet, as, from his limited time, they could not be replaced.

From this period Mr. Emmet seldom moved from the grand dépôt. He even slept there at night—inspected every preparation—read or wrote by turns; and, when tired, threw himself on a mattress which lay in a corner on the floor. The state of his feelings at this time cannot be better described than in his own words, taken from a paper in his handwriting, afterwards found in the magazine:—"I have little time to look to the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes. That those difficulties will disappear, I have an ardent and, I trust, rational hope. But if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection. And if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opened under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back—I am grateful for that sanguine disposition, which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the visions of happiness that my fancy formed in the air."

* In the notice for his apprehension he is thus described: "He is a tall, handsome man, about five feet eleven inches high, dark complexion, aquiline nose, large black eyes, with heavy eye-brows, good teeth, full chested; walks generally fast and upright, and has a military appearance; is about forty-eight years of age; speaks fluently, with a clear distinct voice; and has a good address."

† The chemist was George M'Daniel, a blue-dyer, who afterwards became an informer.

Hope has been defined the dream of one awake ; and probably never could hope be more truly depicted a dream than by the above reverie, evidently the delusion of a distempered mind, labouring under a strange infatuation. The following were the projected arrangements :—The operations were to commence by a general assault upon the barriers, or outposts of the city. The Pigeon House, lying at the greatest distance, was the first to have been assailed. Two hundred men were appointed for this service : to assemble at low-water on the strand between Irishtown and Sandymount, and to pass between the Pigeon House and Light House. The four hundred men, destined for the attack upon Island Bridge, to meet in a quarry-hole, opposite to a burial-ground : a party, for the same purpose, were also to have been secreted near the Coal Quay. On a concerted signal, these bodies were to rush forward, to seize the sentinels, and secure the cannon. The attention of the military in barrack was to have been diverted by a false attack made on their rear.

The assault on the Castle was to commence by the entrance of two job-coaches, with six persons armed inside of each ; which were to drive in at the upper gate, and to halt in the yard. Those inside, and the postilions, then to alight, turn back, and with the assistance of one hundred men from the dépôt in Patrick Street, to seize the guard. In case of failure, a person was to rap at the door of Mr. Lamprey, and, on its being opened, to secure it, and admit others, who were to descend into the Castle-yard by ladders from a window near the roof of the guard-house. At the same time a brisk fire was to have been opened on the military from the windows of a house in Ship Street. For the purpose of covering these several attacks, feints were to have been made on other posts held by the military in the city.

The streets or lanes, by which it was supposed the troops in garrison would attempt to pass through on the alarm, to be blocked up by massive chains fastened across, coaches, cars, carts, drays, and butchers' stalls, overturned in promiscuous confusion. To assist in this blockade, the inhabitants of some lanes are said to have agreed to carry their most bulky furniture into the streets. The corner houses at those barriers to

be occupied by their friends, who were to pour upon those who should attempt to remove the blockade a shower of stones and other missiles. The battery and magazine in the Park to be taken at the same time.

Among the preparations were hollow beams, formed of the outside slabs of planks, nailed together, to resemble solid timber. These were filled with stones, shot, and inflammable materials ; and were to have been put on carriages, and conveyed to certain places in the streets, and exploded by a fusee. Bottles filled with gunpowder, and embedded in stiff clay, stuck closely about with musket-balls, and covered with canvass, were to have been cast by the hand as grenades. Massive boards, about nine feet in length, were braced together by bars, and studded with iron spikes, for the purpose of being laid upon the bridges over the Liffey, to stop the progress of cavalry. Grappling-irons and scaling-ladders were in preparation ; and at least forty thousand ball-cartridges were prepared.

To carry these several designs into execution, at least four thousand men belonging to the city were expected to unite, and about the same number from the country in its vicinity. The latter were to assemble at Costigan's Mill, and to wait there for the signal to advance. Three hundred were to arrive from the county of Wexford, four hundred from that of Kildare, and two hundred from Wicklow ; all of whom had seen active service during the late rebellion, understood both attack and defence, and were therefore considered veteran troops.

The explosion of three rockets in the air, over Mass Lane, was to be the signal that operations had commenced : a rocket of three stars to appear in case of victory ; a silent rocket to announce a repulse.

Judicious as these arrangements were supposed to be, before the day of trial, it was found that it was easier to devise ten plans than to carry one of the least difficult of them into execution. For want of means, much that had been painfully projected was of necessity abandoned ; and at length all was given up except the lines of blockade, and the attack on the Castle. Though for some weeks every day may be said to have brought forth some fresh disaster, they seemed to make no impression whatever on the sanguine disposition

of Mr. Emmet, who continued to flatter himself that all would be well, and that his men would surmount every danger.

Faithful to their appointment, the Kildare veterans continued to drop into the city for several days prior to the insurrection, and took cover in houses and yards near the canal harbour. Here they remained huddled together till about five o'clock on the evening of the 23d, when they were informed by two of their leaders that Dublin would not rise; on which, with a few exceptions, they returned home. The Wexford men assembled at their post, to the number of about three hundred; but their commander kept them back, until he should learn the result in the city, as they were quite inadequate to perform the service in which it was purposed that they should be engaged. Michael Dwyer, the person who was to have brought forward the force from Wicklow, deserted his post: hence there were no arrivals from that county. We have been unable to learn whether the men of the county of Dublin assembled at their rendezvous or not. Even in the city their plans were distracted by false reports circulated among their friends. By some treacherous or cowardly agent, it was reported that the insurrection was put off until the following Wednesday night. Arthur Devlin, who had the chief charge of the stores, absented himself on that day; and by his absence several important matters got into confusion, his successor not knowing how to act.

The eventful day at length arrived; but the money, which was promised to have been sent early on that morning to perfect the arrangement, did not come in until five o'clock in the evening.* By this delay much valuable time was lost; the most active agents, so much required within, had to be dispatched to purchase blunderbusses, many of the people refusing to act without them. As friends came into the dépôt from the country, work was suspended by mutual inquiries and salutations; and at length the place became so crowded, that even the few remaining hours were mispent.

The time appointed to assemble was from six till nine o'clock in the even-

ing; but at nine o'clock, instead of two thousand men at the dépôt, as had been expected, only about one hundred had assembled. Several men, however, were secreted in houses, or waiting in the adjoining streets or lanes; and some anxiously watched at their doors the concerted signal of attack.

About half past nine o'clock a rocket was observed to ascend over Mass Lane, on which crowds of people were seen pressing towards the dépôt, and, on receiving arms, they moved off at a rapid pace by Dirty Lane into Thomas Street. Those who preferred fire-arms to the pike, received at the same time forty rounds of ball-cartridge. This distribution was so very tumultuous, that it rather resembled the sacking of a store by a mob than the arming of troops. Pikes were hurled by hundreds from the lofts of the magazine into the streets; the boxes with ammunition were staved in bringing out, and their contents scattered about, ankle deep. Of the hollow beams, only two had been carried out; and these were unserviceable, from the person who had them in charge having forgot where he laid their fuses. The numerous bottles, to have been cast as grenades, were also useless from a similar neglect. The boards with iron spikes had not been completed; and of the chains and scaling-ladders only one or two were prepared.

In the midst of this confusion, Mr. Emmet was conspicuous in endeavouring to preserve order. He was dressed in a green military coat, with gold epaulettes, sword, sash, cocked-hat, with a green feather; and a pair of pistols were suspended from his belt. Stafford and Quigly wore similar uniforms, but had only one epaulette each: the former wore a white feather in his hat; the latter, a green. Dowdall had a scarlet coat, trimmed with gold. A coat of the same kind was afterwards found in the dépôt; a proof that at least one general officer had taken French leave.

The crowd being at length equipped, Mr. Emmet, drawing his sword, and placing himself at the head of about eighty men, called, "Come on, boys!" and proceeded by the same route as

* A portion of this money was to have been exchanged into half guineas, for the purpose of immediately rewarding the troops for their capture of the Castle. M^r Daniel, the blue-dyer, got part of this money to purchase some materials, which he converted to his own use, and did not again return to the dépôt.

the others into Thomas Street, their joint numbers amounting to about four hundred men. Near the centre of this street they stopped a carriage, in which were Lord Kilwarden, his daughter, and nephew, the Rev. Richard Wolfe. On the door of the carriage being opened, the cry that they had taken Lord Kilwarden, and the shouts of "Vengeance! vengeance!" ran through the crowd. His lordship was immediately dragged out, and piked with upwards of thirty wounds. During the struggle at his being taken from the carriage, loud cries were heard from within imploring mercy; and to some offers made for protection, it was answered, they "were looking for liberty, not for plunder." Miss Wolfe was forced out, and ordered about her business; but Mr. Wolfe, in attempting to escape, was overtaken and piked.

The time spent in the commission of those murders appears to have quite disconcerted their projected attack on the Castle, one leader only adhering to the original purpose. This person kept calling out lustily, "The Castle will be ours in less than half an hour;" but none were to be found disposed to second his chivalrous intention.

The popular effort was now directed against the Marshalsea prison, a place appropriated exclusively for the confinement of debtors, and therefore protected only by a few soldiers. In this encounter the corporal of the guard was killed; but the insurgents, meeting with more opposition than they had expected, retired, and endeavoured to surprise the Coombe barrack. On this occasion several of the rebels advanced close to the guard, and discharging their pieces, wounded two of the men; but being briskly fired upon in return, they retreated, leaving several of their party dead. The watchhouse in Vicar Street was attacked twice in the course of the same night, but with no better success.

While these things were passing, a police-officer named Wilson, having heard that a mob was collecting, advanced at the head of eleven men into Thomas Street. Hearing some shots fired in the direction of the Marshalsea prison, he concluded that it was assailed, and hastened by Dirty Lane, in order to take the mob in their rear. On his arrival, he was

surprised to find himself within a few perches of the head of a column of armed rebels, amounting to between three and four hundred men. Determined, however, to assume a bold tone, rather than to make a precipitate retreat, he called on them to lay down their arms, and was answered by being severely wounded by a pike. Firing immediately commenced between the parties, by which one of the watchmen was killed, and several of the rebels; but the latter opening their ranks, in order to bring those who had fire-arms from the rear, Wilson hastily retired to the Coombe.

In the meantime a picquet of the military, consisting of between forty and fifty men, who had been despatched into Thomas Street on the report of the assemblage of a rebellious mob, arrived at the head of the above street, near James's Gate. On passing an entry, a shot was fired from it, which mortally wounded one of the soldiers; and at the same time a bottle was thrown from a window—probably one of those charged as a grenade—but it did not explode. Hearing loud huzzas in front, and a tumultuous noise of people advancing, with the cry of "Loyal pikemen, charge them—here they come!" the officer in command told off his men into sections, ordered them to prime and load, and, after the first volley, each to fire as fast as he could. On the first fire the insurgents fled; and on receiving two other volleys, they entirely dispersed, leaving some prisoners in the hands of the military. After this a few shots only were heard; no further resistance was made, and each person shifted for himself as he could.

A party of the army, in pursuit of some fugitives, entered Mass Lane, where, by the light of a flambeau, they proceeded to explore the dépôt, to which they were directed by its open doors, and the vast number of pikes scattered about. Here they found eight thousand copies of two proclamations of the provisional government. One of these was addressed to the people of Ireland, in which they were informed that nineteen counties were ready to take the field, and that their object was "to establish a free and independent republic in Ireland." To this was annexed a plan of the future representation of the kingdom.* The other pro-

* The county of Antrim was to have sent thirteen members; the town of Belfast, eight; the county of Down, sixteen members; Londonderry, nine.

clamation was addressed to the citizens of Dublin, and began as follows:—"A band of patriots, mindful of their oath, and faithful to their engagement as United Irishmen, have determined to give freedom to their country, and a period to the long career of English oppression." Upwards of thirty-six thousand ball-cartridges were discovered, with grenades, chains, scaling-ladders, and grappling-irons: the three last-mentioned articles were in an unfinished state. About eight thousand pikes were lying scattered around, a few green flags, several uniforms, and some cloth, of the same colour; and, in a desk, some papers in the handwriting of Mr. Emmet, and a manuscript volume, entitled, "*Elements of War*."

On the total failure of this enterprise, Emmet, Dowdall, Quigly, Stafford, and eleven others, who, it is presumed, were also leaders, sought refuge in the wilds and recesses of the Wicklow mountains. Early on the morning of the 26th they entered the house of a farmer named Doyle, at Tallagh, about seven miles from Dublin. Mr. Emmet still wore his military dress; as did some of the others. They were armed with blunderbusses, and seemed in high spirits; amusing themselves by talking gibberish to their host, and calling one another French generals. After breakfast some of the party went to bed, and slept several hours; and about nine o'clock in the evening they all retired, and again sought the fastnesses of the hilly district.

During their stay on the mountains, dispositions were made by the friends of Mr. Emmet for his leaving the kingdom; when that wayward fatality, which appears to have attended all his steps, induced him on the 30th to return to his old quarters at Harold's Cross. This strange proceeding is said to have been for the sole purpose of having a farewell interview with Sarah, daughter of the celebrated Mr. Curran, to whom he had paid his addresses during his late unhappy preparations. We have not learned that he attained his object. But be that as it may, on the evening of the 25th August he was made a prisoner at his lodgings by Major Sirr. He attempted twice to

escape, but was secured; and being put upon his trial for high treason, was found guilty, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law in Thomas Street, on the 20th September. His speech, when asked, on his trial, in the usual manner, why judgment of death should not be pronounced upon him, has been generally considered a piece of matchless eloquence, and, perhaps, stands unrivalled by any one in his situation; but as it has been often published, we forbear its repetition.

Of Mr. Emmet it has been observed, that "although few would ever think of justifying his projects or regretting their failure; yet his youth, his talents, the respectability of his connexions, and the evident delusion of which he was the victim, have excited more general sympathy for his unfortunate end, and more forbearance towards his memory, than is usually extended to the errors or sufferings of political offenders."*

The alarm excited by the proceedings of the disaffected in the counties of Down and Antrim having attracted the notice of the government, several persons were apprehended in those counties, and committed to prison; and on the following October a special commission was issued for their trial.† In the county of Down, bills of indictment were found against Thomas Russel, James Drake, James Curry, Fergus McCartan, Michael Maguire, James Smith, Patrick Doran, and James Fitzgerald. Only the three first were put upon their trial, who were found guilty and executed. Maguire pleaded guilty, and was afterwards transported. McCartan's trial was put off, and he was afterwards liberated on bail. The others were admitted evidence for the crown.

The trial of Russel took place on the 19th October, but he made no defence. After the statement and evidence had been gone through on the part of the crown, he spoke as follows: "I shall not trouble my lawyer to make any statement of my case: I consider myself precluded from making any, as a man of honour. There are but three possible modes of making defence: first, by calling witnesses to prove the innocence of my conduct; secondly,

* *Life of John P. Curran*, by his Son, vol. ii.

† Among the persons confined at this time, charged with treasonable practices, were Isabella Shaw, Dundalk, and Margaret Munroe, Lisburn, imprisoned in the county of Antrim jail, Carrickfergus. They were liberated in January 1804.

by calling them to impeach the credit of the other witnesses; and thirdly, proving an *alibi*. As I cannot resort to these modes of defence without involving others, I consider myself precluded from any."

Previous to the charge of the judge, he asked if it was not permitted for a person in his situation to say a few words, as he wished to give his vale-

dictory advice to his countrymen in as concise a manner as possible, being well convinced how speedy would be the transition from that vestibule to the scaffold and the grave. He was told the proper time was previous to the sentence. In that period he spoke in an energetic, but rather an unconnected manner, for the space of about twenty minutes.*

* His speech:—"Before I address myself to the audience, I return thanks to the gentlemen on the part of the crown for the accommodation and indulgence I have received during my confinement. I return my thanks to the gentlemen of the jury, for the patient investigation they afforded to my case; and I return my thanks to the court, for the attention and politeness they have shewn during my trial.

"In what I intend now to say, I shall advert to two things: the first, apparently trifling, my dress; and secondly, my political sentiments and conduct. The attorney-general has been pleased to consider my dress in a ludicrous point of view: I should wish that he could turn tragedy into farce. The dress in which I now appear, this black silk handkerchief, I always wore, even when I went into evening parties. As to my political sentiments, I shall express myself in as brief a manner as possible, not wishing to engross the time of the court. I look back to the last thirteen years of my life with entire satisfaction, being the period in which I have interfered in the transactions of Ireland. Though for my own share in them I am about to die, the gentlemen of the jury having by their verdict put the seal of truth upon the evidence now given against me—whether at this time, or in this country, situated as it is, it may be safe to inflict the punishment of death upon me for the offences with which I am charged, I leave to the gentlemen who conduct the prosecution. My death may, perhaps, be useful in deterring others from following my example: it may serve for a memorial to some, and in trying occasions it may inspire others with courage. I can now say, as far as my judgment enables me, that I have acted for the good of my country and of the world. It may be presumptuous in me to deliver my opinions as a statesman; but as government has singled me out as a leader, and given me the appellation of a General, I am in some degree entitled so to do. To me it is plain that all things are verging to a change, when all shall be of one opinion. In ancient times we read of great empires having their rise and fall; and yet do the old governments proceed as if all things were immutable. From the time I could observe and reflect, I perceived there were two kinds of laws,—the laws of God and the laws of the state. By the former I have always endeavoured to regulate my conduct; but that laws of the latter kind exist in Ireland, no one who knows me, I believe, can deny. That such laws * * * * * have existed in former times, many and various examples clearly evince.

"The Saviour of the world, Christ, died by the Roman laws; by the same laws his apostles were put to the torture, and deprived of their existence, in his cause. By my conduct, I do not consider that I have committed any guilt: I have committed no moral evil. I do not want many and bright examples of those who have gone before me. But did I look for this encouragement, the recent example of a youthful hero, a martyr in the cause of liberty, who has just died for his country, would inspire me. I have declined into the vale of manhood—I have learned to estimate the realities and delusions of this world;—he was surrounded by every thing that could endear the world to him, in the bloom of youth, with fond attachments, and with the fascinating charms of health and innocence. To this death, even in this stato, I look back with rapture. I have travelled much, and through various parts of the world, and I think the Irish are the most virtuous nation on the face of the earth: they are a good and a generous people, and, had I ten thousand lives, I would yield them in their service. If it be the will of God that I suffer for that with which I am charged, I am perfectly resigned to submit to His holy dispensation; but I know that, without His will it, not a hair of my head can be touched. As the soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, I will bow me down to whatsoever I may be ordained to undergo in this mortal world. I do not wish to trespass much more upon the time of those who hear me; and, did I do so, an indisposition which has seized me since I came into court would prevent my purpose.

"However, before I go from this to a better world, I would address myself to the lauded aristocracy of this country. The word, aristocracy, I do not mean to use as an insulting epithet, but in the common sense of the expression. Perhaps, as my

From his arrival at Downpatrick, he occasionally inquired if the French had landed in Ireland. Even on the morning of the day of his execution, he made inquiry to that effect; and, on being answered in the negative, he expressed surprise. He was executed at Downpatrick, on the 21st October. He said nothing on the scaffold, further than expressing a hope that he died in peace with all mankind. On the body being taken down, no provision had been made for its being decapitated; and it was carried into the jail-yard for that purpose. Soon after, the executioner made his appearance on the scaffold, with the head between his hands, the hair being too closely cropped to suspend it by. The corpse was interred at the parish church, Downpatrick; where a plain slab marks the spot where rest his remains, on which is inscribed:

"THIS IS THE GRAVE OF RUSSEL."

The front of this stone has been several times turned down to the ground, and

as often again replaced in its proper position.

At the assizes held for the county of Antrim, bills for high treason were found against David Porter, Andrew Hunter, John M'Owen, John Owen, and Joseph Thompson. Only the two first were put upon their trial, who were found guilty and executed. The others, who belonged to Ballymena, were some months after liberated, on giving bail.

In October, Quigly, Stafford, and a person named Perot, belonging to Lucan, near Dublin, were made prisoners at Ardfray, county of Galway. They were not brought to trial; and some years afterwards were liberated.

A few persons connected with this rebellion, belonging to the county of Down, were confined in Belfast. On the night of the 29th September, 1804, they effected their escape by undermining the walls of their prison. One hundred pounds reward was offered for the apprehension of each; but none of them were taken.

voice may be considered as the voice of one crying from the grave, what I now say may have some weight. I see many around me who, during the last years of my life, have disseminated principles for which I am about to die. These gentlemen, who have all the wealth and power of the country in their hands, I strongly and warmly exhort to pay attention to the poor;—by the poor, I mean the labouring classes of the community, their tenantry and dependants. I advise them, for their own good, to look into their grievances, to sympathise in their distresses, and to spread comfort and happiness through their dwellings—it might be that they will not hold their power long; and, at all events, to attend to the wants and distresses of the poor is their truest interest. If they hold their power, they will thus have friends around them; and I am sure, unless they act thus, they never can be happy.

"I shall now appeal to the right hon. gentleman, in whose hands the lives of the prisoners are, that he will rest satisfied with my death, and let that alone suffice for the crimes into which it may be supposed I have deluded them. I trust the gentleman will restore them to their friends and families. If he will do so, I can assure him that the breeze which conveys to him the prayers and blessings of their wives and children will be more grateful than that which may be tainted with the stench of putrid corpses, carrying with it the cries of the widow and orphans. Standing, as I do, in the presence of God and man, I entreat him to let my life alone atone for the fault of all, and that my blood alone may flow.

"If I am therefore to die, I have two requests to make. My first is, that, as I have been for some time engaged in a work, possibly of some advantage to the world, I may be indulged with three days for its completion.* Secondly, as there are ties which even death cannot sever, and as there are some who have a regard for me after death, I request that my body, mutilated and disfigured as it may be, may be delivered, after the execution of the law, to these dear friends, that it may be conveyed to the ground where my parents are laid, and where these faithful few may be permitted to grieve. And now, about to pass into the presence of Almighty God, I declare I feel no enmity in my mind to any being—none to those persons who have borne testimony against me—none to those who have conducted the prosecution—none to the jury, who have pronounced the verdict of my death."

The judge then pronounced the sentence of death, to which he listened with the greatest composure, bowed respectfully to the court, and retired.

* This is understood to have been a commentary upon the Book of Revelations. After his death, all his papers were forwarded to Dublin. His request respecting his body was not complied with.



THE LAST OF THE LAIRDS.

A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

PART I.

WE have had the last days of Pompeii, the last of the Tribunes, the last of the Mohicans, and the last of the Boethius. Like every thing exotic in this country, the heroes of those Italian and American stories have been very favourably received by the public. Whether this reception have been owing to our national love and patronage of what is foreign, or to the genius which has adorned the Roman tales, and the interest inherent in those of the back settlements, it is not perhaps necessary to inquire.

My object is rather to bespeak the courteous attention of the reader, while I relate the history of the last of a tribe of the purely indigenous species. The Highland laird, properly so called, is, alas! no more—the obsequies were not long ago performed over the last patriarch of the race.

At his death, he was eighty-six years of age, and was succeeded in his title and estates by his son and heir, then upwards of fifty. This latter had exercised the authority of *regent* of the estate, however, long before the old laird's death. As the history of sire and of son must run parallel through a considerable part of this memoir, I shall designate the one as the “Last of the Lairds,” the other as the “modern laird.” He has a claim, indeed, as undoubted to rank first and foremost of this class, as his father had acquired to the patriarchal distinction of being the last of the class that preceded it.

On coming to his estate, while yet a young man, the “Last of the Lairds” found himself lord absolute of the islands of C—ll, M—k, E—g, R—m, and of a large portion of the isle of M—ll. His armorial bearings were graced with supporters; and in the hallowed ruins of Iona are to be seen, till this day, the ancestral effigies of some of the warriors of his family. They are carved in rude stone; and the veteran schoolmaster of the place tells you they have lain there for at least six hundred years. Their appearance lends testimony to the truth of this assertion. They look much fiercer

than Guy, earl of Warwick; and are booted, spurred, cuirassed, and vizored, according to the fashion of a very olden time.

A lady of the family, it is not known how many centuries ago, was stolen from her home by the chief of a rival clan, and left to perish on a rock at the entrance of the Sound of M—ll. It appears that such was the mode in which a laird of those days signified his displeasure at a lady's refusal to give him her hand. The refractory damsel, with the sea up to her chin, was rescued from her perilous situation by some valiant chiefs of her own tribe. Hereupon ensued divers wars and sanguinary encounters between the clan of the M—L—n and that which had offered so great an insult to their house. The result of this club-law was the increased celebrity of the then Laird of C—ll, and the extension of his landed possessions by many thousand acres of heath, moss, and rock.

The more immediate predecessors of the “Last of the Lairds” built a huge castle on the island of C—ll. It was in the form of a square; and stood upon a foundation, partly sand, partly rock, near the sea-shore. It was to be at once the family mansion and stronghold of the lairds of C—ll for the time being. Trees were not in fashion in those days, even in the more cultivated parts of the lowlands of Scotland. In the island of C—ll, exposed to every blast from heaven, the attempt to rear them would have been then, as it would be still, all but preposterous. I doubt if either the sarcasms of Dr. Johnson, or the mania for planting of the “modern laird,” will ever stimulate to the hopeless task. Like the fox which despised the grapes he could not reach, the Lairds of C—ll affected a thorough dislike of trees. This family antipathy to wood descended in hereditary succession so strong to the “Last of the Lairds,” that when he was constrained, by the frequent remonstrances of his guests, and supplications of his wife and daughters, to build a garden-wall, for shelter to some apples and pears,

he built it to the extraordinary height of thirty feet—not so much that he might protect his fruit, as hide from his eyes the ornament, so odious and so often denounced, of trees. He threatened with ejection every tenant who should dare to plant a fir or an ash; and he excused himself respecting the fruit-trees in his own garden, by saying that the visits he received from “Southrons” made his planting them necessary. It was thought, he observed, that they could not have even a little fruit in the Highlands; and it was proper the laird should shew them that he could have, not only apples and pears, but whatever else he pleased in C—ll.

Dark, frowning, solitary, stood the quadrangular castle erected on that bleak spot: near it, as its only ornament, was the quadrangular garden-wall. The waves of the sea, in threatening noise and tumult, dashed themselves upon the beach; the sand was whirled in eddies, and collected in huge masses around the castle; the sea-gulls screamed; and the long, black reefs of immovable rock shattered into white foam the billows, as they rolled their accumulated heaps of waters upon the towering and misshapen ridges by which the island was begirt. The “Last of the Lairds” prided himself—but God knows why—upon the possession of some architectural genius. He thought the elevation of Castle C—ll was not in keeping with the extent of its basement; and he raised upon it, accordingly, a top story, but entirely out of keeping and proportion with the lower part of the building. So fantastic was the height, so much greater the weight of the new story than the old walls could support, that foundations began to sink, rafters to give way, and the whole tenement to become a rickety prey to wind and weather. There were only some straggling apartments in it, here and there, that were at all habitable. With true Highland tenacity, however, the “Last of the Lairds” only clung the more closely to the mansion of his fathers, the more he had rendered it at once uncomfortable and uncouth. Not only so, but he shewed every visitor that came to it what he called “his improvements;” and wo betide the unfortunate wight who might chance to hazard an expression of disapproval!

The tenantry of C—ll amounted to

about fifteen hundred persons; that of the other islands, of which the “Last of the Lairds” was lord, to about as many more. His subjects were, in all, three thousand. He exercised over the whole of them a control as despotic and unlimited as that of any feudal baron of the Norman reign. The associations connected by the vassals of the laird with his family disdained the limits of feasible tradition, and ran far back into the regions of fiction and romance. Hence the deferential fear and trembling in which he kept them, and the prompt obedience, untainted by the presumption of either thought or opinion, which they yielded to the letter of his commands. From nearly constant residence among them, and occasional favours condescendingly conferred, he had a slight hold upon their affections; but his countenance was seldom lit up into a smile. His word was a law; and against his frown who could stand? Fear, fear, was the principle of his reign; and though, to casual and superficial observers, the alacrity with which he was obeyed might appear the instinctive dictate of respectful attachment, yet, by those initiated into the secret source of his authority, this apparent regard was known to be only the mongrel spawn of servile adulation. The clergyman was the creature of his nod; the sheriff, the subservient tool of his pleasure; and the officers of customs and excise were the mere beings of his lordly creation. He was in the habit of using, in his courts-leet, a well-known “yellow stick.” It was not less the emblem of his undisputed power, than the frequent minister of his hot, ungovernable wrath. Forgetting, often, the dignity of the judge, he would let fall this sceptre of his authority in such unequivocal wise upon the shoulders of an assumed delinquent, as brought him, with all his Highland muscularity, to the ground.

The income of the “Last of the Lairds,” especially during the war, when cattle, sheep, and kelp, were all high, was from five to six thousand a-year. It was impossible for him, on his island of rock and sand, and isolated patches of fertility and verdure, to spend more than the half of it. Poultry, eggs, vegetables, fish, were all brought to him in feudal homage by his tenants. His mountains abounded by grouse and deer; and he reared

his own beef and mutton. His only expense was for wine, groceries, servants' wages, and clothes. Three thousand a-year, even with Highland hospitality, will go a prodigious way in providing these. The laird's invariable practice was to make all his guests drunk as quickly after dinner as possible; but six pipes of wine a-year enabled him to do this very effectually. Steam-boats were not in use in his days; and the island of C—ll is unapproachable, even by them, from November till April. His feast and festive days, therefore, were during the summer months. He then circulated the glass so freely, that most of his guests had their first sleep on the carpet, under the table; and himself, a four-bottle man, was carried off in state to bed by a couple of servants. This distinction he owed solely and entirely to his being the "Laird." It is reported that, on one of these occasions, his Bacchanalian powers succumbed to those of a portly and poetic personage at the Scotch bar, of the name of Peter Robertson. Peter survived all competitors at table; and as the laird, in the act of commencing his fifth bottle, was first laid prostrate, and then carried off in his usual state, Peter, it is said, with his wonted felicity of application, pronounced this elegy, from Blair, on the corpse—

"Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born to rot in state."

It is recorded, however, that the advocate pronounced his self-complacent dirge in *sotto voce*; for though it might have been said of him, as of Tam O'Shanter—

"Kings may be fou, but Tam was
glorious,"

yet was the advocate's triumphant expression of his glory under the control of that discretion which whispered to him, that, if the servants should overhear any such contemptuous allusion to their master's fallen estate, and should give even a garbled account of it to him in the morning, neither the wit, the eloquence, nor the good-humoured spirit of the barrister's borrowed illustration, would have averted the *argumentum ad hominem* of the "yellow stick." Besides, Peter was, and is, a staunch Tory; the laird was, but now no longer is, a very aristocratic Whig. Persons of this character cannot patiently brook Tory jokes; and

the laird's fiery temper, easy at all times of ignition, would have burned, on such an occasion as this, with a fury "one seven times the hotter," from the consideration of the party politics of the man who had illumined it.

The "Last of the Lairds" had five daughters. He thought it was neither becoming his own state to live a life of total seclusion, nor doing justice to their pretensions to keep them entirely shut out from the world. He saved, by two or three successive years' residence on his island, fifteen hundred to two thousand a-year; and when his daughters were grown up, he sallied forth, with four or five thousand pounds in his pocket, every second or third year, to visit the *beau monde*. At first, he confined his excursions to Edinburgh; but extended them, by degrees, to York, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Leamington, and other places of gay resort. Wherever he was, he was one of the *élite*. His handsomely appointed equipage, entertainments, and stylish abode; his supporters, and old family name; the beauty of his daughters (for they were all fine women), and his piper, gorgeously dressed in Highland costume, procured for him a first-rate reception among the fashionable and the gay. The piper was an indispensable part of the travelling equipage of the laird; and it may be conceived what sort of sensation was likely to be created in Bath, or at Leamington, by his parading in front of the Highland chieftain's mansion or hotel, with variegated streamers floating on the breeze from the pipes of his instrument, to announce, in the wild jargon of its mountain tones, that his master and guests were about to sit down to dinner.

The "Last of the Lairds" made no difference in his arrangements, in this respect, from those adopted at Castle C—ll. Wherever he was, he thought he had a right to have his dinner-hour announced by the piper. To have had a bell rung for this purpose, would have sounded in his Celtic ears like profanation. Besides, he was a military man. He had been colonel of the Aberdeenshire militia; and he had never, he said, allowed the officers of his mess to be summoned to dinner by the drums beating the "Roast Beef of Old England"—it was always by the bagpipes; and was he now to abandon the martial instrument of his fathers, merely because modern refinement af-

fect to despise it? No; that was his chief reason for being proud of it. Then he would contend, that his guests were as widely scattered at a watering-place, or in Edinburgh, as the officers quartered in a country town: but, whether it were so or not, that it was fitting the inhabitants should know the hour at which the laird was going to dinner. I don't think he had ever heard of the African potentate, who gave similar notice of his sitting down to all the monarchs of the earth, with the addenda of permission to them to go and do likewise. If the laird had, the barbarian analogy might have driven him from his fondly cherished habit of feudal assumption. No entertainment, wherever they might be, was complete without the Misses M'L—n of C—ll; no dinner party *comme il faut* without the "Last of the Lairds."

In the naval excursions which he was obliged to take from his island, before he could reach the mainland, he often boxed about, in his Highland yacht, for a week together. He now spent the night in some dreary creak, and was anon beating for days against the wind, the tide, and the waves, till the sails of the bark, and the gowns and coats of the passengers, were drenched in the brine of many a Highland sea. The greater the storm, the more was the laird in his glee. He made the piper blow a pibroch in the teeth of the gale. If the ladies either felt or affected fear, he ordered them instantly to bed. They trembled more at his frown than at that of the storm; and, at length, they became excellent sailors. He used purposely to put to sea in bad weather, that he might receive the admiring homage of second-rate lairds, and the congratulations and applause of the higher, though ever obsequious class of neighbours, at whose houses he condescended to stop. He was also pleased to hear the praise of his daughters, trained to courage and endurance by his hardihood, at the mouths of the Highland gentry, who, on the appearance of the well-known banner of his boat, crowded to the beach to welcome and receive him.

On the laird's return from those excursions, he was wont to carry with him, in his yacht, from the last point of embarkation on the mainland, a number of friends, adherents, and admirers, to partake of his hospitalities in the weather-beaten Castle of C—ll. As

they passed the various heights on either shore of the Sound of M—ll, bonfires blazed on the most conspicuous summits of the dreary hills. The bagpipes on the land re-echoed the pibrochs of the bagpipes afloat; and crowds of half-naked vassals were heaped upon the rocky promontories, to shout a wild hurra of welcome to the returning bark of the laird, as it swept over the foaming flood that laved their shores. As they drew near to the Castle of C—ll, if it were at night, the whole island seemed in a blaze. If the arrival were during the day, the whole tenantry on the sea-girt spot congregated to receive the company.

The inhabitants of C—ll thought that the laird had a much better right to the title of "Lord of the Isles," than the head of the family which now usurps it. Their shew of deferential respect to him and his guests, accordingly, was altogether like that of feudo-baronial times. Every rock on the huge, misshapen pier, became the pedestal of a man ready to draw his claymore in support of the caprice, or to throw himself into the sea to gratify the whim, of the laird. The pier had been as substantial as once was the castle; but, from some engineering improvements of the laird, it was now become quite as much a wreck. The foaming waves had dashed in among the loosened stones; and these, covered with sea-weed and slippery slime, were tossed into detached masses of every size and shape. Here was a pyramidal clump, there a quadrangular heap. Now a huge isolated rock, as round and glassy-smooth as a pebble, and then a large stone, at a sloping angle, obstructed the approach to the dreary abode of the M'L—ns. It was curious, but rather nervous, to observe the precipitous and anxious efforts that, heedless of all personal danger, were made by the subjects of the laird to land him and his suite. One man missed his footing, in an attempt to jump on the rocks, a distance of eight feet, and was presently immersed to the chin; a second slid into a whirlpool, and was dashed about in it like a log; a third and a fourth swam to the chains of the yacht, with ropes between their teeth; while a small punt, overloaded by officious assistants, gave its contents to the element of waters. Hawsers were thrown from the bounding yacht to the beach, and fastened to rusty iron-rings

and bolts. Oars and planks and chairs were thrust forward, or laid down, at every point likely to render them a means of enabling the party to land. A discordant din, of the most uncouth language ever heard, pervaded the throng. The athletic man pushed the feeble one aside; and he, nothing daunted by the discomfiture which had plunged him into the surge, kept bawling at the top of his voice to others what to do.

At length the whole party, drenched to the skin, and after many hairbreadth escapes, were landed. You might have seen the Lady C—ll borne triumphantly to the shore, upon a chair which rested on the brawny shoulders of two gigantic clansmen. The daughters of the laird followed in similar state. Several gentlemen of the party, laying hold of oars, were carried off on them, by two or three sturdy Gaels, as Irishmen carry their bundles at the end of their sticks. One gentleman lost both hat and wig, while hanging over the shoulders of a one-eyed Cyclops of the Hebrides, almost as tall as Polyphemus himself. Three or four passengers were washed in by the surge, clinging to the beam-ends of the punt which had upset. A laird of the better class, disdainful the personal assistance or support of a man like himself, jumped upon a rock, and by a sudden jerk, shorewise, of one of the small hawsers attached to the vessel, was kilted into the air, and, at one fell swoop of a yawning wave, stranded upon the sandy beach.

The laird was, of course, himself the last person, except the crew, to quit the yacht. When it came to his turn to land, he tied one end of a rope round his waist, and, throwing the other end toward the beach, where half a dozen of his vassals stood to receive him, he gallantly dashed into the sea. Half swimming, half dragged, wholly drenched, he gained the shore, and there, shaking his clothes, he affected to make very light of the whole matter. He simply remarked, that it was rather rough landing; and prescribed cherry-brandy for the ladies, and mountain-dew for the gentlemen. Without more ceremony, he led the way to the castle, and welcomed his guests to the island of C—ll. They were followed by a dense multitude of the tenantry, shouting to them, in Gaelic, a welcome, which, if its cordiality were to be estimated by its vociferous din, was the warmest ever uttered.

All were too much afraid of the laird, to offer any fastidious remarks upon the perilous predicaments in which they had severally been. They even affected to join him in his laugh; and to acquiesce in his observation, "that the pier was a good pier—only a little damaged, of late, by wind and weather."

When parties like these got into the castle for a season, there was no end to the feasting, dancing, drinking, piping, and general rejoicing. Numerous vassals, dressed in the tartan of the clan, were in attendance to do honour to the laird and his guests. A favoured few of the better class of tenants were admitted to a seat at the festive board. They increased your awe for the laird, by the godly fear and trembling with which they ate their repast in his presence. If he asked them to take a glass of wine with him, their eyes sparkled with unwonted lustre; and they were sure, for one bumper they filled up for themselves, to spill, in their agitation, another upon the tablecloth. "What the devil makes you afraid?" on one such occasion, said the laird. "Just yoursel, laird," replied the candid, but simple Caledonian.

The great hall of the castle was adorned with claymores, which a modern wight could scarcely lift, much less wield. Corselets, greaves, vizors, and shields, were displayed upon the walls, in alternate contrast with the full-length portraits, in sad decay, of a long line of fierce-looking ancestors. The laird himself, in his colonel's uniform; and his lady, in a full dress of some fifty years ago, were the only specimens of modern portrait-painting, or symptoms of innovation in costume, among the ancestral family group.

The laird professed Whig politics; but, like many other Whigs, he indulged in very despotic practices. From some of them I am quite sure that the highest Tory I ever knew would have shrunk in dismay: he would have stood aghast at the contemplation of so latitudinarian and unscrupulous an exercise of prerogative.

Of course, all within the sphere of the laird's control were imbued with a political tinge similar to his own. Any thing else on their part would neither have been tolerated nor safe. Argument was a thing unknown at Castle C—ll. The laird's dictum superseded all fastidious casuistry, quenched the very appearance of con-

tradictory opinion, and would have swallowed up, in its voracious appetite for passive obedience, every trace of independent thought in others.

I have heard of a remote cousin of his, with a commission in the army, who ventured, on one occasion, to differ in opinion from the laird on a point of military discipline.

Neither scrupulous nor choice in his epithets, "By G—!" said the laird, "if that is your opinion, you had better be off to-morrow; for, whatever discipline may be in the army, you know very well what it is in C—ll. Never man dared to stay four-and-twenty hours upon the island, after having once presumed to dispute my opinion."

An open boat was prepared, accordingly, next day, for the laird's presumptuous cousin. He was landed (and it was lucky for him that he escaped being drowned) on the Isle of M—ll, at the point nearest to C—ll. He was there left upon the beach, to make the best of his way to his barracks. The story was told at his mess; and it was on all hands agreed, that, if the laird were commander-in-chief, the army would be on a different footing, and a much more efficient one, in matter of discipline, than that on which it was.

How the laird would have treated the question of the "abolition of flogging" may be readily conceived. He had, it is true, no "cat-o'-nine-tails;" but it would have taken many of these to counterbalance the weight of his "yellow stick," and to sustain the authority kept up by the constant sight, and not unfrequent use, of that formidable sceptre. Many a man was there in C—ll who might have compared shoulders with Thyrsites.

In addition to other modes of punishment, the laird had one dreadfully effective. He had chosen, in the bleakest part of the island of M—ll, a spot which he very appropriately called "Siberia." Thither he banished his untractable subjects to live a life of dreariness and wo, amid chilling cold and barren rocks, and stunted heath. In comparison of the wretched hovel that covered them—I cannot say *sheltered*—the worst Irish cabins I ever saw are comfortable. There was a mere pittance of yellow, unhealthy grass around them, on which to support the moving skeleton of a cow that reluctantly yielded to them her scanty

drops of attenuated milk for their support. This was the sole sauce they had to the potatoes that here and there thinly sown, with scarce room for existence and growth, struggled into birth among the crevices of the rock.

Oh, callousness supreme! "Oh, well-abolished excrescence of tyrannical power in the "Last of the Lairds!"

Let those who shall hereafter visit, in admiration, Staffa and Iona, remember that there is a spot near them in the Isle of M—ll; and that such spot, still retaining in its vicinity the name of "Siberia," is the one which I have described, and *was* the one appropriated to the purpose, which I have detailed. Nay, let them know, that there is still so much of the old leaven of "yellow-stick" supremacy in the present generation, that I passed this very spot not many years ago; that I passed it in company with the youngest daughter (now, of course, an old woman) of the "Last of the Lairds;" and that, while *my* blood was fast chilling within me by the contemplation of a place so unearthly, chosen as that on which human beings were forced to wring out the dregs of a wretched existence at the capricious will of a despot and untutored mind; that while I was bemoaning me thus, the laird's daughter, pointing with her finger to the place, said, in a laughing and even self-complacent tone, "That was my father's 'Siberia.'" Yet this lady, as will be seen by the sequel, is a saint,—a very notable personage for distributing tracts, reading the Scriptures, and doing other works of charity among the poor.

In person the "Last of the Lairds" was stout, muscular, athletic. He was about the middle stature, having very large feet and hands, high cheek-bones, and a countenance of which the permanent feature was inflexible severity. He seldom relaxed it into a smile, except upon occasions of self-complacency. These occasions were when flattering pictures of his greatness and supremacy arose to his view in the mirror of his own reflections; but he liked the portrait still better, and smiled the more condescendingly, when it was drawn for him in the presence of others, by some dependent sycophant, who had the magical power of connecting with one or other of the cardinal virtues every peculiarity of the laird's character and temper.

Such was the "Last of the Lairds" in the meridian of his glory. That was about a quarter of a century ago.

Of his daughters, three contracted matrimonial alliances in the course of the laird's excursions into the gay world. One of the three married a captain in the army, of small property.

So quickly did grandchildren to the "Last of the Lairds" spring out of this alliance, that his son-in-law was fain to sell his commission, and, with ten or twelve scions of the house of C——ll, to proceed upon a grant of government lands to New South Wales. He has there further increased the population, by an addition to his family of five or six sons and daughters. He now holds on a precarious existence, amid frequent attacks from the bush-rangers, bad crops, robbery of stock, parching droughts, overwhelming torrents of rain, and other natural and inevitable adjuncts of colonising enterprise.

Another daughter of the laird intermarried with a branch of the nobility. Her son, to whom descended the title of Lord B——shire, is unknown to the world, except, indeed, to the limited portion of it in the vicinity of Hampton Court. The sister of this hopeful, though retiring, youth, lately became a lady in her own right; married the young Laird of I——; and bids fair to extend the race, if not eclipse the fame, of the family of her grandsire, the "Last of the Lairds."

The only other married daughter became so under circumstances a little peculiar. A writer to the signet, of some note in his profession, but of obscure family, paid his addresses to her. He was a little man, with a bald head, a vivacious eye, and one leg six inches shorter than the other. This leg, resting on a boot-heel of artificial height proportioned to the natural deficiency, in length, of the limb, gives the little man of the law, when he walks, all the appearance of a mountain in labour. The lady, on the other hand, was a fine woman; but her father, the "Last of the Lairds," could give her no dower. She was past that blooming period of life at which ladies can afford to think, "there is yet plenty of time." It is said that she at first coldly received, and at length affected quite to reject, the addresses of the anxious writer to the signet. But, perceiving for the first time, one morning at her toilette, distinct symptoms of one or two coming

wrinkles under the eye, she sealed that very day, by the acceptance of the lawyer's hand, at once his fate and her own. She took him for better, for worse; and is now the mother of a large and promising family of boys. What is better, not one of them, as regards the leg, is "a chip of the old block." They are as hale, healthy, and robust, as if they had proceeded from the loins of the laird himself.

For the two other daughters, one, the eldest, most lady-like and intelligent of them all, was of a naturally delicate constitution. She had her death accelerated by the perilous system of a late celebrated quack. This charlatan had the cruelty to rub into her flesh, when there was scarce any left to cover her skeleton frame, his sponges dipped in the corrosive liquid which burns and kills. Poor Miss M'L——n fell an admiring victim and dupe to his practice. The *soi-disant* Æsculapius of the human race went further than this. He persuaded the lady he was in love with her; and, under a double delusion on her part, that she was the object of his admiration, and destined to be one of his most celebrated cures, he wrung from her many hundred pounds. I am intimately acquainted with the gentleman who deposited with Lady O——e, for the empiric's benefit, the last two hundred pounds left to him by Miss M'L——n, on her death-bed. This sum was in the shape of a promissory note of his own, cancelled by the expiring patient, with her dying benediction endorsed upon it, for his treatment of her. This man's killing secret, at an expense of ten thousand pounds, has passed into the hands of three speculative admirers of his. It is now used in a way of more lenient application, under the direction of a conscientious medical man. But he is controlled, sometimes *constrained*, by the directors of the joint-stock company, to operate in a way not always in accordance with his own better judgment, and quite hazardous enough to inspire distrust, if not irretrievably injure the constitution.

The last, and youngest, of the daughters of the laird, lived till she was forty, without the offer of a husband; and then turned saint. She spoiled, at her eleventh hour, a matrimonial alliance with a gentleman rather saintly disposed too. *But she went too far for him.* Before the final and fatal question was put, she had taken up with

sunday-schools and tract-societies. She braided her hair, and would no longer patronise a highland reel. She insisted upon extempore prayer and Methodistical preaching. She would not walk round the borders of the lake on a Sunday; and, like Sir Andrew Agnew, thought it a mortal sin to eat hot meat on that day. She became lady-patroness of a temperance society, and insisted upon her admirer enrolling his name as a member of it, in the very land of mountain-dew. Now this the gentleman would not do. He was fond of shooting grouse, angling for trout, and ever and anon slaking his thirst with some of the "sma' still" commingled with a little of the limpid water which gurgled in the spring, or came dashing down the glen. A compromise was attempted. "He might have one part spirits to six parts water." It would not do. He could see no congruity in the laird's carousals with his friends over their wine and milk-punch, while the solitary shepherd, the chilled mountaineer, or even the thirsty sportsman, were to be debarred the enjoyment, or restricted in the use of their favourite and less expensive beverage. He, therefore, made all the haste compatible with decorum to escape from sainted thralldom; and he succeeded. He has since learned that demureness is not religion; that it is written: "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice;" that the Son of Man came "eating and drinking," and declared himself—and, of course, his "brethren," who are "one" with Him—"Lord even of the Sabbath." He has finally learned that the "Author of every good and perfect gift," so far from taking pleasure in sighs, groans, broad philacteries, and Pharisæical abstinence, has expressly said of Himself: "How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids (Zech. ix. 17)."

For the devotee who thus got rid of such a scapegrace, she is now distributing tracts in a little village, or rather collection of hovels, not a hundred miles from the highland "Siberia." She is harassing her brother's tenants, by throwing every obstacle in the way of their drinking whisky, and assuring them that they will go to a much warmer place than either C—ll or M—ll, unless they sing psalms six days in the week, and, praying in the spirit, abstain

from all amusement and recreation on the seventh. She has a gifted cobbler in the parish, that can spin out a highland sermon of three hours' duration; while she herself sings bass to the tenor of a Gaelic schoolmaster, and thus leads with him the vociferous melody of the conventicle. She will not read Sunday newspapers, except they are sent to her *gratis*; and then, quietly, she will. The literature of magazines, reviews, and other profane publications, she holds in abhorrence. She says, "it is quite *maraculous* how men of *literary* *genus* can employ their *talons* on such subjects."

In the midst of all this sanctity she has not, of course, forgotten the "one thing needful." A rich uncle of hers (of whom further mention will be made in the sequel) arrived some years ago from India. The saint laid siege to him,—flattered, coaxed, teased him, till she got first a little fortune given to her, and, subsequently, enough to enable her to build, for comfort and enjoyment during the declining years of her single blessedness, a very nice cottage *ornée*. She has romantically christened it the "Retreat." In this "Retreat" she is surrounded by some two hundred miserable, starving, filthy villagers, the congregated off-scourings and scum of the laird's estate. Among these does she exercise her works of piety and charity. She endeavours to induce them to banish smoke from hovels that have been coated and re-coated with soot from the first day on which they were made to hold together. She suggests, but, alas! in vain, means for removing the hen and chickens, the pig, and the half-starved calf, from the wretched apartment occupied in common by them and the cheerless human inmates. She is very anxious for a better system of police than now obtains in the one filthy street in the village, filled, nay, almost choked up, as it ever has been, by huge "*middens*," or dunghills, piled in formidable array in front of the door of each cabin. She has offered a premium of half-a-crown for an enclosure large and efficient enough to protect a dozen cabbage-plants. Poor woman! she knows not, all the while, that she is "cutting blocks with a razor." She cannot see the incongruity of a religious philanthropist, like herself, stepping out of a most comfortable dwelling, set up in the very heart of surrounding misery and

squalid poverty, as if to insult the one and triumph over the other. The wretched paupers she visits in attire of silk and sable, doles out to them about five pounds a-year, and calls it the "widow's mite." She remembers not that this mite was "*all*" the poor widow's living—"even all her substance;" but she would have an analogy implied as existing between *herself*, who gives not a *fiftieth* part of her substance to the poor, and the lauded widow who cast her "*all*" into the treasury; and was, on this very account, said by our Saviour to have given *more* than they all, who only of their "*abundance*" cast in.

Oh, how *rank* is the rotten root of such religious pretension as that of the lady of the "Retreat!" It is worse in my eyes than the smoke of a highland cabin, and more abhorrent in my nostrils than the effluvia of many highland middens. And yet I have not shewn some of its worst features. I have said that the recluse's "mite" is not a *fiftieth* part of her yearly substance. If the presents made to her of eggs, fowl, fish, and milk, and the work done upon her garden walks and blighted shrubberies, by her pauper population, were taken into the account, her ostentatiously bestowed "mite" would not be a *hundredth* part of her substance. But then, if she gave more, where would be the money for firety,—where the worldly distinction necessary to be kept up by a daughter of the "Last of the Lairds?" Where would be that happy combination, in short, of sainted luxury and wealth walking through the needle's eye to heaven?

To remedy the defects of her so-called "scanty means," the recluse some time ago established, at her cottage, under the superintendence of an old servant, a small chandler's shop. The ostensible object of it was to supply the poor with meal, salt, herrings, tapes, needles, pins, sugar, starch, candles, and coarse cloth for clothing, at prime cost.

The *real* object was to be charitable at a small expense. But, alas! the godly calculation defeated its own prudential aim; for, though there were many purchasers, there were no payers; and in less than twelve months the affairs of the shop were swamped in the bogs of confusion and bankruptcy.

The "Last of the Lairds" had a son—one only son and heir—as differ-

ent, save and except in the pride of family, from the laird himself, as a modern beau from a Saxon warrior. There being no means of educating this son at home, and the laird pretending to no great discrimination as to the best seminary at which to train a young gentleman of such large prospects, the scion of the house of C——ll was, by the advice of others (advice how seldom offered, and how rarely followed!) sent by his father to Eton. He there distinguished himself; but it was not for learning, industry, or ingenuity. Idle, listless, volatile, and awkwardly affecting withal some degree of facetiousness and levity, he was despatched from school with a modicum of parrot-like knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the reputation of being a highland nondescript. It was remarked of him, that he had neither the characteristics of a Scotch laird nor of an English gentleman. He was an odd compound of both—a sort of mongrel personage,—with all the qualities of a Scotchman but his sagacity, and all those of an Englishman but his address.

Sometime after leaving Eton he was translated to the guards; and, after having seen a great deal of service in Hyde Park and at St. James's Palace, he was promoted to the brevet rank of captain. This brevet rank, in the north, was sufficient to stamp him a colonel; and Colonel M'L——n, like his father before him, accordingly returned to the highlands.

It was upon a call from the "Last of the Lairds" to consider of an alliance, by means of which the estates should descend to heirs male, in line direct. It was abomination to the laird to think of the possibility of their going off at a tangent to any of the numerous collateral branches of the great genealogical trunk.

The proposed alliance was with one of the co-heiresses and daughters of the great Glasgow banker, Mr. D———. Though not a desirable connexion in point of family, yet the laird thought that his son had blood enough of his own to carry off this reproach. The young lady was to bring him a dower of forty thousand pounds, to be equally divided at her death among the children of the family lawfully begotten. "The settlement," observed the "Last of the Lairds," "provides a comfortable income for the present heir-apparent of C——ll; and so takes him off his

father's hands. The reversion to the children," he said, "affords a reasonable prospect, in due time, of another island being added to the estate, by the anticipated and much-desired heir-presumptive."

Preliminaries having been thus arranged, the marriage ceremony was duly performed. All the parties to it were satisfied. The Glasgow banker had bought a great alliance for his daughter; and the highland laird, beside a tolerable annuity for the young couple, had effectually secured, as he thought, the prospective aggrandisement of the family name and estates.

'Tis a pity, methinks, that men who are so wise in their day and generation as to be able thus boldly to legislate, and thus prudently to provide for the distant future, should not have a little more control over the events shut up in the womb of time to come. 'Twere, surely, no more than consistent that he who runs his prospective schemes into a second and third generation should be able to *foresce*, at least, if not control, what may happen in a year, a month, a week, a day, an hour, or even a moment. To confess himself impotent in this respect, while yet, by prospective legislation for a century, he is usurping the attributes of Divinity, is, surely, a strong and a strange proof at once of his inconsistency and presumption. And, yet, what species of legislation so common as this, especially for the preservation of *wealth* and *succession* in families? We would perpetuate those riches which proverbially "make unto themselves wings and fly away;" and we would transmit to future ages the name of one particular family of that class of created beings of which it is emphatically declared, that "their breath is in their nostrils;" that "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness of it as a flower of the field;" and that the life of man "is a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Have we not seen, within the last few weeks, the dukedom of Gordon become extinct? And was it not but yesterday that we saw the fortune of the Gloucester banker scattered to the four winds of heaven, among persons scarcely, if at all, related to him?

The "Last of the Lairds" was a valiant legislator of the kind referred to. How his towering projects are crumbling to dust, while yet his own body

has scarce had time to commingle with its mother earth, will be seen in the sequel. 'Tis true, the prospect is still as good as any such prospect *can* be, of continuing the *name* of M'L——n: but there are thousands of this name; and if once the head of the clan lose his islands, he must be content, not only to forego his pre-eminence of station, but, possibly, to join that part of the family already taking root in New South Wales.

To return to the laird. He began, about the time of which I now write, to bethink him of the frailty of human life. Having taken, as he thought, all necessary steps, and used all proper precautions for perpetuating, by the introduction to the world of a second generation, the family honours, he essayed to build, in addition to the castle, a house in M——ll. He intended it to be used as a dowager habitation by his wife, should she happen to survive him. The task of building in M——ll was not to the laird a very grateful one; because a house in M——ll betokened possible departure from Castle C——ll. But it was a *necessary* undertaking; for how could the "Last of the Lairds" brook that the last lady dowager should live at Castle C——ll, after the wife of his son should have come to divide (perhaps in his heart he said *usurp*) with her lord the honour of hereditary possession?

The laird was a little further stimulated to the work, however, not only by his propensity to architectural enterprise, but still more by a fearful accident which befel him about this time. Traversing by night one of those terrific passes which so often beset the traveller in the Hebrides, he came unawares upon a hideous chasm in his path. Before he could recover himself, he was precipitated headlong into it. Stunned by the fall, and lying to all appearance lifeless, he was conveyed from the spot with but faint hopes of recovery. Upon examination, his skull was found to have been slightly fractured; and he only arose from bed after a long and very alarming illness. In the course of it, he was subject to frequent and long fits of mental alienation. Self-willed, capricious, and peccant as all the actions of his life had been, his conduct thenceforward was characterised by sudden, fierce, and dogged fits of intemperate passion.

These not only much alarmed the members of his family, and others around him, but greatly increased his malady. He was forbidden to drink wine; but this only determined him to indulge the more freely in his favourite propensity for port and madeira. Not a friend or relation was there near him (not his wife, not his daughters, still less his son) stout-hearted enough to suggest moderation, or attempt control. The remotest indications of an effort of this kind brought such a flash of fire into his eye, and made him knit his brow with an invocation so little ceremonious, of malediction, as convinced all beholders that, if further provocation were given, action the most outrageous would immediately ensue.

The fearful change thus wrought upon the laird, in a physical point of view, was greatly aggravated in a moral one, by the tradition that a prophetic witch had foretold that some such calamity as had overtaken him would surely befall the "Last of the Lairds." He associated with this prophecy dark and ominous conjectures that all was not fair. He fancied that there was some fiendish conspiracy abroad to deprive him of his authority and lands before the time; and, fatally connecting, in his disturbed imagination, this idea with the young laird, the old one began to harbour against him very formidable jealousy and suspicion.

He made all haste, therefore, to commence building the new house. He did not feel sure that his life was safe; and, at all events, he felt so strongly upon his constitution the bad effects of this fall, that he thought he could not, in the course of nature, long survive. Under these feelings and apprehensions, he was more than ever determined that his widow, in case of surviving him, should not be left at Castle C——ll.

The site appointed for the dowager-house was called Q——ish. It was on one of the points of M——ll, nearest to C——ll, and close upon the seashore. The laird had been so long accustomed to the howling blast as now to think it softest music. He chose, accordingly, the most exposed situation he could find for the new habitation. He was impelled, also, by another motive to this choice. He thought it would prove an effectual barrier to the planting, then or thenceforward, of any odious trees around him. And no doubt his anticipations would have been

verified, if fate had destined the mansion to be tenanted by any person of less enterprising genius and hardihood than the laird's own son. For a nursery less propitious to the growth of ash, fir, oak, or even hazel, than that of Q——ish could not have been found on the whole island, bleak and overlaid with dark mist as it is. But there is a *cacoëthes* in many of us so strong—in some of scribbling, in some of building, and in others, again, of planting—that to prevent its exercise were as hopeless a task as that of stemming the mountain torrent, or sailing up the cataract of Niagara.

The portion of this *cacoëthes* possessed by the "modern Laird" was, like that of Elijah's spirit conferred upon Elisha, "a double portion." One half of it was *cacoëthes* of building, the other half *cacoëthes* of planting. Both combined would merge in the word *furor*.

I never could account for so strong an exhibition of the passion but upon the hypothesis that that part of it especially which belonged to the *cacoëthes* of planting, repressed for centuries in the bosoms of the ancestors of the "modern Laird," had burst forth into uncontrollable development in his.

Oh! could one of the stone mummies of his forefathers rise from his sarcophagus of rock in Iona, and see that this *furor* of the "modern Laird" has laid the fortunes of his house prostrate at the feet of a lowland lawyer,—could the petrified arm of his ancestor be nerved again to wield, were it but for a moment, the claymore of his own days, where, *where* would it fall but on the degenerate stem of so noble a trunk?

Up rose the dowager house, *four times* the size of a large farm-house, but in all other respects—in shape, structure, material, and general contour—*just* a farm-house. To show that it was *not* this, in stepped the "Last of the Lairds;" and, under his architectural directions, a Doric porch, with a Grecian pediment upon it, was stuck up over the entrance door. Two wings, one large enough for a butler's pantry, and the other for a small parlour, completed the design. There stood the now finished edifice, on the aforesaid point of M——ll. The rain lashed it; the sea, roaring, almost lashed it too. The wind whistled through its unfurnished chambers, as if confined in the cavern of Æolus, but

without his curbing power to control it. A question arose as to *furnishing*. Should part of the old family furniture be brought from Castle C——ll, or should new be brought from Glasgow?

Pending these consultations, the dowager, for whom the house was built, went the way of all living. She died. This gave a new turn to affairs, wholly. The "modern Laird" proposed to take up his residence at the dowager-house; and the "Last of the Lairds" saw to this no objection, provided he would not *plant*. In bleakness had the habitation beep reared; in bleakness it was stipulated that it should continue to stand. A reservation only was made in favour of a garden, with a garden-wall not quite so high as that at C——ll, and liberty to erect stabling and outhouses suitable to the dignity and accommodation of the family.

The "Last of the Lairds" remained at Castle C——ll; the "modern Laird" took possession of the mansion at Q——ish. His lady was "as ladies wish to be who love their lords." A son and heir was, of course, to be the issue. Who doubted it? Not the "Last of the Lairds;" for he *willed* it; and who ever yet knew any event to happen contrary to his will, and prosper? The long-expected day arrived. The younger lady of C——ll was safely delivered of a daughter! A year elapsed, and the younger lady of C——ll was delivered of a second daughter; one year more, and she was brought to bed of a third; yet another year, and she gave birth to a fourth; and then—she died!

The successive states of frenzy (for they could be called nothing short of that) into which the "Last of the Lairds" was thrown, as year by year he received the hateful intelligence that his hopes of an heir male were balked, *may* be conceived; but if they are susceptible of description, it is not by me. He thought heaven and earth, and the old witch brought back from her grave, were combined against him.

His jealousy of the "modern Laird" was increased in a tenfold degree; for he fancied that he was destined to live for ever without male succession, and to absorb, in his own proper person, all the dignities, wealth, and honours of the long race of the M'L——ns. The old laird was haunted, not only by the idea of conspiracies to shorten his life,

but by the unsupportable presence of one whom he viewed as a living insult to him, because already half installed in the possession of distinction and pre-eminence, which he (the old laird) had long regarded as belonging exclusively to himself. That person was his own son, who, being sometimes called "C——ll," in the presence of his father, drew down thereby his implacable hatred.

It may be necessary here to remark, that the highland chiefs are emphatically addressed by the name of their principal possession. Thus the laird of Staffa is magniloquently called "*Staffa*," he of Barra, "*Barra*," and a collateral descendant of the Lord of the Isles, reduced to a rock a quarter of a mile square, called Inch-Kenneth, with pasture on it for fifty sheep, is styled "*Inch-Kenneth*."

We should think it rather strange, in this land of oligarchy and etiquette, to hear the Marquess of Lansdowne, Whig though he be, familiarly saluted by one of his tenants or dependants as "*Lansdowne*."

I don't know how the Radical Earl of Durham would look if a mayor even of one of the new corporations were to address him in this wise: 'Well, 'Durham,' I really think they ought to make you prime-minister.' His lordship might think so, too; but he would be apt to feel that the flattering coincidence of opinion was not a little blurred by the presumptuous mode of its communication. But the "Last of the Lairds," though a much greater man in his country than my Lord Durham is at Lambton Castle, was proud to be called by the meanest vassal on his estate simply "C——ll." To address his *son* in this phraseology, all divested as it was of the title of "My Lord," sent daggers to the heart of the jealous chieftain. It became, therefore, a necessary piece of precautionary instruction to every guest at Castle C——ll, and at Q——ish, never to address the fatally magnificent epithet of "C——ll" to the "modern Laird," in presence of the ancient one.

The jealousy, too obviously harboured in the bosom of the father toward the son, was greatly augmented by the former seeing him actively engaged in overwhelming innovations upon the Q——ish estate. Extensive plantations were commenced; ditches were dug, and wooden rails and stone

walls reared by the mile, to protect the young plants from the daring inroads of wild cows, the nibbling impertinences of intrusive sheep, and the uprooting propensities of most uncere-monious pigs. Watered by the savory brine of the sea, or shaken by rough winds at the mountain's base, uncounted acres of stunted plantation began to indicate in such parts that something was rising to eclipse the height, if not to vie with the beauty of the heath.

The "modern Laird" hit upon a very ingenious expedient, if not a very ingenuous one, by which to avert the ire of his father, for the violated stipulation regarding wood. Nay, the imposture reconciled him to the prospect of a rising generation of those very trees, to which he had heretofore entertained so deep-rooted an aversion.

The intellect, and especially the *memory*, of the "Last of the Lairds," were gradually disappearing, under the effects of his late disastrous accident. In proportion as his irritability increased, his better judgment gave way; and strong delusion, as to the past, was usurping the place of sober recollection.

One morning, as he was walking with the "modern Laird," "Bless my soul!" said the elder of C—ll, "what have we got here?" They had come upon one of the young plantations, and the "yellow stick" was put in requisition to raise up some dwarf and drooping evergreens, that the old laird might know if they were heath. As Isaac, when he felt Jacob, said, "The hands are Esau's hands, but the voice is the voice of Jacob," so the "Last of the Lairds" exclaimed, "The appearance of these things is as the appearance of heath, but the smell is the smell of trees."

"Why, father," replied the son, "don't you recollect that you planted them yourself last year?"

"You scoundrel!" said old C—ll, "what do you mean? *I plant trees!*"

"Why, yes, indeed, sir," rejoined the son; "you did, indeed, plant these trees; and every body that has been to see us, since your plantations began to appear, has admired the genius and judgment with which you have laid them out. Strangers have not been more struck with the admirable quality of the soil, than with the fine genial climate, which, in spite of the exposed

situation, have nourished them into such rapid growth and beauty."

The "Last of the Lairds" stood, for a moment, confounded: but the praise bestowed by strangers upon the work of *his* hands, and upon the richness of the soil of *his* estate, wrought miracles. "Bless me," said he, clapping his forehead with his right hand, "why, Hugh, what a treacherous memory that witch's fall has brought upon me! You are quite right. Come, let us go and see the rest of the plantations. Sure enough, I did give orders about these said trees; and I declare they have prospered to admiration. Let us see who shall now say that we cannot grow wood in the Highlands. I declare, I think we shall soon be able to supply his majesty's navy with timber. I begin to believe the report, that a frigate has already been built of the fir grown upon the estate of the Duke of Atholl."

It was a settled matter. From this day forward, the "Last of the Lairds" became enamoured of trees. Every guest that came to the house was instructed to talk of the improvements around it as those of the father. And though hereby the present glory of the son was a little eclipsed, he consoled himself by considering the elbow room he had thus got for all the mighty operations he was projecting, and actually carrying forward, for the improvement of the family seat. He thought his sire could not possibly see through many winters; and he felt himself not greatly disposed to claim the honour of having planned and planted the grounds, till a few genial springs (if such might be hoped for in M—ll) should have nourished the young wood into the dignity of somewhat conspicuous supereminence over the surrounding heath.

The "Last of the Lairds" continued to reside at Castle C—ll; but his visits to his widowed son at Q—ish became more and more frequent. He sighed, to be sure, and fretted himself to death, over the consideration of the *four daughters*—only result of the marriage of his son. But he congratulated himself on the dignity of possessing a second family mansion, and on the improvements, now to all intents and purposes considered his, going on around it. He considered the whole Q—ish scene as one of his own creation. It had been so as regarded the house; and it was most truly so as

regarded the expenditure necessary to carry on the intended operations of the "modern Laird."

This personage intended, as soon as the "Last of the Lairds" should go to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," to pull down the *farm-house* erected by him. He intended, also, on the "consummation devoutly to be wished" of his father's death, to substitute for the farm-house one in better keeping with the dignity of the family, and with the landscape beauties which his sanguine imagination had realised to him as the result of his own bold, though incipient, operations.

A hint as to the stabling and out-houses, stipulated for on his first coming to inhabit the dowager mansion, sufficed to obtain the sanction of the "Last of the Lairds" for their erection. It was deferentially requested that himself should furnish the plans, and direct the progress of the structures.

The architect of the "Last of the Lairds" *did* furnish plans for them, according to the instructions given him by his master. These were for the erection of a substantial, extensive, but plain set of premises. These instructions and plans were highly lauded by the young laird; but it was never intended that either the one or the other should be carried into effect.

The "modern Laird" employed *his* architect. Flushed by the underhand explanation given to him, that a superb Gothic structure was incended to occupy, at no distant period, the site of the present uncouth abode, he laid for the stables a ground-plan, and drew an elevation of them, which might have satisfied the Duke of Argyll. These drawings were fraught with every order of Grecian and Gothic architecture, in curious and complicated combination.

To the astonished and bewildered view of the "Last of the Lairds," the magnificent structure founded upon these plans began to rear its head. Here stood a vast dome, and there a vast spiral erection for a clock. The old laird had neither of these in his plan. Room was made, by the young laird's arrangements, for twenty horses; whereas the maximum of the old laird's allowance was six. While the "Last of the Lairds" had confined his coach-house accommodation to room for one old family carriage and a pony phaeton, the "modern Laird" had ordered it for more carriages than had been in pos-

session of the M'L—ns for a century. There was, in fact, no road by which a carriage could yet approach the mansion of Q—ish to within six or eight miles of it. But, like the trees, the road lay in embryo in the fertile womb of the "modern Laird's" projected plans.

"Hey-day!" said old C—ll, as he contemplated the nearly completed stables, "what is all this?"

"Why, sir," replied his son, "the stables are being finished exactly according to your plan."

"The devil they are!" rejoined the father; "will you make me believe, sirrah, that white is black? Fetch me my plan, and we shall soon see who is bewildered in this matter—you or I."

Off to the house ran the son, already elated by the success of his cunning in regard to the trees. He there destroyed the old laird's plan; and, returning to him, exhibited his own. After a few doubts and misgivings, and some rubbing of his eyes, the "Last of the Lairds" was as much persuaded that the stables were reared according to *his* design, as that the trees had been planted according to his orders.

Nothing was now wanting to render the happiness (query, was it happiness?) at Q—ish complete, but a son and heir. It is true that a terribly diminished rental—the result of what was deemed by the "Last of the Lairds" an ill-timed peace—had greatly curtailed the family resources. The expense of a double establishment, and costly improvements, had in no small degree tended to augment the embarrassments.

The fortune of the lady of the "modern Laird" had been so strictly settled, as to be locked up, at her death, in the hands of trustees, for the exclusive benefit of her four daughters. Not a farthing of it, except a very limited annual allowance for their education, was at the disposal of the "modern Laird." The whole expense of housekeeping, planting, and building the stables, at Q—ish, was consequently drawn from the pocket of the "Last of the Lairds." He found himself, unawares, thrown for his sustenance upon the resources of his farm, and the feudal contributions of poultry and eggs, fish and game.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, if the expenditure at the dowager house did not prosper, seeing that every farthing of outlay came from the purse of the old gentleman, blighted with his

malediction. He was very well pleased with all that was going forward there, because himself was lauded as the author of it. His importance was thus increased, and his vanity gratified. But he did not like to be crippled in his resources; and he found, on each succeeding year, that to rear miles of wood, and build Gothic or Grecian stables in the Highlands, was no joke. Besides the young laird, having been in the guards, had a large circle of London acquaintance. With the actual possession of Q—ish, and enabled, under the rose, to give out the improvements going forward there as his, he courted, and was readily beset by numerous guests from the low country, during the summer months.

This not only increased the general expenditure, but intercepted the ordinary routine of visitors to Castle C—ll. The laird and his unmarried daughters there were shut up in almost absolute seclusion. It was an awkward pass to be reduced to; but it paved the way for what the young laird had long anxiously desired,—the complete abandonment, as a family residence, of Castle C—ll. The modern improver knew that this would bring the yacht and the piper to Q—ish; that it would concentrate all the expenditure there; that it would bring the furniture, family pictures, reliques, and *bijouterie*, to the new mansion; and that it would enable him to transplant, from the high-walled garden to his comparative paradise, the fruit, and shrubs, and flowers, which, at great and reluctant expense, had been reared at C—ll. The “modern Laird” never liked the castle there; and he had not the genius necessary to keep up the iron rule of the “yellow stick.” But how to move the “Last of the Lairds” from the honoured abode of his ancestors, improved and renovated, as he considered it to have been, by himself, was the

difficulty. A little of the same sort of *ruse*, practised in the cases of the planting and the stabling, was had recourse to. A year sufficed to persuade the old laird that, in moving to Q—ish, he would be moving to a place, not improved merely, but essentially created by his own hands; while he would still retain Castle C—ll as an imperishable memorial of the family greatness. His lofty soul was subdued. He abandoned, with an audible groan, fearfully portentous, the sea-girt castle of all the M’L—ns. Amid the yells and wailings of his bereaved tenantry, he took leave of them with an ill-dissembled air of cheerfulness, and assurance that he would soon revisit, and be much among them. Followed by the whole clan, and by the piper playing a native dirge of deepest wo, the “Last of the Lairds” stepped into the bark that was to convey him from the scene of all his dearest associations. “Farewell,” might he have said, with Cardinal Wolsey, “a long farewell to all my greatness!” He landed at Q—ish, and became an inmate there.

The history of the future progress of his downward career, and of the final termination of it, shall be given in the sequel. Much also remains to be told of the second marriage of the “modern Laird;” of the intervention of the India general for the aggrandisement of the family; of the abandonment, thereupon, of Q—ish, and gigantic operations of the heir-apparent in another quarter; of the abandonment again of this *last* scene of operations; and of the gradual descent, upon the inclined plane of embarrassment, of the illustrious family of C—ll into the common ranks of more ordinary human beings.

“I never yet did see
An oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed familie,
That throve so well as they that settled
be.” CANDIDUS.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

BRISTOL MEETING.

THE tendency of the present age to physical science needed not the existence of *The British Association* to make it manifest. Well was it, however, that this influence, like every thing spiritual, should be embodied; that its chains, taking a tangible shape, might be examined at leisure and with accuracy. “For what is body?” says

S. T. C., in certain marginalia to Mr. Gillman’s copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. “I cannot conceive a better definition of body than spirit appearing; or of a flesh-and-blood man, than a rational spirit apparent.” In investigating this British associated Body, we shall be, therefore, rendering some account of a veritable apparition, one distinguish-

able from a vulgar ghost, as being no mere "shadow," but a "visibility" accompanied "with tangibility"—for in such terms it has pleased our well-beloved Platonist quaintly to deliver his well-weighed decision. Much afraid, nevertheless, are we that, to use a phrase of the loud-mouthed Boethian, Walter Savage Landor, the worthy people composing the late, and the five preceding meetings of The British Association, are too much wont and inclined to "bay body,"—for which offence it is not fit that they should altogether escape punishment, either in this or another life.

It is, however, cheering to witness a love of science animating the hearts of the many, caught, like a spark, from the efforts of the few. There is in this a manifestation of mind and its influences, that stands in startling contrast to the neglect of its philosophy. Nothing can illustrate this melancholy indifference to a subject of the highest interest more than the churlish welcome given to the subject of Education. We may not like the hands into which this great question has fallen; but, nevertheless, the thing itself is deserving of all respect, and, properly encouraged, would soon find better patrons. It is not true, that it already commands so much attention that discussion is unnecessary or inexpedient. The principles on which it should be conducted have not yet been truly or adequately developed. Much remains to be done, in order to their due enunciation; and more, to their fit application. But even if this be true, the same thing may be said of all the other sciences which occupy the Association. Natural philosophy, in all its branches, is now in its high and palmy state. What need then, by the same rule, we might ask, for any association at all? It and they can take care of themselves! But, in truth, the fact of their flourishing, indicates the propriety of these meetings, as confessing their presence and power. It is meet that exhibition should be made, that the merits of what is so dominant should be gauged, and future efforts regulated. At length, certain parties made up their minds to a resolution that an Educational Committee should be formed, independent of the British Association, but holding its meetings at the same time: and a prospectus has been issued, the chief object of

which seems to be, the establishment of some periodical means of publishing essays connected with the subject.

There is something about this new Central Society of Education which is not entirely to our taste; nor do we gather much assurance from the announcement that it comprises men of all classes and sects. We care not for the materials of which the society is composed; but we are solicitous concerning the mode in which it shall be managed, and the men by whom it shall be governed. These are points, however, which may well be left to future discussion: meantime, we would not willingly lose the opportunity of stating some sentiments which may serve to suggest what principles should form the basis of a truly Catholic scheme.

All schemes of education are but means having reference to a certain end—and this end should be the effectual realisation of the "chief good" of which the race is capable. All other objects are partial; and whatever is constructed in reference to them, must fall short of what should be set in view from the beginning, as the result to be aimed at, and the standard of attainment to the extreme limits of possibility. That standard cannot be pitched too high; for, however low it may be placed, performance will always be found less than promise; and the only hope that exists, for even moderate fulfilment, is, that the purpose endeavoured after should be of an elevated cast.

These opinions we feel to be corroborated by the fact that in the Divine teachings with which we are acquainted, it has pleased the Eternal Wisdom to set the standard of morality on so lofty a summit that it is as inaccessible as the Holy Hill where the presence of Deity sits enthroned—that man may have everlasting motive to strive upwards, and yet upwards, without end. Hence, the precept—"Be ye as perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

The principle which we have thus advocated will be found not to have been left without illustration, in the history of the manner in which the development of the powers of the human race has been divinely conducted. The instruction afforded to the Hebrews was of the highest and the most abstract kind. The law of morals was not left to the slow inductions of the

physical sciences, but was at once promulgated with the voice of authority, and recognised as true by the awakened conscience of man. To the Greeks was confided the application of these sublime principles, which was made in the rules by which the scientific intellect proceeded to judge of natural appearances; while to the Romans was entrusted the task of symbolising both the principles and the rules in the phenomena of sense, and in the arts and conveniences of social life. It was only by a genesis of this kind from the higher to the lower, that even the sensual man was furnished with the suitable enjoyments of the merely carnal state. "Man's life had been as poor as beasts," but for this godlike profusion—this prodigality of Heaven—which connected the very raiment he wore, and the very food he ate, with the mysterious offices of religion; and, indeed, derived their existence from, and made them dependent on, the moral and spiritual evolution of the human being.

But man was and is destined for higher ends than the realisation of the best possible carnal state; and the period had now come, when, by the law of progress, a new and higher development was to be commenced. In proceeding to this new evolution, we find the same course and method of operation repeated. Christianity, while it condescended to a carnal and adulterous generation—in accompanying the utterances of truth with the miraculous signs of power—yet, in the doctrines which were so accompanied, gave expression to the sublimest laws of life, and the purest principles of conduct, that were ever promulgated, before or since, to an astonished world. While the Divine founder of this holiest and only religion was on the earth, they were exemplified in primitive simplicity. No sooner, however, had he departed for a little while, than a Man, skilled in the philosophy of the schools, was appointed to reduce the inconceivable within the limits of scientific logic, and assimilate it to gentile habits of thought and modes of ratiocination. The church spake in the language of the world, and "was all things to all men, that she might win some." They were won; and the points of contact between Christianity and the paganism it was shortly to supersede, were gradually brought closer, until, at last, they were verily cemented by the

power of Constantine; and, in the church of Rome, again, an accommodation was made to the sensual man, and the merely carnal state surrounded with better attributes, and exhibited as embodying a higher faith.

What is embodied, however, is necessarily degraded; and now, need was that a new exhibition of principle should be made in a separated and purer form. But, here, for the first time, a different proceeding was, by Providence, adopted. It did not please God to give a *new Revelation* to the world, the perfection of all Revelation having been summed up in the Christ, who was the great realisation of all types; he, therefore, proceeded not at once to set the reason at liberty, and begin again from the first elements of the human being; but was contented with claiming emancipation for the intellectual man. The Reformation of Luther was an intellectual one, and not a spiritual; hence, excellent as it is in doctrine, it is not perfect, and it is entirely wanting in discipline, which is the proper produce of moral, and not of speculative, power. It would seem, therefore, and all subsequent experience corroborates the deduction, that it was now designed that an Aristotilian method should, for a while, substitute the Platonic mode, which had, hitherto received illustration. The crisis had, in fact, arrived for this; but then the evident purpose was, that the mind should climb upward, and by thus attaining to the spiritual, that man should be as well furnished in his moral by aid of the physical, as before he had been twice furnished, in his physical by influence from his moral being.

To this result the great "stream of tendency" has evidently been directed. Nevertheless, there is also a contrary force working always in opposition, as of old it worked, to this tendency, and thus dragging the mind downward to its preceding conditions. This contrary influence we find shewn in the erroneous applications made of the Baconian theory of induction—and from which we even yet need deliverance. The aim of the present modes of education, indeed, is to reduce all art and science to the ultimate forms of sense. The effect of this system on art is, to say the least of it, not altogether beneficial: it effectually prevents originality, if it promotes imitation. With the mere details, and the

polish which belongs to exquisite finishing, it meddles, perhaps, advantageously; but, what is produced, is mere combination — skilful selection, and pleasing colouring. Its influence on science is best shewn by a consideration of what took place at the late meeting at Bristol of the British Association.

The extent to which the passion for accumulating particular appearances, without reference to the laws to be deduced from them, or rather on which they are dependant, is sufficiently indicated by the subjects of the seven sections into which the business of the meeting was divided. 1. Mathematics and Physics. 2. Chemistry and Mineralogy. 3. Geology and Geography. 4. Zoology and Botany. 5. Medicine. 6. Statistics. 7. Mechanics. Now, of all these only one is an *à priori* science, and that a science which arrived at certainty ages ago.

In physics, the results of many important observations on different phenomena were stated; but, perhaps, the most interesting were some that were detailed, not as matter of the first section, but of the seventh (the section of mechanical science); in which, on Tuesday, the 23d of August, Mr. Whewell undertook to declare the present amount of our knowledge concerning the tides. The relative facts, as they have been hitherto detailed, harmonise but unsatisfactorily with the general theory of gravitation; but hopes begin to be entertained of an agreement between them being effected. We are glad of this; and we hope the diligence of the children of experience will be finally and triumphantly rewarded. Meantime, however, we doubt not of the law of gravitation — nor of its universality, though the phenomena of the tides, and of a thousand other things, be not reduced theoretically into demonstrable subservience. This is a glorious, though unintentional, testimony rendered to the claims of *à priori* science and pure principle — as the necessary initiative to all experience. “By the theory,” says Mr. Whewell (according to the report in the *Bristol Gazette*), “the tides follow the moon’s *southings* at a certain interval of time (the *lunitidal* interval), and this mean interval will undergo changes, so as to leave less than the mean when the moon passes three hours after the sun, equal to the mean

when the moon passes six hours after the sun, and greater than the mean when the moon passes nine hours after the sun; and the quantity by which the *lunitidal* interval is less than the mean when the moon is three hours after the sun, is exactly equal to the quantity by which the *lunitidal* interval is greater than the mean when the moon passes nine hours after the sun. And this equality of the defect and excess of the interval at three hours and at nine hours, of the moon’s transit, is still true where the moon’s force alters by the alteration of her parallax or declination.” Such is the theory as stated by Mr. Whewell, and which theory we declare to be only the sublime law of action and reaction reduced to certain rules of judging, for the use of intellectual investigation; and qualified by the appropriate power to announce the necessary relation of an equality between defect and excess. And see, how, by application of this law, the merely common sense is saved from error! For, if you take its evidence only as at first it appears to give it, you will assuredly decide, “that the equality does not exist, — that is, if we obtain the *lunitidal* interval by comparing the tide with the *nearest* preceding transit.” Now, it is probable that, but for the previous announcement of a universal law, the mind would be satisfied with this comparatively easy observation; guided, however, by a higher principle, it inquires further, and accordingly discovers that, “in truth, we ought not to refer the tide to such a transit, because we know, that the tide of our shores must be produced, in a great measure, by the tide which revolves in the Southern Ocean, and which, every half day, sends off tides along the Atlantic. The tide, therefore, which reaches Bristol, is the result of a *TIDE-WAVE*, which was produced by the action of the sun and moon, at some anterior period.” Having thus, under the guidance of an idea which is both regulative and constitutive, enlarged the field of induction, observation is found to corroborate the theory proposed. For, if at Bristol each tide be referred to the transit of the moon, which took place about forty-four hours previously, an accordance of the observations with theory in this particular is obtained. The fact is, “that, although the moon’s force alters (by the alteration of her declination), the defect of

the *lunital* interval for a three hours' transit of the moon, is equal to the excess of that interval for a nine hours' transit. And thus, in this respect at least, the tide at Bristol agrees exactly with the tide which would be produced if, forty-four hours nearly before the tide, the waters of the ocean assumed the form of the spheroid of equilibrium due to the forces of the moon and sun, and as if this tide were transmitted, unaltered, to Bristol in those forty-four hours."

So much for the prophetic character of an idea or law — and for its fulfilment in a rightly conducted observation. For the calculations by which the result has been obtained, the experimentalists are indebted to Mr. T. G. Bunt, of Bristol. And it was also stated by Mr. Lubbock to the mathematical section, on Monday, the 22d of August, that he had employed a sum of 250*l.*, placed at his disposal last year by the Association, in procuring calculations to be made upon nineteen years of London tides; and that he had obtained a similar result; the London tides agreeing, in almost every particular, as to a great degree of exactness with the equilibrium tide of about seventy years previous. The paper read upon that occasion by Mr. Lubbock, was connected with the proceedings of nearly all the meetings of the Association — and it is understood that the general inference was to confirm Bernouilli's theory of equilibrium.

A subject connected with this was introduced on the evening of Thursday, August 25, to the mathematical and physical section, by Mr. G. W. Hall, who communicated some particulars concerning "the connexion observed at Bristol between the weather and the tide." His theory requires that the barometer, very generally, indeed, almost invariably, should undulate at times corresponding with the changes of the moon, and at these times it more frequently falls than rises: that the weather should be ordinarily unsettled, and, for the most part, the wind become high at these periods, continuing so for about two or three days: that as the weather settles (if it become at all settled, — since it not unfrequently remains in an unsettled state) it will continue settled until the next change of the moon, or rather, until the recurrence of its disturbing influences: that these variations occur

as regularly at the quarters of the moon, as at the new and full, and are then as fully marked: that the period, about five days, which determined the state of the weather, is derived from the spring and neap tides, or the full influence of the sun and moon upon them.

Now, this theory of Mr. Hall was entirely *empirical*, being confessedly derived from observations only, and, therefore, we wonder not at its affording no principle of solution for certain difficulties which he seems to have found insuperable; and which, in the conversation that followed its announcement, were, rightly enough, referred to the causes connected with the approach of the tide-wave, the moon, the sun, and the varying times at which the tide reaches various places, as described by Mr. Whewell. Until Mr. Hall can connect the subject with these phenomena, or rather with the law which they affirm, the subject can hope nothing from mere observation. He was induced, he tells us, to mark the correspondences which he had stated, by some very striking changes of temperature and weather, from intense frost to spring mildness, and then to frost again. Operations upon a large scale had been frequently and successfully conducted, in accordance with the rules that he had suggested; and with which he considered the severe frost of 1813–14, that continued about twelve weeks, with partial thaws intervening; and the severe weather of succeeding winters, with their intermissions, to be closely connected. The partial rains, also, of very dry summers, have been found to take place at the same seasons of change; and, for amusement, he had frequently traced back the periods connected with the age of the moon, from the thaws that took place in severe weather, or the rains occurring in long-continued drought. Residing on the banks of the river, and taking much interest in the operations of Professor Whewell, respecting the tides, and his description of these, he had been led closely to compare them with the weather; but difficulties, to him insurmountable, had occurred, *when considering the variations of weather in different places at the same time*; yet, regarding those in the neighbourhood of Bristol, his conviction was unwavering. Doubtless, in the law of action and reaction — in the rules for the equality of defect and

excess—the solution is to be found; but the observations must be made on a scale adequate to the idea which they are designed to illustrate.

What was stated by Mr. Rootsey, comes in corroboration of the principle laid down by us. He gave it as a fact of his experience, that, “in variable weather, the crisis of the day was always to be looked for at the change of the tide. The TIDE-WAVE, when of the enormous magnitude with which it reaches Bristol, (fifty feet) must alternately lift up and let down the atmospheric column which stood upon it, and thus give rise to changes, which every person knew caused the other changes, or, at least, preceded them. Professor Forbes had no doubt in his own mind, that the crisis of the day in the neighbourhood of Bristol was to be looked for near the times of the changing of the tides; but the lunar tides, he thought were too small materially to affect the barometer. Professor Stevelly stated, that he fully agreed with Professor Forbes in the remarks he had made; but, if he understood Mr. Rootsey aright, the influence of the moon upon the atmospheric column, to which he referred, was not that direct one exercised in causing an atmospheric tide, but the indirect one of first causing a tide in the watery ocean, which, in its turn, lifted up and let down the atmospheric column, so as to cause condensations and rarefactions, very much removed from its mean state. Rarefactions and condensations, we well know, have much influence on many meteorological phenomena, and, therefore, he thought this a valuable hint: the great rapidity with which the tide-wave was propagated, and the direction in which it moved, would thus become a subject of interest to the meteorologist, when comparing changes of weather at distant places. That the moon and sun had an influence on the weather, was so well known, that rules for anticipating the consequent changes had been given to the public by some person in the name of the elder Herschel; and “Adcock’s Engineer’s Pocket Companion,” which he had then in his pocket, headed each month with the prognostications of the weather, which were often, indeed, wrong, but he oftener found them right. Mr.

Harris stated, that of the influence of the moon upon the weather he had no doubt, though rules for judging of its influence were still wanting. As to the rules attributed to Herschel, his friends warmly denied his having had any connexion with them.”*

See what a flood of light is thrown upon an obscure subject by the remotest reference to a law whereto it, in common with others, is subject! With what confidence, accordingly, can we proceed in this path of inquiry, and, with Mr. J. S. Russell, of Edinburgh, undertake, by the phenomena of waves, to confirm the Newtonian law—that the resistance is, notwithstanding some apparently anomalous fact, in proportion to the square of the velocity. The principal design of this gentleman, at the Bristol meeting, was to shew “the application of our knowledge of the phenomena of waves to the improvement of the navigation of shallow rivers and canals.” All the theories of hydrodynamics having hitherto proved very defective, Mr. Russell was driven into an investigation of principles, that he might satisfactorily ascertain why the greater the velocity the less the resistance. But here, again, the illusions of sensible appearances might have deceived the inquirer, but for the influence of the idea of a law, under the guidance of which he was urged to extend his induction. The increased resistance of a fluid to a solid moving upon its surface, in consequence of a modifying circumstance does not hold in the case of a vessel moving in shallow water. This gentleman had already, at the Dublin meeting of the Association, given an account of his “experimental researches into the laws of the motion of floating bodies,” the object of which, as he states, was

“To assist in bringing to perfection the theory of hydrodynamics, and to ascertain the causes of certain *anomalous facts* in the resistance of fluids, so as to reduce them under the dominion of known laws. The resistance of fluids to the motion of floating vessels is found in practice to differ widely from theory, because, in certain cases, double or triple of what theory gives; and in other and higher velocities, much less. These deviations have now been ascer-

* The account of this interesting conversation we have quoted from *The Athenæum* of Sept. 3d. This Journal has especially distinguished itself by the manner in which it has reported the proceedings of this meeting.

tained to follow two simple and very beautiful laws; 1st, a law giving a certain emersion of the body from the fluid as a function of the velocity; 2d, a law giving the resistance of the fluid as a function of the velocity and magnitude of a wave propagated through the fluid, according to the law of Lagrange. These two laws comprehend the anomalous facts, and lead to the following results:—1. That the resistance of a fluid to the motion of a floating body, will rapidly increase as the velocity of the body rises towards the velocity of the wave, and will become greatest when they approach nearest to equality. 2. That when the velocity of the body is rendered greater than that due to the wave, the motion of the body is greatly facilitated; it remains poised on the summit of the wave in a position which may be one of stable equilibrium; and this effect is such, that at a velocity of nine miles an hour the resistance is less than at a velocity of six miles behind the wave. 3. The velocity of the wave is independent of the breadth of the fluid, and varies with the square-root of the depth. 4. It is established, that there is in every navigable stream a certain velocity at which it will be more easy to ascend the river against the current, than to descend with the current. Thus, if the current flow at the rate of one mile an hour in a stream four feet deep, it will be easier to ascend with a velocity of eight miles an hour on the wave, than to descend with the same velocity behind the wave. 5. That vessels may be propelled on the summit of waves at the rate of between twenty and thirty miles an hour."

The following table has been printed as shewing the different resistances, measured in pounds weight, required to move the same vessel at different velocities:

Velocities in miles an hour.	Resistance in pounds.
4	39
6	109
7½	230
8½	210
9½	235
12	352
15	444

At the rate of twenty miles an hour, a vessel will skate along the surface of the water, and scarcely experience any resistance at all. But these inconsistencies are only apparent, and were capable of reconciliation with theory. A very beautiful phenomenon had been discovered, which formed a most important element of the resistance. "It had been observed, that the motion of

a vessel through a fluid, communicates to its particles motion in the form of waves. These waves are formed by the anterior accumulation of the fluid which the vessel pushes before it; they propagate themselves in the same direction with the motion of the vessel, and with a velocity nearly uniform. Their form is determinate; their length nearly constant; and their velocity nearly uniform. From the formation of these waves, the resistance is very different from the amount on the supposition of quiescence in the fluid. The velocity of the wave is that acquired by falling through a space equal to half the depth of the fluid. In water about four inches deep, the velocity of the water is about three feet a second; in a depth of seven inches, the velocity is about four feet a second; at a depth of thirteen inches, the velocity of the wave is five feet a second; at forty inches, ten feet a second; and at sixty-six inches, more than eight miles an hour. The resistance of the fluid was found, by a long train of experiments, to be intimately connected with the formation of the waves, in such a manner that the resistance was greater than in the ratio of the squares of the velocities, or less than in that ratio, according as the velocity of the wave was greater than that of the vessel, or less than it. It was thus found, that the generation of waves at the prow of the vessel impeded its velocity, so long as its motion was less rapid than that of the wave; when, on the other hand, a sufficient power was obtained to make the vessel move faster than the waves, the heaping up of water at the prow ceased, the waves fell back towards the middle of the vessel, and, bearing it up upon their summits, carried it on with diminished immersion and resistance. From the law of the wave the following practical conclusions are to be drawn. 1. That in every canal there are two most serviceable rates; one below the wave, up to above two-thirds of its velocity, and another immediately beyond the velocity of the wave. 2. That all velocities a little slower than that of the wave, are, in some cases, impossible, in others impracticable, and in all unprofitable. 3. That in shallow rivers and canals, depth is an element of much greater importance than breadth. 4. That banks, nearly vertical, are, for all velocities, more economical of power, and more durable, than wide surfaces

and long slopes. 5. That very high velocities are to be attained in shallow water with greater economy of power by getting over the waves.*

We have thus far endeavoured to do what no professor at the Bristol meeting seems to have thought of doing, greatly important as the thing is in itself and in its consequences, namely, refer, not only the phenomena, of which detail has been made, but the rules by which they have been judged—and the so-called laws by which they are regulated—to the metaphysical principles of which they are the partial affirmations. In this point of view, we regret that we have not before us the materials for remark on Professor Baden Powell's paper, containing "observations for determining the refractive indices for the standard rays of the polar spectrum in various media." Mr. Craig's paper, also on polarisation, shewing that the phenomena are referable to the division, and, consequently, to the weakening, of the impulse of light; and the inability, therefore, to pass through other regular structures, without exhibiting phenomena which arise out of the peculiarities of such structure, would have furnished us with argument.

But we must pass on to certain phenomena of electrical repulsion, as adduced by Mr. W. Snow Harris, who regretted that little or nothing had been done in statical electricity since the experiments of Coulomb, fifty years ago; with which, he complained, that the philosophers, both of France and England, had tacitly agreed to rest satisfied. The facts, however, that we have just stated, sufficiently shew that it would be rash to conclude, that the admitted theories of electricity, or of any other branch of science, ought necessarily to be viewed with suspicion, only because the physical evidence was imperfect. Does the present state of the science warrant such a decision? It turned out, during the discussion consequent on Mr. Harris's paper, that it did not; and, that the facts, when properly understood, harmonised with the theory. So abundant are the proofs of the inefficiency of the *à posteriori* process, left to itself. It is to be lamented, therefore, that the attention of the British Association is exclusively dedicated to it. The debate on the subject to which

we have alluded, was triumphantly concluded by the Rev. Mr. Whewell, in reply to Mr. Harris. "If the only use of theory were to anticipate the exact numerical attractions or repulsions in a few isolated instances, when certain conditions were given, he would not consider it worth a rush. The great use of a correct theory was to classify the phenomena, and to deduce general laws, which, being unfailing, would doubtless, be fruitful, and lead to anticipate unknown and previously unsuspected relations and phenomena." But he would grant to Mr. Harris, that if he can once shew any theory to be contradicted, in even one instance, by a fairly interpreted experiment, that theory must be at once abandoned. The indications of nature, as established by the lord of the universe, must, with implicit reverence, be bowed to as final."

As our intention is not to give an additional report of the proceedings of the Bristol meeting, we must be excused from tracing the subjects *seriatim*, or entering into the particular phenomena remarked on, or the means of ascertaining them proposed by Sir David Brewster and others. Our purpose is a much higher one—to catch what indications we can from the reports already before the public, of those principles which lie at the foundations of all the sciences as their common bases and conditions. For this reason we pass entirely over the second section; the sciences of chemistry and mineralogy (as hitherto conducted) consisting altogether of appearances. The third, devoted to geology and geography, induces us to pause, while we glance at some of the details of which it was composed.

Geology is a science in a state so imperfect, and is accompanied with such difficulties, that we have no expectation that it will realise the results desired by the student. It is conducted on a method of analysis, which is a vain endeavour to arrive at causes by the anatomy of effects. All that philosophy can do is to declare the relation between them, and this not as an object of nature, but as a form of thought. Moreover, geology is not content with the simple truth, that for creation there must be a beginning—but will declare the date of the commencement, and the age of the world.

* The above is quoted from the *Literary Gazette* of Sept. 10th.

The professors of this empirical scheme are, however, zealous and enthusiastic: the subject, besides, is essentially poetic; and, accordingly, if the lecturer be in any degree eloquent, his discourse must needs give pleasure, and command attention. Accordingly, we find Professor Sedgwick described as having performed his part like a consummate actor on this occasion. Take the account in the words of the *Literary Gazette*.

"A difference of opinion having sprung up among some leading geologists on the question of organic remains found in certain strata, it was understood that the discussion would be brought on by the reading of a paper by Mr. Murchison and Professor Sedgwick, on a classification of the old slate rocks of Devonshire, with an explanation of the true position of the culm deposits of that county.

"An ample explanation of the diagram which accompanied this paper, and shewed a section of the county, from Linton through Bideford, and to the Dartmoor, was given by Mr. Murchison, who was followed by Mr. Sedgwick, in one of his most brilliant speeches. The result of their observations on the whole series of rocks, and especially on a great carboniferous, or rather culmiferous basin, occupying the heart of the county, was triumphantly brought forward, as 'confirmation strong as proof of holy writ,' of the accuracy of the Silurian system of Murchison, and the Cambrian system of Sedgwick. It is quite impossible to follow the striking oration of the latter, which, if he had not been so acknowledged before, must have stamped him one of the first of popular illustrators that ever spoke to a delighted assembly.

"The originality and freshness of his images, the profundity of his scientific and general remarks, the coruscations of his fancy, the poetry and extraordinary command of his language, his felicitous employment of common words and phrases, his humour and playfulness, his peculiar parentheses (resembling the most admirable ornaments of a splendid fabric of architecture — strengthening what they adorn), his home thrusts in argument, with a frankness and friendliness towards opponents, and his dashing off at intervals, as if a single spark — a syllable — had suggested a new train of ideas and combinations, — rendered this, like many of his other addresses, a treat of the highest description to every one who had the good fortune to hear it. In numerous parts it might well be said to invent and embody the poetry of geology; or, as it was exqui-

sitely expressed by himself, when Mr. Sedgwick approached the haze of the science to work upon in obscurity, he so illuminated the cloud as to convert it into a halo of glory. We can merely thus describe it; but we must leave any attempt at detail, if ever, to a more leisure hour."

"Mr. Delaboche explained his objections to the theory supported by Messrs. Murchison and Sedgwick; and Professor Phillips supported them, on the comparison of the fossil remains which were in drawers on the table. These were so analogous to the culm remains in Yorkshire, that he would have taken them as specimens of that formation.

"One of Mr. Sedgwick's conclusions struck us forcibly. In his opinion, the granite of Dartmoor was newer than the carbonaceous deposit of the basin which rested upon it on the south. His remark, that geology was a science of observation and not of experiment; and his definitions of the difference, were also eminently clear and convincing; and his picture of the giant granite itself absolutely sublime."

At a subsequent meeting, we find Dr. Buckland creating a sensation, by placing on the table his own Bridge-water Treatise on Geology, accompanying it with an affirmation, that the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis must be re-translated, so as to harmonise with the results obtained by his discoveries as to the age of the earth. Why, might he establish its age to be myriads upon myriads of years, could he disprove the position that "*In the beginning* God made the heavens and the earth?" We recommend a re-perusal of the passage, in p. 485 of our last number on this subject. But the reference to geological data now reminds us of the boast of the French *savans* in Egypt, who vindicated the chronology of Herodotus, on the authority of the inscriptions and sculptures on the architectural masses of Egypt. "It is decided," say these critics, "that the present division of the zodiac had been already arranged by the Egyptians, fifteen thousand years before the Christian era; and, according to an inscription, *which cannot lie*, the temple of Esne is of eight thousand years standing!" To this, Coleridge has already replied (in his Essay on the Prometheus of Æschylus, designed as preparatory to a series of disquisitions respecting the Egyptian, in connexion with the sacerdotal, theology, and in contrast with the mysteries of ancient Greece, and

read at the Royal Society of Literature, May 18, 1825), that, —“ in the first place, among a people who had placed their national pride in their antiquity, I do not see the impossibility of an inscription lying; and, secondly, as little can I see the improbability of a modern interpreter misunderstanding it; and lastly, the incredibility of a French infidel partaking of both defects, is still less evident to any understanding. The inscriptions may be, and, in some instances, very probably are, of later date than the temples themselves,—the offspring of vanity or priestly rivalry, or of certain astrological theories; or the temples themselves may have been built in the place of former and ruder structures, of an earlier and ruder period, and, not impossibly, under a different scheme of hieroglyphic or significant characters; and then may have been intentionally, or ignorantly miscopied or mistranslated.”* Now, these remarks may be, almost *mutatis mutandis*, applied to the science of geology. Perhaps the data of the earth may *not lie*, considered in themselves; but, in their geological interpretation, they may be made most confoundedly to fib. Proof of this may be rendered in Professor Buckland’s own recantation of all that he formerly asserted of the celebrated Kirkdale Cave, in Yorkshire. But, away with all science that is merely analytical! and let us proceed to describe the agitation which an instance of a different and better process produced among the *savans* assembled at Bristol.

Our Man of Synthesis has declared himself in the person and by the name of a Mr. Crosse, residing at Broomfield, near Taunton; and described by Professor Sedgwick “as an old friend of his, who some years ago kindly conducted him over the Quantock Hills, on the way to Taunton. The residence of that gentleman was not, as he had described it, in a wild and savage region, but seated amidst the sublime and beautiful in nature. At that time he was engaged in carrying on the most gigantic experiments,—attaching voltaic lines to the trees of the forest, and conducting

through them streams of lightning as large as the mast of a 74-gun ship, and even turning them through his house with the dexterity of an able charioteer. Sincerely did he congratulate the section on what they had heard and witnessed that morning. The operations of electrical phenomena, instances of which had been detailed to them, proved that the whole world—even darkness itself—was steeped in everlasting light, the first-born of heaven. However Mr. Crosse may have hitherto concealed himself, from this time forth he must stand before the world as public property.” Mr. Crosse, however, was not to be permitted his claims without some drawbacks; and, therefore, Mr. Greenough thought it fitting that, “in their admiration of these discoveries, *which were perfectly original, and made without knowledge of the labour of others*, the section must not forget that justice was also fairly due to certain foreign chemists, who had prosecuted a similar line of investigation. He read a passage from Dr. Buckland’s *Bridgewater Treatise*, to shew that M. Becquerel had also formed minerals by means of electricity; and he mentioned the names of Berthier, Rose, and others, who had succeeded in the same path. *Still, the highest praise must be awarded to Mr. Crosse for his originality.*” Why, to be sure, it must; and if Mr. Greenough could say nothing better, he would have shewn more wisdom in keeping silence. But now, for Mr. Crosse’s discoveries.

Mr. Fox had read a paper illustrative of the formation of mineral veins, which he traced to the action of electricity, and produced what the *Literary Gazette* calls “a simple, but highly instructive experiment, formed from the introduction into a common earthen oblong pan of a portion of hard clay, which divided the box into two compartments. In one compartment he placed sulphuric acid, and in the other water. Into the sulphuric acid he introduced plates of zinc, connected by a conducting wire with a piece of copper suspended in the water. Electric action commenced, and the copper formed into a sulphate by the transmission of

* This valuable Essay is now printed, for the first time, in “The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, collected and edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq. M.A.”—just published. “London, William Pickering, 1836.” It is likely, that we shall consider these extraordinary volumes in detail, at no distant period.

sulphur through the clay. Mr. Fox attributes the crystallisation of tin specimens in copper formations, and the difference in the positive capacity and character of mineral courses to the variance which would naturally happen from the action of unequal electrical forces." This having been done—and so far well on the part of Mr. Fox—then stepped into the arena the new candidate; in other words, Dr. Buckland, says the *Athenæum*, "produced to the notice of the meeting Mr. Crosse, who would give a verbal account of his most singular proceedings. Mr. Crosse then stated, that he had devoted a great part of his life to the pursuit of electricity, and that he came before the Association merely in the character of an electrician, *being by no means a geologist, and but in a moderate degree a mineralogist.*" Lucky this, both for him and for science; had he been either, he would, like their professors, have done nothing in the way of synthesis! But to proceed. "Being early impressed with the notion that it would be desirable to produce, if possible, a long-continued, undiminished, electrical action, he had set himself to work; and, after many trials, he had constructed an apparatus which had, for no less than an *entire year*, retained its electric energy, and this by the agency of ~~pure~~ water only. He had also conceived that, it being by long-continued processes that nature produced most of the effects which we observe, it might be possible to form substances similar to what she affords, by adopting a mode like hers. His attention had been directed to a cavern in the Quantock Hills, in which he had observed calcareous spar incrusting on limestone, and arragonite on clay slate: these minerals had evidently been formed by the water which percolated the rocks. Some of this water he brought to his house, and presented it to the action of his voltaic apparatus: for nine days he anxiously watched for a result; but, no visible one offering, he had almost given up the experiment; when, on the tenth day, to his great delight, he succeeded in procuring minerals, the same as in the cavern. He was thus encouraged to prosecute further experiments; and, in the course of his investigations, he found that light was unfavourable to the perfection of crystals,—he being able, in a much shorter period, and with much weaker

electric power, to produce them in the dark. He formed several crystals of metallic minerals; but his most successful experiment was the production of quartz from fluo-silicic acid, and his inspection of what has been, perhaps, never before observed by mortal eye, the process of crystalline development from the beginning. He had traced a quartz crystal, first as a hexagon marked upon the matrix, then lines radiated from its centre, then parallel lines were formed parallel to its sides—it increased in thickness; but, owing to some disturbance of the operation, the process of forming a single perfect crystal was not completed; for a second crystal grew up and intersected it, offering an additional confirmation of the resemblance of Mr. Crosse's process to that of Nature, where this penetration of crystals into each other is every where to be observed. It would be extending this report too far to relate all that Mr. Crosse communicated to the section regarding the details of his experiments; but it is impossible to convey an idea of the enthusiasm with which his statement was received by the crowded assembly present. There appeared to be a real *electrical* effect produced upon them; they seemed as if the interior recesses of Nature had been of a sudden laid open to them, and her processes, which had been conceived as past all mortal ken, submitted to their inspection. Mr. Crosse was often interrupted during his address with loud peals of applause, which lasted for several minutes after he sat down. Mr. Conybeare said, that he found himself so excited with the intelligence that he should not submit his observations on the South Wales Coal Basin; he considered any communication he could bring forward totally eclipsed in interest by the overpowering intelligence brought by Mr. Crosse. Upon that gentleman Mr. Sedgwick passed also a highly eloquent eulogium. Professor Phillips stated that he had now hopes of realising his fondest dreams of geology. He had long conceived that Nature must have some means of conveying solid matter through solid matter; and that this was now proved by Mr. Crosse, whose discoveries were of such importance, that had the British Association been of no other service than in bringing them to light, they alone were worth all the pains it had taken for the advancement of science;

and it was its particular business to have experiments like his set on foot, and prosecuted, for many years to come."

All very well and right; but we may be humbly permitted to think that the *savans* of the British Association and the Bristol Meeting had mighty little to do in these discoveries. We are of opinion with our very good friend, Jerdan, that "the *début* of Mr. Crosse was altogether an accident, unexpected and unconceived by the Association. But," with him, we hold, that "his being brought out, in consequence of the discussion to which he was listening, and at once made public property, with all his extraordinary experiments and performances, is alone a pregnant proof of the benefit to science which the Association is calculated to produce." We are also desirous of adding this gentleman's testimony, that Mr. Conybeare appeared to be even

more strongly excited than the other heads of the section, or any individual among the auditory, though these were sufficiently enthusiastic. "It is, however, much to be regretted," adds the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, "that, owing to this, one of the most useful, local, and important papers looked for at the meeting, and for which many persons attended it, was thus lost. Mr. Conybeare's great experience and laborious investigation of the coal formations in Glamorganshire, led a number of members deeply interested in the subject, to expect much of the most valuable information from him; and they were exceedingly disappointed, at the issue of Mr. Crosse's appearance, to find their coals evaporate in smoke; and their oracle, instead of satisfying their longings for instruction, proclaimed himself mad at learning the wonders achieved by the Friar Bacon of Somersetshire."*

* All that Mr. Crosse now may do must become a subject of unparalleled interest. We cannot, therefore, resist adding, in a note, that this gentleman has entered into a correspondence with the weekly newspaper called *The Atlas*, Oct. 9, 1836. We feel it our duty to extract both his letter and the accompanying remarks.

"We need not remind our readers of the surprise and delight with which the geological and mineralogical sections of the British Association, at their late meeting in Bristol, listened to the extraordinary discoveries of Mr. Crosse, of Broomfield. The lines of conductors which, connecting every tree in the park with his mansion, poured into a brass globe, suspended over his batteries, the electric fluid in such quantities as had never before been collected by man; the ease with which Mr. Crosse gathered the electric fluid to the repeated charge of his voltaic batteries, the skill with which he guided, and the scientific coolness with which he ruled, the element of destruction, have ever since been the chief topics of conversation in society. Dr. Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, and Sir Richard Phillips, have given descriptions of the apparatus with which, in crystallisation more especially, Mr. Crosse has performed the most surprising experiments; and these descriptions, however brief and unsatisfactory, have been eagerly received by the scientific world and the reading public. It is, therefore, with no small gratification that we are enabled to lay before our readers, from the pen of Mr. Crosse himself, a more accurate account of the apparatus with which he—

‘ Rules the whirlwind, and directs the storm ;’

and by the aid of whose creative energies the most extraordinary success has attended his researches. In our future Numbers we hoped to be enabled to lay before our readers some account of the experiments of Mr. CROSSE, and their surprising results.

“ LETTER FROM A. CROSSE, ESQ. •

“ ‘ DEAR SIR,

Broomfield, near Taunton, September 23, 1836.

* * * * “ I will not enter into this subject at present, any more than to say that I am now, heart and soul, engaged in a tedious but interesting series of experiments on the voltaic battery, more especially on its long-continued action, with respect to its powers, both of ignition and crystallisation, as well as other very important phenomena connected with the subject.

“ ‘ In the formation of these batteries I make use of the cylinder-shape, each pair of zinc and copper cylinders being *separately* insulated by standing on a glass plate. I reject acids, and fill the cylinder with common water. I found, at the end of a twelvemonth, no sensible diminution of the power of a battery composed of five hundred pairs of cylinders; and, on taking the battery to pieces to examine the

And now we may demand whether, after all the excitement evinced, it will be issueless? Will it induce these bookmen of science, these dreamers of analysis, to supersede altogether their imperfect and unproductive method for that of synthesis, thus illustrated, and thus awakening them to the marvellous of old time, when art was creative, and science constitutive? The interest which was expressed seems, indeed, to have been an image—an analogon of that enthusiasm with which the God-inspired of old were animated, and in virtue of which they were recognised as friends of God and prophets—nay, became foster-gods to their fellow men. But, was it only an image? Is it impossible for the true, the genuine enthusiasm to be kindled again, and that the times of Eschylus and his Prometheus may return. The Essay, from which we have already quoted, on the theme of *Prometheus* will demonstrate to all who have eyes, and inclination to use them, that inspiration was no vain epithet even among the Grecian poets,—that the Muses drew their knowledge from high and heavenly sources,—and that the spirit of humanity was wont to walk with God, even much later than the days of him who was not, for God took him. Henceforth, let not the British Association encourage the sensuous ultimates of science only; let them not heap honours

on mere talent for imitation, and give sole glory to the clumsy accumulator of particular phenomena; but let them postpone the claims of mere learning to those of genius, and make room for those products of art, as well as these vain displays of second-hand knowledge. We may then hope for man's restoration speedily to that state of primitive enthusiasm when the human being was a moral artist, and all science a traduction from his moral life, the life-giving influences of his essential spirit, and the unobscured divinity that stirred within him. Should such a result be again realised,* man will be prepared for observation and experiment, by the ascertaining and the development of a previous and initiative method, or law, by which he shall be instructed how to observe and experiment, so that time may not be lost, as now it is, in futile processes. Then, indeed, will a life not be vainly expended in the laborious accumulation of appearances, without having once solved or detected the common law by which they are guided. The idea of the law will precede the investigation altogether; and in its light, and under its guidance, Science will subserve the purposes of a purer intelligence, only, in the end, to identify herself with that wisdom which, being as gray hairs to the young, is as the tree of life to all.

effect produced on the zinc, was surprised to find that no oxidation injurious to the zinc had taken place, although the metal was in the state of thin sheet.

“As the water evaporates in the cylinders, I generally fill them once in six weeks. It is curious to observe, that at every morning, between the hours of six and ten, these batteries evince a much greater electrical power than at any other period of the day. This effect is entirely unconnected with variations in the barometer, hygrometer, thermometer, electrometer (atmospheric), or any other metre whatever. In consequence of their more perfect insulation, these batteries possess a much greater power than any others made on a different plan with water alone; and, by connecting the opposite poles with the outer and inner coating of a common electrical battery, a constant and never-failing stream of electric fluid is produced. 800 pairs of cylinders, each four inches high, and two and a half diameter, will deflagrate brilliantly metallic leaves and tin-foil, fuse the edge of stout silver sheeting, melt off the point of a penknife, fire gunpowder, and give a strong shock to the human body.

“On receiving this shock with the knuckles of the fingers, the skin is actually cauterised, as if touched with a hot knitting-needle, accompanied with a strong smell of burnt skin. It is not possible, within the compass of a letter, and that hastily sketched, to do more than just glance at the subject. I am fitting up a battery to consist of 1550 pairs of cylinders, as I find the increase of numbers to produce more than a corresponding effect in power.

“Were it in my power, I would construct an apparatus so extensive as to give an experimenter some chance of unlocking the gates of science.

“You are at liberty to publish this letter, or any part of it, if you think it worth while, and believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

“ANDREW CROSSI.”

* We have just been delighted to hear that an International Association has been set on foot to carry these express objects into immediate effect.



Wm. L. 1784

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GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. LXXVIII.

EDMUND LODGE, ESQ.

IN the preface to his magnificent work, his *Illustrious Portraits*, a book which, take it all in all, is the most magnificent ever published, Lodge justly remarks : " It is from the combination of portraits and biography that we reap the utmost degree of utility and pleasure which can be derived from them : as, in contemplating the portrait of an eminent person, we long to be instructed in his history ; so, in considering his actions, we are anxious to behold his countenance." Actuated by this principle, we started our Gallery ; which, though it may not be as splendid as that of Mr. Lodge, contains the likenesses of people who will inspire no small interest to future inquirers : and in that Gallery we now enlist Mr. Lodge himself.

There he stands in the regal robes of Norroy, in all the glory and grandeur of heraldic costume. He looks, indeed, every inch a king ; and long may he continue to reign. We should be excessively sorry if, in these innovating days, the hand of the Destructive should be laid upon Benet's Hill. The minute philosopher, or the grovelling utilitarian, may sneer at heraldry, and think the continuance of the Heraldic College a piece of idle folly ; but for the opinions of these gentlemen we have little respect. They connect the present time with times past, and make us feel that we belong to a country which is not of yesterday, and that those who went before us did deeds worthy of being marked with honour and distinction. Who that enters the Herald's College, as his eye glances on the portcullis of the Plantagenets, the three legs of the Isle of Man, the eagle's claw of the Stanleys, but must feel that he is of a race renowned in ages past all over the world, and think himself called upon to take care that it suffers no disgrace from him. The arms of a man's family ought to remind him that he has other people to think of beside himself, and that no blot is to be cast by him on the scutcheon of his fathers. And albeit we confess ourselves but little skilled in the science of blazon, we know enough of it to be sure that it requires no small quantity of multifarious information, and a great share of acuteness and ability. Of one thing we are certain, that those who would depose the heraldic kings from their thrones, would be ready to pay the same compliment to another king whose empire is more substantial.

Mr. Lodge is one of the oldest authors now extant. His first work, *Illustrations of British History in the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I.*, dates so far back as 1791, five-and-forty years ago ; so that as the science he professes is a link between the present age and the past, so is he himself a link between the present race of authors and that gone by. He wears his years well ; and, oscillating between Alfred Place and Benet's Hill, ruminates perpetually on the further production of books destined to inspire honourable thoughts and high feelings in the mind of England. Some of his friends, he tells us, think that he has spoken, in his celebrated work, too plainly ; but they have not been able to convince him that he has done wrong. People are seldom convinced that they have so done : but plain speaking is no fault in our eyes ; and we rather think that, if Mr. Lodge is to be blamed at all, his error lies the other way. His style is pleasant and lucid, smelling rather more of the last than of the present century. It is not the worse for that.

The course of his quiet and useful life furnishes us with few materials for our page ; and we fear that Mr. Lodge will class it among " the vague and frothy essays which almost invariably wait on engravings of what, on such occasions, is most properly called letter-press, being, in fact, nothing else." Even so we part him good friends ; and " quitting all selfish topics, hasten to conclude this short article with a sincere declaration of the better feelings which render any sort of apology essentially unnecessary for our page," and crying, with lungs as stentorian as we can command,

VIVE NORROY !

WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

[THESE Notes of Sir Egerton Brydges on Wraxall's *Memoirs* will, doubtless, be estimated at their true worth. They have, indeed, equal value with the *Memoirs* themselves; being quite as original, if not more so. We sometimes differ from him in his views of men and things, but could not venture on any change. They are yet open to conservative correction, where expedient; and as to their interest, there cannot be two opinions.—O. Y.]

bling-table, and consequent pecuniary embarrassments, had sunk him very low in the public estimation. But when, for the sake of place, he joined Lord North, whom he had been so vehemently opposing for so many years, with incessant threats of bringing him to the block, it bespoke an open disregard of political principle which no sound mind could overlook. Thus the storm was ready to burst on a ministry so formed, when Fox introduced his India Bill, which at once set fire to the train. By that bill, which laid hands on the Company's charter, it was apparent that the power now gained was to be rendered perpetual and uncontrollable.

But who saw this danger, and stopped it before the plot was completed? It was not Pitt, but the king himself, who had been put upon his guard by the Marquess of Buckingham. Then it was that Pitt's vast gifts were called into play, as the instrument, not the *originator*, of the defeat.

I very much doubt if any other combination of circumstances could have forced Pitt into such a display—at least so early.

Pitt had a most acute and reflective understanding, most systematically arranged, with a most cautious and imperturbable judgment. I do not say that these endowments might not fit him for an able, practical statesman, better than genius; but they are not genius. At the same time, my individual persuasion is, that nothing less than genius itself will make a truly grand minister. A man of talent, without genius, sees only what is presented to him by others. He does not pierce into internal light, and see the whole secret springs of actions. He is at the mercy of his advisers, and of those who prepare the materials for him. Pitt had to manage the spirit of the English nation at the time that the revolutionary frenzy was likely to overtake it. He had not at first the fore-

sight of Burke; and saw not at once the mischiefs with which it was pregnant. But it was not long ere Burke's splendid prospects into the future let in a flood of blazing lamps upon him. He was, however, a somewhat unwilling gazer upon the distance. France had always been our rival, and our enemy; and at first he was pleased with the anticipation of its eclipse and its downfall. Burke saw that it was a contagion, which, unless stopped, would soon spread to England. Pitt had the eloquence which directed popular opinion. The manner in which he came into power fixed his public ascendancy; and all which he afterwards did confirmed and augmented it. The old aristocracy were not, in the modern change of manners, much beloved. Pitt had created a new one, more connected with trade and finance. The old Whig families had led the aristocracy with a good deal of haughty exclusiveness. Pitt opened the peerage to a less assuming class: in truth, Pitt inherited this principle from his father; but accidental circumstances brought it into more practical experiment. Fox, though of still more obscure descent, yet by his mother, and his own personal habits, had bound himself up among the high nobility. Pitt loved men of business; and thought of nothing but Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Charles Jenkinson, old George Rose, Dundas, and Paul Benfield, were exactly fitted for the sphere in which Pitt delighted to occupy himself. These were a class of men who must have been odious to Burke, and even to Fox. Pitt's industry, and his love of the details of business, made him a great favourite with the city. It is Wraxall's opinion that the preponderance of talent, as well as genius, was on the side of the opposition; and so it undoubtedly was.

At this time Wraxall says that Ad-dington, Dudley Ryder, Lord Mornington, and Lord Apsley, were but expectants of the premier's favours.

Three of the four survive; and the third has run a splendid career. Of the first, though an amiable and good man, the rise has been surprising.

Wraxall is convinced that Sir Philip Francis was the author of *Junius*. I do not yet believe it. He was too vain a man to let the secret die with him.

Lord Chatham had a hatred of the old aristocracy, and its exclusiveness.

Whigs were not for the people, but only for their own power and rule. Pitt could bear "no brother near the throne." Wraxall often shews personal partialities and influences. Pitt was little acquainted with general and familiar life—too much addicted to view things with reference to the advantages of commerce or finance—too bigoted a disciple of Adam Smith—and was not profoundly acquainted with foreign politics. He loved power for power's sake, not for money. Pitt had many abstract notions, which were more plausible than profound. Eden was a shallow fellow, too much praised—fickle, treacherous, and selfish. Then came Jenkinson and Sir Grey Cooper. Lord Sackville saw the necessity of a union with Ireland. Surprising that Wraxall says nothing of Lord Middlesex, nor of Lord Malmesbury, nor of Lord Fitzwilliam, nor of Tierney. He makes Lord Surrey of too much importance. Pitt's strength was the fascination of eloquence and character. Pitt had a bold and enterprising spirit. He was not fearful of experiments, under the dread of their being innovations. He gave energy to all the subordinate functionaries; he made them all work by one impulse. His own sense of honour and integrity was pure and nice; but he overlooked a good deal of jobbing in his favourite subordinates. He chose men ready for their work, and not scrupulous. He had a rhetorical fancy, but he wanted imagination; and he had no sentiment. He prided himself in a judgment which could never be led astray. But on sternly refusing to be dazzled, he sometimes refused to be enlightened. He mistook truth for a meteor, or *shining vapour*. The extraordinary spirit of the epoch was in contradiction to the tendency of the principles in which he had been originally brought up. The native tendency of his mind was towards the democratic.

That Pitt refused his protecting shield to Hastings, was a great and unpardonable fault; as a statesman, he ought to have weighed his great merit against his misdeeds: there was something selfish and little in the compromising spirit with which he acted.

Pitt sometimes played with his oratorical gifts, and trusted too much to his power of leading the popular mind. The seeming prosperity of the country under his guidance made him

believed infallible. But there was a good deal of hollowness in his system ; his profusion of taxation, and his careless extravagance, were blind to remote consequences. That the facility of temporary credit, and new and rare productive application of capital, were a great national benefit, cannot be doubted.

Burke, and many others, never thought that Pitt conducted the war in a proper manner : he always looked to the commercial destruction of the enemy. Napoleon was fighting upon a more gigantic principle.

There is one remark on Wraxall which applies to all his work. He seems to take for granted, that it is an incontestable proof of his excellence as a minister that he carried triumphantly most of his measures in parliamentary debate. This, no doubt, is one grand proof of superiority ; but, with all this, one may be an unwise and bad minister. His measures may not be sound, and of lasting benefit to his country. Whatever temporary applause might attend them, I think that many of Pitt's measures now appear of equivocal good.

It was a grave defect in Pitt, that the subordinate men he selected for office were not men of primary talent or virtue. Look at Dundas, *et hoc genus omne* ! Look at Bishop Pretyman, and Pepper Arden, and Mitford, and Edey ! Look at Jenkinson, and George Rose, and Tom Steele ! Look at your Vansittarts, and Wallaces, and Spencer Percevals, and Charles Pybuses !

William Grenville had the reputation of great talents, but they were merely acquired talents.* Lord Grenville had no original opinions. When he was joined to Pitt, he was an unbending Tory ; and this was consistent with the impressions made on his infancy. When, on the death of Pitt, he became the minister of a coalition, principally of the *Whig* party, he veered right round ; and, though he had been a strong coadjutor of Pitt in creating the *Sinking Fund*, he became in his last days one of the most violent arguers and writers against it. He was a man of extraordinary industry, and had all his faculties most methodically arranged ; but he had no sallies of mind, nor any native force. He was a

nice scholar of reserved habits, and a mere technical man of office — an excellent man to execute orders, but not to be a *leader*.

Thurlow, the chancellor, was never on cordial terms with him : each had a contempt for the other. Thurlow had an acute and powerful mind ; but he was surly, perverse, and not very nice in his principles, political or moral. He was a constant thorn in Pitt's side. He was a Tory in power ; ambitious and discontented before he had risen. He despised the littleness, versatility, and duplicity of Loughborough's mind and disposition.

The Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Rutland, and Earl Gower (then created Marquess of Stafford), were mere puppets of fortune, chosen for show and wealth. Pitt wanted them as gilding, but he used them merely for the surface. I admit that such men are positively necessary to any administration : rank and property are indispensable ingredients to such a mixed constitution as ours. But the opposition added to this sort of aid, men at least equally noble and rich, with more habits of business, and, perhaps, better abilities : such as Portland, Fitzwilliam, Carlisle, Derby, Stormont, Bedford, Devonshire, Shelburne, North, &c. ; with Coke of Norfolk, and many other powerful landed commoners.

The secession from this strong *Whig* party, caused by the alarm of the revolutionary doctrines and bloody events which were going on in France, weakened that party so much, and added so much to Pitt's power, that he kept the reins of government for seven years more ; but not without many violent exertions and dangerous escapes.

One of his tendencies — though not, perhaps, with a clear and defined design — was to create a new aristocracy. It arose out of the early impressions which had taken hold of his mind. Probably he thought that where wealth changes hands, honours ought to change with it ; and that it was dangerous to have a rich *bourgeoisie* in rivalry with a poor nobility. He thought the productive classes the only useful members of society.

Wraxall thinks that Pitt's confidence in his own powers often put the king at defiance, and followed his own opi-

* See, in the *Life of Mackintosh*, by his Son, an account of a visit to Lord Grenville, and the opinion regarding Lord G. by that eminent man.

nions and measures. I strongly question this. I believe that the king had generally decisions of his own, and stood firm to them. The war with America was the king's own, not his ministers: so was the rejection of Fox's India Bill.

But the great change effected by Pitt was the downfall of the aristocracy of the Whigs.

Pitt is considered an aristocrat: he was not a *true* aristocrat. He lowered the House of Peers, because he had not a just and profound sense of the real aristocracy. The persons whom he elevated to the peerage were not, for the most part, gentry of the prime quality—they were persons who had come obliquely into large fortunes and good names: as Dutton, Hill, Cocks, Douglas, Pelham, Basset, Rolle, and Calthorpe, &c. &c.; and he seemed to pay no regard to quality in the Irish peerages. These men had better have been kept in the House of Commons. I am quite sure this conduct alienated the powerful body of the Whigs.

Pitt's taste led him to commerce and finance; and this made him the great favourite of the city. He liked that class of men the best: he loved their society, and the peculiarities of their minds.

But commerce and finance are a *means*, not an *end*. What is the use of wealth, unless we have arms to defend it? Napoleon knew better in what the strength of states consists. The stream of time changes its channels, its direction, and its character. The composites of the House of Lords, which it would then have been necessary to preserve, perhaps it is now desirable entirely to alter. From the Parliamentary Reform Bill, the Lords are put in a new position.

The Lords ought now to be a numerous body, and the preponderance ought to be increased. But even here a greater discretion and reserve is necessary than has ever been used. Men without birth, fortune, or pre-eminent talents, ought not to be selected. The chances are at last this will turn out a democratic assembly, and become unmanageable. At present they are of great use.

The most extraordinary thing is that the king should for the first twenty-two years of his reign be eminently unpopular, and then, all at once, become equally popular. Many have attri-

buted this to the power and eloquence of Pitt. It seems to me that such an effect from such a cause is perfectly absurd. The stream had turned by its own force, and Pitt was fortunate enough to take advantage of it. Concurrences of circumstances undoubtedly added this happy lot to Pitt.

The suspicion of the people had been that the king entertained arbitrary notions of government, and that his ministers were actuated by nothing but selfish ambition and love of place. These notions had been propagated with the utmost industry and ability by Wilkes and Junius; and all the succession of placemen had, with the exception of the Rockinghams, given grounds for this belief. The Butes, Grenvilles, Bedfords, Graftons, Sandwiches, &c. were assuredly of this caste. Much may be said in defence of Lord North, who had great ability, and was of a very generous nature; but who, from his ductile temper, perhaps, gave way too much to the king's own measures. The king had far greater talents, judgment, and sagacity, than he has had credit for. His weakness seems to have lain in the choice of his servants. But a monarch in such a limited government as England has probably a very limited selection: he must take men who can manage the two houses of parliament; and could not for two days retain in their places those in whom his own will or opinion placed confidence.

It seems that there is too much reason to suspect that Lord Bute had a greater influence over the king's mind than his wisdom or principles justified; and hence the succession of Tory administrations that took place. Neither Lord Chatham nor the Rockinghams could retain their power. The mighty fault was in the dismissal of Lord Chatham. The Rockinghams were, as a party, with the exception of Burke, deficient in grand powers of mind; and they had committed themselves occasionally to some *ultra* Whig principles, which were found impracticable or dangerous.

The general national prejudice up to 1784 was, that the king had arbitrary notions of government; and that, therefore, he liked pliant and servile ministers. I am inclined to suspect that the character given of Lord Mansfield by Junius, though severe, is a just one. He rather inclined in his decisions to

regard what he deemed the expedient, than the rules of law already settled. He was an entire politician in every act and opinion of his life. But he was not chosen for his situation by Geo. III.; the monarch found him already there. He was a very acute and subtle man; but, perhaps, not so brilliant as he was thought. When all his papers were burnt by Lord George Gordon's mob, in 1780, and some one was lamenting the loss to Dunning, "Psha!" he answered; "the destruction of the doctrines contained in those papers is a national good!"

As to America, what monarch would have given up so large a portion of his empire without a struggle? The contest was badly conducted: perhaps the king might have made choice of abler functionaries in all the departments, both civil and military!

There was one man who always moved with an impenetrable cloud around him—Lord George Germaine; but he was an able man—industrious, sagacious, and wise. His extreme gravity and melancholy were a contrast to the lightness and wit of Lord North; misfortunes sunk deeper into his heart, and he thought of future consequences with more fear and regret. But I believe that he had the good of his country on his conscience, and executed his duties with fidelity and skill.

Lord Camden had the luck to retain a popular reputation through life; he was considered a patriot, and out of the favour of the court. He came forward again to assist Pitt's accession to power, and never lost the good opinion of the public. He had the fame of more talents than he possessed; but was a generous, upright, high-minded man.

Whether Jenkinson possessed the king's ear to the degree supposed yet remains a doubt.

Kenyon was a man coarse and uneducated; brought up in the office of a Cheshire attorney of no reputation; but a man of native talents and unwearied labour, and thoroughly acquainted with the law. He had a rough integrity, and was supposed to be a fair interpreter of what he knew. But his want of literature and dignity were striking and mischievous defects. He knew nothing of the world, and his private habits were penurious and sordid. He was supposed to be, during all the early part of his professional

life, the law-finder for Thurlow, who was idle, and a lover of pleasure. He was a perfect pedant in his professional treasures, and often ludicrous in his language and expositions. In all these respects he was the opposite to his predecessor, Lord Mansfield. I do not suppose that he had any fixed principles of politics, except such as his office imposed on him. He held the place about fourteen years, and was succeeded by Law, a man who was a direct contrast to him; fierce, contradictory, assuming, and wilful; and "who made the law bend to his own humours; and in point of legal knowledge, or native abilities, not to be compared with Kenyon. He had been a violent opponent of Pitt in politics; and, though proud and overbearing, was democratic in the cast of his opinions. He was not appointed by Pitt, but by Addington, to whose strange patchwork administration he had been attorney-general at the time when the speakership was bestowed on Mitford, whose unsuitness for it made it necessary soon to remove him to Ireland.

A minister must put up with such professional men as fall in his way in their due course. He cannot easily skip over an attorney-general. When Pitt returned to power, he could not be well pleased to find Law (now Lord Ellenborough) in his way—confronting him by his frowns and his sarcasms.

Loughborough was a man wily and oily as a snake, and entirely engrossed by his own selfish ambitions. He was always needy, and loved place and power; and had nearly secured his resumption of the chancellorship, had the Prince of Wales obtained the regency,—when a few hours of delay gave symptoms of the king's recovery, and cast his golden hopes into the dust. He was intriguing, flexible, and dexterous; but his known character took away all weight from him. The Whigs would have had him, merely to get rid of Thurlow; but, when solicitor-general in North's ministry, he had been much more offensive to that party, and much more suspected in his principles than the other. Thurlow, however, had also been willing to come over to the prince, from love of place. This, indeed, is a black spot in Thurlow's character."

When we see by what means public men too generally gain their ends, and place their posterity in high stations of

rank and wealth, our hearts ache, and the glories of ambition fade away before us. How was it that such feeble lights as were Pitt's satellites could gain the places they held?

There was one man, of whom Wraxall says scarce any thing, who began almost from his boyhood to seize a position, where he might derive reflected lustre, from the great luminary,—I mean Canning. He was a great rhetorician, a beautiful scholar, and a man of the loftiest desires. But I differ from the public very egregiously as to the soundness of his mind, and the profundity of his wisdom: all was metaphor, and trope, and splendid imagery, and rich and incomparable humour. The power of ridicule was his primary talent; but the hues in which he set things varied like the colours of the rainbow. As a boy, he was brought up an Ultra-Whig; as a man, he commenced public life by making himself one of the most Tory of Pitt's adherents. It was some time before he gained Pitt's cordial confidence; he was too *literary* for the strong-minded and matter-of-fact man. But at last, in Pitt's latter days, the haughty minister gave way, and Canning got a complete ascendant over him. Canning would have made up a ministry of Conservative members; but they would not join him; and then he vehemently and bitterly turned round. He seemed to sacrifice all consistency of principles to momentary applause and popular favour. His self-election, and confidence in his exclusive powers, made him soar sometimes on *Icarian* wings, and expose himself to the dazzle and melting heat of the sun. As an author, he was an elegant and accomplished writer, but not a great genius. He had more glitter than force, and more blaze than fire. He knew nothing of finance; but took his lessons from Huskisson—at best a very doubtful authority, and, in the present critic's opinion, *mischievous*! The late Lord Liverpool, the minister, was a much sounder man, though not so brilliant.

Canning was anxious to govern the world by the pen and the lips; but this will not do. His oratory always betrayed the lamp; and, with the intemixture of splendid and grand passages, was yet altogether tedious. It was a mixed and gorgeous robe of blinding gold patches; but it gained

no faith; its impression soon melted away. It was equally flowery with Burke's speeches; but the flowers did not appear part of the essence of the thoughts,—they were *sewed on*! He always shewed himself as an artist, not speaking under the involuntary impulse of inspiration!

One of the most extraordinary characters, to whom Wraxall gives far more space than he deserves, was the late Duke of Norfolk. To speak of him without indignation and disgust is impossible. But as he had no qualities but such as raised contempt and abhorrence, he could not be a spring in the political movements of the country. It could not be otherwise than a sore to the lovers of the aristocratical dignity of the ancient peerage that this man stood at the top of all its ranks. But the truth is, that his early birth and habits were cradled and nurtured in a different and more obscure sphere; he came from a younger branch of some generations who had passed their lives principally as Cumberland squires of moderate fortune, and who had allied themselves to no eminent blood, or great names. He was growing to a middle age when he succeeded to the dukedom, which had devolved on his father only a year or two before him, and who was almost equally low in his habits,—a drunkard, and a man of rude habits.

The late duke's neglect of his person,—his affected singularities and meanness of dress,—his delight in low company,—his fondness for the roar and intemperance of election feasts, and the bathos merriments of inebriated and noisy electors,—were the taste of a mean and degraded nature, utterly unprecedented. But, added to all these, he united the most discordant contradictions: he was insufferably and unappeasably proud; he had the moving restlessness of an unquenchable ambition; he was a perfect intriguer both in politics and private affairs; he was a corrupt and busy boroughmonger; and he descended to all the arts of the lowest and most unprincipled attorney.

He was so active, joined to a great quantity of cunning, that he occasionally annoyed the minister, and made himself felt. The public gave him credit for some quickness and sagacity of natural talent; but, after having seen him somewhat nearly, I myself very

much doubt this. He was almost illiterate. He had the cunning of a man sharpened by the necessity of getting his own bread.

He often interfered most humorously, malignantly, and ignorantly with the business of his office as earl marshal, and delighted to throw stains on the glory of other eminent families. Sir Isaac Heard, as garter king, was his slave, and dared not do any thing contrary to his directions or wishes. He was as envious and jealous of other pedigrees as the lowest *parvenu*.

Wrazall has given an account of the bestial dirtiness of his person.

He has been likened to his ancestor, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, the collector, described by Lord Clarendon; but there was little similitude between them. He conformed to the Protestant religion for the purpose, it is supposed, of enabling him to take his seat in parliament; but no one believed that he was sincere.

The late Duke of Bedford was a far more important opponent of Pitt. Wrazall's account of his commencement in life is not accurate. He came to Cambridge almost as a boy, wearing his beautiful brown hair on his shoulders in a natural state, while all the other students were highly powdered, and curled, and queued. He resembled the portraits of his ancestors by Vandyrke, and was a youth of most extraordinary symmetry, grace, and regularity of features. He was a man of energy, ability, and a public spirit; but at college he had the character of extraordinary penuriousness, while actually the possessor of one of the largest and grandest rentals of the nation. In politics he was violent, and an Ultra-Whig; and placed himself under Charles Fox, who led him into all extremes. By his illiberal attacks on Burke he brought down upon him an eloquence and force of remonstrance which will never be forgotten. The duke's encouragement of agriculture was a patriotic merit. His premature death was, with all his faults, a national loss.

The Duke of Devonshire, with his influential name, vast property, and princely rank, took no active public part,—unless his patronage, his hospitality, and his fêtes, might be called ac-

tivity. But his character was little understood. He was shy and reserved, and gave no indication of what was passing within him. They who were familiar with him observed that he said more good things than any one; but in so heavy a manner that they appeared like dulness. Under the appearance of coldness and apathy he nourished a most romantic affection.

The Duchess was as attractive as she has been universally represented; but her imprudences and ductilities led her into difficulties which destroyed her dignity and her moral character, and finally broke her heart with mortification and self-reproach. An attached friend of the family, Dr. G——, said, "The Duchess of D. has done what it was thought no one could do; she has ruined the Devonshire fortune!" She could not do so beyond the duke's life, on account of the entails!

That immense fortune was principally accumulated by Sir William Cavendish,* who had been one of the supple servants to Hen. VIII., at the dissolution of monasteries; and his widow, Elizabeth Hardwicke, afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury. But Sir William was not of obscure descent; he was derived from a chief-justice of the reign of Edward III.

Formerly, state ministers were taken principally out of the more elevated ranks. This has not been the custom of modern days. The wisdom of the old rule has not yet been falsified. The answer will be, "Read *Junius*. Do the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford appear less mean, servile, and selfish than the modern *parvenus*, who have raised themselves from humble station, from obscure blood, and from abject poverty, to high office and lucrative places? New men at least work more freely, and have their wits sharpened by necessity." The reply is, "they may be sharpened; but are they not sharpened for mischief?"

If we look back to the great ministers from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, many of them have been men raised from the people,—as Burleigh, Clarendon, Somers, Chatham, Fox; and these, I think, were our greatest statesmen: nor did they derive any want of influence or essential power from their want of hereditary rank and wealth.

* See the very curious tract, by the Rev. J. Hunter, under the title of *Who wrote the Life of Cardinal Wolsey?*

There is a generous feeling in the public that loves those who have risen by their own force.

A love of ease, an incapacity to endure the crosses of business, are apt to attend the born possessor of distinction and luxury. Ability often comes with necessity; the mind *vires acquirit eundo*; and what nothing but the strongest impulses will commence soon becomes easy.

But the advantages of an elevated position from childhood are still very great, and not easily to be counter-balanced.

There was one leading fault in Pitt. He relied too much on himself. In general, where there are very powerful abilities, firm self-reliance is a good thing; but Pitt carried it too far. We must not shut out other lights, nor trust that ourselves can see every thing. It had, to be sure, the vast benefit of unity in his designs and orations. Pitt did not like any thing to be taken out of his own management. He, therefore, not only did not encourage the aid and interference of literature, but disliked it.

"Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus estis."

His motives and the grounds of his opinions were

"Hid in the dark recesses of his breast."

He chose to have the choice of the reasons he put forth to the world, and not have them breathed upon and mangled by every babbler. Talkers and lovers of making speeches were his dread and his aversion; and if they were likely to continue noisy he stopped their mouths with places! In worldly adroitness there is skill in this, as well as defect; but it is unmagnanimous and mean. It lessened the love of his adherents for Pitt, and made him more respected than the object of attachment. The essence of Pitt's mind was practical; he did not choose, therefore, to rely on abstract truths, nor to be held by tests on which he had not acted. This position is strikingly illustrated by the grand *regency* question. That duty, by the king's incapacity, seems to me clearly to have devolved by right on the prince; but, practically, it was a piece of almost necessary policy to delay to confer it on him. Yet this could not be perfectly defended, either by the press or by parliamentary argument.

This reserve was not Fox's character or plan; he let out all his deliberate thoughts, and all even his temporary impressions; he not only told all that in the heat of the moment he believed, but sometimes exaggerated it,—not for the purpose of deception, but in the overflowing frankness of his heart. It was scarce possible for nature to have formed two men of stupendous talents in such opposite moulds, and with ingredients more dissimilarly mixed, than Pitt and Fox.

Pitt's excellence is generally supposed to have been most conspicuous in finance. On this subject, time, experience, and long reflection, have led me to be somewhat sceptical. He had great industry, great readiness, and a fund of ingenious resources in the investigation and arrangements of our national revenues. He came to this task with the purest views and the most resolved purposes. He cleansed the Augean stable of the public offices of many impurities. The effect was an immediate striking improvement of the revenue. This, added to the favour with which his accession to power had been hailed, secured to him great credit and confidence in the city. The funds began to rise strikingly; and, as the holders of public stock were scattered through the nation, almost all the holders of property through the kingdom were put in good-humour by finding themselves richer. A stupefying despondence, which had resulted from the latter years of North's administration, was changed into hope and energy.

By the cessation of wars, the country was now at liberty to apply to agriculture and manufactures. The effect of the new debt created was to give to the productive part of the population a larger circulating capital; in brief, it added to *paper-money*. That money was now expended at home, instead of being wasted to support armies abroad. While England was thus emerging from her pecuniary difficulties, France, whose finances had long been declining, was every day falling into still greater distresses.

Now came the country banks and the country bank-paper. The prosperous effect on agriculture and provincial trade was instantaneous, and almost magical. Objectors say that it was a fallacy,—that it was a mere increase of prices, not of commodities. This is the reverse of true; commodities were

doubled, trebled, and sometimes quadrupled.

But Pitt seems to me to have conceived this error,—that heavy taxation is no evil, if the revenue is made equal to the demand. The effect of taxation is to raise prices; but how much it takes either from the wages of labour or profits of capital is a very nice question: it certainly adds to the cost of the commodity, whoever is the sufferer. The sufferer is, I suspect, in most cases, the owner of the *capital*. The grand evil is, the rapid change of property, which it forces from its ancient holders, and the ruin of the old and hereditary land-owners. For this Pitt felt no concern or regret. But the worst was this, that facility of taxation encouraged profusion of expenditure.

It was complained, that there could be found no limit to excess of *issue of paper-money*. And there were occasional and pernicious abuses in this way; but, surely, checks to this abuse might easily have been found. It is quite clear, that as commodities increase the instruments of exchange ought to increase proportionally.

But they who were inveterately opposed to the war with France, perceiving that the minister was thus enabled to carry on his belligerent measures, exercised all their ingenuity and hostility to defeat the system. This was the spirit in which was framed the report of the bullion committee, attributed to Brougham and Huskisson. The opponents of the war thought, that if they could cut up the financial means they could cut up the war itself.

But the evils of this system were irresistible temptations to profusion and extravagance; and, worse than all, the liability to a sudden return to the old system, of which the revulsion was pregnant with distress and ruin. And this actually has happened. The late Lord Liverpool at last vacillated, and yielded to Canning, who, in political arithmetic, was led by the nose by Huskisson.

Pitt was accused of carrying on the war in a commercial spirit, rather than with grand political views, and grand statesmanlike combinations. This exposure seems to be not totally unfounded. He rose into power on the shoulders of the city, and commercial men had always his ear. This made the character and the furniture of his mind the reverse of that of his father.

In fact, he was more of a Grenville than of a Pitt.

His mighty praise is, that he resisted the contagion of the French Revolution with unbending fortitude and firmness.

I do not think that Pitt had a mind which looked back to remote causes, or forward to remote effects; nor did he ever deal in idealisms. His sagacity lay in what seemed to be for the moment expedient. His mind and that of Burke were never sincerely congenial. They had the same ends in view; but they saw them through different media. Pitt thought Burke too fanciful, too visionary, and too sentimental and passionate. He had no enthusiasm for chivalry.

Whatever faults Pitt might have, if he had any, there is a proof of his extraordinary merits, which is resistless. The memory of other statesmen has survived scarce a few months, the time during which they filled their offices. Pitt's memory, after thirty years, still blooms in full vigour! This perhaps, is caused, not only by the difficulties which he surmounted, but by the energies with which he inspired the nation; and by the productive genius of the people, which he so strenuously encouraged. His popular strength was essentially commercial and agricultural. Former ministries, from the Revolution, were not of this cast: the government had been made up of an aristocracy, Whig or Tory. The Whigs had always remained powerful and predominant. The leading families were persons of princely estates, and, I may add, of haughty manners; and they had always a clique of their own, not very tolerant to others!—They kept themselves a good deal aloof from the court, as well as from the mob. They acted much in unity, and thus added to their strength: they had little respect for the *city*, and relied on the influence of landed property. Against this powerful party Lord Chatham had always had to fight, and always succeeded! But, by a combination of accidents, a heterogeneous mob of new ingredients rallied round the banners of William Pitt, in 1784. The merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers, the East Indians, the speculators, the unfledged ambition of the starting sons of *parvenu* wealth, the sprigs of new nobility, seemed to join him by acclamation. The cry had gone forth; it was the

rage of the day; and the insolent club at Brookes's, paled their faces, and bent the brows they had been accustomed to bear aloft!

Like a young colonel undertaking to raise a regiment, when he found his ranks fill at once, Pitt was confounded with his abundance; and, perhaps, took some who offered, before he had learned how to discriminate profoundly. His choice did not lie with great orators, and men of distinguished literary genius: he wanted practical men, who would do the drudgery of office, while he took on himself the advocacy of all the necessary measures. He took a few scions of equivocal rank to fill up, now and then, a few vacancies by some short interlude.

One of his earliest adherents was Henry Bankes, of Dorsetshire, a leading commoner of good estate, descended from a chief-justice in the reign of Charles I., a fellow-collegian, if I recollect, of Pitt, and who always enjoyed a great intimacy with him: but Wraxall mistakes in saying, the minister always commanded his vote. He was a man of perverse temper, full of crotchets, and exceedingly tenacious of his own independence, so that Pitt was wont to complain, that he was sure to cross him where most he expected his support. I suspect, that the great ambition of his life was a peerage, which he thus defeated!

Wilberforce was an early and consistent adherent of Pitt: but he was principally engaged in a glorious service of his own, which he at last effected. He was a man of distinguished ability, whose religious zeal was crowned by justice, and whose sincerity cannot be doubted.

Bragge Bathurst long filled a seat on the treasury bench; but by the influence of his alliance with Addington, whose sister he married, rather than by any inherent claim of talent or station.

The Whigs and the coalition resorted to wit, ridicule, and literature. The person on whom the Club placed the editorship of the *Rolliad* was Richardson; a barrister, (a Cambridge man); a mild man, whose genius did not rise above mediocrity. I remember him creeping about, pallid and emaciated, on the verge of the grave, into which he soon afterwards sunk, at an early age. But a chief writer was

French Lawrence, then a civilian, formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford — afterwards distinguished as the friend of Butler. He was a large man — of a coarse countenance — a great talker — of considerable talent; but whose aspirations went beyond his in-born powers. He was a Bristol man — the son, I think, of a jeweller in that city. His brother still survives — Archbishop of Cashell — a learned divine.

These pleasant fictions were, for a time, great favourites with the public; and made many characteristic hits, which the parties described were never able to shake off.

The hero still survives, at a venerable age, having been made a peer by Pitt in 1796, in defiance of all the gibes. His landed property in the west is very large; and he is descended from a venerable chief-justice of a former century, well known to lawyers. He was one of the few to whose elevation to the peerage by the ministers none could object.

Pitt had a haughtiness which affected to despise, and, perhaps, did despise, all this species of warfare: but he is said to have been sometimes sore at the stings of Sheridan, who was his opposite in every thing, and who, by the extraordinary placidness and good-humour with which he lanced his arrows, gave them double force; which, however, at last, from want of weight of character in the archer, soon were forgotten.

When the Whigs separated in 1797, Pitt gained the assistance of William Windham, of Norfolk, who was a man of a very original mind, great accomplishments, and a high cast of character. But I doubt if he had a congenial mind with Pitt: he was too metaphysical; but each knew how to respect the other. They were equally zealous in resisting the mania of the French Revolution — and this was a bond of amity which made them overlook all minor differences of sentiment. Pitt was now growing more enlarged and comprehensive by time and experience; and to appreciate, accordingly, the opinions and feelings of other great minds. He had learned that he could not have dominion over the tide of human affairs; and that in the growing movements, on which every thing became more and more heaved from the bottom, all heads,

which were at once vigorous and honest, ought to be prized.

Pitt was so occupied with business, and loved it so much, that he lost little time in society, except with Dundas, who well knew how to turn to account the premier's familiarity with him. Pitt does not seem to have had any fund of deposited wealth in his mind.

Fox was a man of pleasure, who entered into all the gaieties and follies of life. Thus, his mind was more diversified, and his affections more alert. His politics were, of course, less stern; and his moral judgment more flexible. Perhaps we may cite against him a famous line of Milton,

"License they mean, when they cry
liberty!"

It is strange that the dreadful scenes of the French Revolution did not open his eyes to its false principles. He deluded himself by thinking that such were the blessings of unrestrained liberty, and that it was desirable to "wade to it," even "through slaughter!"

Pitt was born for the crisis;

"To ride the billows, and direct the
storm!"

His haughty head and inflexible courage, never gave way; while a *mania* overset the common intellect, and convulsed all Europe. "That the great houses of Devonshire, Bedford, Lansdowne, Fitzwilliam, &c. who had so much to lose, and nothing to gain, should have yielded to it, is unaccountable! It shews how party-ambition will stultify; and, how willing the thoughtless are to play with firebrands, when all around them is of combustible matter! Burke, in his letter to the late Duke of Bedford, has admirably expatiated on this.

Sir John Scott, who now survives, in his eighty-sixth year, after having filled the office of lord chancellor for twenty-seven years, with a short interval, with unexampled ability and honour, by the title of Eldon, was the lawyer on whom Pitt had the most confidence. He acted as solicitor and attorney-general during a truly perilous crisis, when the spirit of the opponents to government was inflamed, even to a desperate frenzy; and when every thing was misinterpreted by designing calumny and satanic talent!

A powerful phalanx opposed Pitt with inveteracy. Sheridan, alone, was a host; and, having early got an ascendancy over the self-possession of Pitt's aspiring intellect, he never lost it. Added to his inborn genius, he never forgot the management of his powers, or the fitting moment. Humour, which knows no abashment, is sure to carry the field: he was a droll, who, like Falstaff, turned every thing to his own account. Ridicule is a spear against which there is no shield! Scarce any one can stand a laugh. Moreover, there was a *bonhomie* in Sheridan's jokes which made them general favourites. The magic of genius is not always suited to a mixed political assembly of worldly workers: but Sheridan's wit, high-qualified as it often was, was of every-day use. Yet, after all, I am sometimes inclined to doubt whether much of Sheridan's charm was not tact, more than genius!

Whitbread was a very different man: he had a rude and bitter temper and disposition; but he had great labour and strong comprehension; he was turbulent and foamy, but yet he was powerful. Sometimes he saw things in original views: but yet there was a sort of twilight in those bursts, which left parts covered with vapour. He was a man of disappointed ambition, rendered splenetic by the non-fulfilment of his hopes: for, though a plebeian by birth and calling, his feelings were those of the proudest aristocracy; and, having married Lord Grey's sister, he aspired to a peerage.

Therney was a man cast in a mould peculiar to himself: his oratory was colloquial, but acute and piquant: he examined the debated topics in detached fragments, and endeavoured, by distorted combinations, to shew their absurdity: he always amused, but never convinced. He took the lead of the house, many years afterwards, when he was aged and worn-out, and unfit for the task; but he had been, through a long life, a thorn in the side of his opponents. He was entirely connected with commercial people; but was, in fact, a political adventurer. His social qualities made him much caressed and followed; but he had a sarcasm and self-sufficiency about him, which was not quite pleasant.

Charles Grey, now Earl Grey, always acted a prominent and commanding

part against Pitt, from the time he entered the House of Commons, about 1786. His father, General Grey, was a younger brother; but Charles looked to the fortune of his uncle, Sir Henry, who led a retired life in his house, in Great Ormond Street, London. The Greys of the north were of noble rank, on the borders of Scotland, from the time of the Plantagenets. They had been once ennobled by Henry VI., and again, a second branch, by James I. as Lord Grey, of Werk, whose heiress ended in the Bennets, now Earls of Tankerville: a still younger branch was the Greys of Howick, which the late premier represents: but they had sunk, for centuries, into provincial squires. The ambition of Charles was not to be so restrained: he felt within him the fire of higher duties and a distinguished name. The succession of Lord Algernon Percy to the Barony of Louvaine, opened the county of Northumberland to him: he embraced it, and succeeded. He took a high place in the house and the party opposed to the minister, and never lost it, though his family had been all Tories!

Grey was brought upon the stage by the party with which he enlisted, against Pitt himself. I cannot say that I ever saw any similitude in their powers, whatever might be the force of those of Grey. Grey was manly, unadorned, and always fixed upon solid and severe topics only: he had not Pitt's quickness of apprehension—his acute and unerring discrimination, nor his high eloquence. He was grave, reserved, and willing to take his thoughts and his measures in solitude and independence. He was a lonely tree of the forest, that stood frowning by itself, and casting its shadows apart. Whatever might have been his boyish political impressions, he now cast his eyes and his respect on all the democratic ingredients of the constitution; his business was to guard the people's franchise; and he became the advocate of the most liberal states, and looked to every reform, and every step that led

to a reform, in all the political movements of Europe, with approval and acclamation. He, therefore, was a strenuous and most warm defender of the French Revolution. His favourite measure in domestic politics was parliamentary reform: after half a century he carried his purpose. I doubt if the fruit has been such as his theory predicted, whatever might be the abuses of the old system—(and they were numerous and intolerable)—the new is pregnant with dissension, danger, and probable ruin. It has not yet worked well; nor is likely to work well! If Pitt had been living, I believe that nothing of this kind would have happened. Two fiery and conflicting ingredients are now thrown into the caldron, to battle and hiss: which will get the ascendant, no one can tell! I do not despair! Lord Grey is as inflexibly attached* to the elevated order of the constitution, of which he is now an ornament, as any Tory member of the chamber of peers: and he does not shrink from avowing it. In nothing do his many noble qualities shew themselves more magnanimous!

Sir Francis Burdett was, of course, a violent opponent of Pitt; but he was not cordial with the Whigs: he went far beyond them. Unfortunately, Horne Tooke—as acute and powerful as he was cunning—had got possessed of his youthful ear. He is the representative of one of the most ancient and undoubted families of landed commoners of the kingdom.† To me, it appears unfortunate that Sir Francis fell, in his unsuspecting outset, into the discipline of such a man as Horne Tooke! He was destined by birth, and many original intellectual qualities, to adorn the highest and most elevated class of the political system? I am far from saying that, even now, with a mind often politically distorted, he has not occasionally taken an useful as well as generous part.

John Calcraft was the natural son of a man—an adventurer—who had made a large fortune in the commissariat,

* The Greys of the North are of entirely distinct origin from the Anglo-Norman family of Grey, Earls of Kent, Marquesses of Dorset, Dukes of Suffolk, Earls of Stamford, Lady Jane Grey, &c. &c. The Scotch Barons Grey are of the same origin as Earl Grey: and from this family Gray the poet is supposed to have sprung.

† See the Legend of N. Burdett in the historic poems, called *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

and by government contracts. The son was a man of talent, much above mediocrity; and would have been of some importance to the opposition, had he possessed more weight of character. As owner of the borough of Wareham, he could not fail to be of some consideration.

Sir Samuel Romilly, in the early part of Pitt's career, had not yet made himself conspicuous in politics. He was rising slowly, by the most acute, as well as most laborious abilities, to the head of his profession, to riches, celebrity, respect, and admiration. His conscientious integrity was the theme of every one's praise and worship. With the *Talents administration*, in 1806, he came into office! From that date, he was the ornament and anchor of the house. His argumentative powers, and his originality of talent, were singularly gifted, and such as have never since been supplied. He fell a victim to a morbid sensibility, of the most virtuous and amiable kind. He had nerves and a conscience far too tremulous for the wrongs and calamities of life. His oratory was powerful, especially for logic and sound matter; but had somewhat of a puritanic tone. He was, by conviction, and in his heart, a republican in politics. He died in 1818, while he was yet rising to the height of worldly fame, and the top of his distinguished profession. So mysterious are the ways of Providence!

The dissimilarity of talent in mankind, even when in two men it is so pre-eminent, that it is difficult to say in which it exceeds, is as discriminatable as it is infinite. What unlikeness between Erskine and Romilly! Erskine's genius lay in brilliance of illustration; in a glowing eloquence; in a beautiful combination of musical words; and in a voice of silver harmony: but yet great injustice will be done him if it is supposed that his merits end there! Whenever he found it necessary to exercise his ratiocinative faculties, his power of thought was original, his depth of reflection sound, and his conclusions just and incontro-

vertible.* His taste was light, and inclined rather to what was striking and coruscant, than what was severe and naked; but, when his duty called, he could both detect a false argument, and elicit a true one. With this temperament of a fluctuating mind, he was

"Every thing by fits; and nothing long!"

He was not a fixed star, but a meteor; he shot, drawing after him a brilliant train; then passed through clouds, and was hid in vapours. When all was dark, the fire often broke out again, and blazed the glittered marble with gold!

On the removal of Sir John Mitford, Charles Abbot, who had been patronised by Pitt, was promoted to the chair of the House of Commons.† He had won Pitt's favour by drawing up reports of finance committees. He had a precise and analytical head; and a neat manner of executing his work. His father was a clergyman, and schoolmaster of Colchester; and married the widow (second wife, I suppose,) of Jeremy Bentham's father, who was an attorney. The speaker had been educated at Westminster, and been a student of Christchurch, Oxford, where he gained the undergraduate's prize for Latin verses. He was a man whose genius lay in forms and etiquettes; whose memory was stored with precedents, and who had a pomp and precision of manner, which was excellently adapted to his duties; and, therefore, he made an excellent speaker. But his person was so diminutive, that to see him walk up the floor of the house to his chair, the mace before him; and his train-bearer supporting his tail, rendered it impossible to refrain from smiles. He was a man of the world; watchful, sagacious, and vain; and bent upon self-aggrandisement. Titles and wealth had a great influence over him; and he found some difficulty in concealing his contempt for those who were less fortunate. As his rise from an humble station was great, so it is not wonderful that his head became a little giddy from the eminence he suddenly

* See this illustrated in Lord Erskine's arguments on the Banbury case, 1812, compared with those of Lord Redesdale and Lord Ellenborough. See *Nicolas on Adulterine Bastardy*, 1836, 8vo.

† He must not be confounded with his contemporary, Charles Abbott, Lord Tenterden, also an Oxford man, and an eminent classic, who died October 1832, aged 70.

gained. He loved epigram; and all his sentences, when he addressed the house from the chair, were an alternation of big words and studied terseness and point. He was a zealous Tory, and not afraid to avow his opinions. He was a classical scholar, of exactness and elegance. He had the merit of methodising the records of the house, to which he was very attentive.

Of Col. Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Hawkesbury, and Earl of Liverpool,—the future administration, from 1812 to 1827, was long and important, and deserves a separate consideration. He was a slow man, but laborious, prudent, and well-informed; and rendered wise by varied and persevering experience, after having been cradled in affairs of state. He was a Tory in principle; but mild, considerate, and flexible. He was, perhaps, of too fearful a temperament; and hence, sometimes vacillated—especially in finance. His family had been provincial baronets, in Oxfordshire, from the time of Charles II., but never rich; and his father was born without fortune, the son of a younger brother, who had retired from the army in a state of humble competence. The first earl had risen by his industry, and made his first entry into a public career as secretary to the Earl of Bute, when minister. He had spent his life in office; and had been of great use to Pitt, when, in his raw youth, he took on himself the complex reins of government. The accomplished minister knew his value, and what use to make of such a Mentor, without allowing his ascendant spirit to be dictated to, or even shamed! The son seems always to have enjoyed Pitt's favour, good opinion, and goodwill; though the eloquent and imperious leader sometimes, probably, smiled at his pupil's slowness and phlegm. Pitt, perhaps, reposed on young Jenkinson as a cushion, while from Canning he felt irritation and excitement.

When Jenkinson became premier, he followed mainly Pitt's principles, as far as the altered condition of the country, and of Europe would allow; but he was better fitted for the stately oratory of the lords, than the furious and turbulent declamations of the commons. The commons were left to Castlereagh, who had more intrigue, and more pliability.

Soon after the accession of Lord Liverpool to the premiership, the tide of the political affairs of Europe took a sudden and almost unexpected turn. The fortune of the mighty Napoleon changed by the effects of his own rashness; and the world was left to wonder at the blindness of the giant who had seemed above human resistance. The minister of England had then a stupendous task to fulfil. The conduct of the allied powers of Europe depended on British direction: but England was never famous for its diplomatic genius. Much of the practical interference was committed to Lord Castlereagh. There are, who accuse him of being a dupe to the despotic and selfish principles and views of the foreign courts. Perhaps his concessions to them were too supple and favourable; but, was there not a paramount wisdom in the desire of peace; and that no obstinacy on minor points should delay that return of Europe to tranquillity, which twenty-five years of violence, rapine, bloodshed, and overturn of property and ancient institutions, had, as late as two years back, covered with despair? Russia and Austria returned to all the depths of their irrepressible wiles: in the inebriation of their liberation and triumph they, in a moment, forgot the perils and sufferings from which they had escaped, and were now scrambling among themselves for the prizes!

When Lord Castlereagh first returned from the Congress, and entered again St. Stephen's to resume his seat on the Treasury-bench, I never shall forget the acclamations with which he was received by the whole assembly, without a dissentient voice! The walls rung and shook; and the cry of joy entered the dignified nobleman's heart, and inflamed him with the unswerving and resolute firmness, and flow of momentary genius: his language became terse and vigorous; and not a word was involved or misplaced. A blaze of sunshine,—not to last!

The ministers had now a new sort of business: they had to wind up the expenses of the war. The escape of Napoleon from Elba plunged all again into the old contests. Then came the unrivalled struggle at Waterloo; and peace was sealed for the last twenty-one years!

Vansittart now held the purse of the

enough. In all the measures taken for domestic management, there was, at least, great vacillation. The country felt the effects of exhaustion; and, instead of the golden harvests, which were expected when peace arrived, all was barrenness and distress. The landed population of proprietors, occupiers, and labourers, were the foremost to be the victims. The price of corn fell below the expenses of culture. This has never yet been accounted for, among all the numerous theories that have been so pertinaciously battled. I myself have a conviction that it arose from an improper and ignorant interference with the paper currency of the instruments of exchange. At least, an equal supply of bread must have been requisite for a population, not only undiminished, but yearly on the increase with wonderful rapidity. The glut in the market came from inability of the means of purchase; the producers had a more urgent necessity to sell, than the consumers had the means to buy. The parliamentary inquiries were conducted without skill, but with much puny caution; and aggravated the panic. The manufacturers, whose influence was great, and almost irresistible, conceived that their own prosperity depended on cheap bread; and that, if this was not reduced, even to the ruin of the grower, they themselves should be shut out of the foreign market. The corn-committees were, therefore made up, in great part, of the manufacturing interests. The most busy man in all these discussions was Huskisson; in whom I never could bring myself to have any faith. He had the ear and voice, if not the internal assent, of Vansittart, and, perhaps, of Lord Liverpool.

Capital for agriculture had been supplied, for nearly thirty years, by the country banks; and hence (and hence, almost alone, I believe,) its prosperity! If no absolute legislative repression was immediately put on the issues of the country banks, a fear of expected interference hung over their heads, and paralysed all their conduct. The machinery was withdrawn from the farmers, and they first languished, and then were ruined. The agricultural distress reacted upon the commercial. The half-wise, misled by gross selfishness, cried out for cash-payments: the monopoly of the mar-

ket was with the Jews and ready-money capitalists. The national debt was now felt as crushing—even to death; and, at this very crisis, the government-measures insantly doubled the quantum of pressure; two quarters of corn would not now discharge the taxes which only one quarter paid for before! It was to withdraw all the wealth, duly distributed through the body politic, to the extremities, and collect all in pleurisies about the heart! The augmentation of nominal price is a delusion: all depends on positive price. It was urged that country-banks were often bubbles: there was nothing in their essential nature to make them so! Whatever abuses they were open to might have been repressed and cured by many simple laws. It is a mystery, why the government was so tender on this point! They were willing to cut up the system by the root; yet would not prune the fungus-branches! So much blunder, so much perplexity, and so much darkness, where all the organisation and anatomy seems to me to have been so clear, puzzles me to an inexpressible degree! Were a true system found to-morrow, it would be too late: the sunk capital can never be restored! The deterioration of the soil, the wasted manure, the uncropped culture—all were lost labour—expenditure without remuneration! Manufactured produce at the expense of agriculture, is a deceitful gain! The most genuine riches of a country are rents from land formed by the surplus, after all costs are replaced. I include in costs the interest of capital, and the farmer's fair profits. Ministers are always embarrassed in a grand mercantile and commercial country like England, by the jealousies of those great and active bodies, who never fail to combine and conspire for their own separate interests; and, being resident in the very seat of administration, never leave the governing powers at rest, but beset them with their intrigues and remonstrances. They are yet as busy as ever; and, to the day of doom, will see things only in a partial point of view!

But the British empire is now brought to so very high a degree of artificiality in all its occupations, productions, customs, and bodily and mental acquirements, that scarce any relics of feudal organisation are fitted for this

late stage of society. The aristocracy of England, therefore, can be no longer feudal; nor an aristocracy of birth, and independent leisure, and pomp. The *parvenus* will force a dominion, in spite of all prejudices, and all remonstrances!

Pitt seems, early in his career, to have formed the idea of amalgamating the old Scotch and Irish peerages into the English. Yet, if the proportion fixed upon for the due number of representatives of those bodies was wise and sound, this practice of admitting the peers of these countries hereditarily into the English house—in addition to those elected into the representation of their respective nations—was entirely to overturn the prefixed proportion. Practically it does not seem yet to have produced any evil.

It was resolved, immediately after the Scotch Union, that Scotch peers could not be admitted to an English creation; therefore, the Dukes of Hamilton, Queensbury, and Argyll, were not allowed to take their seats by such a patent. This was at length overturned by Lord Mansfield's influence, about 1782. Pitt had created some powerful Irish peers into English honours before the Irish Union—as Beresford, Shannon, Donegal, Courtown, Broderick, and Clare. At the Union, and since the Union, they have inundated the house; as Drogheda, Ely, Sligo, Granard, Enniskillen, Limerick, Melbourne, Conyngham, Ormonde, Roden, Kingston, Longford, Strangford, Thomond, Clanricarde, Clanwilliam, Clancarty, Fingal, Sefton, Leitrim, Headfort, Meath, Ludlow, Cloncurry, Donoughmore. Thus, the Irish peerage has, in almost all its vital parts, become English. What remain, have little else than mere titles to give them power, except those whose consideration puts them among the elected. Many of them have no connexion with Ireland; as Mexborough, Winterton, Lisburne, Kilmorey, Dawnay, Chetwynd, Barrington, Aylmer, Newborough, Macdonald, Kensington, Ongley, Rokeby, Bridport, Muncaster, Graves, Huntingfield, Hotham, Headley, Teignmouth, Henley, Heniker, Radstock, Rendlesham: and few of these, are, probably, in a way to attain English peerages.

A similar principle and practice has been applied to the Scotch peerage: almost all the powerful families have

been made English. This has greatly added to the number, as well as greatly changed the quality, of the house of lords. They must now be viewed in new lights, and judged by new considerations. To an imaginative mind they have lost their charm, and their venerability: in a philosophical or practical regard, probably the change has been not only useful, but necessary.

The epoch is arrived when the lords must stand on their own strength. The O'Connells and the Melbournes are resolved to strip and sink them, with a stone about their necks! It is well that they should be rooted and ramified, not only among the high, but among the various, interests of the people, as they are now bent and combined. The modern peerage is partly professional and partly official: among either of these classes birth is little thought of, and no one deems the less of them for want of it! while riches alone, however amassed, have aspired to the ermine robe and the coronet; and forced themselves into the possession of them. All this is well, in the course that human affairs have taken. Chivalry, the long line of glorious ancestors,—the altar-tomb, and cross-legged knight, with a hundred shields and blazons, are now but the themes of a song, and the visions of a dream! Are we less happy now? Is there less of zest in society?—less of virtue?—less of grandeur? To speak frankly my own impressions, I think that there is! But as I will not allow myself to be solely *laudator temporis acti*, I must admit that the present time has many refinements, and many advantages. The old feudal baron, and the better order of country-gentlemen, were in enviable positions. But they had many prejudices, many narrownesses, and some indefensible pride. Their regard to descent was sometimes misplaced, and sometimes trifling: their airs of self-importance were not infrequently offensive: and sometimes they let their understandings sleep, and their blood corrupt! There was something in their manners and habits calculated to breed respect, if not awe, in the people; and thus had many moral and political advantages. The dispersion of the residences of the rich and well-educated over the provinces, was a great benefit to the most useful part of the population.

From the time of the establishment of the public funds at the Revolution, in 1688, the holders of personal property became of greater consideration than before. In fact, a new capital may be said to have been created, which was, at least in part, however, taken out of the land! The loan, in its distribution, enriched new people; and the lenders yet retained their annuities from it. This began the great downfall of the landed aristocracy. The added possessors of wealth almost all arose from commerce; and the candidates for honours were no longer men of ancient descent or alliances. This is remarkably illustrated by looking to the history of the baronets which began to be created since 1688, compared with those so made from 1611 to that epoch; as Webster, Dashwood, Lambert, Styles, Milner, Elton, Blunt, Frederick, Clayton, Heathcote, Page-Turner, Ibbotson, Ridley, Lade, Cunliffe, Yeo, Colebrooke, Fludyer. The course of circumstances changed the stream; and drove it through new channels.

If Mr. Pitt went still further than these examples set him, it was because the change had now become more operative and rapid. Even if the minister's mind and taste had been instinctively imbued with the love and veneration of the bannered glories of chivalry, as a practical man, his judgment, the slave of the expedient, would not have allowed him to indulge in them. A strict adherence to feudal prejudices would have created a dangerous hostility to aristocratical distinctions. The rich will always have the influence; and he who represents the noblest splendour of blood will blaze in vain before him with an ineffectual light! It might be wise, therefore, to hold out the prize of the palm to the makers of their own fortunes! The *parvenus* thus became interested in sustaining the establishment of the order. Now came the Humes, the Lemons, the Duntzes, the Boyds, the Lloyds, the Wombwells, the Riddels, the Rumholds, the Francis Sykeses, the Palks, the Kents, the Beevors, the Hoares, the Kennaways, the Lushingtons, the Calls, the Vauluttens (now Pole), Tapps, Chod, Baring, Prescott, Darell, Neave, Dallas, Boughey, Glyn, Elford, Stirling, &c. &c. &c. But, notwithstanding the prudence, and, perhaps, necessity, of this submission to the

times, there are gleams and colourings of enchanted light, however delusive, we cannot but regret have faded away. Though Ovid says,—“*We must call nothing our own which we have not done ourselves*,” it is an ungenerous maxim. Whether blood, the nutriment of virtue and intellect, is transmissible, many will doubt! When nothing new, of a counter ingredient, is thrown in, I am inclined to think that it is! Many families are negative in their character; but, in those that have been eminent, we may often see the same leading and predominant traits! Take Sidney, Fox, Pitt, Yorke, &c. &c.

We may speculate what would have been the result, from 1784, if the ministry had fallen on one less powerful in intellect, in eloquence, in judgment, in courage, and patriotism than Pitt. I have said that I doubted if he did not rather follow than change the tide in its first impulses; but none, perhaps, but he would have followed, come up with, and led it on. It was the tide of a roused spirit of commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural energies. The Whig aristocracy, which would have swept all within its ambitious power, was met at the critical moment of its grasp.

How would the state of society and the distribution of office have met the mania of the French Revolution? Would Fox still have been its fervent and inebriated advocate? Would there not have been discontent in the productive but discouraged masses of the people? Pitt had given hope to all: the city had the minister's ear; the yeomanry and peasantry were full of activity and golden prospects; and trade and capital were circulating in the remotest provinces. The odious demarcations of society had been cast down. In this loyal state the French propagandists found the body of the British nation. All the odious part of French institutions and customs,—its privileged nobility, its partial taxations, its offensive etiquettes of court, its absurd requisites for qualification to military rank, and those absurd relics of kingly despotism which had been so much abused from the accession of Louis XIV.,—all these, which were contrary to the spirit of the British character, had been more especially guarded against by Pitt. The people were Pitt's companions; all his mind was occupied

by the business of the people. His own habits of life were plain and unaristocratical. He aspired to neither honours, nor riches, nor luxuries for himself. He associated little with those who in the fashionable phrase were called the great. Pitt spent not an hour in their idle, vain, and foolish pleasures. He smiled at their frivolous distinctions and mean modes of attracting attention. His relaxations were as simple as those of the humblest gentleman: he loved the air, horse exercise, and farming.* While he conferred titles, and peerages, and ribands, and personal honours lavishly on others, he sternly spurned them all himself. He had a sublime pride when he stood in the pure nakedness of his own simple name. He never thought of money, nor any one selfish acquirement. He worked for his country, and his reward was sought in the consciousness of a patriotism which never for a moment swerved. In his habits he had the simplicity of a child: still his temper was reserved, and his address and manners more shy than agreeable.

It was a fault in him, that he gave little encouragement to literature. But he entered into the dry and thorny perplexities of politics before he had had time to cultivate it. Neither nature nor cultivation had enriched him by sentiment. He always, as Johnson said of Dryden, reasoned rather than felt. If leisure and the course of life would have allowed it, perhaps, he would have been a great reader; but this I doubt. He would have been a masterly and invincible lawyer. No other member of the robe would ever have been able to cope with him.

He had not his father's majestic countenance; his features were shorter, his nose somewhat upturned; and he had not the lightning of the eye. His person was tall, but meagre; and he had not grace in the movements of his body. He was a contrast in every thing to Fox, who was dark, fat, clumsily made, large-faced, and beetle-browed. While Pitt was solemn, measured, and equal in his delivery, Fox indulged in every variety of voice, language, and matter. Fox was sometimes familiar, and sometimes embarrassed,—especially at opening, even

to neglect and faultiness; and, as he never measured his paces, he sometimes gave the reins to unbounded speed. His ideas were new, researched, and occasionally half-evolved. He often thought while he spoke, and drew out at the moment ideas which he had not himself foreseen. His propensity was metaphysical, and his subtleties were often more acute than his conclusions were just. Mild, ductile, and candid as he was in his intercourse with society, the heating progress of argument made him fierce in his opinions, and relentless in his deductions.

Pitt never ran himself out of breath. He seized what was malleable and manageable in his opponent, and left the rest to its own darkness. He marched straightforward to attack the great holds, and left the little fortresses to themselves. The perspicuity and rotundity, in which Pitt's speeches excelled, were singularly adapted to a mixed assembly, elected by the people, like our House of Commons. Such an assembly is fatigued with deep disquisitions and learned illustrations.

Within my memory, all the ancient impressions with regard to the orders and casts of society have declined in England, till at length, I think, that they are entirely gone. They bear the relics of the feudal system, commencing even with Charlemagne, and subsisting longer on the Continent than in England,—especially in Germany, where they are yet in force. In England, Pitt gave them the most rapid and effective blow. Something of his contempt of them he inherited from his father, whose lofty mind and proud ambition prompted him to scorn, assault, and defy the paltry combinations of the old Whig aristocracy. The phalanx was broken by him; and ministerial parties, during the first twenty years of the reign of George III., were more mingled and amphibious. But the Rockingham party still remained in compact. After Pitt's accession to power classes mingled, and even fashion became more democratic. In the immense additions to the peerage, few great landed proprietors, or ancient country gentlemen have been regarded. Still, a few of good quality have been chosen, as Anderson-Pelham, Wode-

* He rented and farmed the land of Westcliff, a few miles from Walmer Castle, which estate had formerly been the demesne of the Gibbon family. Here Matthew Gibbon, great grandfather of the historian, was born, about 1642.

house, Crewe, Cholmondeley, Lambton, Wilbraham, Grey, Lowther, Stuart Wortley, Bampfylde. But a great part have been Scotch or Irish peers; or army, navy, law, and men of office, as Vansittart, Long, Wallace, Grant, &c. I once thought that all this was an infringement on the sound principles of the peerage: I have altered my mind with the vast alterations in the political circumstances of Great Britain, and of all Europe. I still venerate ancient and history descent; but merely as an amusement of curiosity—a splendid plaything of the mind. The lords must now stand upon other merits, and more practical considerations. Did Pitt, fifty years ago, anticipate what has occurred, and prepare for it? I cannot give him the credit of that foresight. He was driven to the *novi homines* by the proud and stubborn exclusiveness of the Whigs. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, would have re-erected the court of star-chamber, if he could, with the aid of the gossiping, servile, and feeble, and nonsensical, and intriguing Sir Isaac Heard,* and his busy imps.† His volumes of blazonry in the Herald's College exhibit the contradictoriness and frivolity of the age.

I believe that Pitt, with an inborn taste and judgment that despised all but essences of talent and power, in the choice of his regard and favour, weighed nothing but personal qualities; and never admitted adscititious or reflected ingredients into the scale.

But had Pitt followed the prejudices of his predecessors, neither the nation nor the government would have been prepared for what has occurred. How Lord Lyndhurst must laugh at the mean and impotent attacks upon his origin!

The Duke of Norfolk had an aversion to Pitt; and, among other absurd grounds, because he considered him a *parvenu*!

Pitt had working subordinates, of great industry; who were the more useful, because they had none of the fine edge of intellect or manners. Dundas managed Scotland; and Dundas was as indefatigable as he was sagacious. Those were happy times, when all was smiling, and all was

progressive. The great feature of solid prosperity, was the sudden and general improvement of agriculture. This, as I have said before, was entirely owing to the country banks. Pitt cherished them; and, no doubt, cherished all paper money. He was a great admirer of Adam Smith, but did not attend to all Smith's cautions and restrictions. Finance was his delight and his *forte*. He had a head and a surprising memory for figures; but it may be doubted whether his *sinking fund* was as profoundly devised as was for many years supposed. The regulation which ordered to buy back in peace part of what had been borrowed in war, had this great evil, that the nation redeemed at a high rate what had been borrowed at a very low rate: perhaps what had been lent at 50 per cent was redeemed at 90. On the other hand, it forced economy, and brought a regular fund into the market to take off floating stock. Every government must sink at last under taxation yearly increasing. Pitt, under the pressure of the tremendous circumstances of the present, did not look enough to this. Napoleon was wise enough to search out, and direct his blows to the unsound part of our financial system; and even as early as February 1797, the necessity of the act for restricting cash payments shewed that the minister had gone too far. It is often supposed that government expenditure does not impoverish a nation: but it does impoverish it, if it is expended in *non-reproductive* commodities; or, in great part, if it be paid in subsidies to foreign countries: though, in some degree, this last evil may be counteracted by payment in articles of home manufacture, which might otherwise have been a drag in the market. If paper will not buy in goods the amount of the sum which it professes to represent, it is a proof of an over-issue; subject, however, to the following qualification,—that there may be a temporary extra value in gold, as a commodity in the market, or to pay balances due to foreigners; not, perhaps, from the balance of trade, which is generally in favour of England, but more probably of the interest of capital bought formerly into our funds, when stocks were low, and all the rest of

* One of the heralds, an *élève* of Sir Isaac, openly professes his desire of a resort to a vigour beyond the law.

† I have a great deal more to say on this topic on a future occasion.

Europe convulsed, and not to be trusted as places of deposit. Temporary speculation, and the excess of purchase of raw materials, may for a little while cause the same effects; but the balance will soon right itself. For domestic purposes, the paper of sound banks is as good as cash. Every day this subject becomes better understood, though yet many theories are wandering about; but these are partly the cunning fictions of selfish cliques, who are endeavouring to work out some advantages to their own separate employments or pursuits. Thus the *pros* and *cons* regarding the new establishments of joint-stock companies; which, I suspect, will be dangerous, unless all the capital is paid up. If they go beyond what the amount of Bank of England paper can redeem, the day of alarm and stoppage may come.

It is well to take the year 1784 as the commencement of a new epoch. The termination of the American war produced a crisis in France, as well as in England. The assistance which France had given to American independence brought back a revolutionary spirit, which acted upon a mine that had been for ages preparing. The Duke de St. Simon predicted the burst of a storm almost a century before. Louis XVI. was of all men the least fitted to face and outride it. He had the mildness of Charles I., without his active courage. His meekness was a fault; his patience went beyond human wisdom. He had men far more ferocious, unprincipled, profligate, and bloodthirsty, to deal with, than Charles had. Among Charles's opponents were some great and honest men.

In France, the people, long the victim of cruel privileges, were resolved to have *equality*, at any rate. Their exasperation had become inveterate and uncontrollable. The profligate courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had demoralised the nation to a frightful and unexampled excess. The philosophers and encyclopædists had rooted up every seed of virtue; but the king encouraged the burst of the storm by his blind supineness. The court was infatuated; they saw nothing of the gathering tempest; they sported in frivolous luxuries; and revelled in a belief of power which ages had borne with a servile submission. The nobility and clergy abused their stations with a fatuitous heartlessness. The distresses of the finances of the kingdom now drove the

ministers to means which set fire to the mine; while the British government was economising its resources, and adding order to every department of the revenue. A virtuous monarch, with a firmness which was his glory, set an example of moral dignity, and simple and spotless manners. Great Britain rose into vigour by the loss of America, as if a crushing burden had been thrown off! The minister saw his own exhilarating position; but, perhaps, did not duly penetrate the rottenness of the rival nation, which had never ceased for a thousand years to pursue his fall! The self-sufficient but feeble William Eden was sent to contrive and conclude a treaty of commerce, which the superficial thought would be the pledge of mutual peace and profit. There was delusion from beginning to end in it: the French administrations were not in a condition to satisfy their own people! De Calonne and Necker were both charlatans. Pitt did not seem to be accurately acquainted with the French movements, nor whither they led. Burke had long watched what was going forward, and saw it all in the full extent of its dreadful consequences. But Burke was then a zealous leader of hostile opposition, and had nothing of Pitt's ear. Luckily, the burst came upon England in a sound and contented state. The propagandists were, however, furious and indefatigable. When Pitt's eyes were opened to the truth, he neglected nothing to ward off the danger.

The new-fangled notions of the rights of man were so ridiculous, that no sound mind could entertain them: but in every country there will be discontented and mischievous spirits, who try to brew up confusion, that they may profit by it. Such was Tom Paine. He who addresses the passions of the mob is sure to have an audience. The grand evil was that the French Revolution had advocates of power and eloquence in our own parliament. Fox defended it with all his popular oratory. Burke maintained, with a richness of argument, knowledge, and illustration which has never been equalled, that which he put forth with still more success in his inimitable writings. But his heart and zeal were so inflamed in the cause, that he lost his temper, and separated himself from Fox with such violence as drew Fox's tears. Fox was placable; but Burke was not. Burke said that he must forget per-

sonal friendship in a contest on which all the happiness of civilised society throughout the world depended. For eight years before his death Burke gave up his whole mind and soul to this discussion. No doubt he exhausted himself, and died a martyr to the cause. But such was the universality and perpetuity of his wisdom and inspired genius, that those writings still remain, and will ever remain, as interesting as when first promulgated.

It was a crisis of all movement and flame. The genius of French intrigue shook every throne in Europe to its base. The poison of disorganisation was brewed with irresistible force. All old governments fell as much by intrigue and corruption as by the sword. In England, Pitt had a demand upon all his vigilance to defeat the contagion. The military spirit of the nation was roused to a degree never before known, and all became soldiers. This infused a habit of loyalty, and love of order. And in this state of temper, habits, and humours rose the mighty and immortal Nelson, one of the most beautiful characters in the history of heroism which the world has ever witnessed. Pitt brought forth Wellesley upon the stage, and hence, finally, Wellington. The military and naval annals now became studded with light, and blazed with splendour. Pitt had infused his energies into every department. We have lived in fearful times. What numerous and awful changes do I remember! When I was a boy of ten or twelve years old, the American war broke out. I remember hearing at school the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill. There was a dull, abject spirit through the nation; every part of the ministry was languid, and unpossessed of the national confidence. Not one man of ascendant and magnanimous talents was among them. Lord North was a wit, a scholar, of quick and accomplished good-humour, and much beloved for his private qualities; but, from whatever cause, he was a feeble and unpopular minister. In every department of office there was a selfish sort of ease. The Tory families had all the favour; and the court was a scene of dull etiquette. Honours were sparingly distributed; and the peerage was little reinforced; for I suspect that the king himself was very economical of aristocratic distinctions. A small batch of

peers was made about 1778, as Amherst, commander-in-chief; Ryder, son of a deceased chief-justice of a former reign, who died while his patent was making out, and before the great seal was put to it; Cust, son of a deceased speaker; Foley, collateral heir to the large estates of a peer just extinct; and Pitt, of Strathfieldsay, apparently by court favour; with Lord Polworth, son of the Earl of Marchmont. There could be no objection to those men; but none of them were brilliant.

Rodney, long retired in pecuniary embarrassment, was destined to repair the glory of the British flag over the seas. The generals Burgoyne, Gage, Grey, Cornwallis, made no great figure. The debates in Parliament were angry, but never splendid or powerful; except the memorable occasion of Lord Chat-ham's dying speech.

Literature partook of the general debility and palsy; though Johnson retained his reputation, and the force of his moral genius. But the commencement of a great work of history broke forth: Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* enlightened and dignified the historic department. Gibbon inherited from his father, who had sat in parliament, a diminished fortune. His grandfather, who died 1736, was a South Sea director, and involved in that iniquitous adventure. This director was the son of a citizen of London, a linen-draper, who was one of the many younger sons of Thomas Gibbon, a Kentish squire, of Westcliffe, near Dover.* In labour and erudition this history is a stupendous work, and illustrates the name of Gibbon.

London was gay with East Indians and West Indians; but commerce was dull, and agriculture pined. The national debt of that day, compared with its present extent, appears a mere trifle; but it was then felt as such a burden, that the new taxes fell short in their produce one-half of the amount for which they were imposed. The prospects were every where gloomy. Then came that mighty change in the vigour of the body politic which followed Pitt's accession to power. It was like the rising of the dead from the last faint, low breathings of approaching death. New blood was poured into the veins, and life began again.

Whether nations rise or fall by the exertions or faults of an individual, or

a few individuals, may be doubted by some. There must, indeed, be concurrent aids, or proper ingredients, to work upon. But still it may be the work of an individual, as in the vast successes of Napoleon.

Whatever might be owing to the accidental combination of political circumstances, the course which things took in England could not have been affected but by such powers and dispositions as Pitt's. Had the old routine of office been followed, all would have sunk. Had the *élites* of the fashionable members of Brookes's been placed to the discharge of public duties, the aristocratical favour, or Whig combination, the disease of consumption, which was now at its height, would have been irredeemable. But Pitt came into power free from almost all shackles. He stepped at once into the premiership before long official habits had perverted his freshness. The Augean stable was cleansed, and men of business were put to do practical duties.

Society, in all its ramifications, felt this change. The creatures of old etiquette, moulded by custom, were uncomfortable and offended; but the general cry of applause stifled their wailings. I saw the old nobles, a prouder class of gentry—of hereditary arrogance—grow sulky, or heard their bitter invectives. New men shoved the commoners out of parliament, and nabobs and tradesmen took their places. I remember an apothecary and a paper-maker elected into towns which had hitherto returned prime gentry. At that time the people stared; they would not stare now. There was both evil and good in all this. Pitt had risen above old prejudices long before the public mind had risen above them. But this change was most fortunate for the crisis. It was a preparation to meet, which soon occurred in France; and which would have occurred, in spite of whatever took place in England. The French outburst was the result of nearly two centuries of intolerable abuses of government by the French monarchs and their myrmidons. Had the English nation been found by the French propagandists in a state of discontent with the existing organisation of English society, they would eagerly have drunk the poison, and waded to equality through confiscation and slaughter. But Pitt had put aside all the pomp of office, and the inso-

lence of birth. No man qualified for high duties felt himself barred by want of birth; and the peerage was as open to a *parvenu* as to a Howard or a Mannors. This was Pitt's principle, and his practice. Pitt had been taught that all merit lay in personal qualities, and personal conduct. Perhaps he looked with too much coldness, or contempt, on the past, or even on the future, as far as distant political events were concerned. I have said before that I do not think he had imagination; therefore all his views and all his considerations were bent on the present, and the actual. To make him the object of the highest sort of mental admiration, he should have had more sentiment. But I have examined him as fitted for the epoch into which he was born; and I believe that he gave the turn, the shape, and the colours to all that has since taken place in England. But all his principles have not been adequately pursued, nor bent to the occasion.

It cannot be questioned that he laid the foundation of the present state of the House of Lords. On that state depends at present the existence of the British constitution. The House of Commons has a Radical majority, by means of *O'Connell*, and his well disciplined train of Irish Catholics. The safety lies in the Lords; and, knowing this, the revolutionists bend all their artillery and all their abuse against it. But they shew the Satanic schemes and the Satanic mode of warfare too plainly for success. Their cries and their roarings have passed ineffectually, and, I trust, unfelt, over the heads of the lords. They now stand on their political functions,—not as the representatives of ancient splendour. Lord Lyndhurst, by his manly and courageous understanding, by his sonorous voice, his uncompromising spirit, and his lofty and imposing eloquence, can do more in the new character and new combinations of political events, and social manners, than all the union of ancient and noble blood, with large property, could do for the Clintons, the Seymours, the Spensers, the Nevilles, the Talbots, the Courtneys, or the Cliffords. I once lamented the change; I lament it no longer. With the fall of chivalry and the feudal gradations of society, all must accommodate itself to the utter change of times, manners, occupations, and events.

THE HEIRESS OF DUNBAR.

A LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTH OF THE PAINTER RAFFAELLE," &c. &c.

PART I.

THOU, bonnie Scotland, art the place
For kelpie, banshee, fay,
And all the second-sighted race
That live in modern day.

Full many a legendary tale
Hast thou at eve to tell,
Of haunted castle, mountain, vale,
Where sprites and fairies dwell.

But one there is—I give it here—
About a hollow tree,
Where two opposing ghosts appear,
'Which seems a mystery. •

* * * *

Fair Alba, Scotland's sweetest flower,
The heiress of Dunbar,
Fled forth at midnight from her bower,
Bright as a shooting star.

Abstraction filled her dark blue eye,
As through the halls she swept;
She seem'd some vision floating by,
Or one who walk'd and slept.

She rush'd beside the couch where lay
Her lady mother proud;
And thus her terrors found their way,
As o'er that couch she bow'd.

"Oh, mother! I am cold as death,—
I shiver with affright;—"
My blood congeals—I pant for breath,
At what I've seen this night!

Oh, take me, mother! to your bed,
And warm me in your breast;
There let me lay my throbbing head,
And calm my fears to rest."

"And why art thou so pale, my child?—
White as the drifted snow?
Why dost thou gaze so strange, so wild?
Why dost thou tremble so?"

"Oh, ask me not, my mother dear!
The dreadful tale to tell;
And yet the slander thou *must* hear
Of demon sent from hell!

Why did I from sweet sleep awake,
To hear such words of shame?
Sure, lying words that demon spake,
When it pronounced *thy* name.

But wherefore, mother, dost thou start?
Why heave that bitter sigh?
I feel the throbbings of thy heart,
As at thy breast I lie.

I charge thee, mother, do not chide,
That madly I require
'That thou should'st *swear* this spirit lied,
Or see me here expire.—

No answer, save that stifled groan!
Which blights at once my youth.
Thou dost by this keen anguish own
That spirit told me truth.

Oh, say not, mother! for *my* sake
The guilty act was done;
Nor think thy daughter will partake
Of wealth so basely won.

No—keep thy gold, thy boasted lands,
That blood has bought for thee;
In innocence I wash my hands,—
No gold, no lands, for me!

Oh! do not press me to your heart,
Your touch I cannot bear;
I must depart—I must depart,—
Blest Jesu! tell me where!

Within my heart it lieth deep,—
Fear not lest I disclose;—
This heart shall thy dread secret keep,
Until it break with woes.

I will not, mother, blast thy fame,
Or publish thy disgrace;
But much I fear the mark of shame
Is printed on my face.

Farewell! farewell! those arms of thine
In vain my form enfold;
In vain they round my neck entwine,—
They have no power to hold.

I will not thy great crime upbraid,—
I am thy daughter yet;
But when in the cold earth I'm laid,
Do not this night forget.

But to thy God in fervent prayer
Ask pardon night and day;
And may'st thou find it, mother, there,
To wash thy sins away."

* * * *

She said, and flinging round her form
A garment thin and white;
She rush'd into the pelting storm
Of that most fearful night.

She fancied footsteps all the while
 Pursued her flying feet;
 So on she ran full many a mile,
 Whilst tempests round her beat.

She enter'd now a forest vast,
 Unknowing where she trod;
 And thus, amidst the howling blast,
 She knelt and pray'd to God.

"Oh, take me, Father! to thy care,
 My only parent now;
 For me some place of rest prepare,
 And hear my solemn vow,—

That never more I'll bear that name,
 My mother, stain'd for me;
 Nortouch that treasure bought by shame,
 Whate'er my wants may be.

I give myself into Thy hands,—
 Thou art my only friend;
 Supply the place of house and lands,
 And food and shelter send.

For me such sustenance supply
 As the wood-pigeons find;
 And whilst I feel Thy presence nigh,
 I'll bow my head resign'd.

And oh, forgive, for Jesu's sake,
 My mother's fearful crime;
 Repentance in her heart awake,
 And all Thy truths sublime.

So may we meet (though never here)
 In happier worlds above;
 Where e'en the murderer may appear,
 When cleans'd by thy dear love."

She fancied then she heard a sigh,
 And rustling 'midst the trees;
 But saw no human being nigh,
 And shiver'd in the breeze.

She crept into a *hollow tree*,
 Worn out with toil and grief;
 And there sweet sleep— that mystery,
 Brought to her soul relief.

Such dreams as angels love to weave,
 And then on infants shed,
 Did Alba in that tree receive,
 Her scoop'd and narrow bed.

How strange that visions bright and fair
 Should enter hollow tree,—
 Should find her in that covert there!
 How can such wonder be?

But who can from the spirit hide?
 It fills all time and space;
 It searches all creation wide,
 And finds each hiding place.

It whispers hope in bitterest hours,—
 It calms the grief-worn breast;
 And scatters dreams like perfum'd
 On innocence at rest. [flowers

* * * *

She woke, and through her casement
 rude—
 A fissure made by time—
 A cleft within the aged wood—
 She saw the morning's prime.

The storm was hush'd, the sun blazed
 out
 From forth its mantle-cloud;
 She heard the hunter's horn and shout,—
 The stag-hounds baying loud.

The bounding deer the tree drew nigh,
 Pursued by dogs and men;
 She heard its last, its feeble, cry
 Within her leafy den;

She crept up close her form to hide
 From hunter's piercing view;
 Then saw them the poor stag divide,
 And heard their loud halloo!

"Can these be men," she softly cried,
 "Who God's own image wear?
 How much that image they degrade
 Such cruel sports to share.

Can this be *triumph* to behold
 A hapless creature bleed?
 What shame that men so brave, so
 bold,
 Should glory in such deed!

But there is one in Lincoln-green,
 Who stands from all apart;
 Unlike the rest, it may be seen,
 He has a feeling heart.

Oh, yes, there's pity in his eye!
 No triumph does he shew;
 He stands aloof—he comes not nigh,—
 He cannot joy in wo:

Why does he join this noisy crew,
 Though lords, perchance, they be?
 Oh, that my hapless state he knew
 Within this hollow tree.

How noble is his form—his air!
 How beautiful his eye!
 How grand his forehead, and how fair!
 I wish he would draw nigh.

He joins not in the vulgar mirth,—
 There's *thought* upon that brow:
 Oh, that I knew his name—his birth!—
 But that were useless now.

I am the child, alas! of shame,—
 The offspring of disgrace;
 I never must reveal my name,
 Nor own my high-born race.

For *murder* has been foully wrought
 By her who gave me birth;
 What dreadful anguish in the thought—
 Outcast I am on earth!

Yet might I see that youth—I'd strive
My wretched fate to bear;
From his bright looks I might derive
A balm to soothe despair.

Some potent charm, some mighty spell,
Within those looks abide;
To him I could my sorrows tell,
And every wo confide.

But, hark! his name I surely hear,—
His comrades 'Eustace!' call;
He moves this way—he is quite near!
A paper he lets fall.

He sees me through this clefted tree,—
He makes a secret sign:
O God! this is a mystery!
He does my thoughts divine.

He is discreet, I see, and wise,
And will not me expose;
He turns away those brilliant eyes,
And now away he goes.

The hunters and the dogs all go,
And I am left alone.
How shall I bear this weight of wo,—
How weep myself to stone?

Yet might I venture out to reach
That paper Eustace gave;
It might some road to shelter teach,
Point out some way to save."

* * * *

She crept out, softly as the dove
Who seeks its partner's nest;
And read these words of mystic love,
By stranger's hands exprest.

"Sweet lady, rest, 'till dew-drops
bright,
Bespangle every flower;
Wait till the moon's pale tender light
Shines on thy leafy bower.

When I will come and lead thee hence;
To fairy-fields I'll lead;
Nor shalt thou, Alba! go from thence
Till retribution's deed!—

Blood will have blood! and those who
slay
Must be in vengeance slain;
But thou shalt be, ere many a day,
Dunbar's sweet flower again."

Thus ended the mysterious scroll;
'Twas magic, sure, she deemed;
Bewilder'd grew her wondering soul;
She felt as one who dream'd.

And so do I—for, gentle sleep
Weighs down my eyelids white;
Thou, reader, still may'st vigils keep,
I wish thee a good-night!

PART II.

There is a trance some beings know,
When days pass by as hours;
And, tho' life's current still may flow,
It has no conscious powers.

When undefin'd all objects seem,
Though still the eye may gaze;
A state of vague and waking dream,
All lost in wild amaze.

Thus Alba sat, and ponder'd o'er,
For hours, that paper strange;
Still more perplex'd she grew, and more,
As thought took wider range.

"*Blood will have blood!*" at length
she said,
And felt the threat implied;
Against the tree her head she laid,
And, full of anguish, sighed.

"Oh, cruel Eustace!" she exclaim'd;
Whether a man, or sprite;
Since thou the penalty hast nam'd,
Let it be paid this night.

To fairy-halls I go, indeed,
But not to those of earth;
To save her life this form shall bleed—
That life which gave me birth.

My mother! thou must surely live,
Thy errors to repent:
Do thou, O God! her sin forgive!
On me be punishment."

* * * *

The moon arose, the dew-drops shone,
Soft sang the evening bird;
Still Alba sat, and mus'd alone,
When Eustace' voice she heard.

"Come, fairest of the earth's fair
flowers!"
I come to claim my bride;
Come, let us seek those fairy-bowers,
Where Love and I reside.

I've brought thee vesture pure and
white,
Where costly jewels shine;
I've brought thee nectar, sparkling
bright,
And fruits that are divine;

I've brought thee honey from wild bee,
And rich, delicious cake;
Come, clothe thee in thy hollow tree,
And of these sweets partake.

My fairest! thou art pale and faint;
Come, cheer thee with rich wine;
With bloom it will thy fair cheek paint,
As it has painted mine!"—

"Stranger!" replied the lovely maid,
And from her tree crept forth :
" *Blood must have blood!*" thy dark
scroll said —
The victim is not loth.

On me be laid my parent's crime,
Do thou my young life take ;
Lose not, I pray, a moment's time,
Be quick, for Jesu's sake!" —

"Thou must not die, so young, so fair ;
For thee it was not meant ;
Those who have sinn'd, why let them
bear
Their own dread punishment.

Behold me kneeling at thy feet ;
My heart, my treasures, share ;
Live for my sake, I beg — entreat —
Thou fairest of the fair!

Behold these gems, their precious rays
Are full a kingdom's worth ;
For thee, and only thee, they blaze,
Thou loveliest of the earth!"

"And shall my mother pardon'd be ?
Mysterious stranger, say ;
And I will live for love of thee,
For her does Alba pray!"

"*Blood must have blood!*" the youth
replied,
And gaz'd with searching eye ;
"Be thou my own beloved bride,
But let the guilty die!"

She sunk to earth, in swoon of death,
Like monumental stone ;
There was no pulse, there was no breath,
Her spirit pure seem'd flown.

He tried to warm her in his arms :
No sign of life was there ;
He gazed upon her snowlike charms
With look of wild despair.

And here we leave them, a *tableau*,
Beneath the pale moonlight :
A maiden, white as drifted snow,
A youth in wild affright.

Around were strew'd most precious
things,
Rich viands, vestments fair ;
With bracelets, armlets, brooches, rings,
And jewels for the hair.

Nor must the good old hollow tree,
Be in the sketch forgot ;
Its gnarled branches, wild and free,
O'ershadowing that spot.

The curtain drops, the act is o'er,
I'll stop again and sleep ;
But should the poet wake no more—
Then weep, for Alba weep!

PART III.

"Tread softly, Eustace! do not speak ;
I scarce can hear her breath ;
She is, as new-born infant, weak,
A single step from death.

Although the raging fever's o'er,
Yet danger is not past ;
Sleep may her feeble frame restore ;
Thank God! she sleeps at last.

Emotion would destroy her quite,
So, Eustace, tranquil be ;
Go, try to take some rest to-night,
And trust her life to me."

"Oh, do not ask me to retire,
But let me watch and pray ;
I'll do whatever you require,
Except to go away.

I will not speak, I will not move ;
But, gazing on her face,
I'll hold the hand of her I love,
With fond and pure embrace."

"Her hand you must not hold, my
son ;
Nor must you come so nigh ;
Mischievous enough there has been done,
My Alba still may die!"

"I will not touch her hand of snow,
But sit behind and weep ;
Then bid me not, dear mother, go,
I'll sacred silence keep."

And there he sat, and watch'd and
wept,
That youth in green array ;
The same position had he kept,
For many a night and day.

And there, upon her silken bed,
In cambric robe array'd ;
She lay as though she slumbered,
The half-unconscious maid.

Voices she heard, to her most dear,
Their forms she could not see ;
She felt no pain, no grief, no fear,
But all seem'd ecstasy.

Too weak she ~~was~~ to speak one word,
Nor did she wish to move ;
For every accent that she heard,
To her were sounds of love.

Yet was the meaning undefin'd,
For reason slumber'd still ;
No memory liv'd within her mind,
No consciousness, no will.

So lies an infant, calm and pure,
It hears, but does not know ;
No conflict does its mind endure,
No thought of future wo.

Perchance thus feel the angels bright,
 No future and no past ;
 Their *present* full of love and light—
 A present that will last.

Perchance, thus trees and flowrets feel,
 Unable to express
 The ecstasies that round them steal,
 And all their being bless.

Although devoid of sense they seem,
 They may have secret powers ;
 And many a pure delightful dream
 May pass o'er trees and flowers.

Like us, they sleep ; like us, they wake ;
 Are born like us, and die ;
 Like us, they food and moisture take ;
 Like us, fresh stock supply.

Then, why not feel both joy and grief ?
 The sunshine and the dew ?
 The falling off of every leaf ?
 The putting forth of new ?

A rose-tree may fond pleasure know,
 Its offspring to perceive ;
 And, though it cannot anguish shew
 Like Niobe, may grieve.

All that has life—that gift divine,
 May have sensation too ;
 Perchance more keen than thine or
 mine,
 And more to nature true.

I never see a beetle crawl,
 A gnat or hornet fly,
 A blossom or a rose-leaf fall,
 A worm or spider die,

But there I read the history
 Of earth, and all mankind ;
 O life ! thou art a mystery !
 O man ! thou art most blind.

Ages pass by ; we search, we strive,
 We strain our mental powers ;
 No further light do we derive,
 Than have the birds or flowers.

And yet, there burns ethereal light,
 God's lamp, in every breast ;
 Would we but search by it aright,
 And trust the brilliant guest.

Man *outward* turns his thoughts, his
 eyes ;
Within the light resides :
 True wisdom in the centre lies,
 And blesses those it guides.—

But let us to our tale return,
 And not stand still and preach ;
 No human creature loves to learn,
 Though all delight to teach.

That man who would aspire to please,
 Must not seem over-wise ;
 Philosophers disturb our ease,
 With questions and replies.

* * * *

Sleep is a Sabbath—*holy*, pure,—
 The soul's divine repose ;
 And might it through our lives endure,
 Farewell to crimes and woes.

It is eternity, not time,
 That then the spirit keeps ;
 The blackest felon stain'd with crime,
 Is *holy* when he sleeps.

There is a healing power within—
 A germ of love—a seed,
 That during sleep would cleanse our sin,
 Would we its influence heed.

Then, always sleep when most you feel
 Ill nature, anger, dread ;
 I hope that sleep such ills may steal,
 And sweet composure shed.

Then, sleep, kind friends, and so will I—
 'Twill do our spirits good :
 I'd sleep a year—at least, I'd try—
 To wake in better mood.

And though my tale is sleeping too,
 'Tis good for it and me ;
 To-morrow we'll the theme renew,
 And solve each mystery."

PART IV.

And she is sleeping all this while,
 Or lies in trancelike state ;
 Upon her lip a tender smile
 Like cherub seems to wait.

Her waking hour,—the dawn is won—
 The uprising of the day ;
 And, prophet-like, proclaims the sun
 Is coming on his way.

At length she opens those fair eyes,
 Those gems so blue, so bright ;
 Regards her mother with surprise,
 Then turns away her sight.

Familiar objects round she sees
 Of luxury and pride ;
 She cannot bear the sight of these,
 And turns her head aside.

A secret terror undefin'd,
 Seems creeping on her fast,—
 A quick awakening of her mind
 To all the terrors past.

But when her mother stoop'd to kiss,
 She felt a sudden pain ;
 She seem'd to hear a serpent hiss
 Within her maddening brain.

She closed her eyes, and faintness came
 Upon her form so fair,
 With sense of anguish, dread, and
 shame,
 And wildness and despair.
 "Why am I here?" she shrieking cried;
 O mother, do not speak!
 But hide thyself, for mercy hide,—
 Some place of safety seek!
 Away! away! oh, fly with me,
 These guilty chambers fly;
 Thy life will here a forfeit be,—
 In vain for thee I'd die.
 Thy tears flow fast, my mother dear,—
 I joy to see them fall;
 Repentance may be in each tear,
 And God will pardon all.
 I hear some other sigh than mine,—
 Oh, should it Eustace be!
 He'll shed that precious blood of thine,
 And I that deed shall see!"—
 She quickly turn'd, and caught a sight
 Of Eustace kneeling there.
 Her bosom heav'd with wild affright,—
 Her eyes shot forth despair.
 Then raging fever came again;
 She raved, and beat her breast:
 All hope to save her life seem'd vain,—
 Death seem'd her only rest.
 They wept, they knelt, and from afar
 The head physicians came.
 All was confusion in Dunbar;
 Remorse, and grief, and shame.
 The nurses whisper'd, and look'd wise;
 The chaplain shook his head:
 All deem'd she never more would
 rise—
 That this was her death-bed.
 At length there came a reverend sage
 Who studied nature's laws;
 And traced effects in youth and age
 Up to their secret cause.
 This aged man, as good as wise,
 Kept questioning around;
 And from a hundred strange replies
 A clue to guide him found.
 He as a spectre Eustace clad
 In robes of flowing white.
 How strange! but he such vesture
 had!
 With lamp that shed blue light!
 He made him stand by her bed-side,
 And thrice pronounce her name;
 He call'd her "Alba! fairest! bride!"
 Midst phosphorous and flame.
 She fix'd on him her dying eyes,
 Intent his words to hear;
 "Sweet Alba!" the feign'd spirit cries,
 "Oh, banish shame and fear.
 Thy mother is most innocent!
No murder has been done!—
 For this from happier worlds I'm sent;
 I am thy uncle's son.
 A lying spirit spake that night,
 And thou its tale believed;
 I am an angel pure and bright;
 Be not, sweet love, deceived.
 Receive thy mother to thy heart,
 My form again you'll see;
 Where we shall never, never part,
 Through all eternity."
 * * * * *
 It ceased, and seemed to vanish quite,
 And with it fear and shame.
 "My mother! have I heard aright?
 Then, guileless is our name.
 Thy tender bosom has been grieved,
 Yet still thou'rt watching near;
 Thy child an awful tale believed,—
 Forgive me, mother dear."
 And cradled in that mother's arms,
 She to her bosom crept;
 Returning life her bosom warms;
 Like infant soft she slept.
 A bloom upon her fair cheek stole,
 Upon her lips a smile,—
 The pure reflection of her soul,
 Whilst Eustace gazed the while.
 The good old doctor, too, sat there,
 Much pleased at his success;
 And whilst he watch'd the sleeping
 fair,
 This question did he press.
 "Young lord! for such I find thou art,
 And cousin to this maid;
 Why didst thou act this spectre's part?
 Why was this drama play'd?
 No cause for this wild sport I see,—
 Conjecture seems in vain.
 It might have been a tragedy;
 Perchance thou can'st explain."
 "Yes, I will tell the honest truth,
 Confess my nature's shame,"
 Replied the fair, ingenuous youth,—
 Lord Eustace was his name.
 "I was betroth'd in boyish days
 To this sweet opening flower;
 But never on her face did gaze
 From that same boyish hour.

I hated the compulsive tie,
And went to foreign land ;
Resolved that there I'd live and die,
And never claim her hand.

But hearing of her beauty's fame,
The theme of half the earth ;
At once I felt love's sudden flame
Had in my bosom birth.

I long'd this peerless maid to see,
And claim her as my bride ;
But doubt and fear tormented me,—
The fear to be denied.

And then fastidious feelings came,
• As near her home I drew ;
I knew her but, by common fame,
And fame oft paints untrue.

'Twas not enough her form and face
Should fair and faultless prove ;
She must have nobleness and grace,
• Or I should cease to love.

I journey'd on, yet still I fear'd
My suit she would repel ;
But when Dunbar's proud towers ap-
peared
No words my thoughts can tell.

' She never can forgive,' I cried,
' My cold neglect and scorn ;
The wounds inflicted on her pride,
An heiress nobly born.'

At length I said ' I'll secretly
At night an entrance find ;
And first her noble mother see,
And open all my mind.'

I told her all my faults and fears,—
My inmost thoughts confess'd ;
She heard me with maternal tears,
And cheer'd her drooping guest.

Maternal pride, too, had its share
Of her fair, loving child !
She painted her as angel fair,
As innocent and mild.

Fastidious feelings still awoke
Within this wayward soul ;
Like to an idiot ~~thus~~ I spoke,
Nor could my thoughts control.

' The woman I through life can love
Must *great* and *noble* be ;
The softness of the turtle-dove
Is not enough for me.'

The mother said, with virtuous pride,
' She comes of noble blood ;
She shall be proved — her soul be tried !
My child is great as good.'

And then we planned this frantic
scheme,
Her filial love to try."—
" A trial for her life, I deem,"
The doctor made reply.

" And pray, young lord, are you content ?
Or must she still endure
Trials that God has never sent,
That doctors cannot cure ?"—

" No, by that God who knows my truth,
And will record my vow,"
Cried the repentant, fervent youth,
" No trial waits her now.

I've learnt her nobleness, her worth,
At risk of her dear life ;
No lord in Scotland or on earth,
Shall have so blest a wife.

But, doctor, still there's cause of
fear,—
She sleeps too long a while."—
" I do not sleep, my Eustace dear,"
She said, with tender smile ;

' Forgive me, I have feign'd to sleep,
To hear thy much-loved voice.
My mother ! dearest ! do not weep ;
But, like your child, rejoice."

* * *

And there was joy and revelry
In castle of Dunbar ;
Then many a bard of minstrelsy
Came trooping from afar ;

And there they chanted tales of old,
And quaff'd red rosy wine ;
But none of all their lays, I'm told,
Were half so good as mine !

D.

UNMERCIFUL FLAGELLATION OF A VOLUNTARY DOCTOR AND
HIS FRIENDS AT BELFAST.*

HAVING in recent Numbers discussed the merits of the question of Church Establishments and Dissent, we should be devoting too much space to one topic, in an age when there are so many, were we to renew the question at present. But the pamphlet on our table is so full of exquisite humour and masterly strokes on the Voluntary question, that we cannot resist laying before our readers an interesting finale on the whole subject. The coarse jests of Dr. Ritchie, spouted in every meeting-house of the North of England and Scotland, the lame and pointless assaults of the Potterrow voluntary on all that is ancient and sacred, were laid hold on by Dr. Cook, and turned with such dexterity and force against their unhappy utterer, that the pity of the audience was elicited for the man, and their contempt and indignation poured on his cause. After this, the very name of Dr. Cook must never be mentioned in the neighbourhood of the Potterrow Edinburgh, lest the reverend orator be thrown into convulsions. We suspect Dr. Cook is by this time clapt in the *Index Expurgatorius* of dissent. Never, certainly, have we read arguments more appositely put, wit and anecdote, and genuine humour, made more subservient to the best and holiest of causes, than in the speeches of Henry Cook, reported in this pamphlet. In former Numbers of our work, and in preceding publications on the Church question, our readers had their judgments convinced and their feelings warmed; but in this they will enjoy the excitement of those faculties that are made to vibrate when an insolent braggadocio and buffoon is stripped of his feathers, and a base cause set free from its supporting sophistries, and both together dismissed, like a couple of dogs driven from a kitchen with their tails between their legs.

We gather from a letter, read at the commencement of the meeting, that Dr. Heugh, another of the colleagues of Dr. Ritchie, and a consecrated defendant of the Voluntary system, had

some scent of the lion's presence at Belfast, and prudently kept away. In his letter, however, which contained his apology for absence to the Belfast Voluntaries, he could not help adding a word defensive of his dear allies, the Irish Papists, and reprobatory of those naughty men, the Protestant ministers of Ireland.

At the commencement of the discussion, a Mr. McIlwaine, from Ohio, got up, and, in the face of the facts proved and printed to the contrary, declared that the Voluntary system had worked well in America. The man's conscience must surely have smitten him with the recollection, that starving ministers, deserted meeting-houses, thousands of unchristened infidels, wild fanaticism, and rapidly spreading Popery, are poor demonstrations of the working well of the Voluntary principle in America. One half hour's perusal of Lorimer's *Statistics of America* will prove the best *exposé* of this falsehood. After this champion there followed a covenanting minister, who said he loved establishments in the *abstract*, but not in the *concrete*; but as the poor man could not lay his hand upon an *abstract* establishment, he "just slipped out the linch-pin as he entered the Voluntary omnibus, and landed himself and his cause in the mud." Dr. Cook observed, that his antagonist admitted the *abstract* principle of establishments, and he acquiesced in the *concrete* condemnation of abuses; and that, when they came to look each other in the face, they were really friends. A Mr. McIntyre followed, and adduced the overwhelming position that the primitive churches were voluntary, and, *ergo*, the modern must be voluntary also. Dr. Cook applied to this argument, and, indeed, to a number that followed it, a favourite test, contained in an aphorism of Franklin: "If they have got a good principle, let us see how they go through with it;" and, in prosecution of it, called in the Voluntary ministers of Britain, to sell their houses and lands, and, like the apostles,

* *The Voluntaries in Belfast.*—Report of the Discussion on Civil Establishments of Religion, held in Belfast in March, between Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, Rev. J. Alexander of Belfast, Rev. Mr. McIlwaine of America, and the Rev. H. McIntyre and the Rev. H. Cook, D.D., Belfast. M'Comb, Belfast.

to go homeless, and houseless, and naked. Mr. McIntyre wound up his oration with the hackneyed lament of O'Connell, M'Hale, Doyle, and the whole swarm of agitators, lay and clerical, about Rathcormac and Carrickshock. These tears are, we fear, crocodile tears: they urge on to the catastrophe in the first place, and they profess to weep over it when done. Dr. Cook's reply was to the point.

After the doctor had scattered and despatched the smaller Voluntary fry, he came to the dissection of the great Voluntary Leviathan, Dr. Ritchie; but, before entering on the process *anatomique*, he resolved to select a few flowers from the creature's chaplet, by way of preliminary flourish. It seems that the Antelope steam-boat was honoured to convey Dr. Ritchie to the shores of Ireland; and as the fish must be very bad that the voluntaries turn away from their net, the champion thought he might as well bring the steam-boat to his aid, and accordingly he says: "The Voluntary Associations are accused of borrowing, and from Radicals; and why should they not?" He never asked the master of the Antelope, whether they were Radicals or Christians on board. If even Satan were to proffer his services to the Voluntary Church Association, he would be made archbishop of the same, with a handsome stipend. Dr. Cook's reply to this is precisely what it deserved and demanded.

Thus terminated the first evening's discussion: it was the first act of the comedy, giving unequivocal token of the rare treat that was to follow. On the next evening, Thursday 17th, the room was crowded in every corner; and though tickets had been issued, the pressure was tremendous. Dr. Cook discovered that the Voluntaries had made every effort to pack the room with their own cast; and took care, before turning up a few more etchings of his opponent and his opponent's cause, to present the audience with a graphic sketch of the plans adopted to keep out the *profanum vulgus* of the Church, and to crowd the hall with genuine and unadulterated Voluntaries. After a pretty considerable confusion, Dr. Cook began his reply to Ritchie's drolleries *seriatim*, following the mountebank through every winding; and in the very positions in which the doctor thought he had attracted universal ad-

miration, so dexterously used his wizard wand, that the creature was covered with universal disgust. Dr. Ritchie had started a sort of semi-theologico-metaphysical definition of Radicalism, while he panegyricised its excellency and its efficacy; and Dr. Cook, by way of reply, presupposes his opponent's *entrée* into a barber's shop, in which a pair of tweezers are used instead of a razor, the barber being a Radical, and not a superficial man. Good, Dr. Cook! If we could but induce the M.P. Radicals in parliament to submit their gentle persons to any one *radical* operation, whether from Lamprey's tweezers or Morrison's pills, they would feel more for the convulsed constitution, which they are now making the subject of empirical experiments. We are sure that any coroner's jury in Britain, acting conscientiously and on oath, would bring in a verdict of "intent to murder" the constitution of the country against the present ministry; or, at least, with administering *drugs*, the ultimate effects of which they neither know nor care for. After this introduction of a Voluntary doctor, and a Radical barber, "*arcades ambo*" to each other, Cook proceeds to demonstrate the veracity of M'Ilwaine's affidavit that the Voluntary system works well in America. American papers and statistics are then adduced. Here it is recorded that four million immortal beings in America are destitute of a copy of the Scriptures; that five hundred cases of divorce occurred in the American circuit of 1833; that fifty towns are without churches; and in others, eighty churches without ministers, as the achievements of the Voluntary principle. One preacher writes that his district had only *twenty-six counties*, and *two hundred and fifty thousand people*, one-third of whom may hear the Gospel once in three weeks. In the western states, ten out of every nineteen churches are without ministers. There is yet one sparkling feature in the spiritual statistics of America,—many ministers are allowed, if they cannot get their stipend in a given time, to sell the church; and, with all these facts staring Dissenters in the face,—with this ascertained result of an experiment of the Voluntary principle, unfettered and unmodified by the presence of a Church Establishment,—with all America *en masse* solemnly, though silently, proclaiming the utter

inadequacy of the Dissenting system to evangelise the Heathen, or to build them up when evangelised,—Reeds, and Ritchies, and Mathesons, will come home from the survey of that country with American diplomas pasted on their backs, and cry up the excellence of Dissent, and join heart and hand with O'Connell to reduce Britain to the same appalling destitution which the Voluntary system has inflicted on America. Are these men infidels, or are they insane? Are they ready to sacrifice the spiritual welfare of country and kindred, in order to promote their own aggrandisement? That they may level the *steeple*, will they be prepared to extinguish the *Gospel*? To get rid of *tithes* they do not pay, are they prepared to get rid of *Protestantism* itself? We must confess that, if the irresistible arguments adduced for Church Establishments of late years, from the pulpit, the platform, and the press, fail to operate a change on the Dissenters of Britain, we shall be among those who assert that, with the churchmanship of Owen, and Howe, and Baxter, the Christianity of these men also has evaporated from modern Dissent.

The arguments in favour of government having something to do with Christianity, drawn from the necessity and administration of oaths, and the fact that the enactment of the law which declares that *one man* is to have *one wife* only, is nothing more or less than the civil power's recognition of Christianity, are admirably put in the discussion before us, and well entitled to the attentive perusal of our readers. Dr. Ritchie next, in a most unfeeling manner, made a savage allusion to the unfortunate prime minister who died by his own hand; and, with an atrocity of speech almost diabolical, declared that "the last act of his life was the best." To this Dr. Cook made a truly eloquent and noble reply. He appealed to the feelings of a professing Christian minister, and asked him if it became *him* to insult the memory of one whose reason reeled and intellect failed, and whose hand, no longer guided by its wonted lord, perpetrated that fearful deed for which to his own Master he stands. The expression of Ritchie, that "his last act was his best" was savage beyond all description, and indicated that, for the moment at least, neither humanity nor religion were

tenants of the breast that conceived, or guides to the tongue that uttered, so foul and unmanly a sentiment. Dr. Cook's apology, for which we refer to his speech, must have made the rabid Voluntary blush, since while it neither condemned nor vindicated, the suicidal act of a man deranged, unquestionably, all the time, yet held up to the reprobation of the audience that minister and man who could rake up the ashes of the dead, and rejoice at lunacy and suicide, when either might be dragged forward to promote a bad and tarnish a good cause.

We do not quote the arguments employed by the doctor in all their extent, as many of these have long been before the public unmet and unmastered. All we profess to do is to give a few extracts illustrative of the beauties of the oratory, and of the triumphs of Dr. Cook. The following passage, however, is valuable, no less for its conclusive argument than for its beauty:—

"But the moment a state is able, I maintain it is bound, to reward those who do its best services and highest work. When England's freedom shook like an aspen leaf,—when the Corsican was in the zenith of his power, and when he marched through the nations the very genius of despotism and conquest—when he pounced on Spain, and clutched Portugal—when he insolently threatened to 'drive the English water-rats into the sea,' and nail the 'nation of shopkeepers' like raps to their counters,—it was then the 'stunted corporal,' like an eagle from his eyrie, looked down from the jines of Torres Vedras, in calm defiance of the foe. And when the hour for action arrived, the legions of France fled before him. From battle-field to battle-field he pursued them—terror in his van, and victory in his rear; fortress after fortress yielded to his assault; he scaled the Pyrenees, forced the barrier of Bayonne, and routed the last of his enemies at Toulouse. And when a mysterious Providence permits the common enemy of peace and liberty to come forth, again we find the hero of a hundred battles grappling with him, and terminating the struggle of nations on the sanguinary plains of Waterloo! Is any so ignoble that he will not admire? Is any so envious that he must basely detract? Is any so niggard that he will not reward the glory of his country—the liberator of humanity? (*Immense cheering.*) And if well-earned praise, and unfading laurels, and rich rewards, are, by common consent of every state, allotted to such a man—on what principle

must a state withhold either assistance or reward from the man who labours and wars for the assertion and security of its eternal interests?"

When the doctor introduces his principle "go through with it," from the writings of Franklin, and applies it in answer to the objections and halting *ergos* of the Voluntary, he never fails to make a home-thrust of a thorough finishing kind. He sends his principle through the Voluntarism of his helpless antagonist like a twenty-pounder through a paper-hoop, or, as Jonathan would illustrate, "slick like a flash of greased lightning." We never saw the real "open Sesame" of all the Voluntarism that is now paraded on the platform, and preached from the pulpit of Dissenters, and of that Radicalism that renders palatable the ministerial papers to the unwashed ten-pounders, till we read Dr. Cook's illustrations of "*go through with it*." Let this principle be applied to the plans of Church-reform concocted in the noddles and detailed in the cabinets of our present ministerial incompetents (and if entitled to an introduction from its merits, the principle is entitled to a conclusion for the sake of consistency), and the result will be the total destruction of the Ecclesiastical Establishment, and the surrender of a whole population to the unsparing mercies of Voluntarism. If we apply it again to the policy at present pursued, in reference to the Irish Protestant Church, over the liberties and support of which a beggar and a rebel, under one wallet, is riding rough shod, it will carry us most naturally onward to the subversion of the whole of that persecuted church,—the re-establishment of a system of darkness that blasphemes against God, and conspires against the liberties of men,—and, as Robert M'Ghee recently demonstrated, to the restoration of the glebes, and tithes, and tenements of the Protestant minister to the Popish priest. Should we be disposed to follow out yet further Dr. Cook's principle, we shall find that it becomes the Radicals and Voluntaries, and their various allies, to march right onward to Woburn, and tell its noble inhabitant that they discovered, long ago, the excellence of the maxim, "if a principle be a good one, it is best to 'go through with it';" and, if it please your grace, having applied it to the property of the Church, we mean to be

consistent, and apply it to the property of our nobility and of our gentry, reinforced by this additional argument, that 'what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander.' Surrender, therefore, my lord duke, your abbeys and lands, and disgorge your Church property; the majesty of the people requires it." His Grace would look rather sheepish, and, no doubt, pray to be excused, pointing to his title-deeds, and patents, and long possession. "Very well, my lord duke; but we have sent a coach-and-four right through the deeds and patents, and all such obsolete things, in the case of the Church; and we mean to 'go through with our principle' in the matter of your Grace of Bedford." We pledge ourselves that then, when it might be too late, the noble house of Russell would become the most decided Conservatives; and vote the pillory or Botany Bay for Dan, instead of subscribing to his support as the arch Radical of his wretched country, and the Catiline of Britain. And as modern Whig-Radical legislation has virtually enacted that the House of Lords are bound to receive every bill passed in the Commons, though neither statesmanship, nor common sense, nor Lindley Murray, will have any thing to say as to any rights to the honour of its parentage, it might be well "to go through with the principle;" and, on the removal or resignation of their lordships, to elevate to their seats a few puppet-dolls, to which strings might be attached, communicating with the Commons, with the far-off ends tied to the digitals of Joseph Hume, Daniel O'Connell, and Co.; and thus, the moment a measure was carried in the Commons, it would save time and expense, if the honourable members above mentioned would simply jerk the string, and produce a simultaneous nod of dignified assent from the right honourable members of the other house. We have only to apply the favourite maxim of Dr. Cook to the whole policy of his majesty's present ministers and advisers; and, if consistently worked out to its legitimate issue, it will land our whole country in that "liberty, equality, and nature" which brooded over the provinces of France in 1792,—kept the guillotine in constant employment,—reddened the Seine with the blood of them that dwelt on its banks,—and lifted their "*Io triumphe*" over broken

altars; dismantled temples, and a prostrated and insulted throne. These are the natural issues; and if they should be anticipated, as we believe they will, the credit will belong neither to the policy and principles, nor to the merciful consideration of Melbourne and Co., but to the overruling Providence of that God who restrains the wrath of men, and makes the remainder of it to praise him, and to the increasing weight of the sense, and the religion, and the property of the land.

But we have dwelt longer on the apposite maxim, which in the hands of our Presbyterian champion covered the Voluntaries with shame and confusion, than we intended. We must, therefore, before winding up our observations, call our readers' attention to the following well-put and as well-planted argument. It not only obviates an objection to, but involves an argument for, Church Establishments.

"In reference to the much-hackneyed quotation, 'my kingdom is not of this world,' I would ask, 'What is the inference? It is this—don't endow the clergy. Does the kingdom of Christ, then, consist of the clergy only? No; but of all professing Christians. But, if the text prove that you must not endow the clergy, it must equally prove you must not endow the laity. Then a Christian judge must get no salary; a Christian soldier no pay. But the judge and the soldier, it is replied, are paid for doing secular work. So the state may pay for doing man's work, or it may pay for doing the devil's work; but it must not, according to Voluntarism, pay for doing God's work!'"

This reply settles the hash with the sophisms of the Voluntaries recited in this passage, and trumpeted from John O'Groats to the Land's End, in the penny pulpits and motley *plats* of our voluntary *savans*. We henceforth hope to hear that Drs. Peddie, and Ritchie, and Burnet, and Liefchild, and the other noted Voluntary men, feeling that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and persuaded that their relatives and brothers are in that kingdom, have desired the advocates, and the booksellers, and the doctors, severally pertaining to their firesides, and their families, to accept of no salaries, nor fees, nor such earthly and carnal support. These reverend personages must either do this, or confess that the text affords no countenance to their cause.

Dr. Ritchie vaunted that Voluntarism was making rapid progress in Britain and Europe, ascribing this to the increase of religious principle, and the prevalence of truth. Dr. Cook admitted the fact to a certain extent, but produced a very different reason from that assigned by his Voluntary antagonist.

"I admit that Voluntarism is making advances in Europe; but different philosophers account for the same thing different ways. I account for this from the fact, that another thing is also making rapid progress in Europe—I mean doctrinal infidelity and practical Atheism. Who has not heard of Geneva and its horrible blasphemy, '*a bas le Jesu Christ*?' Where is the man who does not know something of the infidel state of France? Is it not also the fact, if we credit Blanco Whyte, that almost the whole priesthood of Spain is turned infidel? I do not accuse all Voluntaries of infidelity; but I maintain that they encourage it, by lending to it the countenance of their character, and the adventitious aid of their talents. They encourage it by marching with it to the same platform, and joining it in the same cry of spoliation. They encourage it to put down the Churches; and when it has achieved that act, it will turn upon its friends, and 'devour them last.'"

These are the true causes of the increase and temporary ascendancy of the whole crew that sail in the same ship with Dr. Ritchie. They have no real or tried principles. They have but one bond of union which exists in the objects they contemplate: that bond is the destruction of every existing institution,—the disruption of every national tie,—and the reduction of the moral and political world to a sort of primæval chaos, out of which the talismanic wand of modern Voluntarism is to conjure up all the beauties that adorned the earth before the fall, and all the blessings that belong to a purer world beyond the grave. We sincerely hope these men will not have the misfortune to see the success of their own experiments.

After this, Dr. Cook most adroitly catches the unhappy advocate of Voluntarism in his own meshes. Dr. Ritchie declares that the great sin of the state lies in endowing *one sect* in preference to another. He gives up Maynooth college, because the endowment in this case is all to *one sect*; but retains his admiration of the college of

Belfast, because the endowments are for Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Papists.

"In other words," says Dr. Cook, "an Arian, *per se*, may not be endowed; linked with his friend of Rome, he may. A Romanist may not be endowed if alone; but linked with his neighbour the Infidel, both may be enriched by state provision. The Infidel may not be endowed on his own merits; but linked with Arian and Romanist, his dear Voluntary companions, the whole three may be endowed to teach, *every man his own error*! But, because Professors Hanna and Edgar will neither join with Arian, Romanist, nor Infidel, each must be spoiled, because he teaches the truth! Never, in the annals of inconsistency, did any thing appear like this! To prepare a college for endowment, first vote every particular religion a *bore*, every religion equally welcome, and men of every religion, or no religion, equally eligible as teacher or student; and then undraw the purse-strings of the nation; support the teacher of every error that ever emanated from the bottomless pit; but to truth, Gospel truth, *if it will not ally itself with error*, the nation must not afford a farthing, but leave it to support itself, or perish in the exertion!"

Ex uno disce omnes. So rife are modern Voluntaries with the genuine principles of Infidelity, that they must level all religious distinction, and "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," must all be equally and severally true. This is but a faint exemplification to what fearful extremities the abandonment of scriptural principle can drive men. Dr. Ritchie then charged Dr. Cook with associating with the partisans of black Prelacy, whose cause as a Presbyterian he, he said, was bound to extirpate. As many misapprehensions exist on this subject, especially in reference to the troublous times of the seventeenth century, we shall give Dr. Cook's satisfactory explanation of the parties.

"The Covenanters vowed to extirpate 'Black Prelacy'; so does Dr. Cook. Had I lived in the days when 'Black Prelacy' rode rough-shod over the liberties and lives of Presbyterians—and when, with the exception of the sainted Leighton, it numbered in its ranks in Scotland scarcely a man of worth or piety—I should have felt it my duty, by every

constitutional means and legal effort, to labour to abate or remove the nuisance. And, were the Prelacy of to-day of the same colour, and pursuing the same course, I would meet it with the same opposition, and labour by the same means for its removal. Nay, were Presbyterianism to be dyed in the same vat, I should feel it a duty to resist its claims till it had washed its garments. Prelacy, I admit, has not changed; but its notorious Prelates have. The system of Church government remains unchanged; but the character, piety, zeal, and efficiency of the clergy have risen, and are rising every hour. This gives room for mutual 'forbearance' on points of government and discipline, and gives a stimulus to 'brotherly kindness' in matters of truth and godliness."

This is the true reason. Prelacy *as it was* and *as it is* are not the same. And it is now one of the most refreshing symptoms of the day that the ministers and members of the co-ordinate establishments of Britain, forgetting their past misunderstandings, unite their hearts and their hands in supporting the religion and perpetuity of the empire. Ephraim must now no more envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim. The Establishments are surrounded by the enemies of religion and of good order—by the advocates of licentiousness in morals and anarchy in politics. The two churches agree in all that is weighty and worthy of a struggle in its defence. They must, therefore, unite, not only as guarding the way to the tree of life, and pointing the pilgrim to its refreshing shade, and its immortal fruit, but in supplying the whole constitution of the country with religion—the real element of its permanency and its strength. The only soil on which the immunities and the blessings of our country can flourish is that of religion, and the only way in which that religion can be spread and preserved is by the continuance of the ecclesiastical establishments in all their integrities. We thank Dr. Cook for his splendid defence. The sale of *fifty or sixty thousand impressions* is the best response an intelligent public can make, and the conviction his arguments have carried to every honest mind the noblest and the most satisfactory reward.

STORY'S SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS.*

THIS little volume is very properly dedicated to Lord Francis Egerton; for, if we remember rightly, it was at the dinner of the South Lancashire Conservative Society that one of the songs of this collection, "The Isles are Awake!" first introduced the author to public notice; or, rather, afforded Lord F. Egerton an opportunity for so doing. It was thought that Lord Francis was himself the author of the song; an honour which he disclaimed, in terms highly complimentary to the real author. And to this kind mark of encouragement the public are, in all probability, indebted for the collection of songs now before us; which, all of them being fraught with a loyal and patriotic spirit, has, we rejoice to see, reached a second edition. This, the author tells us, in his preface, is a question of emolument, not indifferent to him, owing to his humble station in life. He may depend on it, that taking all he can get for the sweat of his brains is wisdom in any station in life, as Lord Byron said many a long year ago; and the more money Mr. Story can lay hold of for song-writing, the merrier and, we dare affirm, the more tuneful a *Story* will be prove. The rest of his preface does not please us so well. After having, like a sensible man, expressed the gratification he should feel at discovering himself with money in both pockets, he proceeds to the following fine writing, which to our simple taste seems to smack wofully of the grandiloquence of George Robins:

"That it would be a gratification to him *far greater*, if he might hope that one sprig of evergreen may be found in this chaplet of wild-flowers, he is not ashamed to confess. But there is yet a reward, a gratification that would be *INCOMPARABLY DEARER* to him. If, beyond enlivening the convivial hour, and opening the heart to innocent enjoyment and kindly feeling—if, besides being thus allowed to hang a wreath on the shrine of the social charities—his humble efforts may have promoted feelings of loyalty to his king, and of attachment to the venerable and hallowed institutions of his country—his fondest wish, his proudest ambition, will

have been accomplished; he would have earned a guerdon which affluence could not purchase, and to which the laurel itself would be utterly insignificant."

The feelings expressed here are all very proper; but the expressions themselves belong to a school much to be avoided by all young writers. And that very venerable piece of phrase-turning, which expresses an author's perfect satisfaction if by his book he shall have been instrumental in doing social, literary, or political wonders—this sort of thing should really now-a-days be shelved for ever. It is like the "oldest inhabitant," and other long-suffering phrases, which are by this time entitled to eternal repose. This so manifestly kind-hearted a bard as Mr. Story will, we are confident, not wittingly withhold from them.

It is a very strange fact that we Englishmen should have so few good song-writers, of the true, deep, masculine order. Yet the times have been, one would think, stirring enough for the last ten years. We are by no means insensible to the chivalrous ballads of Scott, and the noble songs of Campbell. Nor can the Muse of Moore be suffered to depart without the "meed of some melodious tear;" though, now and then, the gipsy has been as forgetful of poetic taste as of moral propriety. But these three great names do not either of them suggest to our remembrance precisely the sort of song-writing of which we speak, and of which Burns has furnished such glorious specimens to Scotland; Béranger, in a far more extended degree, to France; and many of the German lyrists, to their venerable Fatherland. Among ourselves, Dibdin, though deservedly admired, too often indulges in mere sentimentalism, and "hunting down a tired metaphor," than which nothing can be more fatal to the beauty of a song. Even Moore himself constantly sins in this respect, entirely destroying the exquisite grace and tenderness of some of his most touching melodies by mere tawdry imagery, absolutely outraging to the hearer's taste, if he have any. Th

* Songs and Lyric & Poems. By Robert Story. 1 vol. 12mo. London, Fraser. 1836.

only difference between Dibdin and Moore in this respect is, that the former twaddles for the groggified sensibilities of half drunken sailors and their "Pollys," while the Bard of Erin deals out "aromatic pain" for the more sophisticated songsters and songstresses of the drawing-room. But "poor human nature," as the mighty mother is pityingly called, suffers from both alike. Honour, nevertheless, to the memory of Dibdin! He has left some strains never to be forgotten while, in Campbell's proud words, we continue to boast that Britain's

"March is o'er the mountain waves,
And her home is on the deep!"

Speaking of sea-songs, there are two most deserving of mention, neither, we believe, by Dibdin. We allude to the "Arethusa" and "Will Watch." This last, we have heard, is the production of a Brighton schoolmaster, not long since dead. Be that as it may, it is, like the "Arethusa," a first-rate specimen of this style of composition. It relates the death of a smuggler at sea; and the "Arethusa," as all the world knows, describes a drubbing we were forced to give the French in days gone by. Both songs are remarkable for the manly simplicity and energy of their character, and would furnish admirable models of a masculine style of song-writing worthy of our "tight little island." An attempt, of what kind so ever, would be worthy encouragement, that should have for its object our liberation from the lackadaisical stuff which of late years has overspread the land, under the name of love-songs, and "admired new songs," of most undefinable trashiness.* We should like to hear any one, for instance, above the calibre of the merest Cockney, attempt to sing that sublime lay, "The sea, the sea, the open sea;" or any of the amorous ditties, adorned with portraits, and inscribed to the Hon. Miss B., or the celebrated Miss Z., all about meeting those fascinating creatures within "abbey walls," or at "fancy balls," "fancy fairs," and all the rest of it. That the public taste is not to blame, is clear enough from the favour which any thing like genuine

feeling distinguishing a song is sure to meet with. Not to mention the songs of Dibdin, Burns, and others equally well known, is it not fresh in the recollection of us all, that "The Old English Gentleman," and "Shall I, wasting in despair?" both introduced by Phillips, were received with the most animated applause, from no other cause than their sterling, manly character, so different from the mawkish and maudlin nonsense to which the coterie-bardlings have been in the habit of treating the town. We have not the smallest doubt that if a man with a head on his shoulders and a heart in his bosom were to go to work earnestly in this matter—always supposing his poetic vein to lead him naturally to the particular class of compositions in question—he would find an ample reward in the encouragement of the public. How far Mr. Story is the man for this task, is not a question that, in justice to him, ought to be asked on a perusal of his first attempt. Judging from the little volume before us, we should suppose him to be a very young man. And, whatever our fine rhymsters may think, to write songs of the kind we have been alluding to, some schooling of the soul is necessary. The impassioned eloquence, vivifying the verse of a Béranger or a Burns, is outpoured from spirits that have struggled and suffered, as well as lived in the light of beloved eyes. One merit Mr. Story's verse possesses,—it is remarkably smooth and flowing; just what a musical composer is apt to lay violent hands on. His subjects, for the most part, consist of aspirations after the triumph of Conservatism, and eulogistic mention of some, it would seem, extremely pretty girls; as, indeed, a youthful poet's beloved ones ought to be, and mostly are. His lyrics are all remarkably pure of spirit;—so much so, indeed, that even his love strains have generally no sensible reference to beings of flesh and blood, but might be addressed to a gallery of pictures, a dream, or any other "unreal mockery." He reminds one of the passage in the *Ginour*—

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,—
Their love scarce worthy of the name."

* Of course, from this sweeping censure the romancy songs of *Rookwood* are excepted. And we take this opportunity of remonstrating with Ainsworth. Why does not he, who seems to have songs at his fingers' ends, clench his fist and thump out a rattler?

In a word, he has no passion. But he warbles away as sinlessly as tunelessly to the honour of his gentle maidens, rather encouraging them to look for joy in a higher and purer state of being than in this bad world. The following musical lament is no bad specimen of the author's versification :

" The Flower of Malhamdale.

If on some bright and breezeless eye,
When falls the ripe rose leaf by leaf,
The moralising Bard will heave
A sigh that seems allied to grief,
Shall I be blithe—shall I be mute—
Nor shed the tear—nor pour the wail—
When Death has blighted to its root
The sweetest Flower of Malhamdale ?

Her form was like the fair sun-stream
That glances through the mists of
noon—

Ah ! little thought we that its beam
Would vanish from our glens so soon !
Yet when her eye had most of mirth,
And when her cheek the least was pale,
They talked of purer worlds than earth—
She could not stay in Malhamdale !

The placid depth of that dark eye
The wild-rose tint of that fair cheek—
Will still awake the long-drawn sigh,
While Memory of the past shall speak.
And we can never be but pained
To think, when gazing on that vale,
One angel more to Heaven is gained,
But one is lost to Malhamdale !

I may not tell what dreams were mine—
Dreams laid in bright futurity—
When the full, soft, and partial shine
Of that fair eye was turned on me.
Enough, enough—the blooming wreath
Of Love, and Hope, and Joy, is pale,
And now its withering perfume breathe
O'er yon new grave in Malhamdale !"

A foreboding, caused, we trust, rather by indigestion than any graver cares, is expressed in the subjoined stanzas :

" There's a Dark Hour coming.

" There's a dark hour coming,
Which thou, so kind and dear,
In all thy beauty blooming,
Shall fail to charm or cheer !
The shade it casts before it,
Its very shade is drear—
And my soul, as it comes o'er it,
Feels a deep, prophetic fear !
There's a dark hour coming !

The honour oft applauded,
The heart all truth to thee,
The genius men have lauded
Will soon be lost in me.

A star at once o'erclouded,
Whose beam was fair to see—
The sun in darkness shrouded—
O ! *nought* can emblem be
Of the dark hour coming !

Its charm when friendship loses,
When love is felt no more ;
When Glory and the Muses
Have seen their influence o'er ;
When I view with hate or terror
The friends I lov'd before,
When my laugh they hear with horror,
And, unthank'd, my state deplore—
O ! that dark hour's coming !

Our next extract is much more Fraserian in character, and, we hope, more expressive of the author's general state of mind and body.

" A Bumper with Me.

A fig for those fellows who always are
sighing
For woes that have been, or for ills
that may be,
And ever to brain and to bosom denying
The raptures that wait on a bumper
with me !

This life hath no sorrows—if rightly we
view it ;
The past is a dream, and if brilliant
it be,
The oftener may fancy turn to it and to it,
And live o'er its joys at a bumper with
me.

If dark are the pictures it offers to vision,
A wise man will shun them—not
caring to see,
Will solace his spirit with pleasures
Elysian,
As Lethe he quaffs in a Bumper with
me !

Come, then, Conservatives ! drink and
be glorious ;
Rads have a right to be sullen ; but
ye—
O'er calumny, trick, and delusion vic-
torious,
Ye have a right to — a Bumper with
me !"

If the Rads have really a right to be sullen, heaven forefend that they should lose one jot of their privilege. They'll have more reason than ever to look grumpy ere long. The song called the " Wives and the Mothers of Britain," has two faults—one of omission, the other of commission. The first is, that it leaves out of the burden of the lay the maids of our isles. It is true, they are passingly noticed in the last stanza, but the bard ought to have brought them into the *refrain*, though his line

had been thereby crammed to suffocation. Our next objection is to rhyming "sit in" and "Britain." And should the poet ask why we object? we answer, because we do; which, being a "woman's reason," is quite appropriate in the case of what may be emphatically termed, a woman's song.

In the "Rayless Night," Mr. Story shews as great a preference to night over day, as Moore does to sea over land; though Tomny, as is usual with him, inculcates a much more practical lesson than his lyrical follower.

"The Rayless Night."

The rayless night hath richer sweets
To me than day with all his beams,
For dear is She my spirit meets
And talks with in the land of dreams.
My love's eye, darkly fring'd and bright—
Her raven hair's luxuriant play—
Her rose-bud lips that breath delight—
On these I dare not look by day.

But all are mine in slumber's bliss!
Her fair eye's glance is fond and free;
Her lips receive my ardent kiss,
And vow eternal truth to me.

Through fairy climes and fairy skies,
Through scenes that sunbeam never
saw,

Clasp'd to my soul, with me she flies—
The world forgotten, and its law!

Yes! rayless night hath richer sweets
To me than day with all his beams,
For dear is She my spirit meets
And talks with, in the land of dreams.

Our poet now becomes angry, and not without cause,—he has been jilted. It is to be hoped that he will not carry the threat in the four last lines into execution, as, by so doing, he might "furnish employment for the gentlemen of the long robe," to borrow an expression from the gentlemen of the long pen.

"The Vows thou hast spoken."

The vows thou hast spoken,
As oft as we met,
Though lightsomely broken,
Thou ne'er shalt forget;
But fly where thou wilt,
Thou shalt bear with thee still
A feeling of guilt,
And a presage of ill!

The mild moon on high
Shall thy falsehood upbraid,
For she looked from the sky
When the last vow was made.

The morn with its light
Shall remind thee of me,
And my wrongs shall be blight
On the day and on thee!

Another may hearken
Thy suit with a smile,
And I may not darken
Thy hopes for awhile;
But, far from thee never,
I'll mix with thy kiss—
Intruding for ever
Between thee and bliss!"

"My Country."

My country! there is not in thee
A path so bare, a scene so rude,
As not to have some charm for me—
Some moss-crowned rock, some lonely
tree,

Some flower that loves the solitude;
And poor indeed the charm must be
I would not love—if found in thee!

My country! with to-morrow's shine
My feasted eye shall proudly dwell
On scenes by many a bard of thine
To kindred souls made half divine—
Fair scenes of mountain, lake, and fell!
Yet shall not I, for all their lore,
Admire thee—no! nor love thee more!

"The Church of our Fathers."

Half screened by its trees, in the Sabbath's
calm smile,

The church of our fathers—how meekly
it stands!

O villagers! gaze on the old hallowed
pile—

It was dear to their hearts, it was raised
by their hands!

Who loves not the place where they wor-
shipped their God?

Who loves not the ground where their
ashes repose?

Dear even the daisy that blooms on the
sod,

For dear is the dust out of which it
arose!

Then say, shall the church that our fore-
fathers built,

Which the tempests of ages have bat-
tered in vain;

Abandoned by us from supineness or
guilt,

O say, shall it fall by the rash and
profane!

No!—Perish the impious hand that would
take

One shred from its altar, one stone
from its towers!

The life-blood of martyrs hath flowed for
its sake,

And its fall—if it fall—shall be red-
dened with ours!"

"The Isles are Awake!"

Hark! heard ye that sound as it passed
in the gale?
And saw ye not yonder Destructive turn
pale?
'Twas the heart-shout of Loyalty, fervent
and true,
'Twas the death-knell of Hope to himself
and his crew:
O waft it, ye breezes, and far let it ring,
That the Isles are awake at the voice of
the King!

Long years have passed over, in which,
with a sigh,
The good man looked on as the wicked
sat high;
And half he forgot, in the depth of his
grief,
That the joy of the bad hath the date of
a leaf;
Thank God, it is blighted! and true men
may sing,
Since the Isles are awake at the voice of
the King!

The tide of our love never ebbs. We
loved on,
When the gloom of ill counsels o'er-
shadowed his throne;
We loved, when the sun of our Monarch
grew dim;
We sorrowed, yet not for ourselves, but
for him;
And self hath small part in the raptures
that spring
To see the Isles wake at the voice of the
King!

He hath spoke like his Father—'THE
ALTAR SHALL STAND!'
Which England re-echoes from mountain
to strand;

The dark heaths of Scotia the burden
prolong,
And the green dales of Erin burst out
into song;
For the harpies of strife and of blood
have ta'en wing,
And the Isles are awake at the voice of
the King!"

"The King, in a Bumper."

The King, in a bumper!—We'll drink to
the crown,
To the sceptre so mildly held o'er us;
For dear are those symbols, of ancient
renown—
They were dear to our fathers before us!
And O! when the spell that is in them
falls dead
On the ear and the heart of a Briton,
That moment, the glory of England is
fled—
That moment, her destiny's written!

The King of the Isles is no tyrant to fear;
And no faction shall keep him a vassal!
The peasant is free in his cottage, the
peer
Is free in the light of his castle:
And shall not our king be, in word and in
will,
As free as his people around him?—
O! death to the traitors who, baffling
him still,
In fetters would bind, or have bound,
him!"

These must suffice for specimens of
Mr. Story's manner. As we have al-
ready said, he wants energy. But we
shall be very happy if, by careful con-
densation in his next efforts, he will
afford us an opportunity of welcoming,
with unqualified approval, his lyrical
efforts in behalf of the good old cause.

THE SPEAR-HEAD.

THE morning sun is shining, fresh and bright, in our old forest of Thorney, Beowulf, and we must go to the forge. More than half an hour since, Earl Leofric and his train aroused me in my hut. His lady, Editha, accompanied him, with her tire-maidens and pages, and his spearmen and archers followed. It was a fine sight to see them gleaming in the early light among the green trees. She is fair to behold; and he, you know, is strong, and manly, and brave. Handsome are the faces of the girls, and the men are of the flower of the land. So it was good to look upon them, while the echoes of the wood rang with the clank of their armour, the tramp of their steeds, and the merry laughing of the lady, cheerily conversing with her women. The earl came to bid me forge him two hundred and fifty spear-heads before to-morrow noon, as they could not wait longer, and here are we to do it. The fire is glowing, the iron at hand, the bellows ready, and in the loneliness of the forest of Thorney, we begin our appointed work. Batter we the head of the spear.

To whom is this spear-head intended to convey the message of death? Perhaps to many. The piece of iron over which we toil, may run through body after body, and loose soul after soul from the confining clay, as its point, crimsoned with gore, passes, with vehement stroke, through flesh and bone. Are we, then, ministering to slaughter? No more than the delving miner, who digged the metal from the bowels of earth. No more than he who framed the sledges we are wielding, or he who set the acorn in the ground which grew into the oak, whose branches are supplying us with fuel for the fire. We are, in an unforbidden calling, doing the behests of the Earl Leofric. That must suffice for us. And whose behests is the earl doing? If you asked him, he would answer, his own;—and he would give as answer the thing that is not true. For, as we are, in this matter of spear-making, but instruments of his will, so is *he*, in the impulse which made him give the order, but an instrument of a power which lies not in him to control. Yea! the hammer in my hand,

is not more completely subservient to the motion of my wrist, than are he and all men, subservient to the motions of their minds, which, when passion rides over reason, renders them tools as powerless. He who laid the ribs of iron in the mine, or brought the towering oak, in its strength and its beauty, from the acorn—He it was who implanted those passions in the mind of man. If, then, of such arise tumult, and contest, and war, well knows He that they were the consequences appointed for reasons right; and, seeing motive as well as act, will judge not as men judge. But what is this to you, Beowulf, and me. Batter we the head of the spear.

And into whose hand will the spear be first set? Perhaps into that of a trained veteran, who will look upon it with critical eye, but with utter indifference beyond its aptitude as an instrument of his trade. It may, however, recall to his mind former days, when, with similar instruments in his hand, he did brave deeds, and won what is called glory. Scenes of slaughter and joviality, of famine and festival, of peril and victory, may flash across his eyes. There may arise before him the woody mountain, or the green plain on which he urged on the conquering attack, or fled in the desperate retreat. He sees the river which he forded, the wall which he scaled, the town which he burnt. What sees he beside? He sees, with corporeal eye, the young soldier standing by him, who for the first time has handled a weapon of war. The youth is gladsome and elated: new thoughts, new aspirations are swelling in his bosom. All before him is bright and golden. The deeds which he is to do with that spear are to open the career of honour, fame, and happiness. The foe lies prostrate before him, the thronging hosts resound his name, his countrymen call him to head them in fight. If his mind reverts to the father and mother whom he has left, it is to suggest, how he, now unknown, is to return famous, making them glad of their son. See, a gentler emotion arises. Has he wooed and won? Then will not she be proud of her own brave lover, coming to claim her, before all the

world, as his own. Have his eyes gazed, in silent adoration, upon one whom he dare not address? Then does not his bosom swell when he thinks that his gallant bearing, and his proud renown, will enable him to offer himself as a fitting suitor for the hand of her for whom he would set his life as a sacrifice. Hope is welling in full tide through his heart; and the imaginary stream glitters in fresher splendour as it flows along. And leaning upon his lance, the long-trained soldier views the glistening eye and glowing cheek of the youth, and, looking into his heart, beholds all within. Bitter is his smile as he shakes his grisly locks; and, meditating on the career of his own life, mutters, Alas, boy, how thou art deceived! But what is this to thee, Beowulf, or to me? Batter we the head of the spear.

And he for whom we are labouring, whither is he bound? I heard, last week, when at the guild of hammermen, in the neighbouring city of London, that William the Norman was sailing over the sea with a mighty host, and a banner blessed by the pope himself; and that Harold, the son of Godwin, was hastening through the land of Kent, to meet him, upon his arrival. Fierce will be the battle, I doubt not; for the battles of men of their blood have ever been fierce, and the commanders are men of undoubted skill and valour. Thousands upon thousands of men who will look upon the morning of the fight will never see morning more. To join Harold is Earl Leofric proceeding; and it is for the approaching battle we are forging these spear-heads. The earl has too often looked upon death in various shapes to permit any unworthy fear of that, our inevitable end, to trouble his courageous soul. He well knows that, whether he follows the standard of Harold in the thickest part of the combat, or stays quietly at home tilling the lands of his fathers in ease and peace, he is equally destined to die. Plate and mail may keep off sword and arrow; but no armour has yet been forged to resist fever or palsy. But has he nothing else to fear? Is Harold defeated, and William the Bastard seated on the throne of the Confessor? The sway of the Saxons is over, never to return; and Leofric, if he survives the fight, survives it to be hunted down, wandering as a landless man despoiled

of honours, of titles, and of fame; a beggar where his sires were lords, and dependant upon the charity of those upon whom now he would scarcely deign to look. Perhaps his lot may be a dungeon or a scaffold,—leaving his wife a prey to poverty, or dishonour—his children, thralls—and his house blotted out for ever. If I were to say this to him now, I know that he would proudly reply, The battle is in the hands of the Lord, and if he wills that we be defeated I peril the consequences. But he thinks not that he has also to peril the consequences of victory. Should the hand of the Saxon be the stronger, and the knights of Normandy be driven into the sea, and Harold return back triumphant, victorious lord of the seven kingdoms of England, and that for the success he is mainly indebted to the banners of Leofric, is the earl secure that the prizes of the victory will be his? Let him be secure of the contrary. He who does important service is sowing seeds that will bear the deadly nightshade of ingratitude. Some laggard in war—some coward, who would faint at the drawing of a sword—some silken-coated parasite, useless in camp or council, but sycophant in bower and hall,—to him, and such as he, will fall the honours and emoluments obtained by the valour of the soldier and the counsels of the sage. A whisper from Edith of the sway-neck will plead more eloquently than a thousand gashes received on the battle-field. That King Harold will do this I know not; but I know such things have been done again in days past, and such will be done in days to come. And it may come to pass that, in not many years, the earl may travel care-worn through this forest, leaving the court in disgust. He may say, What hast thou been doing, Wilfrid, the smith, since I gave thee the order for the spear-heads? And I shall answer, I have been doing what I was then doing, and what I am now doing—hammering in fire—earning my daily bread by daily labour—stationary in my lot—wishing not to rise, fearing not to sink. And thou, Earl Leofric, what hast thou been doing? Peradventure, it will be his to answer, Labouring in thankless toil—setting up those who fling me down—winning prizes that other men enjoy, and experiencing ingratitude such as never was heard of. And I shall say, It has

always been heard of, and it always will be heard of; and if its having happened to others be any comfort to you, great is your comfort. But what is this to you or to me, Beowulf? Batter we the head of the spear.

Fair was the lady that I looked upon in the light of the morning, and fair be her career. She is happy in the love of her husband, and her maternal heart dwells with delight upon her beautiful children. Wealth and pleasure are at her command; and Heaven forbid that her soul should be troubled by any thought of an adverse future. Yet the hand of calamity may yet be heavy upon her, ere those sunny eyes are closed in their last slumber. I speak not of such calamities as those which the defeat, downfall, or death of her husband might bring. But even if all runs smoothly in her fortunes, hers it may be to grieve for the loss of the earl's love—for estrangement and coldness where now exist confidence and affection—for smiles bestowed upon a rival which now are solely her own—for the bereavement, or, what is worse, the alienation or the disgrace of children much beloved: for these she may sorrow, and wrinkles will come over that beauteous countenance; and she will ask, looking into the mirror, Am I what I was? Vanity may say, *Yes*; but conscience will say, *No*. I see that your eye, Beowulf, looks gazingly in thought on the tire-maidens. Glad be their souls. But in ten years' time they and their mistress will not again sweep through the forest as gaily as they swept through it this morning. She will say, Wilfrid Smith, I greet you well. What doest thou now? And I shall reply, I do what I did, and what men like me have done since the world was out of swaddling clothes; and you, lady? She may reply to the question, Miserable woman that I am! I am wretched beyond example. And I shall answer, It may not be,—for examples there are many. And she shall shake her head in disbelief; but what I shall say is true. And her maidens in ten years? Some may be prosperous, some in adversity. But the prosperity and the happiness will be to those who have least caught your eye, or pleased your ear. She whose beauty dazzles, or whose wit enchants, will ever be a mark for the woe-breeding rivalry of men, and the fatal envy of women. The usual sufferings of

disappointed hope, of misdirected love, of blighted prospects, of wasted youth, will occur in their due proportions to all, fair or foul, stupid or brilliant; but to the brilliant and the fair will be superadded the alternation of presumptuous wooing and outrageous insult. But what is this to you and to me, Beowulf? Batter we the head of the spear.

So shall it be ever; for change there is none. I was at Croydon a short space past, and there I saw Peter the Monk writing upon parchment what he called a chronicle; and he read from his parchment what he had written. It was all about battles, and the doings of kings. And I asked him how he knew that what he said in his parchment was true; and he answered that he had it all upon good warrant. But when he read to me of the affray, which happened here under our own eyes, in the monastery of Thorney, I knew he was wrong in every word, for I witnessed the thing. He was angry when I said so; but I comforted his soul by telling him that in future days no one would know the difference, and that his name would flourish as a historian whose statements would guide the pen of all writers to come; and that they, too, would write as he, most of them being the greatest fools of their generation. But I told him not—for being a man of learning, he is not a man of sense—that were every word as true as the Gospel, what he wrote was no chronicle of what was doing in his days. The marshalling of armies, and the caballing of courts, are but accidents of human life, and not the greatest or most important accidents; and he who thinks upon the elements of our existence, must look upon the craft of soldier or courtier as nothing more in itself than the craft of fletcher or smith. So I laughed within myself at the toil of Peter the Monk. And when he—for he is a man of flowing tongue—spoke to me with many words of what was to be done in other days, when more people could read clerkly, and write wisely, and of the spreading of knowledge, and the outstretching of mind, I laughed out aloud. For there is now at this moment in the world as much knowledge as there will be a thousand years hence, and the mind of man cannot be outstretched. The prating talker may fancy that what he speaks most about is the most import-

ant of things; but those things of which no man talks are the first matter. By and by, it may be that soft-handed men will, from mimic forges, and by the application of tools favoured with learned names, bring forth things much renowned; and they will be called philosophers; and proud men will they be. Happy be their dole! But the spear will be fashioned, the horse will be shod, the bar will be wrought, the knife will be sharpened as now. And those who first taught us to do those things will be called rude and ignorant; while they who produce what is nothing more to what was done in the beginning than is the hem to the garment, will be men of fame; and the jabberer will think himself wiser than our head and master, who in the Scripture is called Tubalcain. So will it be in all things else. But what is this to you and to me, Beowulf? Batter we the head of the spear.

And the time may come when this forest of Thorney will be lopped down by the axe, and trace of it be none. Where it now stands may rise magnificent abbeys, proud buildings, houses of Wittenagemotte, wide streets, lofty mansions; and they who dwell therein will think themselves far better than you and me, and the times in which they live far superior to ours. Loud will be the prattle in the meetings; and each man will deem himself sage. But if I could burst from my grave, I should tell them that we, without asking why, were as free as they; that we knew our own concerns as well as they; that we managed our laws as well as they; and that the denizen of the forest was neither more nor less than the denizen of the street, both being men. And I should tell them, beside, that we are housed, and fed, and clothed; and they can be no more. We hunger and we thirst, we feel and we see—we are agitated by passions of love and hate,

of fear and madness, of honour or shame, each in our degree; and so will be they. Much windy wordwork will possibly be spoken on this ground; and many a knave and fool shall win fame, such as it is. And people may shout and applaud, and talk of freedom and right won for them—they all the while remaining as before, but glorifying themselves on their advancing wisdom. But advance there will be none. Law will have still to contend with crime; and fraud will predominate in law. The doctor of future days may talk in phrase more set than does our leech, Florence, hard by the wood; but he will not extend the life of man one hour longer than the appointed time. And the fool or the traitor will obtain the honours due to the wise and the loyal—the usurer, sitting in quiet, win the produce of the toil of him who labours—and the bustling and impudent thrust themselves into high places. And the crowd will be gulled; and those who gull them will fill their own pockets. And there will be fighting and feasting, and weeping and laughter, and deaths and marriages, and good fortune and ill fortune, to the end of the world: and nothing shall be new under the sun. But what is this to you or to me, Beowulf! Batter we the head of the spear.

* * We have translated this from a curious Latin MS., which will be sought for in vain in the British Museum; but which, we think, is to be found, by those who know how to find it, in the library of St. Benet's College, Cambridge. We regret exceedingly that we have not the original. The style of our translation, we feel, is too artificial for the rude speech of a Saxon smith; but our readers must take it as it is,—for we cannot make it any better.

J. M. K.

NOVEMBER SONNETS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

O PENSILE month, when, as the Frenchmen hold,
 The English hang themselves to pass the time,—
 All hail ! to thee in sonnetearing rhyme
 Shall one most dear and tender wish be told.
 Black be thy fogs, and bitter be thy cold,
 In Downing Street; and o'er the inmost sense
 Of ministers let thy dark influence
 Extending in its darkest form be rolled.
 That so, without expensive aid of ketch,
 Each on himself may pass the sentence due ;
 And with a fine, well-twisted halter stretch
 His ministerial neck an inch or two :
 While Cruikshank duly shall attend to sketch
 The comic group, with phizzes looking blue.

II.

Glenelg and Palmerston so long have swung
 From side to side, that they should know the trick ;
 Howick and Morpeth for the gallows-stick
 Have faces fitting. Many a Rice has hung,
 And many a Russell : therefore be upstrung
 The superficial inch and widow's mite.
 Duncannon, too, should squeeze himself as tight
 As now his cravat round his neck is wrung ;
 And Melbourne, eke, the hangman's part should ply,—
 For, surely, he has gotten rope enough.
 So of the others . but my memory
 Does not retain the names of such sad stuff ;
 But hasten with a noose thy neck to trammel,—
 Thy Reekie speech deserves it,— Johnny Campbell.

Tom Wood's, in Portugal Street,
 Lincoln's Inn Fields

M. O'D.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. LXXXIV. DECEMBER, 1836.

Vol. XIV.

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE FIFTH.

(From the Prout Papers.—No. XXIV.)

"NIL ADMIRARI prope res est una Numici
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum."—*Hon., Lib. I., Epist. VI.*

"NOT TO ADMIRE is all the art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so'—
Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech :
So take it in the very words of CREECH."

POPE'S Epistle to Lord Mansfield.

"But, had none admired,
Would POPE have sung, or HORACE been inspired ?...
Gad ! I must say I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of this 'NIL ADMIRARI.'"

BYRON, *Juan*, Canto V. st. 100 & 101.

IF the sentiment sought to be conveyed by the deepest moralist, as well as the sweetest songster of Rome, be correctly given "*in the words of Creech*," we must confess our utter inability to comprehend, and our decided repugnance to adopt it : for, in the catalogue of pleasurable sensations which help to make life endurable, we would rank at its very highest value that delightful and exalted feeling which in psychology is termed ADMIRATION. We hold the legitimate indulgence of that faculty to constitute a most refined species of intellectual enjoyment—not the less to be prized, for that the objects which call it forth happen to be scarce, and that opportunities are seldom afforded of yielding up the soul to its delightful influence. Other and opposite emotions can be felt at every hand's turn. Take, for example, those of PITY or CONTEMPT. Fit objects of compassion abound : Palmerston, for instance (like the poor), we have with us always : and as for the rest of the crawling set, from Russell to Rice, from Melbourne to Mulgrave, they seem, day after day, but to exist that the world may not lack a public exhibition of all (that is truly) despicable. LAUGHTER, also, may be enjoyed at a cheap rate. "Boz" wields (and long may he flourish it !) an indefatigable pen ; Reeve is come back ; and our old favourite, Brougham, is busy bottling up a rich stock of buffoonery ~~quite new~~ *deprobat* among the Lords. But ADMIRATION bides her time : her visits, in the same fashion, are few and far between. Yet is her presence ever sure to be felt while calm philosophy, pellucid reason, and patriot eloquence, flow from the lips of LYNDEHURST.

In literature, we are accused of being over fastidious ; forasmuch, perhaps, as we value our admiration too highly to lavish it on every passing scribbler.

The *North American Review* is here peculiarly amusing. In its October number, just received, and now lying in our waste-paper box, much comical indignation is vented on OLIVER YORKE, for slighting a poor creature who some time ago pencilled his way among us, and has been since forgotten. All we can remember about the man was his publishing what he called a poem, "edited" by "Barry Cornwall," a fictitious name, under which one Proctor, a commissioner of lunacy in our courts, thought it part of his official functions to usher him into notice. We did not advert to that circumstance at the time, or we should have taken the hint, and adopted towards him, not the severity of justly provoked criticism, but the mild indulgence suited to his case. For we did not require the evidence of this "reviewer's" article, to convince us that rational rebuke is wasted when the mind of the recipient is unsound. We are glad, however, of the opportunity afforded us, by this casual reference to American matters, for placing on record our unfeigned and cordial admiration of EDWIN FORREST, whom night after night we have seen tread our stage after a fashion which none but the disingenuous can hesitate to admire and to applaud.

It was observed of Charlemain, that greatness had so mixed itself up with his character, that it eventually compenetrated his very name, till magnificence and Charles were blended into the sound of CARLOMAGNE. The sentiment of ADMIRATION has similarly worked itself into individual nomenclature on two occasions: viz. in the case of St. Gregory, "*Thaumaturge*," and in that of an accomplished cavalier, who burst on the close of the sixteenth century as "the admirable Crichton." To the story of that gallant scholar we have, in another part of our current Number, taken an opportunity of alluding; and having therein, as we think, fairly plucked out the heart of the mystery, we shall not here stop to notice a book which will probably be the *prima laqueus* of the season.

But returning to the "*words of Creech*," do they fairly give the meaning of Horace? We don't believe it. The plain English of the maxim is, "Let nothing take you by surprise;" and its practical effect would merely go to preserve the equilibrium of the mind from any sudden and violent upset. The translation of Creech affords one of the many instances in which to be *literal* is to misinterpret. Old Roger Bacon attributes the subtle fooleries of scholastic wrangling which arose in his day to the bad Latin versions of Aristotle. A Greek term was Latinised into one *apparently* synonymous, and the metaphysical niceties of the original vanished in the process. *Vulgus studentium ASININAT circa male translata* are the words in which he of the brazen head ridicules contemporary disputation. The delicate subtleties of poetical diction are still more evanescent; and of translations which render with mere *verbal* fidelity, it may be said, when they appear side by side with the text, that, though VENUS may preside over the graceful original, the clumsy version hobbles with all the awkwardness of VULCAN. Such was the idea of a French wit, or perusing Abbé Pélégri's translation of our poet—

"L'on devrait (soit dit entre nous) "

A deux divinités offrir les deux HORACES :

Le latin à Venus la déesse des graces,

Et le françois... à son époux."—LA MONNAYE.

In a Venetian folio edition, published by the celebrated Denis Lambines (whose style of writing was so tedious, that "*lambiner*" became French for "*to loiter*"), there are some complimentary verses addressed to him, which he has taken care to print, and which are too good to be forgotten. Therein Horace is represented as consulting a *saga*, or Roman gipsy, concerning the future fate of his works; when, alluding to the ophthalmic affection under which he is known to have laboured, the prophetic hag maketh the vaticination following—

Talia respondit motâ vates anus urnâ—

"Dura parens genuit te lippum, Flacce; noverca

"Durior eripiet mox ætas lumen utrumque,

"Nec te ipsum agnosces nec cognosceris ab ullo.

"At tibi LAMBINI raptum collyria lumen

"Inlita restituent: clarusque interprete tanto

"Nec lippus nec cæcus eris sed et integer ore."

Whereupon Denis triumphantly exclaims that what she foretold has come to pass, since, by the operation of his commentaries, such additional perspicuity has been shed over the text, as to have materially improved the poet's eyesight—

"Verum dixit anus,—HÆ SUNT COLLYRIA CHARTA!"

The personal infirmity thus alluded to had procured for the Latin lyrist a *sobriquet* well-known among his contemporaries, viz. "the weeping Flaccus:" nor can we refuse the merit of ingenuity to him who could make so unpoetical an idea the groundwork of so flattering a compliment. It is singular enough that these obscure lines should have suggested a celebrated epigram: for when Lefranc de Pompignan, in his *Poesies Sacrées*, versified the Lamentations of Jeremiah, he received a testimonial exceedingly analogous from Voltaire—

<p>"Sçavez vous pourquoi Jeremie, A tant pleuré pendant sa vie? C'est qu'en prophete il prevoyait, Qu'un jour Lefranc le traduerait.</p>	<p>Know ye why JEREMY, that holy man, Spent all his days in lamentations bitter! Prophetic soul! he knew that Pompignan One day would bring him out in Gallic metre.</p>
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That the labours of the father may call forth a similar congratulatory effusion is more than we dare conjecture in these critical times. Yet we trust that, notwithstanding the general depreciation of all sorts of scrip, with exchequer bills at such an alarming discount, Prout paper may be still negotiated.

Regent Street, Nov. 20.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill; after Vespers.

A FEW years previous to the outbreak of civil war between Octavius and Marc Antony, the poet Horace, and a Greek professor of elocution (Heliodorus), received an intimation from Mæcenas of his wish to enjoy their company, on a trip connected with some diplomatic mission (*missi magnis de rebus*) to the port of Benevento. The proposal was readily accepted by these *hommes de lettres*, who accordingly started from Rome toward the close of autumn, anno v.c. 720. Their intelligent patron had appointed to meet them at ANXUR, a place better known by its more musical name of TERRACINA,—(two popular productions contributing to its celebrity, viz. *Horatii Opera*, and the opera of *Fra Diavolo*.)—whence, having received an important accession to their party by the arrival of VIRGIL and VARIUS, they proceeded by easy stages along the whole line of the *Via Appia*, to the utmost terminus of that immortal causeway on the Adriatic.

Such excursions were frequent enough among the cockneys of Rome; and, forming, as these things did, part of the ordinary occurrences of commonplace life, had intrinsically little to recommend them to the poet or the historian, as subjects for story or for song. The proverbial difficulty of raising up such matters to the level of elegant composition—*propriè communia dicere* (*Ep. ad. Pison.*)—was here pre-eminent. But genius is perhaps as

frequently displayed in the selection of the objects on which to exercise its faculty, as in the working out of its once adopted conceptions; and mediocrity would no more have first chosen such a theme for its musings, than it would have afterwards treated it in the manner it has been executed by Horace.

"Cose in prosa mai dette ne in rima"

formed the aspiration of Ariosto; Milton gloried in grappling with

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"

and both exhibited originality, not only in the topics they fixed upon, but in their method of handling them. The *iter Brundusii* was without precedent in all the range of previously existing literature: it has remained unrivalled amid all the sketches of a similar kind which have been called into existence by its felicitous example.

There was, doubtless, nothing very new or wondrous in the practice of keeping a note-book while on a journey, or in registering duly each trivial incident of roadside experience. But when this ex-colonel of a legion at Philippi, in one of his leisure hours, at the remote outport whither he had accompanied an illustrious friend, conceived the idea of embodying the contents of his *pugillaria* into the graceful shape which they now wear (*Lib. I., Sat. V.*), giving them a local habitation and a permanency among his works, he did more than merely

delight his travelling companions, immortalise the villages along the route, and electrify by his graphic touch the listless idlers of the capital: he positively founded a new SECT—he propounded the KORAN of a new creed—he established the great SCHOOL of “peripatetic” writers; furnishing the precious prototype on which thousands of disciples would, in after time, systematically model their literary compositions. By thus shewing that the mere personal occurrences and anecdotes of a pleasure-trip were capable of being wrought into so interesting a narrative, he unconsciously opened a new department in the theory of book-making, furnished a new field for the industry of the pen. There is no conjecturing how far a simple hint may be improved on in this quarter. Had not the African enthusiasm of St. Augustin suggested to that most impassioned of the Fathers the idea of publishing his “Confessions,” the practice of composing personal memoirs, the art of autobiography, which of late years has taken such wide extension, would, perhaps, have never been attempted. Peter Abelard would not have mustered courage to enlighten the dark ages, as he has done, with a full and true account of his doleful catastrophe (“*historia calamitatum suarum*”); and a later age would not, in all probability, have been favoured with the confessions of the maniac Rousseau. May it not be similarly predicated of this famous Itinerary, that had it not given the first impulse, the world had wanted many an idle “TOUR?”

“Rhymes on the road,” “pencilings by the way,” “impressions,” “diaries,” “ramblings,” “records,” “highways,” “byeways,” are therefore but a few of the many emanations from one common source: and, in good sooth, all these people should unite in some testimonial to Horace. But gratitude, I fear, is rarely manifested in cases of this description. A striking instance might be given. To none, perhaps, are “the eminent modern humorous writers” more indebted than to the writings of Joe Miller; yet that author, up to the present day, is without a monument; his bones lying, as all the world knows, in the churchyard of St. Clement, London, under the back windows of Tom Wood’s tavern. ’Tis true that a club was established some years ago, by the exertions of the two Smiths (Horace and James), with Hook

and Hood, the members of which dine monthly in the back parlour aforesaid, commanding a full view of the cemetery. They fully agreed to levy a fine of five shillings on each detected perpetrator of a “Joe,” devoting the proceeds to the purchase of a gravestone. By this time a goodly mausoleum might have been built; whereas old MOLITOR is yet without even a modest tablet to mark the spot of his repose. Who is the treasurer?

Horace should not be similarly defrauded of his claim. A moderate percentage on the profits of each professed tourist, with a slight deadend where the book falls still-born, might be appropriately devoted to erecting a terminal statue of the poet in some central part of the “Row.” None ought to plead exemption from this “justice rent.” Inglis, Basil Hall, Quin, Barrow, Ritchie, Puckler Muskau, Emerson Tennant, Professor Hoppus; Waterton, the wanderer; Nick Willis, the eavesdropper; Rae Wilson, the booby: all should contribute—except, perhaps, Holman, the “blind traveller,” whose undertaking was perfectly original.

To return. I have just been reading over, for perhaps the hundredth time, the witty Roman’s gay and graceful itinerary, gathering from its perusal a fresh conviction, that it comprises more humour, point, and clever writing, within the brief range of its one hundred lines, than are to be found in as many hundred octavo volumes of recent manufacture. But let that pass. The obvious beauties which distinguish these enduring monuments of bygone genius are not the passages which stand most in need of commentary; and I am just now about to fix myself on a very unimportant expression occurring in the simple course of the poet’s narrative; a most trivial fact in itself, but particularly adapted to my present purpose. Swift’s meditations on a broomstick have long ago proved that the Imagination, like one of Teniers’ witches, will soar aloft on a hobby-horse of her own selection. Of late, the habit of indulging in reveries has, I confess, grown on me; and I feel an increasing tendency to ruminate on the veriest trifles. This arises partly, I suppose, from the natural discursiveness of memory in old age; partly, I suspect, from the long familiarity of my mind with the great Cornelius a Lapide’s elucidations of the prophet Ezekiel.

The words on which I would ponder thus, after the most approved method of the great Flemish com-

mentator, are contained in the 48th verse, which runs as follows in all the known MSS.:

“*Tusum it Mecænas; dormitum ego Virgiliusque.*”—*Lib. I., Sat. V., v. 48.*

My approved good master, A LAPIDE, would hereupon, submitting each term to the more than chemical analysis of his scrutiny, first point out to the admiration of all functionaries in the diplomatic line, who happen to be charged with a secret mission, the sagacious conduct of MECÆNAS. The envoy of Augustus is fully conscious, on his arrival at CAPUA, that his motions are narrowly watched by the quidnuncs of that vagabond town, and that the probable object of his journey is sure to be discussed by every barber in and about the market-place. How does he act? While the mules are resting at the “*caupona*,” (for it appears the *vetturini*-system of travelling is of very old date in the Italian peninsula,) the *chargé d'affaires* seeks out a certain tennis-court, the most favourite place of public resort, and there mingles in a game with the citizens, as if the impending destinies of the future empire of the world were not a moment in his contemplation, or did not rather engross his whole faculties all the while. This anecdote, I believe, has not been noticed by Mr. Taylor, in his profound book called the *Statesman*. It is at his service.

Leaving Mecænas to the enjoyment of his game of rackets, let us return to the Capuan hostelry, and take cognisance of what may be supposed to be then and there going on. Here, then, we are, say, at the sign of “*Silenus and the Jackass*,” in the “*Via Nolana*.” In answer to our inquiries, it will appear that the author of the *Georgics* (the *Æneid* was yet unpublished) had, as usual with him on the slightest emergencies, found his stomach sadly out of order (*crudus*); while his fellow-traveller, the distinguished lyrist of the day, has sympathetically complained of the effect produced on his tender eyelids (*lippus*) by the clouds of incessant dust and the glare of a noon-day sun. They have both, therefore, previous to resuming their seats in the clumsy vehicles (*rheda*) which have conveyed them thus far, decided on devoting the sultry meridian hour to the refreshing process of a quiet *siesta*.

The slave within whose attributions this service is comprised (*decurio cubicularis*) is quickly summoned; and but few minutes have elapsed before the two great ornaments of the Augustan age, the master spirits of the then intellectual world, are fairly deposited in their respective cells, and consigned to the care of tired nature's kind restorer. Whoever has explored the existing remains of similar edifices in the neighbouring town of Pompeii, will probably form a fair estimate of the scale of comfort and style of accommodation prevalent at the head inn of Capua. Entering by a smoky hall (*atrium*), the kitchen being on one side and the servants' offices on the other, your traveller proceeded towards the *compluvium*, or open quadrangular courtyard; on each side of which, in cloister fashion, were ranged the sleeping apartments, small dark chambers, each some eight or twelve feet square, having, at the height of about six feet from the mosaic ground-floor, a scanty aperture, furnished with a linen blind; a crockery lamp, a bronze tripod and basin (*pelvis*), a mirror of the same material, forming, with a hard couch (*stragula*), the complete inventory of the movables within. A knight-templar, or Carthusian monk, would feel quite at home in your antique hostelry.

Little dreamed, I ween, the attendant slave, nayhap still less the enlightened *caupo* himself, of the high honour conferred on his establishment by an hour's occupancy of its chambers on that occasion. The very tall gentleman, with an ungainly figure and slight stoop in the shoulders, so awkward and bashful in his address, and who had complained of such bad digestion, became, no doubt, the object of a few not over respectful remarks among the *atrienses* of the household. Nor did the short, fat, Sancho Panza looking sort of personage, forming in every respect so complete a contrast to his demure and sedate companion, fail to elicit some curious comments, and some not very complimentary conjectures, as to what might be his relative position in society. In what particular capacity did they both follow the train

of the rich knight, Mæcenas? This was, no doubt, acutely and diligently canvassed by the gossips of the inn. One thing was certain. In humour and disposition, as well as in personal appearance, they were the very antipodes of each other,—a musing Heraclitus yoked with a laughing Democritus; aptly illustrative, the one of *il penseroso*, the other of *l'allegro*. Mine host, with the instinctive sagacity of his tribe, at once had set down Horace as a man familiar with the metropolis, habituated to town life, and in every respect “fit to travel.” It was equally clear that the other individual belonged to the agricultural interest, his manner savouring of much residence in the country; being, in sooth, not merely rural, but actually rustic. In a word, they were fair samples of the *rat de ville* and the *rat des champs*. Meantime the unconscious objects of so much keen investigation “slept on;” and “little they recked” anent what was thus “lightly spoken” concerning them by those who kept the sign of “Silenus and the Jackass,” in the high street at Capua.

“*Dormitum ego Virgiliusque.*”

Do I purpose to disturb them in their meridian slumber?—Not I. Yet may the scholar’s fancy be allowed to penetrate each darkened cell, and take a hurried and furtive glance at the illustrious sleepers. “Fancy may be permitted to hover o’er each recumbent form, and contemplate in silent awe the repose of genius. FANCY, after the fashion of her sister PSYCHÉ, and at the risk of a similar penalty, may be suffered, on tiptoe, and lamp in hand, to explore the couch of her beloved, to survey the features and figure of those from whom she hath so long derived such exquisite sensations of intellectual enjoyment.

Plutarch delighted to bring two of his heroes together, and then, in a laboured parallel, illustrate the peculiarities of the one by setting forth the distinctive characteristics of the other. This was also done by Dr. Johnson, in his grand juxtaposition of Dryden and Virgil. But could a more tempting opportunity ever occur to the great Beotian, or the great lexicographer, for a display of analysis and antithesis, than the respective merits and powers of the two great writers here entranced before us?

The Capuan innkeeper had gone more deeply into the subject than would be at first imagined, when he classified his guests under the heads of “town” and “country.” The most elaborately metaphysical essay could not throw greater light on the relative idiosyncrasy of their minds.

Virgil, from his earliest infancy up to the period of confirmed manhood, had not left the banks of the MINCIO, or the plains of Lombardy. It required the confiscation of his little farm, and the transfer of his ancestral acres to a set of quasi *Cromwellian* intruders (Octavius Cæsar’s military colonists), to bring him up to Rome in quest of redress. He was then in his 30th year. Tenderness, sensibility, a soul feelingly alive to all the sweet emotions of unvitiated nature, are the natural growth of such happy seclusion from a wicked world. Majestic thoughts are the offspring of solitude. Plato meditated alone on the promontory of Sunium: Virgil was a Platonist.

The boyhood, and youth of Horace (as I think may be gathered from my last paper), were spent in a totally different atmosphere; and, therefore, no two poets could be nurtured and trained in *schools* of poetry more essentially opposite. The “*lake*” academy is not more different from the gymnasium of the “*silverfork*.” Epicurus dwelt among the busy haunts of men: Horace was an Epicurean.

The latter was in every respect, as his outward appearance would seem to indicate, “of the town, townly.” Mirabeau used to say, whenever he left Paris, that, on looking through his carriage-windows at the faces along the road, he could ascertain to a fraction how far he was from the capital. The men were his milestones. Even genius in the provinces wears an aspect of simplicity. The Romans were perfectly sensible of this difference. *Urbanum sal* was a well-known commodity, as easily distinguished by men of taste in the metropolis, as the verbal provincialisms which pervade the decades of Livy were quickly detected by the delicate sensibility of metropolitan ears.

In society, Horace must have shewn to great advantage, in contrast with the retiring and uncommunicative MANTUAN. Acute, brilliant, satirical, his versatile accomplishments fascinated at once. Virgil, however,

inspired an interest of a different description. Thoughtful and reserved, "the rapt soul sitting in his eyes" gave intimation of a depth of feeling and a comprehensiveness of intellect far beyond the range of all contemporary minds. Habitually silent; yet when he spoke, in the solemn and exquisitely musical cadences peculiar to his poetry, it was as if the "spirit of Plato" revealed itself, or the Sibylline books were unfolded.

I can't understand that passage in the tenth satire (lib. i.), where the Sabine humourist asserts that the Muses who patronise a country life (*gaudentes rure camænae*), having endowed Virgil with a mild and lenient disposition, a delicate sweetness of style, had also bestowed on him a talent for the *facetious* (*molle . . atque facetum*). There is, assuredly, more fun and legitimate drollery in a page of the said Satires, than in all the Eclogues and Georgics put together. To extract a laugh out of the *Æneid*, it required the help of SCARRON.

Horace was the delight of the convivial circle. The flashes of his Bacchanalian minstrelsy brightened the blaze of the banquet; and his love-songs were the very quintessence of Roman refinement. Yet never did he achieve such a triumph as is recorded of his gifted friend, when, having consented to gratify the household of Augustus and the imperial circle by reading a portion of his majestic poem, he selected that famous exposition of Plato's sublimest theories, the 6th book of his *Æneid*. The charm of his recitation gave additional dignity to that high argument, so nobly developed in harmonious verse. But when the intellect had feasted its fill—when he suddenly "changed his hand," and appealed to the heart—when the glowing episode of the young Marcellus, came by surprise on the assembled court, a fainting empress, amid the mingled tears and applause of veteran warriors, confessed the sacred supremacy of song.

The poetry of Horace is a pleasant thought; that of Virgil a delightful dream. The first had mingled in the world of reality; the latter dwelt in a fanciful and ideal region, from which he rarely came down to the vulgarities

of actual life. The tranquil lake reflects heaven in its calm bosom: the running brook makes acquaintance with the thousand objects on its varied margin. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Goethe, Lamartine, belong to the dreamy race of writers—they are "children of the mist"—their dwelling is in a land of visions. Byron, Béranger, Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, deal with men and things as they have found them, and as they really are. The latter class will ever be the most popular. The acute *thinker* will ever be preferred to the most enchanting "dreamer of dreams."

In the empire of Augustus, Virgil saw the realisation of ancient oracles: he viewed as from a distance the mighty structure of Roman power, and imaged in his *Æneid* the vast idea of a heaven-descended monarchy. Horace took up his lantern à la Diogene, and went about exploring the details of the social system, the vices, the follies, the passions of Roman society. His poetry was of a more matter-of-fact nature: it came home to the bosom of his readers: it was the exact expression of contemporary joys and sorrows.

The character of each as a poet may be not inappropriately sought for in the well-known allegory with which the 6th book of the *Æneid* closes:

"*Sunt geminae somni portæ quarum altera fertur,
Cornea quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.*"

Or as Dryden has it—

"Two shining gates the house of sleep adorn;
Of polished ivory this—that of transparent horn," &c.

I leave to my reader the evolving of this complex idea. The dreamy visions of the Platonist may be placed in contrast with the practical wit and knowledge of the world possessed by the shrewd disciple of Epicurus, the "*falsa insomnia*" with the "*veris umbris*." And herewith I wind up my parallel.

I now open the second book of the odes, and proceed on my task of metrical exposition.

LIB. II. ODE I.—TO POLLIO ON HIS MEDITATED HISTORY.

AD C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

I.

The story of our civil wars,
 Through all the changes that befell us,
 To chronicle thy pen prepares,
 Dating the record from METELLUS ; —
 Of parties and of chiefs thy page
 Will paint the leagues, the plans, the forces ;
 Follow them through each varied stage,
 And trace the warfare to its sources.

II.

And thou wilt tell of swords still wet
 With unatoned-for blood : — historian,
 Bethink thee of thy risk !... ere yet
 Of CLIO thou awake the clarion.
 Think of the tact which ROME requires
 In one who would such deeds unfold her ;
 Know that thy tread is upon fires
 Which still beneath the ashes smoulder.

III.

Of Tragedy the weeping Muse
 Awhile in thee may mourn a truant,
 Whom varnished fiction vainly woos,
 Of stern realities pursuant :
 But finish thy laborious task,
 Our annals write with care and candour,
 Then don the buskin and the mask,
 And tread through scenes of tragic grandeur !

IV.

Star of the stage ! to thee the Law
 Looks for her mildest, best expounder —
 Thee the rapt Senate hears with awe,
 Wielding the bolts of patriot thunder —
 Thee Glory found beneath the tent,
 When, from a desert wild and horrid,
 Dalmatia back in triumph sent
 Her conqueror, with laurelled forehead !

V.

But, hark ! methinks the martial horn
 Gives prelude to thy coming story ;
 In fancy's ear shrill trumpets warn
 Of battle-fields, hard fought and gory :
 FANCY hath conjured up the scene,
 And phantom warriors crowd beside her —
 The squadron dight in dazzling sheen —
 The startled steed — th' affrighted rider !

VI.

Hark to the shouts that echo loud
 From mighty chieftains, shadowed grimly !
 While blood and dust each hero shroud,
 Costume of slaughter — not unseemly
 Vainly ye struggle, vanquished brave !
 Doomed to see fortune still desert ye,
 Till all the world lies prostrate, save
 Unconquer'd CAIO's savage virtue !

I.

Motum ex Metello
 Consule civicum,
 Bellique causas,
 Et vitia, et modos,
 Ludumque Fortunæ,
 Gravesque
 Principum amicitias,
 Et arma

II.

Nondum expiatis
 Uncta cruoribus,
 Periculosæ
 Plenum opus aleæ
 Tractas, et
 Lucedis per ignes
 Suppositos
 Cineri doloso.

III.

Paulum severæ
 Musa tragædiæ
 Desit theatris ;
 Mox, ubi publicas
 Res ordinaris,
 Grande munus
 Cecropio
 Repetes cothurno,

IV.

Insigne mœstas
 Præsidium reis
 Et consulenti,
 " Pollio, Curia,
 Cui laurus
 " Æternos honores
 " Dalmatico
 Peperit triumpho.

V.

Jam nunc minaci
 Murmure cornuum
 Perstringis aures ;
 Jam litui strepunt ;
 Jam fulgor armorum
 Fugaces
 Terret equos,
 Equitumque vultus.

VI.

Audire magnos
 Jam videor duces
 Non indecoro
 Pulvere sordidos,
 Et cuncta terrarum
 Subacta,
 Præter atrocem
 Animum CATONIS.

VII.

Juno, who loveth *AFRIC* most,
 And each dread tutelary godhead,
 Who guards her black barbaric coast,
LYBIA with Roman gore have flooded :
 While warring thus the sons of those
 Whose prowess could of old subject her,
 Glutting the grudge of ancient foes,
 Fell—but to glad *JUGURTHA*'s spectre !

VIII.

Where be the distant land but drank
 Our *LATIUM*'s noblest blood in torrents ?
 Sad sepulchres, where'er it sank,
 Bear witness to each foul occurrence.
 Rude barbarous tribes have learned to scoff,
 Sure to exult at our undoing ;—
PERSIA hath heard with joy, far off,
 The sound of *ROME*'s gigantic ruin !

IX.

Point out the gulph on ocean's verge—
 The stream remote, along whose channels
 Hath not been heard the mournful dirge
 That rose throughout our murderous annuals—
 Shew me the sea—without its tide
 Of blood upon the surface blushing—
 Shew me the shore—with blood undyed
 From Roman veins profusely gushing.

X.

But, Muse ! a truce to themes like these—
 Let us strike up some jocund carol ;
 Nor pipe with old *SIMONIDES*
 Dull solemn strains, morosely moral .
 Teach me a new, a livelier stave—
 And that we may the better chaunt it,
 Hie with me to the mystic cave,
 Grotto of song ! by *ÆACCHUS* haunted.

VII.

JUNO, et *Deorum*
Quisquis amicior
Afris, inultâ
Cesserat impotens
Tellure,
Victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias
JUGURTHÆ.

VIII.

Quis non Latino
Sanguine pinguior
Campus, sepulchris
Impia prælia
Testatur,
Auditumque *Medis*
Hesperias
Sonitum ruinæ ?

IX.

Qui gurgis, aut quæ
Flumina lugubris
Ignara belli ?
Quod mare *Dauniæ*
Non decolor-
avere cædes ?
Quæ caret ora
Cruore nostro ?

X.

Sed ne, relictis,
Musa procax, jociis,
Cææ retractes
Munera *neuiæ* :
Mecum *Dionæo*
Sub antro
Quære modos
Leviore plectro.

It is pleasant to find "Adam Smith on the wealth of nations" anticipated, in the following *exposé* of sound commercial principles ; and the folly of restricting the bank issues made the subject of an ode. It is addressed to Sallust, nephew of the historian, who had amassed considerable wealth from the plunder of Africa, during his prætorship in that province ; and had laid out the proceeds, after the most liberal fashion, in embellishing his most magnificent residence, the *Horti Sallustiani*, which to this day form a splendid public promenade for your modern Romans. The liberality of *Proculæius Murcna*, who, on the confiscation of his bro-

ther's property during the civil war, had made good the loss from his own patrimony, and opened an asylum to the children of his nephews, was apparently the current subject of conversation at the time ; as well as the good fortune of *Phraates*, in recovering the crown of Persia, which had been jeopardised by some revolutionary proceedings. At this distance of years, both topics appear somewhat stale ; but we must go back in spirit to the days in which such matters possessed interest, and, having thus made ourselves part and parcel of contemporary Roman society, admire, as well as we can, the grace and freshness of the allusions.

LIB. II. ODE II.—THOUGHTS ON BULLION AND THE CURRENCY.

AD CRISPUM SALLUSTIUM.

I.

My SALLUST, say, in days of dearth,
What is the lazy ingot worth,
Deep in the bowels of the earth
Allowed to settle,
Unless a temperate use send forth
The shining metal ?

II.

Blessings on HIM whose bounteous hoard
A brother's ruined house restored—
Spreading anew the orphan's board,
With care paternal :
MURENA's fame aloft hath soar'd
On wings eternal !

III.

Canst thou command thy lust for gold ?
Then art thou richer, friend, fourfold,
Than if thy nod the marts controlled
Where chiefest trade is—
The CARTHAGES both "new" and "old,"
The NILE and CADIZ.

IV.

Mark yon hydropic sufferer, still
Indulging in the draughts that fill
His bloated frame,—insatiate, till
Death end the sickly ;
Unless the latent fount of ill
Be dried up quickly.

V.

Heed not the vulgar tale that says,
—"He counts calm hours and happy days
Who from the throne of CYRUS sways
The PERSIAN sceptre :"—
WISDOM corrects the ill-used phrase—
And—stern preceptor—

VI.

HAPPY alone proclaimeth them,
Who with undazzled eye condemn
The pile of gold, the glittering gem,
The bribe unholy—
Palm, laurel-wreath, and diadem,
Be theirs—theirs solely !

I.

Nullus argento
Color est avaris
Abdito terris,
Inimice lamnæ
CRISPE SALLUSTI,
Nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

II.

Vivet extento
PROCULEIUS ævo,
Notus in fratres
Animi paterni.
Illum aget pennâ
Metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

III.

Latius regnes
Avidum domando
Spiritus, quam si
Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas
Et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

IV.

Crescit indulgens
Sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit,
Nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis,
Et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

V.

Redditum CYRI,
Solio PHRAATEM,
Dissidens plebi
Numero beatorum,
Eximit Virtus
Populumque falsis,
Dedocet uti

VI.

Vocibus, regnum
Et diadema tutum
Deferens uni,
Propriamque laurum
Quisquis ingentes
Oculo irretorto,
Spectat acervos.

Sherlock's famous volume on death
has been equally forestalled by our
Epicurean moralist ; who, whatever he
may want in consolatory prospects of a

blessed futurity, compensates for this
otherwise very material omission by an
unrivalled sweetness of versification,
and imagery the most picturesque.

LIB. II. ODE III.—A HOMILY ON DEATH.

AD Q. DELLIVM.

I.

Thee, whether Pain assail
Or Pleasure pamper,
DELLIVS — which e'er prevail —
Keep thou thy temper;
Unwed to boisterous joys, that ne'er
Can save thee from the SEPULCHRE;

II.

Death smites the slave to spleen,
Whose soul repineth,
And him who on the green,
Calm sage, reclineth,
Keeping — from grief's intrusion far —
Blithe holiday with festal jar.

III.

Where giant fir, sunproof,
With poplar blendeth,
And high o'er head a roof
Of boughs extendeth;
While onward runs the crooked rill,
Brisk fugitive, with murmur shrill.

IV.

Bring wine, here, on the grass!
Bring perfumes hither!
Bring roses — which, alas!
Too quickly wither —
Ere of our days the spring-tide ebb,
While the dark sisters weave our web.

V.

Soon — should the fatal shear
Cut life's frail fibres —
Broad lands, sweet VILLA near
The yellow TIBER,
With all thy chattels rich and rare,
Must travel to a thankless heir.

VI.

Be thou the nobly born,
Spoil'd child of Fortune —
Be thou the wretch forlorn,
Whom wants importune —
By sufferance thou art here at most,
Till Death shall claim his holocaust.

VII.

All to the same dark bourne
Plod on together —
Lots from the same dread urn
Leap forth — and, whether
Ours be the first or last, Hell's wave
Yawns for the exiles of the grave.

I.

Æquam memento
Rebus in arduis
Servare mentem,
Non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Delli,

II.

Seu mœstus omni
Tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto
Gramine p̄r dies
Festos reclinatam bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.

III.

Qua pinus ingens
Albaque populus
Umbram hospitem
Consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo,

IV.

Hunc vina, et unguenta,
Et nimium breves
Flores amœnos
Ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

V.

Cedes corruptis
Saltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus
Quam Tiberis lavit:
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.

VI.

Divesne, prisco
Natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an
Pauper et infimâ
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

VII.

Omnes eodem
Cogimur: omnium
Versatur urnâ
Seriùs ocus
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

I, of course, cannot countenance the tendency of the succeeding *morceau*. Its apparent purport is to vindicate what the Germans call "left-handed" alliances between the sexes: but its

obvious drift is not such as so generally correct a judge of social order and propriety would be supposed to mistake. The responsibility, however, be his own.

LIB. II. ODE IV.—CLASSICAL LOVE MATCHES.

*'When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,
The mist is dispell'd if a woman appear;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises his spirits and charms his ear.'*—Captain MACHEATH.

I.

O deem not thy love for a captive maid
Doth, PHOCEUS, the heart of a Roman degrade!
Like the noble ACHILLES, 'tis simply, simply,
With a "BRISEIS" thou sharest thy bed.

II.

AJAX of TELAMON did the same,
Felt in his bosom a PHRYGIAN flame;
Taught to condemn none, King AGAMEMNON
Fond of a TROJAN slave became.

III.

Such was the rule with the GREEKS of old,
When they had conquer'd the foe's stronghold;
When gallant HECTOR—Troy's protector—
Falling, the knell of ILION toll'd.

IV.

Why deem her origin vile and base?
Canst thou her pedigree fairly trace?
Yellow-hair'd PHYLLIS, slave tho' she be, still is
The last, perhaps, of a royal race.

V.

Birth to demeanour will sure respond—
PHYLLIS is faithful, PHYLLIS is fond:
Gold cannot buy her—then why deny her
A rank the basely born beyond?

VI.

PHYLLIS hath limbs divinely wrought,
Features and figure without a fault...
Do not feel jealous, friend, when a fellow's
Fortieth year forbids the thought!

I.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phocœu. Prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem;

II.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ,

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ,
Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certe genus et penates
Mæret iniquos.

V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia et vultum teretesque suras
Integer laudo: fuge suspicari,
C'jus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

In contrasting Virgil with Horace, and in noticing the opposite tendencies of mind and disposition discoverable in their writings, I should have pointed out the very glaring difference in their respective views of female character. The mild indulgence of the Epicurean is obviously distinguishable from the severe moroseness of the Platonist. The very foibles of the sex find an apologist in Horace: Virgil appears to have been hardly sensible to their highest excellencies. The heroines of the *Æneid* are depicted in no very amiable colours; his Dido is a shrew

and a scold: his Trojan women fire the fleet, and run wild like witches in a *Sabbat*: the "mourning fields" are crowded with ladies of lost reputation: the wife of King Latinus hangs herself: Camilla dies in attempting to grasp a gewgaw: and even the fair Lavinia is so described, as to be hardly worth fighting for. How tolerant, on the contrary, is our songster—how lenient in his sketches of female defects—how impassioned in his commendation of female charms! Playful irony he may occasionally employ in his addresses to Roman beauty; but, in his very in-

vectives, nothing can be clearer than his intense devotion to the whole sex . . . with the exception of "Canidia." Who *she* was I may take an early opportunity of explaining: it is a very long story, and will make a *paper*.

The subject of the following ode is Campaspé, the mistress of APELLES. This favourite artist of Alexander the

Great would appear to have been, like Salvator Rosa, addicted to the kindred pursuits of a poet. Of his paintings nothing has come down to us; but of his poetry I am happy to supply a fragment from the collection of Athæneus. The Greek is clearly the original. George Herrick has supplied the English.

LIB. II. ODE V.—CUPID A GAMBLER.

I.

Nostra CAMPASPE levis et CUPIDO
Aleâ nuper statuere ludos,
Merx ut hinc illinc foret osculorum;—
Solvit at ille.

II.

Pignorat sorti pharetram, sagittas,
Par columbarum, Venerisque bigas
Passeres;—eheu! puer aleator
Singula solvit

III.

Tum labellorum roseos honores
Mox ebur frontis—simul hanc sub imo
Quæ manu matris fuerat cavata
Rimula mento,

IV.

Solvit . . — at postquam geminos ocellos
Lusit incassum, manet inde cæcus.—
Sic eum si tu spoliâs, puella!
Quanta ego solvam?

CUPID and my CAMPASPE played
At cards for kisses;—Cupid paid—
He stakes hys quiver, bowe and arrowes,
Hys mother's doves and teame of sparrowes:
Looses them too—then downe he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Uppon hys cheek (but none knows how)
With these the chrystal of his browe,
And then the dymple on his chinne—
All these did my CAMPASPE winne.
At last he sette her both hys eyes;
She wonn: and CUPID blind did rise.
Oh, LOVE! hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me?

GEORGE HERRICK.

FRAGMENT OF THE PAINTER AND POET, APELLES.*

Ερως τ' ἐμῇ εταιρίῃ
Καμπάσπα συγκυβεῖον
Φιληματ' ἣν δ' αἶθλα·
Λυσεν τ' ἐρως ὀφλημα·
Τόξον, ζελῆ, φαρετρὴν,
Και μητερός πελειαῖας,
Στρουθῶν ζυγὸν τίθηκεν·
Ἀπώλεσεν τ' ἀπαντα·
Χείλους τίθης ἐρεῦθος,
Ρόδον τε τῶν παρρειῶν
(Πῶς οὖν μὲν οὐτὶς οἶδεν),

Κρωσταλλὸν ἠδ' ἐθήκε
Τὸν ἀγλαὸν μετώπου,
Σφραγισμὰ καὶ γενείου·
Καμπάσπ' ἀπαντ' ἀνείλεν.
Τέλος δὲ ὀμματ' ἀμφω
Εἶθ' ἐτευζατ' αὐτῇ·
Τυφλὰς τ' ἀπώχετο ὡ' ἔρος
Εἰ ταῦτα σοὶ μέγιστε
Κακ' ἠδ' ἔρως ποιησε;
Φευ! ἀθλιωτάτω τι
Μέλλει ἐμοὶ γινέσθαι;

Tivoli and Tarentum were the two favourite retreats of Horace, whenever he could tear himself from the metropolis. The charms of both are celebrated in the succeeding composition: It would appear to have been elicited

at a banquet, on Septimius expressing himself so devotedly attached to our poet, that he would cheerfully accompany him to the utmost boundary of the Roman empire.

LIB. II. ODE VI.—THE ATTRACTIONS OF TIBUR AND TARENTUM.

I.

SEPTIMIUS, pledged with me to roam
Far as the fierce IBERIAN'S home,
Where men abide not yet o'ercome
By Roman legions,
And MAURITANIAN billows foam—
Barbaric regions !

II.

TIBUR !—sweet colony of GREECE !—
There let my devious wanderings cease ; -
There would I wait old age in peace,
There calmly dwelling,
A truce to war !—a long release
From "colonelling !"

III.

Whence to go forth should Fate ordain,
GALESUS, gentle flood ! thy plain
Speckled with sheep—might yet remain
For heaven to grant us ;
Land that once knew the halcyon reign
Of King PHALANTUS.

IV.

Spot of all earth most dear to me !
Teeming with sweets ! the Attic bee,
O'er Mount HYMETTUS ranging free,
Finds not such honey—
Nor basks the CAPUAN olive-tree
In soil more sunny.

V.

There lingering Spring is longest found ;
E'en Winter's breath is mild ;—and round
Delicious AULON grapes abound,
In mellow cluster ;
Such as FALERNUM'S richest ground
Can rarely muster.

VI.

Romantic towers ! thrice happy scene !
There might our days glide on serene ;
Till thou bedew with tears, I ween,
Of love sincerest,
The dust of him who once had been
Thy friend, the LYRIST !

I.

Septimi, Gades
Aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum
Juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtas,
Ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda :

II.

TIBUR, Argeo
Positum colono,
Sit meæ sedes
Utinam senectæ !
Sit modus lasso
Maris, et viarum,
Militiæque !

III.

Unde si Parcæ
Prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis
Ovibus Galesi
Flumen, et regnata
Petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

IV.

Ille terrarum
Mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet,
Ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt,
Viridique certat
Bacca Venafro ;

V.

Ver ubi longum,
Tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas,
Et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho
Minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

VI.

Ille te mecum
Locus et beatæ
Postulant arces ;
Ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges
Lacrimâ favillam
Vatis amici.

Extemporaneous in its essence, hearty, glowing, and glorious, here follows an effusion of affectionate welcome to one of the young Pompeys, with whom he had studied at Athens

and fought at Philippi. The scene is at the Sabine farm. The exile it will be seen, has only just returned on the general amnesty granted by Augustus.

LIB. II. ODE VII.—A FELLOW SOLDIER WELCOMED FROM EXILE.

I.

Friend of my soul! with whom arrayed
 I stood in the ranks of peril,
 When BRUTUS at *Philippi* made
 That effort wild and sterile...
 Who hath reopened Rome to thee,
 Her temples and her forum;
 Beckoning the child of ITALY
 Back to the clime that bore him?

II.

Thou, O my earliest comrade! say,
 POMPEY, was I thy teacher,
 To baulk old Time, and drown the day
 Deep in a flowing pitcher?
 Think of the hours we thus consumed,
 While SYRIA'S richest odours,
 Lavish of fragrancy, perfumed
 The locks of two marauders.

III.

With thee I shared *Philippi's* rout,
 Though I, methinks, ran faster;
 Leaving behind—'twas wrong, no doubt—
 My SHIELD in the disaster:
 E'en FORTITUDE that day broke down;
 And the rude foeman taught her
 To bide her brow's diminished frown
 Low amid heaps of slaughter.

IV.

But MERCURY, who kindly watched
 Me mid that struggle deadly,
 Stooped from a cloud, and quickly snatched
 His client from the medley.
 While thee, alas! the ebbing flood
 Of war relentless swallowed,
 Replunging thee mid seas of blood;
 And years of tempest followed.

V.

Then slay to Jove the victim calf,
 Due to the God;—and weary,
 Under my bower of laurels quaff
 A wine-cup blithe and merry.
 Here, while thy war-worn limbs repose,
 'Mid peaceful scenes sojourning,
 Spare not the wine... 'twas kept... it flows
 To welcome thy returning.

VI.

Come! with oblivious bowls dispel
 Grief, care, and disappointment!
 Freely from yon capacious shell
 Shed, shed the balmy ointment?
 Who for the genial banquet weaves
 Gay garlands, gathered newly;
 Fresh with the garden's greenest leaves,
 Or twined with myrtle duly?

VII.

Whom shall the dice's cast "WINE-KING"
 Elect, by VENUS guided?
 Quick, let my roof with wild mirth ring—
 Blame not my joy, nor chide it!
 Medly each bacchanalian feat
 I mean to-day to rival,
 Far, oh! 'tis sweet thus... THUS TO GREET
 SO DEAR A FRIEND'S ARRIVAL!

I.

O sæpe mecum
 Tempus in ultimum
 Deducte, BRUTO
 Militia duce,
 Quis te redonavit
 QUIRITEM
 Dis patriis,
 ITALIQUE cælo,

II.

POMPEI, meorum
 Prime sodalium,
 Cum quo morantem
 Sæpe diem mero
 Fregi, coronatus
 Nitentes
 Malobathro
 SYRIO capillos?

III.

Tecum PHILIPPOS
 Et celerem fugam
 Sensi, relicta
 Non bene parmula,
 Quum fracta virtus,
 Et minaces
 Turpe solum
 Tetigere mento.

IV.

Sed me per hostes
 MERCURIUS celer
 Denso paventem
 Sustulit aere:
 Te rursus in bellum
 Resorbens
 Unda fretis
 Tulit æstuosis.

V.

Ergo obligatam
 Redde Jovi dapem,
 Longaque fessum
 Militia latus
 Depone sub
 Lauri meâ, nec
 Parce cadis
 Tibi destinatis.

VI.

Oblivioso
 Leviam Massico
 Ciboria exple;
 Funde capicibus
 Unguenta de conchis.
 Quis udo
 Deproperare
 Apio coronas

VII.

Curatve myrto?
 Quem VENUS arbitrum
 Dicit bibendi?
 Non ego sanius
 Bacchabor Edonis:
 Recepto
 Dulce mihi furere
 Est amico!

The nursery tradition respecting lies, and their consequence, may be traced in the opening stanza of this playful remonstrance with Barine. The image

of Cupid at a grinding-stone, sharpening his darts, is the subject of a fine antique cameo in the Orleans Collection.

LIB. II. ODE VIII.—THE ROGUERIES OF BARINÈ.

IN BARINÈN.

I.

Barinè! if, for each untruth,
Some blemish left a mark uncouth,
With loss of beauty and of youth,
Or Heaven should alter
The whiteness of a single tooth—
O fair default'r!

II.

Then might I trust thy words—But thou
Dost triumph o'er each broken vow;
Falsehood would seem to give thy brow
Increased effulgence:
Men still admire—and Gods allow
Thee fresh indulgence.

III.

Swear by thy mother's funeral urn—
Swear by the stars that nightly burn
(Seeming in silent awe to mourn
O'er such deception)—
Swear by each DEITY in turn,
From Jove to Neptune:

IV.

VENUS and all her Nymphs would yet
With smiles thy perjury abet—
CUPID would laugh—Go on! and let
Fresh courage nerve thee;
Still on his bloodstained wheel he'll whet
His darts to serve thee!

V.

Fast as they grow, our youths enchain,
Fresh followers in beauty's train:
While those who loved thee first would fain,
Charming deceiver,
Within thy threshold still remain,
And love, for ever!

VI.

Their sons from thee all mothers hide;
All thought of thee stern fathers chide;
Thy shadow haunts the new-made bride,
And fears dishearten her,
Lest thou inveigle from her side
Her life's young partner.

I.

Ulla si juris
Tibi pejerasti
Pœna, BARINÈ,
Nocuisset unquam;
Dente si nigro
Fieres vel uno
Turpior ungui,

II.

Crederem. Sed tu,
Simul obligasti
Perfidum votis
Caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo,
Juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

III.

Exedit matris
Cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto
Taciturna noctis
Sigua cum cœlo,
Gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.

IV.

Ridet hoc, inquam,
Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices Nymphæ,
Ferus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes
Acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

V.

Adde quod pubes
Tibi crescit omnis;
Servitus crescit nova;
Nec priores
Impiæ tectum
Dominæ relinquunt,
Sæpe minati.

VI.

Te suis matres
Metuunt juvenis,
Te senes parci,
Miseraque nuper
Virgines nuptæ,
Tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

THE STATESMAN.

BY JOHN GALT.

The Resignation.

HAVING attained my grand climacteric, I deemed it expedient to think of retiring from public life, and, having caught a severe cold during a warm debate, I resolved on the execution of the measure long contemplated; especially when I saw by the division that our administration was losing ground. Men of less experience might not have so soon discerned the direction in which I clearly perceived the fabric was settling; but, through a long vista of notices of vexatious motions in perspective, I saw some change inevitable, and accordingly, as the doctor was of opinion that I should abstain from the irritations of business, I secluded myself from the world.

For two days I was unequivocally indisposed, and one of the treasury journals had a sympathetic paragraph on the effects which my patriotic anxieties respecting the issue of the question had produced on a constitution not naturally robust, and whose stamina indefatigable application had tended not to improve. It was, therefore, not altogether on the responsibility of my own understanding that I acted; for I am free to confess, that the feeling insinuation had some influence in the advent of that conclusion to which I had come.

It has happened, that although the course of coercive medicine which I pursued, had on the third day induced convalescence, and made it decidedly obvious, yet such had been the impression produced upon me by the manifest unstable state of his majesty's then existing government, that a diplomatic augmentation of all the deleterious symptoms of my catarrh was permitted to assume the ascendancy. In a word, I saw myself in a crisis of life and office that no longer allowed me to blink the intention of resignation. Accordingly, on the fifth day subsequent to the grievous consideration, I laid all my trusts at the feet of a royal and most gracious master.

The Letter, and its consequences.

The letter in which I took this final
VOL. XIV. NO. LXXXIV.

and important step was much commended by my colleagues, but it was not necessary to make them acquainted with its private history; which, however, was as follows:—

Being confined to my room, I directed my private secretary, who had been senior wrangler at Cambridge, and who wrote a very superior style, to prepare a suitable letter; in which, justly comprehending what was required, he made a faithful transcript of my sentiments, which I signed at once, and handed it back to be made up.

My emotion, however, at the time, betrayed itself; the letter fell from my hand; the young gentleman stooped to pick it up. By some unaccountable accident, at the same moment the standish was overset, and the ink, flowing on the floor, obliterated the writing.

The letter was thus rendered nugatory; but I calmly requested my secretary not to be disturbed, saying, as he had much to do, I would myself make a copy. Thus my resignation was a holograph; and several of the ministerial papers afterwards noticed the circumstance, and highly commended its excellence.

For some time—indeed, for a long time—immediately subsequent to my resignation, habits of official assiduity made the winged hours, as the poet says, bestow on me their tediousness. I saw, however, the clouds thicken, and the eclipse coming on, of which the prognostications were so legible, and could not but congratulate myself on the prudence by which I had so been induced to resign. I retired from the storm, and resolved, in the hereditary towers of my family-castle, which I had not visited for many years—not since the county was last contested—to enjoy the evening of life in serenity—*otium cum dignitate*.

Accordingly, with that decision and promptitude to which, in public transactions, I owe so much, I stepped into my travelling carriage; and, in the words of a great cardinal, bade “a long farewell to all my greatness,” quitting the metropolis by the North Road.

The Journey.

During the first stage, my thoughts were all adrift; restless as the whipper-in of the House of Commons, when a debate on an important ministerial motion "looks d—d queer," and the opposition leader on his legs is unanswerable.

But as we went down into the country, "the smell of dairy," as the inimitable Shakespeare calls it, began to harmonise my spirits; inasmuch, that by the time we reached the summit of St. Alban's hill I could say, with the philosophic orator of antiquity, "How stale, flat, and unprofitable, are all the offices of this weary world!" A reflection, to one retiring to the embraces of innocent nature, most conducive to the bosom's tranquillity.

In the fourth stage, at the end of which I proposed to ruminate in the inn after dinner, I felt moral tendencies of a salutary kind, and called to mind that I might yet serve my king and country, by explaining in my retirement some of those maxims which contribute so much to the prosperity of nations and the celebrity of statesmen.

At no period of my eventful career, indeed, had I squared my conduct with reference to the narrow-minded remark of the Danish minister, who observed to his son, "How little sagacity was requisite for the rule of kingdoms!" My own experience inculcated a different lesson; for, when the spirit of the age ran strong against men in high stations, I often thought the *vox populi* was the *vox Dei*, and stood in awe of anarchy and confusion.

Thus it came to be determined, before I reached the feudal magnificence of Verbose Castle, that I should devote the evening twilight of life to the composition of a treatise on the principles by which states may be ruled best, and statesmen justly appreciated in the estimates of all men. The result is embodied in the following pages.

Parliament.

A man destined by hereditary circumstances generally completes his education at one of the universities, in order that he may there acquire a competent knowledge of the names of the classics, and something of that learning, more essential to the business of after-life, which can only be obtained by

attending the social nocturnal lucubrations so well established there.

In process of time, young and enterprising, just come of age, and all his faculties redolent with vigour, he takes his place in the great council of the nation; in which, for so many ages, understandings, undebauched by experience have been so requisite to withstand the fatigue of midnight deliberation.

I, therefore, devote the dogmas of my instructions to explain the energies of those duties which should be paramount to all others at this interesting period.

If the future minister be of a certain rank, he is generally selected by the manager of the House of Commons to play a part in which he may become distinguished: for this purpose, he is commonly chosen to move the address consequent on the speech from the throne; and for two reasons: first, that he may not be overwhelmed by his innate diffidence at hearing better orators before him; and, second, by having only a speech to recite, he may not have occasion to answer any impertinent remark. All is arranged in the most agreeable manner, and every thing done that can mitigate any apprehension which may be entertained for him among his friends, on the score of capacity or the scope of talent.

In the early periods of my arduous life, men confined themselves to the dry business before the house; but when I came to see the dangers in affairs of government of being too plain and downright, I endeavoured what in me lay to effect a reformation in the character of debates. I accordingly advised the young and new members, especially those whom I thought, by the structure of their oral sentences, to be desirous of distinction as orators, to provide themselves with a dictionary of quotations, and, whenever they intended to have a field-day, to pick out of it some pithy apophthegm; at the same time telling them, that in this matter there was no need to be very particular, for that the country gentlemen, who are very fond of hearing Latin, did not much care about the meaning of the words, and that the public considered they must skip it in the newspapers. "It is, however," said I, "becoming a gentleman who is desirous of being thought accomplished." Thus, in process of time, Horace

was as well known in the house as any political potentate; and poets rose into celebrity. But, although the use of quotations tends to elevate the eloquence of ambitious speakers, yet those who had scruples respecting the accuracy of their classical pronunciation I counselled to addict themselves to the public accounts.

I remember well a friend saying facetiously on the subject, "That embryo chancellors of the exchequer were as plentiful as blackberries." At which *bon mot* we both laughed very heartily.

I observed, at the opening of every new parliament, that the scions of aristocracy did not introduce, so often as they might have done, Latin sentences into their speeches: it was, indeed, a long time before the custom was established. They stood in awe of the merchants and men of business; but, nevertheless, men in office were ready with applauses: for, we had observed, the judicious world is prepared to distinguish employed ability.

After scrutinising the four parliaments in which I sat with the Commons during my father's life, I came to the conclusion that he is not ordained to be a rising man who confines himself to great questions only; and, in consequence, I recommended to those who wished to make themselves conspicuous to attend to petitions.

"Get a petition," said I, "from the inhabitants of some well-known and satisfactory town; make yourself acquainted, if you can, with the grievance it sets forth; and, when the benches are empty, and the reporters can hear every word, get up close to the Speaker—mind that!—and, holding forth in his ear to the utmost of your ability, you will be sure to see what you have said in the papers next morning. That is the way to thrive in popularity, which leads to places and pensions. I could name many senators, now of great notoriety, who began modestly with unheard-of petitions—all for bringing in bills to repeal forgotten statutes—who have since risen into sinecures of emolument and patronage."

It is, however, men of only a particular conformation of intellect that are calculated to acquire influence within the honourable house, by the presentation of petitions breathing sedition, or, in other words, discontent; for there is always a number of busy

bodies who have a suspicion, and say it too, that the exaggerations of national grievances are got up by men in boroughs, not more conspicuous for thrift in their vocations than those who play the same rôle in parliament. But I was never much regarded as a petition-monger; for my preceptor (who, in consequence of having been so, is now a bishop) was a sagacious man, who did not much venerate the local effusions of intellectual bile, and took particular pains to warn me of mixing myself up with them. He saw that I was destined, by my abilities, to fill the highest offices of the state, and therefore considered it of importance to adopt every precaution that might have the effect of preventing me from being seduced by popular demagogues. Nor was it in the matter of petitions alone that his discernment was efficacious; he was particularly careful to advise me never to attend ordinary committees—such as those on road and canal bills, and measures only advantageous to the plebeians of the kingdom; "because men," said he, "who aspire to office, ought to make themselves valuable according to my Lord Lauderdale's definition of the term. No grandeur of character can be obtained by any man who places himself on a level with those who may have more accurate local information; and few statesmen, even out of office, have so little regard for their reputation as to allow themselves to be expected at private committees."

There is a way, however, of obtaining distinction in the house, which I have myself observed, if the member be a country gentleman, or of no hereditary eminence, and does not attempt to make himself an impressive speaker; and it is frequently practised, though the precise rule for it is not clearly laid down; namely, to keep moving from seat to seat during the stillness of a solemn debate, and to look as if you had much to do, and secrets to whisper to many men. The effect of this mutability is astonishing; for, if a man gain nothing else, he makes himself personally known to the reporters, and his name becomes among them, and by them to the newspapers, as familiar as a household word.

In fact, while the British constitution is of a mixed nature, it is of the utmost consequence that public men should be celebrated for something: the man

who moves about the house during the elocution of a much-attended-to orator, is supposed to have a world of important affairs on hand, especially if he make himself so annoying as to be called to order by Mr. Speaker.

Under-Secretary of State.

When a gentleman has acquired a competent knowledge of the House of Commons, and sees clearly the necessity of standing well with the reporters, and, of course, with the public, he is usually made an under-secretary of state. I therefore propose to give a few cursory recommendations, which may be useful to those who aim at that degree.

If the candidate for office be a man of talent, which some of them accidentally are, his native tact will enable him to discern what is necessary; but if he be himself only conscious of having inherited a peculiar endowment, then to a certainty he is inapt to derive wisdom from the lessons of experience. Men of talent are pretty much in the way of acting like ordinary persons; and this fact was amongst the earliest discoveries which I made of character when I entered public life, and it was not agreeable: for certainly it is a singular thing, that superior men differ so little from the commonality of mankind, that kings often, under a belief of promoting ability by attending too much to eccentricities, raise incompetent individuals to offices of great importance; as witness, for example, my successor, who, notwithstanding in private life he is of the most unsullied purity of morals, endeavours to act to the best of his ability, which is any thing but great.

Those who think they are destined for the high offices of state, should make themselves remarkable; for if a man aspire to distinction, he will find it most conducive to that end to assume something odd and peculiar in his behaviour: because the commonality of the world consider eccentricity as an indication of genius. Men of the world say, however, that it is a surer symptom of absurdity.

Under-secretaries of state are, for the most part, promising young men; not that they are more deceptive than other members of government, but there is a promise of future eminence among them which is often surprising. I would, therefore, advise all such aspirants as

under-secretaries to be very guarded in interviews, and to take care not to practise those affable condescensions which may betray them to unveil their ignorance.

Sometimes it does happen, that, at interviews with deputations, under-secretaries meet with shrewd characters; and, therefore, it is highly expedient that they should not always appear very clearly informed of the business of the meeting. They should, therefore, say little; and their excuse for doing so should be a doubt of what their principals may think on the subject, after they shall have been informed of what has been so very ably urged and represented. In fact, an under-secretary of state should not be too candid; otherwise his principal would have no way of eliciting himself. And I need not observe, that it is quite as important to have it supposed that there is ability at the helm of affairs, as to do things well.

Another point is essential to be considered by under-secretaries of state. They are the inlets of the knowledge which should penetrate into the interior of cabinets, and they should, therefore, be very chary about what they allow to enter. They are, in fact, the rulers of the state, and their superiors but superintendents; which is the cause, no doubt, that young men, in the full vigour of life and prejudice, are preferred for the office. Cabinet ministers have something else to do—to say nothing of their dinners—than to discuss the issue of the measures upon which they are called to deliberate. It may, therefore, be owing to some occult device of policy that they select raw and inexperienced scapegoats, on which they can lay the blame of their own inadvertencies; well knowing, that, whatever may happen amiss, the young men will always have the specious excuse of using the name of government with respect to those acts which they may have reason to apprehend were devised by one man.

The Secretary of State.

Gravity is the exterior of wisdom—what the body is to the mind; and, therefore, a principal secretary of state should always be a very grave man, for the world is greatly influenced in its opinion by appearances: but there is no necessity to enforce the axiom by argument. Something in the genius

of so great an office as that of any one of his majesty's principal secretaries, instinctively inspires the requisite solemnity. The man is naturally so impressed with the honour to which he is called when raised to the office, that he becomes very complacent towards himself, and secretly thinks that there must surely be something paramount about him in the eyes of others (though he himself, for the life of him, cannot discover in what it consists), that he inevitably becomes grave and magisterial.

The difference between a principal and an under-secretary of state is not very recondite; the latter is only a more responsible servant: for it is a curious fact, that the higher the office the less is the responsibility. The apex of a pyramid is a point; and, for the same reason, the king can do no wrong.

It has been found, that the reflections of men are wise and comprehensive in proportion to the pressure of responsibility upon their intellects; just as atmospheric air expands in the receiver as it is exhausted. A smaller quantity of mind serves in certain high places than in those of the common walks of life, but it is not always prudent to declare this esoteric doctrine to the public.

We never hear nowadays of kings chopping off the heads of their secretaries, as they did in ancient times; but this does not arise from any additional value which the heads may have acquired: in truth, it has been long supposed that secretaries have not improved. I can aver, however, that when I was secretary of state the popular opinion was not quite correct on this subject.

But although gravity is a most essential quality in a secretary of state, I do not say it ought to be considered as the first; for I am taught by experience to believe, that a judicious contempt for popular opinion is highly efficacious. It would never, indeed, do, that those around whom every fence of the constitution is drawn should not have it in their power to act just as they pleased, however much policy may require that they are seen as superior men. But, as I have said, in speaking of the more responsible officers—the under-secretaries of state—their chief duty is to keep themselves from being mixed up with transactions,

the issue of which is uncertain; and for this reason, they should always be actuated by information metrically opposite to the facts known to the public. And, to do this effectually, they must select men to fill offices wholly on account of their interest; because, being appointed for that reason to offices, the salaries of which are the most suitable, they are the more likely to receive accounts at variance with public opinion. No doubt this sometimes leads to inconvenience, especially if there happen to be a party interested in the case, and who knows the subject more thoroughly than the officer. The secretary having, however, derived his information from the official organ, can easily plead an excuse on that score; when, by contradiction, he cannot equivocate with the unintentional delusion to which, from the nature of things, he is liable.

The Premier.

When I was prime minister, it was the custom to regard the sovereign in a strictly constitutional light, with reference to the maxim that he can do no wrong. Accordingly, I did all in my power to make him a perfect cipher, and to lead him as little as possible into temptation. When I saw him intent to accomplish any object for the public good, I set my face against it; which induced him to ask support from his friends, who were never very cordially mine: and when he had done so, then I gave in reluctantly, as it might appear. By this address, I neutralised his and their opposition to measures of my own; for when they saw with what reluctance I had seemingly assented to their measures, they could not refuse assent to mine. Thus, I drew over to me those who were generally the king's friends, and his protectors against the machinations of ministers.

But there is a card much more difficult to play well in the hands of a premier than even the king—the ace; or, in other words, the people: for whatever turns out contrary to public expectation, is immediately imputed by the popular voice to the minister. I do not mean him in whose department the accident happens, but the pilot of affairs.

After much serious reflection, I contrived to keep the public attention fixed on the special duties of each de-

partment; and thus, in whichever the fault arose, the minister of that department was obliged to answer for it to the people, though he might have had nothing to do either with the origin or development of the matter in question: for the bulk of the people do not know that a member of the cabinet is only responsible, as a minister, for what shall have appeared to be the sense of the cabinet. The minister in whose department the execution of a measure may lie, may have been in the minority when it was determined on in council, and it is not in human nature to expect that a minister can be very hearty in the execution of a cause to which he was inimical.

It is not, however, very easy to account for men remaining in office, after measures have failed which they resisted in the previous discussion, and to the failure of which, from the perversity of human nature, they perhaps contributed; nevertheless, it is so, and men climb into higher trusts: for, when a measure which they opposed when first agitated turns out to be ill-fated, they generally contrive some way of directing the popular indignation against the

true parent; and thereby exonerate themselves, even when the evil destiny of the measure may have taken its colouring from their own secret wish that it might not succeed.

But some men are so fond of place, that they will remain in it at all hazards; and thus it happens, that governments of distinguished weakness are often, by the subserviency of these men to the unknown power behind the throne, seemingly wiser and more judicious than administrations of larger calibre. But, although this must be admitted, it is not without its advantages; for it is commonly supposed, that a man who has been long in office, and with different parties, must have profited by his experience, although the real cause of his adhesion to the place was in the importance to him of the salary.

If these slight cursory hints are wisely considered, which I have, with as much brevity as is consistent with perspicuity, endeavoured to put together, few statesmen ordained to occupy the vantage ground of national circumstances but must find them fraught with utility and instruction.

OLIVER YORKE AT PARIS.

A CONVERSATION WITH THE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND UPON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

OLIVER YORKE at Paris! What an announcement! "The Emperor of China from Peking, at Mivart's," could not excite a livelier sensation of astonishment. We can imagine the mere rumour of such a circumstance to fly from place to place with marvellous rapidity; spreading dismay at the Carlton Club, and gladness in Derrynane Abbey; while the hundred-headed Monster of Folly and Impudence—commonly passing under the name of Modern Literature—begins to lift its crest on high, and dream that the sword no longer waves before the Paradise of Fame. Deceitful hopes! these are not days when the Premier of Regina can wile away his morning and noonday hours in sweet talk or pleasant calls; he leaves that to the Premier of William the Fourth. He, meanwhile, goes round the battlements of the city, listening to the distant roar of agitation, that over the far sea

comes heavily booming, and, ever and anon, demanding of them who keep the gates—"Watchman, what of the night?" His eye is every where: with Lord Palmerston in his sublime schemes of foreign policy; with Lord Melbourne, in his learned inquiries into the history of Mary Magdalen; with Bulwer, coquetting with the Duchess de la Valliere, at Acton Priory; with Don Carlos, in Spain; with Dr. Black, in the Strand.

In earlier days, before the deep cares of our present situation sat heavy upon our brows, we had trodden almost every favoured haunt of Europe and the East; we had explored the wonders of the Storzatz mine, in Iceland; had eaten and drunk with Hans Mortensen, in his little island on the Oresund lake; we had stood in awe before the wonderful Geysers—marvels of the north! Germany, too, had unfolded to us all her beauties. Who

but Oliver Yorke sent Sir Francis Head to the Brunns of Nassau; to bathe his limbs in the dark mulligatawny mixture of the waters of Langenschwalbach, or drink in health and beauty from the Pauline spring? Was it not a hint from us that despatched poor Inglis into the Tyrol; that delicious seclusion among the mountains, where the women increase in years and petticoats in equal proportion? Of our researches in Greece, let Colonel Leake and Mr. Hughes speak; of our wanderings in Athens, our illustrations of Plato and the poets—

“Fancy dreams

Rapt into high discourse with prophets
old,

And wandering through Elysium; Fancy
dreams

Of sacred fountains, of o'er-shadowing
groves,

Whose walks with godlike harmony re-
sound—

Fountains which Homer visits.”

AKENSIDE.

No other eminent literary character of the present day, with the exception of the author of *Vathek*, has opened his journals to inspection with equal generosity. We, too, can recall with delight our pilgrimage to the monasteries of Alcobaca; our slumbers in delicious gardens, under bowering foliage—pavilions reared by the spirits of the woods—not unforgetful of the dark eyes that in the moonlight have rained precious influence upon us from many a lattice-window. The bard of Thalaba has not forgotten OLIVER YORKE, among the orange-groves of Cintra. “If there be an Eden upon earth, it is this—it is this!” It was like passing a week with Horace at his Sabine Farm. Some day we shall publish, in a becoming form, these stories of our wanderings in many lands—our meditations in the Coliseum, our adventures in the Apennines, our dreams at Vallombrosa. We can see Mr. Bentley’s eyes glisten at the thought! “Colburn and Bentley,” we should have said; but Fate has divided these literary Twins, and they are now blowing their rival trumpets with unwearied energy, protected from all darts of the foe by vizors of brass. But in what manner they contrive to escape from each other’s onset we may well feel anxious to learn, when we remember

the *nature* of their weapons, and the exploits of a certain Hebrew, whose name was Sampson! At any rate, between the Wits and the Humourists, their monthly labours, there is reason to apprehend, will constitute a real and remarkable mis—sell—any. Many a sweet legend, too, have we to tell of pleasant pilgrimages through the gardens of England. Who more at home on British ground than OLIVER YORKE? whether in the valleys of verdant Devon, to which our friend, Mrs. Bray, has recently given us so agreeable a guide; or among the romantic solitudes of Derbyshire, where Byron found beauties equal to any thing in Switzerland; or the green glades “mild opening to the golden day,” of the New Forest—delicious seclusion of the woods!

“Where, with her best nurse, Contem-
plation,

She plumes her feathers and lets grow
her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes im-
paired.”

Ere twenty summers had sown the
down upon our cheeks, we had visited
the birth-place and the narrow bed of
every illustrious poet of our country.
Horton,

“Happy fields,
Where Milton dwelt.”

Chertsey,

“Where the last accents flowed from
Cowley’s tongue.”

The green lanes of Weston, the venerable bowers of Woodstock, still brightened by the Morning Star of our poetry; the cottage of Bloomfield, and a hundred more, had all been gazed on with enamoured eye. Scotland, too, had poured all its moors, its lakes, and the stillness of its purple glens, upon our sight; even now, we hear the murmur of the rapid Spey rolling through Regent Street, and the sighing of the wind in the fir-trees of Gordon Castle. Those were glorious days, when OLIVER YORKE was in his shooting jacket; when, like Chrysostom, he took Aristophanes for a pillow, and had Wordsworth for a constant companion:

“Methinks, that to some vacant her-
mitage

My feet would rather turn ; to some dry
 nook
 Scoop'd out of living rock, and near a
 brook
 Hurl'd from a mountain cone, from stage
 to stage,
 Yet tempering for my sight its bustling
 rage,
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool,
 Thence creeping under forest - arches
 cool,
 Fit haunts of shapes whose glorious
 equipage
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen
 bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be,
 Crisp yellow leaves, my bed ; the hoot-
 ing owl
 My night-watch : nor should e'er the
 crested fowl
 From thorp or rill his matin sound for
 me,
 Tired of the world, and all its industry."

Such are the aspirations of many a poet's heart, "in populous city pent," and burning to escape from the "hum of men;" and who more prepared to flee to such a hermitage than OLIVER YORKE, whose riper years do not "upbraid the green;" by whom the altars of the Rural Nymphs have never been forsaken—whether listening to the reed of Theocritus, or rapt into ecstasy by Milton's strain of a higher mood. But even he with whom the Heroic Muses dwelt,

"The lowliest duties on himself did lay."

So does OLIVER YORKE descend from the heaven of imagination among the throng of men.

Let us illustrate our situation by a story we have somewhere read:—The Russians have a method of criticising persons in office, which, if not so effective as a leader in the *Times*, is hardly less ingenious. In the following example, the military genius of Prince P. is unfavourably contrasted with that of Count R. A sort of comparison between that Hudibrastic hero, General Evans, and the Duke of Wellington. Saint Nicholas, according to the legend, was solacing himself in sleep, among the celestial hosts, when a great noise was heard in heaven; at which the saint awoke, and, calling to the angel Gabriel, exclaimed,—“Gabriel, what is the matter?” The angel replied, “Thy Russians are at war with the Turks.” “Who commands my Russians?” inquired the saint. “Count R.” said

Gabriel. “I am content,” replied Saint Nicholas, and covered his head with the counterpane. But a louder noise speedily arose; at which the saint started up, calling with a loud voice, “Gabriel! Gabriel! what is the matter now?” “Thy Russians and the Turks are again at war,” said the angel. “Who now commands my Russians?” demanded Nicholas. “Prince P.” returned the angel. “Prince P.!” exclaimed the saint. “Zounds! Gabriel! then give me my boots, for I must go myself.” This little apologue is not without its application. Who should lead on the charge of the Frasersians but OLIVER YORKE? who, even among that immortal band, could hope to supply his place—albeit

“In adamantine armour cased.”

These thoughts passed rapidly through our mind, when a second letter from one of the late ministers of Louis Philippe, re-urging a brief visit to the capital, was delivered to us by a servant of the ambassador. “Five or six days will be sufficient!” As we repeated the words, a sensation of pleasure at the prospect of a new ministry, satisfactorily arranged through our intervention, diffused itself over the bosom; and we thought of the great men who, to the highest efforts of literary genius, had added political activity;—Cowley, and Dante, and Milton, rose up to confirm our resolution, and the evening of the following day found us at Dessins’, dreaming upon him, whose sojourn in that hotel is still commemorated by the inscription—“*This is Sterne’s room.*” But ours was no Sentimental Journey to Paris; on other thoughts intent—the dignity of England—the continued pacification of Europe. Yet, as we drew nigh to that wondrous city, the days came back upon our heart when we wandered along the banks of the Seine, dining upon its delicious fish, and kidneys stewed in champagne. Apartments had been engaged at Meurice’s for us and our suite, and a deputation from the Institute was waiting to receive us. After listening to a few good-humoured anecdotes about Lord Brougham, and a little pleasant criticism of his French pronunciation, we adjourned to the Hotel of M. de —, where the Viscount de Chateaubriand was waiting to present his *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*. We had long known and

esteemed the genius of the writer, and gladly undertook to pass an hour in the following day, over the contents of his work. What the viscount thought of our eloquence we shall not mention; but there is a passage in the *Phædo* of Plato, which expresses it very accurately.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

I rejoice to find the *Essai* in your hands.

YORKE.

A translation of Milton was a task not unworthy of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*. Who, indeed, but might rejoice in devoting all his labour, and contributing all the wealth of his intellect, to the building and the embellishment of a temple for the habitation of the Genius of English Poetry! It had been well if you had adhered strictly to the worship of Milton; by attempting to fill the niches in the temple with memorials of the other illustrious men of his country, you have only displayed the slightness of your acquaintance with our history. You say, indeed, that you have read all that the composition of your work required of you; and you enumerate, among others, Warton, Evans, Jones, Ellis; the collections of poets, the mysteries of MSS.; yet, with all these helps, and all this diligence, your Essay upon English Literature contains nothing that might not have twinkled in the pages of the *New Monthly*, or trickled along the tumid columns of *England and the English*. It may become Mr. Colburn, in his character of Encourager of Literature, the Mæcenas of Great Marlborough Street, to send out these crude and imperfect ruminations in two goodly volumes, at the price of twenty-four shillings—more than the charge for nine numbers of *REGINA*! but the author of *Atala* must have blushed at the impertinence. In an essay upon the literature of a nation, we do not need old sketches—new coloured—of the great men who shine in its annals; to be told that Dante was the glory of Italy; that Cervantes still lives in Spain; that the lyre of Portugal sleeps in the tomb of Camoens; that Shakespeare was “Fancy’s child,” that Corneille often walked in the sandals of Æschylus. The great Rivers of Poetry have been, long ago, traced back to their fountains. The mysterious sources have been disco-

vered; and they may now roll on their depth of waters, freshening and glittering as they flow, without calling every idler to their flowery banks. It is to the streams that branch off from them in every direction, diffusing beauty and fertility in many a secluded region, that the poetical inquirer’s attention should be directed; but of these streams I fear that you have never drunk. The *Pleasures of Imagination*, by Akenside, you say wants imagination; and Stillingfleet’s Poem upon Conversation could only have been composed among a people who knew not how to produce it. You recall the *Shipwreck* of Falconer, the *Deserted Village* and *Traveller* of Goldsmith, the *Creation* of Blackmore, the *Judgment of Hercules*, by Shenstone. You content yourself with naming Dyer and Denham; and conclude the section by recommending for perusal the *Complaint of a Poet*, by Dyer, the author of “Grongar Hill;” and the *Fleece*, by Otway; and the *Wanderer*, by Savage. You notice the *Actor*, by Lloyd; omitting the *Rosciad* of Churchill. The *Art of Poetry*, by Francis, glimmers in the list beside King’s *Art of Cookery*! And is it thus that the passage of English literature, from the spirit of classicism to that of the eighteenth century, is to be characterised? One remark, indeed, deserves quotation. “Gay, le fabuliste,” you say, “faisait représenter son *Beggar*, dont le héros est un voleur et l’héroïne une prostituée. Le *Beggar* est l’original de nos mélodrames d’aujourd’hui.” But in this acknowledgment you deprive the purveyors of the Parisian drama of their just claims to original invention: they have copied the robbery and the prostitution, with the addition of murder and of incest. To return, for a moment, to Akenside. To a French romanticist he may appear destitute of imagination, for his poetry is usually intelligible; but other eyes will discover grandeur in the pictures of Brutus rising

“Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar’s fate,”—

and of the Persian Despot crouching like a slave before the lightning of the spear lifted by the Genius of Greece. These are historical scenes, painted by a master’s hand: and can you trace no imagination in the following burst

of feeling — no rolling of the eye from heaven to earth in a fine madness—

“When lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunder rocks
the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from her lowest bed,
Heaves her tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks
abroad,
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades.”

The versification of Akenside is peculiar and characteristic; it wants the majesty of Milton, the beautiful facility of Shakespeare, or Spenser's harmony of numbers; but it is frequently sweet, uninvolved, and musical, and seems to have formed the model of some of the most successful blank verse of modern times: occasionally, he condenses a thought, with great spirit, into a line

“To urge bold Virtue's unremitted
nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate.”
And again,
“Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive
crowns
The gate.”

Akenside's talents were essentially rhetorical and declamatory: I think, that as a satirist, or didactic-writer in heroic verse, he would have attained high distinction. His *Epistle to Curio* combines the nerve and indignation of Dryden with the point of Pope;—the polish of the sword is equal to the temper. But while I have thus endeavoured to shew the erroneousness of your judgment, I am not blind to the faults of the poet; he is cold, stately, and devoid of sensibility and love of nature. I think he wandered oftener in the academe with Plato, than along the field-paths of an English village. Never could the sweet description by William Browne of the mirthful sparrows

“Beating the ripe grain from the bearded ear,”

have fallen from his pen. He very

rarely allows you to forget that he was a poet in silk stockings, and wore a large wig, and carried a long sword. The story about his fondness of sitting by moonlight in St. James's Park, and gazing upon Westminster Abbey, does not tell much for his love of Gothic architecture. I wish his insensibility had not extended beyond the charms of nature. I am afraid he had a hard heart; and, unfortunately, in his situation of first physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, he had abundant opportunities of gratifying his severity of temper. Upon one occasion, we are informed, he was so enraged at the inability of a patient to swallow some bark boluses he had prescribed, that he ordered him to be discharged, observing, that he should not die under his care. While the sick man was being removed he expired.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Can this be true?

YORKE.

I wish I could disbelieve it; but the name of Pettigrew forbids incredulity. One example, however, of poetical sensibility he has given in that charming picture of the mother sitting with her children round the hearth, during the absence of her husband, who left his home in the morning.

“The moon is down, and dark the road,
She sighs, and wonders at his stay!”

These are the lines that ensure immortality. You are correct in dating one of the great revolutions of our poetry from the publication of Spenser's poem, which you venture to pronounce cold and fatiguing, and not so agreeable or interesting to you as his treatise upon Ireland.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

But I have acknowledged the brilliancy of his imagination, the fertility of his invention, the abundant melody of his rhythm.

YORKE.

Yet this is measured praise for that Queen at whose appearance

“Oblivion laid him down on Laura's
hearse.”

Yet the dramatists receive harder measure at your hands than he who warbled his “wood-notes wild.” In arriving at the name of Shakspeare, you say—
“Je cite seulement ici pour mémoire

Every Man, joué sous Henri VIII, L'Aiguille de la Mère Garton, par Stell, en 1551. Les auteurs dramatiques contemporains du Shakspeare étaient Robert Greene, Heywood, Decker, Rowley, Peal, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher: *jacet oratio*. Pourtant la comédie du *For* et celle de l'*Alchimiste*, de Ben Jonson, sont encore estimées." This is, indeed, rather a meagre view of our dramatic poetry. But of all these, the *For* and the *Alchemist* of rare Ben are still in repute! Have you forgotten (a writer who had read all that could be required of a commentator upon English literature, cannot be unacquainted with its poetry) the *David and Bathsheba* of Peal, in which the Dramatic Muse seems to appear, for the first time, upon the English stage, in the company of the Graces; or the *Maid of Fressingfield*, by his unfortunate friend, Greene, abounding in scenes of happy simplicity and unaffected tenderness; or the fine philosophy and humour of Chapman; the wit, softened by a thoughtful pathos, of Decker; the chastened taste of Beaumont; the luxuriant dreams of Fletcher, whose *Faithful Shepherdess* might be bound up with *Comus*! Who that had ever read the *Maid's Tragedy*, could exclaim—*Jacet oratio*! But how many contemporary names are entirely omitted! Where is the fiery Marston—the Juvenal of the drama? or Webster, whose pencil has delineated some of the most terrific features of misery and crime, in the *White Devil* and the *Duchess of Malfy*? or Marlowe, with his *Bow of Pearl and Crystal Quiver*? his fancy (to borrow a metaphor from our Prose Poet, Jeremy Taylor), rich and many-coloured as a dove's neck in the sunshine; his language, voluptuous and beautiful; and breathing the breath of Cytherea and the gardens of Paphos. Now, indeed, we may cry—*Jacet oratio*!

CHATEAUBRIAND.

But Milton formed the principal object of my labours.

YORKE.

To him, then, let us pass. The composition of the *Paradise Lost* stands alone in literary history. It was begun in blindness, pursued under many and various difficulties, and, if not with "dangers compassed round," yet in darkness and solitude. But, during this protracted night, the Enchanter

was at work, hewing from the "diamond quarries," the "reeks of gold;" until, at length, the cloud of mystery melted away, and the gigantic Structure rose in its resplendent beauty before the astonished eyes of men. The enthusiasm which distinguishes every true poet, in a greater or less degree, assumes, in the Christian Bard, that higher character of zeal which Milton, in one of his Prose Works, compares to a warrior, of ethereal substance, armed in complete diamond, and driving the flaming wheels of his chariot over the scarlet pride of power. A noble metaphor, and finely illustrative of the indomitable energy of a high mental devotion, triumphing over every obstacle, breaking down every barrier that obstructs the pathway to the goal; braving every peril, enduring every privation. Enthusiasm like this supports itself, teaching the soul to satisfy its cravings out of its own veins, during the dreary pilgrimage along the desert. This was the zeal of Columbus and of Milton; both men endowed with rare faculties; both men of rich imagination; both cheered by the internal light of their own lofty imaginings! For is it not beautiful to think how often the forsaken Wanderer of the Sea must have been soothed by visions of that gorgeous land, which destiny seemed to withhold from his exertions? streets of gold, and glades glittering with fruits of Paradise, must often have flashed upon his slumbering and waking eyes. And how often did Milton escape from the narrow boundaries of his garden-house, to roam through the cedarn valleys of Eden, or build up the emerald columns of the Celestial City; until the thick night encompassing his outward body, brightened into the glow of a summer day with the ambrosial plumes of angelic visitants, and the air was charmed with music from unearthly lyres.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Such zeal as that illuminated the dungeon of Tasso.

YORKE.

It shines into every cell. Imprisonment could not deprive Boëthius of the *Consolations of Philosophy*, nor Raleigh of his eloquence, nor Davenant of his muse, nor Chaucer of his mirth; nor the loss of a hand at Lepanto, nor five years' slavery at Algiers, deaden the wit of Cervantes.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

We meet with a considerable portion of the religious zeal you have mentioned in some of the Spanish poets; and in none under a more attractive form than in the sweet and fervid strains of Ponce de Leon, who combined, with an Horatian facility and grace, an earnest gravity and passionate calmness of expression, not unlike your own Crashaw. But, returning to Milton: how seldom is the poet's connexion with the Puritans properly appreciated! how seldom are those extraordinary individuals treated with sufficient justice! Their military successes cannot be contemplated without amazement. Inexperienced in the science of strategy, they started, nevertheless, into some of the most valiant and fortunate soldiers the world had ever seen. The blast of a single trumpet caused every village-thicket to blaze with the sword and the arquebuse; the ploughshare might be said to be beaten into a sword, and hands in which had hitherto shone only the sickle among the sheaves of autumn, then grasped, with invincible courage, the weapons of death. The impetuous onset of these men dismayed the hearts of the cavaliers, practised from their youth in all the exercises of war, and scattered, with terror and slaughter, the flower of the British chivalry on the plains of Marston Moor. In them zeal, supplied the want of almost every other qualification.

YORKE.

Their history is, indeed, exceedingly interesting; not less from their peculiar character than from the influence they exerted over the literary feelings of their day, and the cloud of obloquy under which for so many years they have been hidden. But in this there is nothing anomalous. Popular opinion, like the sea, which it too often resembles in its violence and agitation, has also its flux and reflux always keeping in a corresponding ratio. Thus it was at the Restoration. The nation, it has been well said, was mad with loyalty. The returning monarch had, indeed, performed nothing worthy of renown; he had achieved no victory, not even over his own mind; he had bound himself to the hearts of his subjects by no exploits of heroism—no acts of generosity—no spectacles of virtue. But the country opened her

arms to him; the nation took him to her bosom. Then it was, that to those who gazed from amid the brilliancy and intoxication of a national carnival upon the austere simplicity of the declining Puritans, their peculiar habits of thought and expression presented a ludicrous appearance. The change of government brought in a change of literature; one revolution was almost immediately followed by another. The enthusiastic zeal and inflaming devotion, which breathed throughout so much of the prose and poetry of that period, were replaced by the festive songs of Sedley, the sparkling dialogue of Wycherly, and the abandoned irony of Rochester. Genius lent its aid to the crusade against the Puritans, and Butler delighted the world with the adventures of Hudibras. Thus, poetry, which the most illustrious man of that age regarded as a divine instrument to imbue and cherish in the national heart the seeds of virtue, to allay the tumults of the mind, to regulate the affections, and to celebrate the mercy and the omnipotence of God, was diverted from its proper objects. The Lyre was taken from the Temple to the Theatre; and the popular feelings were carried along the glittering stream of gaiety and pleasure.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

But to return to graver thoughts again with redoubled vigour—

YORKE.

After a season, indeed; but, through what difficulties, and interrupted by how many struggles! Prejudice is a giant of rapid growth. Even Milton, after sending out that Poem which has bound up his name with the life of our language, was known by many of the most eminent men of his times, only as the blind old schoolmaster, and the adder that spat poison on the king's person. Hobbes, who had experienced adversity in his own person, had a sneer for the Man of the Commonwealth. OLIVER YORKE will not be suspected of any admiration of the principles of the Puritans; but still, he is willing to believe that, to their severe system of religion and of morals, we are, most probably, indebted for the sublimest poem in our language; that the world owes to Puritanism the *Paradise Lost*! The early study of Milton had led him to the flowery haunts of Italian song, and to the works of the famous renowners of Beatrice and

Laura; there, too, he betook himself; as he has told us, to the solemn cantos of chivalrous romance, and looked forward to immortalise his name with the loves of Angelica, or the exploits of Arthur. But sterner visions broke upon his eyes,—a mightier task rose up in dim grandeur before him. Devoting his mind no longer to the charms of the Grecian or the Tuscan Muse, he kindled his lips with the fire of a more sacred altar, and consecrated all his energies to the celebration, in glorious and lofty hymns, of the Throne and Equipage of God's Almighty. To Puritanism we owe the *Paradise Lost*!

CHATEAUBRIAND.

But surely, under any circumstances we should have had a splendid work from him so "long choosing, and beginning late."

YORKÉ.

Undoubtedly we should. Some strain of eloquent and illuminated learning which the world would not willingly let die; a story, perhaps, of Eastern chivalry, endeared to his heart by the lyre of Tasso; or a legend from our own early and fabulous history; or a heart-touching tale of "Pelop's line;" or magnificent hymns, inspired by the Theban Harp. But our eyes would have gazed upon no Garden of Paradise—no arch-angel fallen—no angelic warfare. We might have heard the trumpets of Fontarabia, or slumbered in a Bower of Bliss sweeter than Spenser's; but the Harp of Judah would have been silent! To Puritanism we owe the *Paradise Lost*!

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Let me read you a passage from my translation of Milton:—

"Dans leurs regards divins brillait l'image de leur glorieux auteur, avec la vérité, la sagesse, la sainteté sévère et pure; sévère, mais placée dans cette véritable liberté filiale, d'où vient la véritable autorité dans les hommes. Ils ne sont pas égaux, comme leur sexe n'est pas semblable: LUI formé pour la contemplation et le courage; ELLE pour la mollesse et la douce grâce séduisante: LUI pour Dieu seulement; ELLE pour Dieu en LUI. Le beau large front de l'homme et son œil sublime déclaraient son suprême puissance; ses cheveux d'hyacinthe, partagés autour de son front, pendent en grappe d'une manière mâle, mais non au-dessous de ses larges épaules. La femme porte comme un

voile sa chevelure, d'or qui descend éparse et sans ornement jusqu'à sa ceinture déliée; ses tresses roulent en capricieux anneaux, comme la vigne replie ses attaches; ce qui implique la dépendance, mais une dépendance avec un doux empire—par la femme accordée, par l'homme mieux reçue; accordée avec une soumission modeste, un décent orgueil, une tendre résistance,—amoureux délai!"

"In their looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, serene and pure,

Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
Whence true authority in men: though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;

He for God only, she for God in him;
His fair large front and eye sublime,
declair'd

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forehead manly hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,

As the vine curls her tendrils; which implied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,

And by her yielded, by him best received;

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,

And sweet, reluctant, arrous delay."

YORKÉ.

Here is a delicious picture; complete, finished, beautiful. It is so, with very few exceptions, throughout his poems: you could neither add to the painting, nor take from it, without injury. Unlike his Italian masters, he knows where to stop—never piling simile upon simile, to shew his ingenuity, like Marino, or crowding figures into the canvass to prove his invention. Compare him in this respect with any great poet, except Dante, and mark the difference. Look, for instance, at his imitator, Klopstock, whom Coleridge called a very German Milton indeed. Turn to the passage in the *Messiah*, where he gives the oath of Jehovah and our Saviour upon Mount Moria, the one to perform, the other to accept, the atonement:

“ While spake the Eternal,
 Thrill'd through nature an awful earthquake. Souls that had never
 Known the dawning of thought, now started, and felt for the first time.
 Shudders and tremblings of heart assail'd each seraph ; his bright orb,
 Hush'd, as the earth when tempests are nigh, beside him was pausing.
 But in the souls of future Christians vibrated transports ;
 Sweet foretastes of immortal existence. Foolish against God
 Aught to have planned or done, and alone yet alive to despondence,
 Fell from their thrones in the fiery abysses the Spirits of Evil ;
 Rocks broke loose from their smouldering caverns, and fell on the falling ;
 Howlings of wo, far thundering crashes, resounded through hell's vaults.”

This passage, versified in a metre corresponding to the original, is, as Mr. Taylor of Norwich remarks, an epitome of the poet's powers and feelings. The idea of all worlds in the universe stopping on their axles, to the alarm of the directing seraphs, is the insuperable of sublimity ; and had this grand thought, he says, been presented

by itself in simple singleness, it would have compelled a pause of awe. It might then have been placed by the noble painting of Divine Majesty in the *Ilind*, where Olympus bows beneath the nod of the Almighty. The same fault of amplification extends to the striking picture of the tempter's approach to Judas, in the same poem :

“ So at the midnight hour draws nigh to the slumbering city
 Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad spread wings, lurks under the rampart
 Death, bale-breathing. As yet unalarm'd the inhabitants wander ;
 Close to his nightly lamp the sage yet watches ; and high friends,
 Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter of odorous bowers,
 Talk of the soul and of friendship, and weigh their immortal duration.
 But too soon shall frightful death, in a day of affliction,
 Pouncing, over them spread ; in a day of mourning and anguish :
 When, with wringing of hands, the bride for the bridegroom loud wails —
 When, now of all her children bereft, the desperate mother,
 Furious, curses the day on which she bore, and was born — when
 Weary, with hollow eye, amid the carcasses, totter
 Even the buriers. Till the sent Death-Angel, descending
 Thoughtful on thunder-clouds, beholds all lonesome and silent,
 Gazes the wide desolation, and long broods over the graves, fixed.”

CHATEAUBRIAND.

That is a noble passage, though diluted.

YORKE.

You have characterised the *Paradise Regained* as *une œuvre de lassitude*.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Mais calme et belle.

YORKE.

Critics are fond of measuring it with *Paradise Lost* ; but the poems cannot properly be compared. They are both admirable, in a different manner. One has the dignity of a perfect whole ; the other looks like a beautiful fragment. Why Milton should have deemed the redemption of man completed by the temptation, it would be difficult to explain. But it may be remarked, that an opinion prevailed among many of the elder divines, that a diminution of Satan's power upon earth was the immediate and necessary result of our Lord's victory in the wilderness. If Milton had extended his view over the entire history of our Saviour, through

his miracles and sufferings, and finally dipped his pencil in the darkness and eclipse of the last tremendous agony, *Paradise Regained* would, perhaps, have excelled its older rival. With all its imperfections, however, we see in it only Milton inferior to himself, circumscribed by the narrow limits which he had assigned to his imagination, and fettered by the realities he had to portray. The very nature of the subject was perpetually forcing him into a sort of self-antagonism. Satan and his infernal peers were already exhibited in *Paradise Lost*, with a splendour and sublimity unequalled in poetry. There we behold “ hell's dread emperor,” with “ fiery globe of seraphim enclosed,” while the hollow abyss resounds with the blasts of martial trumpets, and the terrible gloom is illumined by the flaming swords of fallen cherubim, and the burning surge dashes on the beach of sulphur. All that the most lofty invention could accomplish, to bring before our eyes the shadow of a celes-

tial world, had already been performed. We had been carried, on the wings of his imagination, into the pure empyrean, and among the sanctities of heaven; we had seen the empurpled pavement, that "like a sea of jasper shone," and the gates of pearl, and the battlements of crystal; we had heard the "pre-ambles sweet" from ten thousand thousand golden harps breaking into jubilee; and the river of bliss

"Rolls on Elysian flowers her amber stream."

But *Paradise Regained* has its own beauties, of a milder and more reflective character. "All in this poem," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "wears a sober, serene majesty, like the mellow light of the moon in a calm autumnal evening." The comparison is not inappropriate, and expresses the sublime dignity and the calm consciousness of power pervading the composition. The *Paradise Regained* contains individual passages of uncommon splendour. Listen to the following description of the tempest that broke upon our Saviour in the wilderness:

"Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in lowering night,
Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind,

After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever under some concourse of shades,

Whose branching arms, thick intertwin'd,
might shield

From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;

But, shelter'd, slept in vain—for at his head

The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams

Disturb'd his sleep. And either tropic now

Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,

From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd
Fierce rain, with lightning mix'd—water with fire

In ruin reconciled. Nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad

From the four hinges of the world, and fell

On the vex'd wilderness; whose tallest pines,

Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,

Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,

Or torn up sheer. All wast thou shrouded then,

O patient Son of God! yet only stood'st Unshaken. Nor yet stay'd the terror there:

Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou

Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!

Thus pass'd the Night so foul, till Morning fair

Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice gray;

Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar

Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds

And grisly spectres which the fiend had raised

To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the sun with more effectual beams

Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet

From drooping plant or dropping tree; the birds,

Who all things now behold more fresh and green,

After a night of storm so ruinous, Clear'd up their choicest notes in hush and spray,

To gratulate the sweet return of morn."

Warton remarks that this picture of morning contains some of the most beautiful lines ever written by Milton. It was a remembrance of his early wanderings in the pleasant neighbourhood of Morton, and still glows with all the freshness of vernal beauty. The great defect of the poem, as I have already intimated, arises from the imperfectness and incompleteness of the action. Warburton properly remarks the unhappiness of the plan which deprives the poet of the opportunity of driving Satan back again to hell, from his new conquests in the air. This imperfection is the more to be regretted, because an excellent termination would have been supplied by the Resurrection.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

In none of his works does the spirit of Milton look out with so much of its natural fierceness and independence as from *Samson Agonistes*; it is evidently a transcript of his own feelings at the Restoration; "the blaze of a mind as gigantic as Samson's form and strength."

How deeply sounds the voice of the old man, fallen upon evil days, in this noble apostrophe—

“God of our fathers! what is man,
That thou towards him with hand so
various,

Or might I say contrarious,
Temper’st thy providence through his
short course

Not evenly, as thou rulest
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures
mute,

Irrational and brute?

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly—
Heads without name, no more remem-
ber’d;

But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn’d,
To some great work,—thy glory,
And people’s safety, which in part they
effect.

Yet towards these, thus dignified, thou
oft,

Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand,
with no regard

Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of
service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dis-
mission;

But throw’st them lower than thou didst
exalt high,

Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane; their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change
of times.

And condemnation of the ungrateful
multitude.

If these they scape, perhaps in poverty,
With sickness and disease, thou bow’st
them down,

Painful diseases, and deform’d,
In crude old age.”

It is impossible not to perceive in these noble complaints the poet’s gall-
ing sense of his own sufferings.

YORKE.

I cannot contemplate the *Samson Agonistes* with satisfaction, for it recalls the political character of Milton to my memory; and we forget the poet, who wandered by the flowery brooks of Sion, in the harsh secretary of Cromwell and the violent enemy of his sovereign. How the heart shrinks from the intemperate hater of the church, praying for “a dead sea of subversion” to overwhelm the prelacy, as a monster under

“whose tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish.” His zeal even drove him to attack, with all the gall of puritanical bitterness, the amiable and gifted Bishop Hall. The poet, the preacher, and the Christian, were forgotten in the hated author of the *Humble Remonstrance*. I have been astonished to find you echoing his slighting opinion of this great man. The writer of the *Contemplations* requires not even the good word of OLIVER YORKE, for his name will perish only with his land’s language, and his divine eloquence be only forgotten when Juliet and Hamlet have faded from the memory of men. Perhaps the history of literature contains no dawn of promise so brilliant as that of Hall. His *Satires*, produced at the age of twenty-three, are a wonderful effort of youthful intellect. Gray, a learned as well as a fastidious judge, thought them full of poetry and life; and Pope, who found in them the truest specimens of satire in the language, once entertained the intention of clothing them, as he had previously presented the uncouth rhymes of Donne, in a modern dress. Warton was informed by the Bishop of Gloucester, that in Pope’s copy the first satire of the sixth book was corrected in the poet’s own handwriting, and that he had written at the beginning, “*Optima satira*.” It was well that Pope never carried his plan into execution. Hall has many verses which even the English Boileau could not have improved; and all the satires breathe an energy and force, highly characteristic of an early Dryden. He draws a picture with a firm and nervous pencil. Just look for a moment at the sketch of an old mansion deserted; it has the reality of Crabbe, with the delicacy and poetic pensiveness of Cowper:

“Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow
sound,

With double echoes, doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing
see:

All dumb and silent like the dead of
night,

Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite!
The marble pavement hid with desert
weed,

With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hem-
lock seed.

Look to the tower’d chimneys, which
should be

The windpipes of good hospitalité ;
Lo, there the unthankful swallow takes
her rest,
And fills the tunnel with her circled
nest."

And this was the man whom Milton
could attack for undertaking a task
"with weak shoulders!"

CHATEAUBRIAND.

How different the sacred poetry of
Milton to that of Young !

YORKE.

You certainly have been unjust to
the author of the *Night Thoughts*, who,
you say, has founded a bad school, and
shewn himself to be a bad master. But
Young never obtained a school, for he
has had no imitators. It would be
impossible to name in English poetry
a single work modelled upon the plan
of the *Night Thoughts*.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Let me repeat a part of my criticism.
"Il dût une partie de sa première
réputation au tableau que présente
l'ouverture de ses Nuits. Un ministre
du Tout-Puissant, un vieux père,
qui a perdu sa fille unique, s'éveille
au milieu de la nuit pour gémir sur
des tombeaux ; il associe à la Mort, au
Temps, et à l'Eternité ; la seule chose
que l'homme ait de grand en soi-même,
la Douleur, ce tableau trappe. Mais
avancez un peu, quand l'imagination,
éveillée par le début du poète, a déjà
créé un monde de pleurs et de rêveries,
vous ne trouvez rien de ce qu'on vous
a promis. Vous voyez un homme qui
tourmente son esprit pour enfanter des
idées tendres et tristes, et qui n'arrive
qu'à philosophie morose. Young,
que le fantôme du monde poursuit
jusqu'aux milieu des tombeaux, ne
décide, dans ses declamations sur la
mort, qu'une ambition trompée ; il
prend son humeur pour de la melan-
cholie. Point de naturel dans sa sen-
sibilité, d'idéal dans sa douleur ; c'est
toujours une main pesante qui se traîne
sur la lyre."

YORKE.

It was a heavy hand, also, that struck
those solemn notes of anguish upon
the sacred harp of Jeremiah. But, let
Young's object in the composition of
his great poem be properly understood.
We are told by Dr. Warton, that he
wrote in direct opposition to Pope's
estimate of life in the *Essay on Man*,
which he regarded as an attempt to
render men contented with their pre-
sent condition, without indulging any

aspirations after another. He laboured,
therefore, in the *Night Thoughts*, by
undervaluing all human advantages, to
fix the heart more firmly on the rewards
of immortality. I know nothing in our
literature more impressive than the
opening of the poem. All nature is
asleep—the leaden sceptre of night
has been stretched over the world—

"Silence, how dread ! and darkness, how
profound !

Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a
pause."

The mourner alone wakes to weep,
while Thought,

"Through the dark postern of time long
elapsed,
Led softly by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer,"

creeps forth to meet the ghosts of its
departed joys ; and the reader, rapt
into the vision of the bard, seems to
wander by his side on the

"Silent shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

But one of your own poets complains
that the *Night Thoughts* present nothing
of entertaining succession ; that the
poem excites no anticipation as it
proceeds.

YORKE.

By the universal consent of criticism,
it has been determined that the great
object of poetry is pleasure ; but, in
religious poetry, at least, there is a
higher object still, *improvement* : and
to this Young particularly alludes in
his brief preface, where he explains
his work to differ from "the common
mode of poetry, which is from long
narrations to draw short morals." Here,
on the contrary, the narrative is short,
and the morality arising from it makes
the bulk of the poem." It thus becomes
ennobled by the dignity of a religious
exhortation. Dr. Southey thinks that
he views life only on its dismal side,
and tears up by the roots every source
of consolation that his own belief does
not supply. It could, indeed, have
been wished that he had more fre-
quently suffered the gloomy clouds to
turn out their "silver lining on the
night." But his rejection of all topics
of consolation, except those derived
from the promises of the Gospel, was
perfectly in harmony with his theme,

and forms, in fact, one of his most important characteristics. Certainly, in no volume of our sacred poetry is the efficacy of a Christian's faith more powerfully demonstrated. With this mighty engine he batters down, as it were, the ghastly precipice that flings so terrible a shadow over the Valley of Death. It has been objected to the *Elegy* of Gray, that we cannot read it without a sensation of despondency: there is no sunshine after death; it shews the dark side only of mortality. But the muse of Young is not obnoxious to a like censure: the sweetest tones of her harp are awakened to accompany the departing Christian; the fairest flowers of her garden are bound upon his tomb. An angel of peace sits ever, in his verse, by the pillow of the righteous:

“Our dying friends are pioneers to
smooth

Our rugged pass to death; to break
those bars

Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way.”—*Night III.*

The remark of Johnson, that the power of the *Night Thoughts* is in the whole, has been ingeniously combated by Mr. Campbell, but, as it appears to me, under a misapprehension of the critic's meaning. By saying that the power was in the whole, he alluded to the prevailing air of grandeur and sublimity. Particular lines of weakness or inelegance were not to be regarded, any more than the grotesque carvings in one of our Gothic cathedrals, which are lost in the venerable and majestic antiquity of the entire structure.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

The classicists cannot number Young in their party.

YORKE.

He seems in his later years to have abandoned the study of books. Johnson expressed his opinion to Boswell, that Young was not a great scholar, and that he had never studied regularly the art of writing. He said that he was once invited to meet him at the house of Richardson, for the purpose of hearing the poet read his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, and he was surprised to find him receive as novelties what he thought very common maxims. The works of Young confirm this remark. Perhaps no man ever wrote so much, and borrowed so little. His materials, like his style, belong to himself alone. The learning of his recent editor has

collected no parallel passages to illustrate the text. Unlike his great predecessor, Milton, his footsteps are rarely or never to be traced in the paths of the old mythology, or among the flowers of Tuscan song. His illustrations are all furnished by deep meditation, and watchful observance of manners and life. He is one of the most original, because one of the most thoughtful, of poets. To the beauties of nature very few allusions are contained in his poems, yet he was attached to horticultural pursuits; and one of the pleasantest passages in *The Centaur not Fabulous*, is in praise of a garden. The poetical taste of the day was artificial and foreign, and encouraged none of those sweet touches of rural description which are so thickly scattered over the poetry of the preceding century. If Young gathered a flower from the field, it generally lost its beauty by the way. Thus, in the well-known apostrophe to the “Queen Lilies and the painted Populace,” his mind is evidently with the palace of St. James. Of his eccentricity, a very ludicrous story is narrated by Pope: “My supper was as singular as my dinner: it was with a great poet and ode-maker—that is, a great poet out of his wits or out of his way. He came to me very hungry—not for want of a dinner (for that I should make no jest of), but having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broiled relics of a shoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade-bone. He professed he never tasted so exquisite a thing—begged me to tell him what joint it was—wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables; and desired to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same for the future. And yet, this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half a dozen heroes, and quartered five or six miserable lives in every tragedy he has written.” In this exaggerated account, something like irritation may be traced. I believe the friendship that subsisted between Young and his illustrious contemporary to have been very far from cordial.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Was this a specimen of his usual manners?

YORKE.

Certainly not. Young did not carry into life the melancholy of his poetry. When Boswell observed to the poet's

son that he had heard of the cheerfulness of his father: "Sir," he said, "he was too well-bred a man not to be cheerful in company, but he was gloomy when alone: he never was cheerful after my mother's death, and he had met with many disappointments." In happier days, he was the delight of every society in which he mingled. Of his conversational powers we possess, unfortunately, very few specimens; but every fragment is precious. To Boswell we are indebted for the following: "The late Mr. James Ralph," he says, "told Lord Macartney that he once passed an evening at the house of Lord Melcomb, then Mr. Doddington, at Hammersmith. The doctor happening to go into the garden, Mr. Doddington observed to him, on his return, that it was a dreadful night, there being a violent storm of rain and wind at the time. 'No, sir,' said Young, '*it is a very fine night,—the Lord is abroad!*'" Spence one day remarked that Cato, in Cicero's treatise on old age, always mentioned planting as the greatest pleasure belonging to it. Young replied that he thought he could mention a greater,—*the looking back on a life well spent*. He has expressed the same sentiment in the *True Estimate of Human Life*: "*I know but of one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty*." An amusing anecdote of the readiness of his wit is given in the same collection. There was a club held at the King's Head, Pall Mall, that arrogantly called itself "The World." Lord Stanhope (afterwards Lord Chesterfield), Lord Herbert, &c. were members. Epigrams were proposed to be written by each member after dinner. Once, when Young was invited there, he wished to decline writing, because he had no diamond. Lord Stanhope lent him his own, and he wrote immediately—

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,—
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil
writ."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

I have quoted his extempore epigram upon Voltaire, ridiculing in his presence Milton's allegory of Death and Sin.

YORKE.

Yes; but I think Warton's version of the epigram is the best:

"You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton's Death
and Sin."

The common version, which you have given, is evidently erroneous:

"At once we think thee Milton, Death,
and Sin."

Young entertained a violent antipathy to the philosopher of Ferney; and, in a letter to Mr. Williams, Feb. 23, 1729, he says, "As to Voltaire, he is content with the contemplation of his own parts, without looking for any other immortality than they shall give him." The Frenchman's vanity was even greater than his wit. He once consulted Young respecting his English essay, requesting him to correct any important errors he might discover. The doctor set to work with great sincerity, marked the exceptionable passages, and, when he shewed them to Voltaire, the author of *Candide* laughed in his face.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

We will break a lance respecting Voltaire at a future period: at present I am anxious to confine myself to your own literature. It was Mrs. Carter, I think, who expressed her disappointment at the conversation of Young, which she pronounced trifling and full of puns.

YORKE.

It was; but a taste for wit or humour was not among the solid endowments of the translator of Epictetus: and I should far rather adopt the opinion of Mrs. Montagu, herself a brilliant talker, who affirmed that Young's unbounded genius appeared to greater advantage in the companion than in the author; that in him the Christian was a character still more inspired, more enraptured, and more sublime, than the poet; and that in his ordinary conversation, like the good parson of Dryden,
"Letting down the golden chains from
high,"

He drew his audience upward to the sky."

It would not be an uninteresting employment to compare the character of Young with Cowper—both of them religious poets, and both equally unrivalled in their peculiar manner.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Burns, Mañon, and Cowper, died during my residence in England, in 1800, and before that period.

YORKE.

In estimating the poetical merits of Cowper, we ought to reflect upon the condition of our poetry at his appearance. Thomson had passed away;

the picturesque fancy of Collins shone only for a brief season, and went out, together with his reason; Gray, with his beautifully wrought compositions—each a costly Mosaic; and Akenside, with his rich but diffuse imagination, bequeathed their lyres to no disciples. Darwin and Hayley were the laureats of the age. The one, by the brilliancy of his picture-poetry, dazzling the eye with a succession of pageants; the other, by the polished elegance and skilful mechanism of his verse, dividing the applause of the literary public. The first addressed himself to the eye, the second to the ear, and neither to the heart. Darwin blazed at once into eminence, and, by the glitter of his fancy and the luxuriance of his versification, succeeded in charming into captivity the purest taste. Even Cowper, in some very graceful verses, expressed his admiration of the

“Sweet harmonist of Flora’s court.”

It was at this apparently inauspicious season that Cowper declared himself a candidate for the crown of song. He at once crossed, it has been said, the enchanted circle; and, by breaking through the barriers between poetry and truth, regained the natural liberty of invention. His admiration of his ancestor, Donne, did not extend to his poetry. He loved simplicity, and all the unaffected graces of nature. Nothing was too homely for his song. He knew that the sweetest honey lay in the bosom of the humblest flowers; and that from the shell we strike with a heedless foot the hand of the Master can draw forth strains of entrancing melody.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

But was not the reception of his first volume cold and unpromising?

YORKE.

It was, indeed; and to this want of cordiality on the part of the public the preface by Newton contributed. Beyond his own immediate circle, no halo rested upon the character of the converted slave-dealer; and no man was prepared to welcome an eminent poet at the hands of the author of *Omicron’s Letters*. It should also be borne in mind that Cowper had lived in seclusion long enough to be forgotten by the literary friends in whose society the student of the temple had laughed away his morning hours; and no snatches of beautiful song had hitherto

broken upon the public ear to remind it of the gentle harp suspended in the hermitage at Olney. The tunes, moreover, were played by an inexperienced hand: the soul of the minstrel was there, but the skill and dexterity of finger were sometimes wanting. In many passages, however, the pencil that designed the delightful scenes of the *Task* was clearly visible. Point out in the poetry of any author a livelier picture than the following:—

“See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
“Blown all aslant—a driving, dashing rain.”

You begin to wish for a “Mackintosh” while you are reading it. There is an image in the *Progress of Error* which seems to me to be particularly striking and ingenious. He is ridiculing the folly of wasting our time in what are vulgarly called innocent amusements.

“Innocent! oh, if venerable Time
Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime.”

His invectives against the licentious novel-writers of the day, and the attack upon Lord Chesterfield, and the modern Petronius, are worked up with uncommon spirit. *Fecit indignatio versus.* *Truth* is in its general tone and colouring not equally pleasing; but it contains one passage, a comparison between Voltaire and a poor lace-maker, so finished and successful that it might be sent to a Poetical Exhibition as a specimen of the author’s happiest manner. Here it hangs, a cabinet picture:

“The path to bliss abounds with many a snare;

Learning is one, and wit, however rare:
The Frenchman first in literary fame
(Mention him, if you please—Voltaire?
The same),

With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily,
and died.

The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew

Bon-mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.
An infidel in health; but what, when sick?
Oh! then a text would touch him to the quick.

View him in Paris in his last career,—
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,

He begs their flattery with his latest breath,

And smother’d in’t at last, is praised to death.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if
 not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the live-long
 day,

Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket
 light.

She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit;
 Receives no praise; but, though her lot
 be such

(Toilsome and indigent), she renders
 much:

Just knows, and knows no more, her
 Bible true,—

A truth the brilliant Frenchman never
 knew;

And in that charter reads with sparkling
 eyes

Her title to a treasure in the skies.

O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!

His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
 He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home;
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers;
 She safe in the simplicity of hers."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Perhaps the *Task* will never be properly
 appreciated in France.

YORKE.

Not until you build a tabernacle for
 the Domestic Virtues. Cowper will
 never be enjoyed in a *restaurateur's*.
 The *Task* possesses a charm shared, I
 think, in an equal degree by no other
 poem of ancient or modern times—
 that of enlisting the sympathy of the
 reader in all the writer's joys, sorrows,
 and amusements. By a most powerful,
 yet gentle, influence, we are carried
 among the scenes he describes, and
 seem to contemplate them under his
 own eye. Perhaps the confessions of
 Rousseau alone awake a similar interest.
 But while we hang with that unhappy
 enthusiast over the bridge, watching
 his tears fall into the water, or behold
 him sinking on his knees before a little
 flower, the recollection of the unwor-
 thiness of the man is never long absent
 from the mind. But to the poet of
 Olney we surrender ourselves, with per-
 fect confidence that the placid stream
 of his verse will bear us to no bowers
 of enchantment or temptation; we
 wander by his side along the banks of
 Thames, feeding

"On scarlet hips or stony haws;"

or gaze with him and the dear com-
 panion of his walks, upon the

"Distant plough slow moving."

His pictures of in-door life make the
 reader one of the family: we see the
 hares "frolic on the floor;" or, seated
 round the glowing hearth, watch the
 parlour-twilight

"With faint illumination that uplifts
 The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering
 flame."

We weave nets with him to protect
 "the bird-alluring fruit," or twine "the
 silken thread round ivory wheels." We
 are never absent from him; but close
 the evening with "a radish and an egg,"
 and a pleasant song from Lady Austen.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Was Cowper always a lover of na-
 ture!

YORKE.

It has been so long the custom to
 attribute Cowper's love of the country
 to the peculiar circumstances of his
 life, that all attempts to correct the
 error appear to be futile. "The love
 of nature," says Mr. Coleridge, "seems
 to have led Thomson to a cheerful re-
 ligion, and a gloomy religion to have
 led Cowper to a love of nature. The
 one carries his fellow men along with
 him into nature; the other flies to nature
 from his fellow men." But how differ-
 ently does Cowper describe his own
 sensations. "I could spend whole
 days and moonlight nights," he ex-
 claims, in one of his letters, "in feeding
 upon a lovely prospect. My eyes
 drink the rivers as they flow." When
 did a warmer gush of genuine sensibi-
 lity ever flow from the lips of Thom-
 son? The same beautiful enthusiasm
 breaks out in the fourth book of the
Task.

"My very dreams were rural; rural, too,
 The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
 Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
 Ere yet her ear was mistress of her
 powers."

No bard could please me but whose lyre
 was tuned

To nature's praises. Heroes and their
 feats

Fatigued me; never weary of the pipe
 Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
 The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite
 beech."

Cowper possessed, indeed, in a very
 remarkable degree, that usefulness of
 disposition which sympathises with all
 the sounds of nature. "I was always
 an admirer," he says, "of thunder-

storms, even before I knew whose voice I heard in them; but especially an admirer of thunder rolling over the great waters." Equally defective and erroneous is the criticism that seeks to elevate the pastoral touches of Burns above the more finished and minute pictures of the *Task*. The melancholy thoughtfulness pervading the verses of Cowper imparts to them a charm for which all the joyousness of the Ayrshire ploughman cannot compensate. If his sketches are not so brief and lively, it is because the meanest flower that lives suggests to him thoughts that often "lie too deep for tears." From mountain, and meadow, and river, he lifts "to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye," exclaiming, with gratitude and delight, "My Father made them all."

"So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates."—*Task*, book 5.

But, waving the Christian philosophy and solemn beauty of the poetry, touches of rural description may be selected amply sufficient to justify the writer's claim, in the fullest sense, to the title of a poet of nature. What can be more vivid than

"Rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as
they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at
length
In untraced grass that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course;"
(Book i.)

or the exquisite picture of sunshine falling through the branches—

"While beneath
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the
light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as
they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick;
And darkening and enlivening, as the
leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot;"

or the delight of wandering through the woods—

"At eve,
The moonbeam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves;"

or the redoubt, in winter time, that

"Warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half
suppress'd;

Pleased with his solitude, and sitting
light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests
he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of
ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below;"

or the kindling of the young spirit,—

"Then Milton had, indeed, a poet's
charms;

New to my taste, his *Paradise* surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish
tongue

To speak its excellence. I danced for
joy,—

I marvelled much that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years his beauties had
then first

Engaged my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost, because not sooner
found.

Thee, too, enamoured of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had
known,

Ingenious Cowley! and now reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous
taste,

I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retired;
Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's
silent bowers,

Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse."

And these were the ecstatic feelings of a boy who had only seen fourteen summers.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

That translation of Homer has deprived you of a beautiful poem in the *Four Ages*.

YORKE.

But the version of Homer is a great work. Before its appearance, Chapman and Pope were the only English authors who had successfully attempted this arduous labour. Of Chapman it has been remarked, with ingenuity, that his Homer is not so much a translation as the stories of Achilles and Calypso re-written. Pope, in a similar spirit of criticism, and with a manly acknowledgment of his predecessor's merits, declared that his version is something like what Homer would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion. The characteristic of Chapman is undoubtedly passion; the Briton is lost in the Greek, and his mind expands into the noble daring of the heroic

ages. The animation of his manner stirs the soul like the sound of a trumpet, and carries the reader up to the very walls of Troy. It is related of Waller, on the authority of Dryden, that he never read Chapman's Homer without transport; his loud voice could arouse the poet from the myrtle shade.

" Oft of one wide expanse had I been told

That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;

Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

The versions of Ogilby and Hobbes need not be recalled from oblivion; but the translation by Pope has long been numbered amongst the most surprising efforts of modern ingenuity. Cowper is unfair to the claims of the Anglo-Grecian. It was a remark of Watts, and has been repeated by Johnson, that the *Iliad* of Pope contains almost every happy combination or elegance of phrase of which our language is susceptible. When Cowper, therefore, ventured to affirm that his rival had not the "faintest conception of character for which Homer is so remarkable," and that "he was defective in his feelings to a degree that some passages in his own poems made it difficult to account for," either his taste or memory must have forsaken him. No man, on the contrary, has expressed a warmer admiration of the "noble simplicity of the *Iliad*;" and we are fortunately furnished by Spence with an anecdote that ought to put to rest the question of his sensibility. Spence was present on one occasion when Pope was reading the pathetic passage where the anguish of Priam breaks out into anger against his children and attendants, and he assures us that the poet was interrupted by his tears. That the picture he has drawn preserves the stern features and simple sublimity of the original no one will assert: it was hardly within his power to abstract himself from his own age, and to dwell for a season amid the encampment on the Trojan plain. His mind was peculiarly open to the enchantment of

sweet sounds; and however he might appreciate those spirited blasts of the trumpet that kindle the reader of the *Iliad*, his fancy loved better to repose upon a gentler theme. Cowper affirmed that Pope had paraphrased Homer, and he determined to translate him. He, accordingly thought more of being true to his sense than to his fame; and, in vain endeavours after a minute correctness inconsistent with the nature of the language, has often sacrificed both harmony and elegance. His limping lines and ungraceful elisions were intentionally introduced, and always defended with great pertinacity by the author. But a genius like Cowper's, assisted by unwearied diligence, and stimulated by the sincerest admiration of his original, could not be always unsuccessful. He is often noble and sublime, and many passages swell with the majestic dignity of the Grecian bard. Alas, it had the touches of his dying hand! Of the immediate imitators of Cowper, Hurdis, in the *Village Curate*, is the most agreeable. How sweetly the chime of bells steals upon the ear in the following lines:—

" Then let the village bells, as often wont,

Come swelling on the breeze, and to the sun,

Half set, ring merrily their evening round.

I ask not for the cause. It matters not
What swain is wedded, what gay lass is bound

To love for aye, to cherish and obey;
It is enough for me to hear the sound
Of the remote exhilarating peal,
Now dying all away, now faintly heard,
And now, with loud and musical relapse,
Its mellow changes pouring on the ear.

So have I stood at eve on Isis' banks,
To hear the merry Christ Church bells
ring round;

So have I sat, too, in thy honour'd shades,
Distinguished Magdalen, on Cherwell's brink,

To hear thy silver Wolsey tones so sweet;
And so, too, have I paused, and held my oar,

And suffered the slow stream to bear me home,—

No speed required while Wykeham's peal was up."

The apostrophe to an old weather-beaten church is in a similar style:—

" Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown gray, how long upon the hills has stood

Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd

The human leaf inconstant bud and full ;
The generations of deciduous man
How often hast thou seen them pass
away !"

And he has represented the sea rolling
back from a stony shore with wonderful
truth :—

" Raking with harsh recoil the pebbly
steep."

It seems to be the inevitable fate of
all imitators to copy the faults not less
closely than the beauties of their ori-
ginals. The metaphors of Hurdis, in
his zeal to emulate the simplicity of his
master, occasionally provokes a smile,
as in the line where he tells us that

" Chilly evening puts her gray coat on ;"

thus making the evening itself suscep-
tible of cold—a ridiculous conceit. In
another place, with much greater im-
propriety of allusion, when describing
a thunder-storm, he speaks of the " Al-
mighty electrician."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Poetry does not contain, I think, any
line more admirably expressive of the
sense than the one you have just
quoted upon the recoiling of the sea.
You will find nothing like it in the ele-
gant debility of Hayley.

YORKE.

Yet Lord Byron, whom you have so
often declared to be the greatest poet of
England since Milton, was loud in his
praises of the *Triumphs of Temper*,
which is just such a poem as you
boasted Delille might have produced.
But Hayley's immortality is safe ; he
will live as long as Cowper. The
bowers of Eartham were classic shades ;
and Flaxman, who lent his genius to
beautify the place, described a fort-
night passed there " as such a fortnight
as many thousands of our fellow-crea-
tures go out of the world without en-
joying." " It is almost a Paradise!"
exclaimed Cowper, in the ardour of his
heart. Hayley probably owed more of
his popularity to the sweetness and
amiability of his manners than to the
force of his talents. Those whom he
loved, he seems, in his own words, to

have " loved indeed ;" and when he
scattered the flowers from Felpham
garden upon the face of his departed
child, we do not the less appreciate
the intensity of his grief because it as-
sumed the guise of poetry.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Has it not been suspected that he
admired the principles as well as the
genius of Gibbon ?

YORKE.

It has, but most erroneously. We
have his own assurance, confirmed by
his friends, that the imputation was
unfounded. In later years, when me-
lancholy and mourning had taught him
wisdom, his conduct became the cha-
racter of a Christian. He commenced
every day with reading a chapter of the
Greek Testament, in a blank leaf of
which he had written the following
appropriate line from Menander :

" Ψυχὴς γὰρ οὗτος μόνος ἔχει ἡμεῖς."

And he told his friend Mr. Johnson,
that, when lying awake at night, it was
his custom to seek for consolation in
the same blessed volume. Two years
before his death he made an affecting
entry in Newcome's book upon our
Lord's conduct. " I bequeath this
book to my worthy domestic, Margaret
Beeke, as a simple and pure account of
our holy religion, and wishing her to
make it her study and delight in the
evening of her days, as I have made it
mine."

Such is a faint and imperfect out-
line, from memory, of OLIVER YORKE'S
discourse (how much omitting !) with
the " old man eloquent" of France ; he
ended, and in his ear

" So charming left his voice, that he
awhile
Thought him still speaking—still stood
fix'd to hear."—*Par. Lost*, B. viii.

Whether we shall be able to add to
these fragments upon English poetry is
at present doubtful. Our next Con-
versation will contain the Poet Lamar-
tine's views of the actual condition of
Parisian Literature.

Regent Street, Nov. 10, 1836.

THE RADICALS, THE DISSENTERS, AND THE PAPISTS.

THESE, the three denominations of political Destructives, have developed a feature in their respective characters which a few years ago it was their policy to disclaim, and their practice to conceal. They now come forward in concert, and in conclave; and declare it their deliberate determination to alter the constitution of the land, to destroy the Established Church, and to offer more than wonted incense to that Dragon of modern Israel, the Voluntary Principle. We think it should be matter of high congratulation to every sound-minded Churchman and Conservative, that the spirit formerly concealed by loud and plausible professions has at length developed alike its maturity and its contemplated measures; and that, instead of having to meet the enemies of our constitution, and of its greatest pillar, the Established Church, in ambush and in darkness, we can now face them in open day, denuded of their hypocrisy and their disingenuous sympathy. The reform of the church, and the repair and restoration of the constitution—both more or less injured by the wear and tear of time—used formerly to be the Radical and Dissenting watchword; but this is now hushed, and, “Down with the Church!” and, “Away with the Lords and the Throne!” are now the loud war-cry of the motley groups that muster to the onset. When we speak of Dissent, and Radicalism, and Popery, we do not mean to convey the impression that there are no good men among Dissenters, no constitutional hearts among Radicals, and no possibility of truth and righteousness among Papists. In each class, there are individuals above the system to which they nominally belong,—neither carried along by the current composed of their respective votaries, nor borne down by the raw principles of which they are made up. But these are the exceptions: and Radicalism, as a system of anti-constitutional politics; and Dissent, as a system of anti-church principles; and Popery, as a system combining the iniquities of both,—are equally to be reprobated, as at once the fountains and the feeders of these revolutionary measures, which, unless anticipated, as doubtless they will be, must hurry a country so glorious as Britain into the state of a

country so degraded and distressed as France.

In this paper we do not mean to adduce any metaphysical analysis, either of the political or the ecclesiastical systems on which we are now commenting. This is neither the most interesting nor the most conclusive method of adjusting their merits, or ascertaining their tendencies. We mean, rather, to catch their spirit in their exploits, and to ascertain what they are disposed to do from what we find them already engaged in. To do this, we have not to go back to long past times, or to ransack forgotten and obsolete records. We have only to jot down the after-dinner speeches of ferocious democrats, and political dissenting ministers, and mark, at the same time, the plaudits of Melbourne's foot, or of Campbell's voice, or of Russell's hack journals, to find the *spirit* of the parties, and the projects cherished in the bosom of an admiring and applauding cabinet, kept above water by such demonstrations. The incipient hints that first emanated from the partisans of Radicalism, Political Dissent, and Popery, are identical with those that preceded the first French Revolution. These were, the “rights of man,” the “voice of the nation,” the “majesty of the people,” the “rights of Dissenters,” the “grievances of Papists,” the “march of intellect,” “reform,” &c. There is much extremely plausible in such phraseology; much calculated to carry away young and ardent minds, ignorant of first principles, and strangers to the use made of these very cries at earlier periods in the history, and in other territories of the family of mankind.

These and similar words were used by Marat and Robespierre, as they marched their victims to the guillotine, and laid France under the tyranny of democrats who had in their constitution more of the demon than the man, and ultimately hurried her into her present convulsed and fermenting state, which must be repressed by the iron-hand of merciless force, and awed into an ill-concealed quiet, by the application of exile and death to the more unmanageable spirits that occasionally start into notoriety, and who, having acted four parts of the tragedy on the surface of society for a while, perform the fifth and

last in the hands of the executioner, with the scaffold for a stage. Such aphorisms as those we have mentioned are the first sparks that rise up from that "illuminated hell, the democracy," as it has been aptly called, and give warning of the application of the fire to the fuel. The press of Britain would have best done its duty by holding up to the reprobation of the thinking and the good the nature and the history of such phraseology, and putting down by its master-voice, and its great power, so revolutionary and Frenchified maxims. The opportunity passed by, and these apparently innocent cries gathered accessions from corrupt nature and felt impunity, and swelled their proportions to their present hideous and portentous size. Their spirit is now expressed in the more fearful announcements that follow — announcements prominent in every Radical paper and Dissenting or Popish magazine: "*The Lords, the enemies of the People*;" "*The Upper House in the way of the Nation's rights*;" "*The House of Lords must be reformed*:" in other words, the British constitution, at once the safeguard of liberty and the distributor of equal rights and privileges to all, must be overturned, its framework broken, its pendulum withdrawn, its checks and curbs destroyed, and the whole system dragged down by the dead-weight of envy, hatred, democracy, Dissent, and Popery. "*The People's House*;" "*No State Church*;" "*Down with the old hag, the Church of England*!" These are expressions not coined, but gathered from that old woman the *Morning Chronicle*,—from those namby-pamby effusions called Dissenters' speeches,—and from those sanguinary children of Dominus Dens, the Papists and priests of Ireland. For instance, the *Morning Chronicle* declares, "Repose from incessant and most harassing agitation we never can expect, till we have humbled the oligarchy in the dust; for submission would make these tyrants more insolent in their exactions. *With a hostile court and a hostile peerage* the people must make no truce, till they have deprived both of the power of doing mischief." "The just expectations of the nation are once more delayed by the enemies of the people in the Upper House of Parliament." Another of the same tribe calls the Lords, "*old idiots and bloated fools*," "*chance-born lords*,"

&c. And now mobs assemble, and their leaders harangue, imagining, poor bodies, that they will yet awe the AREOPAGUS of Britain into submission to a vile and turbulent democracy, agreed on nothing but the destruction of existing institutions, and the disruption of ancient ties. And, that it may be seen that, while the "*rights of man*," "*the majesty of the people*," and similar war-whoops, have, from the impunity wherewith they were uttered, awakened into avowed hostility against the very existence of the constitution, the other infant cries of "*Dissenters' rights*," and "*Papists' grievances*," have awakened into open opposition to the very existence of a church establishment in Britain,—we quote, *inter alia*, the following extract, scarce a fortnight old, from a newspaper called the *Englishman*, of which Lord Duncannon, the colleague of Russell and Melbourne, and a cabinet minister, is advertised as principal director:—

"The first step to Church-reform is the entire abolition of the remnant of those religious distinctions and disqualifications which still disgrace our statute-book. The imposition of church-rates on Dissenters, the collection of tithes from Roman Catholics,—these, and sundry minor abominations, form the outworks of clerical corruption; and, until these have been removed, we should but idly waste our force on the citadel itself. Is the impoverished Catholic still to be stripped of his blanket, that the alien priest of a pampered church may feast on his affliction, and trample on the unhappy race of whose misery he is the chief author? Is the conscientious Dissenter still to be amerced for the maintenance of a religious pomp which his creed teaches him to abhor?"

These are pretty plain intimations from his majesty's cabinet,—rather ominous *avant-couriers* of what we are to anticipate from the continuance of our present ministry. But still more distinctly, if possible, does the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, another protégé of present power, announce its oracles. Evidently inspired by the same Pythoness as the other Whig-Radical prints, it issues the following exhortation, in which there is certainly no recollection or respect of Roman-Catholic oaths:—

"Let the cry of Irishmen henceforward be, and let that cry resound through Ireland, '*Down with the Established Church*!'"

And the worthy minister of the Weigh House has recorded it as his deliberate conviction, sympathised in by his colleagues, "that the overthrow of the Established Church is a consummation devoutly to be desired by all good men."

We have thus traced the progressive development of the Radical and Dissenting spirit, from the history of which the lesson is powerfully impressed, that principles unresisted and uncrushed in embryo issue in results so powerful and disastrous, that no subsequent exertions can arrest their progress and effects. One great fact we have deduced from a careful and dispassionate survey of existing parties, that the Whigs are more or less the victims of the Radical, Dissenting, and Popish triumvirate. Many of the Whigs would really most heartily maintain the leading institutions of the country more or less unimpaired; but then they feel that, if they do so, they must forfeit their places, and their power of pensioning their friends and supporters. The struggle in their consciences was for a long time, whether they should leave their principles or their places,—make a present of the former to the hungry dogs that are ready to turn them to their own account, or bequeath the latter to the consistent and straightforward Conservatives who will maintain their position on no other ground than that of honest and uncompromising policy. In fact, the state of matters is this: the representatives of Popery, Radicalism, and Dissent, walk up to the cabinet, and make their respective demands. "Gentlemen," says Lord Melbourne, "I am at your service; your most obedient: order, and I obey. Knock at my doors for any concession or kindness, and it shall be instantly given you: kick the Church to Davy Jones's locker; or the House of Lords to the Esquimaux, or to the North Pole, or any where you like; but do not, for any sake, kick me out of my place. I am callous on all subjects, but most sensitive on this. On your most scrupulous attention to this point it depends, Mr. O'Connell, whether you and your brother, Dr. Murray, are to get the tithes and the extinction of the Irish Church; and whether you, Messrs. Binney, Burnet, and other pious Dissenters, are to be allowed to get the steeple and the rates at your godly disposal; and whether you, Messrs. Whittle Harvey, Duncombe, and Hume, are to have conceded to your

patriotic maws the House of Lords, and all similar fungous excrescences." "Right well said, my lord," answer the members of the deputation; "we will take care of you. Be an obedient boy, and we will set about our operations as speedily as we can." "Hurrah for *repale* and justice to Ireland!" cries the man with the wallets; "Up with the meeting, and down with church-rates and the parsons!" whistle the Dissenters; and "Away with the peers, the old fools, and the enemies of the people!" roar out the hoarse throats of the Radicals; and "Three cheers for union among all Reformers, and quick work!" shout all the three denominations simultaneously. We now follow the gratified company to their respective labours, and intend to furnish a few intimations of their spirit and intention. We present our readers first with those worthies of the nineteenth century, the RADICALS OF BRITAIN. If there be one word more expressive than another of the objects contemplated by this ruthless faction, it is "organic change." They are generally men who have nothing in this world, and as little, generally, in the next, to lose, in the event of a successful disorganisation of the country; whereas, by the very nature of their situation, they stand the chance of gaining a little: and it is a remarkable fact, with which the Radicals appear to be sufficiently acquainted, that in all the revolutions which have been achieved by the fathers of this anti-social party, the men that have risen to power and place have been the very dregs of the populace or the most furious agitators and the neediest demagogues, who had acquired their ascendancy from the force of their impudence, and their unblushing abandonment of every thing in the shape of morality or virtue. These men indulge in tirades against the existing institutions of the land, and the presumptive rights of its inhabitants, as full of falsehood as they are of weakness of mind. *The public faith is cant—consistency is contempt of the people*; every thing hereditary, save their own idiocy, is to be destroyed: charters must be thrown to the winds; corporations must be broken up, and so remoulded that Atheism may preside, and anarchy and agitation domineer. They are literally what their name implies, exterminators, root and branch, of every existing institution of their

country. Were they barbers, they would use the pincers instead of the razor; were they physicians, or surgeons, they would employ the hatchet instead of the lancet or the pill, deeming it more consistent and expeditious to kill than to cure. They would extinguish the sun, because he is sometimes covered with clouds, and set up a new one; they would, if possible, dethrone the Governor of the heavens and the earth, because the polity of nature is not what they in their mania would prefer. This party has not yet obtained the ascendancy in the councils of Britain, and *never will* as long as property, propriety, and common sense exist in the country; but the projects they are brewing in the eclipse of reason and of virtue, and the objects they contemplate, are not the less to be held up to the hatred of the wise and the good. What has been called a reform in the Lords is not one of the ultimate achievements contemplated by this miserable section; it is merely the removal of one of the barriers in the way of their advancement to ascendancy they long to kick off the course. Their grand and distinctive objects are, *the vote by ballot, universal suffrage, and annual parliaments*. The *first*, to be a covert for the grossest corruption on their part, without the possibility of exposure, and open only to them, as the sound-hearted would have nothing to do with underhand and nefarious practices; the *second*, to draw away the poor man from his business, and plunge him in political perplexities about matters too high for him; and the *third*, in order to bring every M.P. so thoroughly under the dictum and the pledge of the *profanum vulgus*, that, instead of acting as intelligent and rational men, impartially weighing every proposition laid before them, they might act as mere automata, inflated and inspired by the "*popularis aura*" from Spitalfields, and St. Giles, and the Cowgate: and that the three schemes, co-operating and coalescing, might bring this great nation, and its commerce, and its church, under an ignorant mobocracy. Then would the definition of Fisher Ames, in his *Influence of Democracy*, now represented by the sturdy Radicals, come to be exemplified and felt. "Of all governments," says this acute statesman, "the worst is that which never fails to create, but is never found to restrain, the ferocious passions of man—that is

DEMOCRACY. It is an illumined hell, that, in the midst of remorse, horror, and torture, rings with festivity,—for experience shews that one joy remains to this most malignant description of the damned—the power to make others wretched!" Radicalism is just the English of Republicanism; it is an American plant stuck in British soil, bristling with antipathy to the noblest and best constitution in the world, and drawing into its substance and support all the bad passions of our nature. The Radicals entertain the idea that all influence from a crown or coronet must necessarily be tyrannical; and that, on the other hand, a russet jacket and a homespun doublet must necessarily be the covering of a spirit of patriotism, and freedom, and thirst for equal rights to all. Now, the fact is, the worst tyrants that have ever disgraced the name of humanity have sprung from the mass, or rather dregs, of the people; and of all tyrannies, it has been proved by too many precedents, the people are the most relentless and cruel. Where is it that we find the *anti-Whig*, the *anti-Jackson*, *anti-convent*, *anti-bank*, *anti-abolition*, and *anti-mormonism*, riots, and murders, and bloodshed? In the land of independency, we guess—the home and empire of Democracy or Radicalism. Of that country an eloquent native recently declared, that mob supremacy is the order of the day; that trial by jury, personal liberty, the sanctity of the domestic circle, the protection of property, and liberty of speech, are almost gone. "If," continues the indignant orator, "I must be a slave; if my lips must wear a padlock; if I must crouch and crawl,—let it be before a hereditary tyrant; let me see around me the symbols of royalty, the bayonets of a standing army, or the frowning battlements of the Bastille; let me know what is the sovereign will and pleasure of the one man I am taught to fear and serve; let me not see my rights, and liberties, and property, scattered to the same breeze that floats the flag of freedom; let me not be sacrificed to the demon of despotism while laying hold upon the horns of an altar dedicated to freedom and equality."

We have nothing to fear in this country from the crown or the aristocracy. The press is too strong to allow this, and the balance of power in the state too well adjusted; but we have much to

fear for the happiness and the comfort of thousands, on account of the rampant Radicalism that would, if it could, wrench away the two main pillars of the nation, though itself should be crushed in the fall. All the raving of these men about the fear of royal and noble despotism is the mere froth of the heavy wet with which they keep up their oratorical powers; and if the *Times* or *FRASER* give it an occasional puff, it will be dissipated to the winds. It is, perhaps, worth while, before we conclude our remark on this head, to present our readers with a specimen of the *manners* as well as the *matter* of these gentlemen. We might adduce the floor of St. Stephens, since the little leaven of Radicalism now on its benches found an admission: and the bear-garden exhibitions occasionally occurring, and the zoological sounds, alike *feline* and *assinine*, with which the statements of honesty and common sense are frequently assailed, give us little reason to long for the unrepressed ascendancy of Radicalism in the senate. But we will introduce our readers to a reformed town-council, where Radicalism is rampant, and shew them a specimen of Radical manners; and if in the lower room it cannot comport itself with ordinary decorum, what scenes may we not anticipate when its partisans are admitted to the higher?

"SCENE IN THE REFORMED TOWN-COUNCIL OF HULL.—Mr. Nutchley moved that strong measures should be adopted against those who did not pay corporation rents. Mr. Philips opposed the motion. He knew what motives actuated Mr. Nutchley to — Mr. Nutchley.—'Hear, hear! What motives? The motives—the motives!' The Mayor.—'Order! order! chair!' Mr. Nutchley.—'I say, hear, hear! What motives?' The Mayor.—'And I say, order, sir!' Mr. Nutchley.—'I won't be called to order by you. Who are you, to call me to order?' The Mayor.—'Sir, if you go on in this way, I shall call on the officers to remove you.' Mr. Nutchley, throwing his chair away from him with great violence, and putting himself in a fighting attitude, loudly exclaimed, 'I should like to see the man who dares to lay a hand on me. (To the Mayor.) Do you think I care for such a fellow as you?' Here several members of the Council cried 'Order!' and others put on their hats, and were about to leave the chamber. The Mayor.—'I will not sit here to be insulted; I dissolve this meeting.' Mr. Nutchley (to the Mayor).

—'You're a ignorant ass! Eight of you men step back; we'll have a meeting of our own.' The Mayor, accompanied by all but four of the councillors, left the room; but several of them returned, on Nutchley sending for them; and, a chairman being appointed, a conversation took place, and they adjourned until Tuesday."—*Hull Packet*.

This is one among a thousand scenes occurring every week at Glasgow, Manchester, &c. &c. "*Ex pede Herculem*."

But these men cannot eat their dinners in peace; and, sure enough, the innkeeper that provides a feed for a hundred hungry Radicals is entitled to the sympathy and the commiseration of his Christian countrymen. We present our readers with one specimen of a Radical dinner lately swallowed at Halifax; and if, after contemplating the picture sketched by an eye-witness our readers, who are all gentlemen, feel any predilection for Radicalism, we will write them down among the irreclaimables. Ladies were admitted at half-a-crown a-piece, and brandy and boxing followed; and Gully, and Protheroe, and Wood, the three members, alarmed at the elements they had stirred into action, made a speedy retreat, and got home with their heads miraculously whole.

"Such was the demoniacal confusion, that the speakers (M.P.s and others) were obliged to leave the meeting clandestinely, without those usual salutations required by good breeding. The principal guests, nearly all of them Dissenters, say Independents, Baptists, New Connexion Methodists, Unitarians, &c. &c., of great religious profession, were seen oddly associated with ladies of equally liberal character. Bottles and glasses were seen flying up and down the room, many of them being directed against the heads of the orators themselves, when advancing sentiments disagreeable to their patriotic auditory. All order with respect to movement was entirely abolished, and gentlemen proceeded to their desired positions in various parts of the room over chairs, tables, &c., creating a scene of confusion and destruction amongst the crockery, glasses, &c., which it is wholly impossible to describe. In the midst of this horrible confusion, the unfortunate editor of the Whig-Radical journal of the town, Mr. —, was upset, and deposited, with his books and papers, under the table. He received a slight injury on the knee,

and almost immediately quitted the room, the confusion in front of the chair making it impossible to hear any thing more of the speeches. Much do we regret to state that several of the ladies were in a state of exhilaration which might fairly rival the condition of their companions of the other sex. We ought to observe that the ladies had been admitted on the authority of tickets costing 2s. 6d. each, their liberal inviters being determined they should contribute handsomely towards the expenses of this delightful and magnificent festival. Such is Whig-Radical gallantry. An attempt was made about midnight to disperse the company by the ingenious expedient of putting out the lights, but without success, the darkness being very justly considered as more appropriate to the proceedings than going forward than the light. The police were continually called upon to separate the pugnacious lovers of freedom in different parts of the room. One of the combatants resisted the interference of the constable with great energy and indignation, demanding of the officer 'if he knew who he was?' The officer, in reply, stated he did not know him, nor did he care as to that point. The offender, then, with much dignity, informed the constable that 'he was the — of the — committee,' and of course not amenable to subordinate authority. This consistent and exemplary — of the — committee had, however, the misfortune to get a severe milling, and to have his hat-crown knocked out—an insufferable indignity, it must be confessed, to a person of his official standing. It would be impossible to enumerate all the instances of misbehaviour and licentiousness which occurred on this occasion; but the disgust produced by such 'a demonstration' of Whig-Radical sobriety, piety, decorum, and consistency, is deep and general amongst all ranks and classes in the neighbourhood."

Such is the *matter*, and such are the *manners*, of the Radicals. The composition of these men is a solemn abjuration of reason and sense,—a face of brass,—a canteen of vulgar phrase,—a persuasion that the people, that is, the scum of St. Giles, are all and in all, and that before them kings and nobles, and age, and experience, and wisdom, must bow down. Their manners are, like their measures, not calculated for civilised meridians. The best representative, at once, of their honesty, their principles, and plans, is Joseph Hume.

We now beg, according to our promise at the commencement of this pa-

per, to introduce our readers to those restless, consequential bodies called THE DISSENTERS. This, the second denomination of the body moving at present against the institutions of the country, and co-operating with all that coincide in their destructive attempts, professes to have been hitherto a most meek and fearfully persecuted section. To read their lugubrious magazines, one would suppose that three or four of them were thrown to the wild beasts, or consigned to the fires, every week; but, on analysing the grounds of their complaints, we can merely gather the following: the parish church has a steeple, the meeting-house has none; the minister of the former is maintained in an attitude of independence and fearlessness of popular frown or approval, while he of the latter must spin round like the weathercock, according to the quarter the wind is in; the clergyman is maintained by property bequeathed to the church many centuries ago, and is not, therefore, harassed by the prospects of starvation, when fidelity has scattered the chaff that occupied the pews,—while his Dissenting brother, the creature of begging-boxes, pew-rents, and anniversaries, and other pious expedients for wringing out the reluctant sixpences of his masters, feels himself compelled to bear all and believe all, and be all things to all men—depressed by forebodings, and degraded by an inevitable subserviency. These, and other distinctions, more easily felt than conveyed in words, have exasperated the feelings of modern Dissenters; and Voluntary doctors with Republican degrees, and still more Republican principles, have come forth from their retreat, and challenged the whole of the churchmen of Britain to enter the lists with them. Many a church champion has met the Goliaths of dissent, and annihilated their best arguments; and, if it were not that impudence is, from its very nature, indestructible, extinguished their antagonists at the same time. But, beaten in argument—in Scripture, in fact, the Voluntaries are determined to assail *tithes*, and *rates*, and other adversaries of a similar kind, who will not, at least, retaliate the galling *exposés* which living combatants have poured on themselves and their cause. We need not say that the Dissenters coincide with the Radicals in the leading points of their character. The former want to over-

turn the church, and constrict meeting-houses out of its ruins; the latter, to overturn the constitution, and arrange a Republican democracy from the fragments: the one party level their hardest blows against the ecclesiastical part of the social edifice, the other deal their severest strokes on the political part. The Dissenters endeavour with all subtlety to extract the cement of Christianity, which, pervading every part, binds judge and jury, lords and commons, king and people, into one consistent and homogeneous mass; while the Radical, less patient of restraint, applies the sledge-hammer, and attempts to do by main force what his Dissenting brother seeks to achieve by perseverance and time. The men of Red Cross Street undermine and sap—the heroes of White Conduit Fields batter down; their aim and ends are one, their modes of operation are agreeably diversified. Hence we find that the leading magazines and papers of the Dissenters always take care to encourage and conciliate their Voluntary friends. An advertisement lately repeated before the public announces that the *Edinburgh Patriot*, a leading organ of Dissenters, is the only newspaper in the metropolis of Scotland which advocates "*Voluntary and Radical principles*." Many of the best axioms of the Radicals came from the anvils of their Dissenting brethren. Indeed, it appears that Radicalism is the natural offspring of the principles of Dissent; the supremacy of the multitude being the fundamental position of both of these exemplary sections in the community. Hence we never read or hear a Dissenting minister's speech without finding him dragging patri-archs, and prophets, and the words of inspired truth, into the service of a Radicalism that animates and pervades his rhetoric from his commencement to his peroration. We give a specimen of Scripture prostituted and debased to the servile support of democratic and revolutionary announcements, in the following speech, spouted by the Rev. Mr. Johnstone, a Dissenter, at a dinner lately given to Sir John Campbell, his majesty's attorney-general:—

The Rev. Mr. JOHNSTONE (Dissenting minister).—The subject of the toast that has been put into my hand has excited considerable disputation, and about which men's minds were far from being agreed. When I looked first at it I read some-

thing about the peerage. Now, if the committee who drew up the toasts expected me to toast the peerage, they certainly have made an unfortunate selection, because I am the worst person to whom such a toast could be intrusted,—for upon this subject I am completely ignorant. (Cheering.) Whether it be that the order presents nothing peculiarly attractive, or that the peculiar condition of my organs unfit me for perceiving transcendent excellence in it, I myself know not, but such is the fact. (Laughter.) Were you to read to me the whole list of titles contained in the Herald's College, I should, unless in a few solitary instances, be unable to recollect the family name of the holder, his seats, armorial bearings, or his ancestors, or any of those things which the majority of peers delight to honour. (Cheers and laughter.) But, although such is the case with me, it may be possible to say something laudatory of the peers,—for it is a poor subject that will afford no scope for commendation. (Laughter and cheers.) I can trace the posterity of their lordships to an ancient monarch, the chief of the most extensive empire of antiquity,—no less a personage than our father Adam (cheering and laughter); and to one of the most famous naval commanders (begging the chairman's pardon) that ever sailed over the deep—father Noah. (Laughter.) In this way I might proceed to construct a specious and respectable-looking genealogical tree, by the assistance of heraldry, and those who delight to revel among Heathen gods and Highland rivers. (Loud cheering.) But, looking again more narrowly at the subject of my toast, I was delivered of my troubles, when I found that my concern was with the present generation of peers, and that the committee had divided them into two classes, viz.,—peers liberal and independent, and peers that stood very much in need of amendment (loud cheers),—for here are their words,—“Lord Holland, and the Liberal Peers of the House of Lords, and a speedy amendment to the conduct of the other members of that branch of the Legislature.” (Cheering.) The last clause is this,—those peers that stand in most need of amendment, and if you allow me I will begin here,—for with a backward race it is sometimes expedient to adopt a backward method. (Loud laughter.) In considering their character and their deeds it is impossible to overlook the composition of that branch of the legislature of which they are the predominant majority. That house consists of bishops and of hereditary lords; and men of speculative minds have long ago decided respecting

the unfitness of both. (Cheers.) To invest the bishops with legislative power is to withdraw them from their spiritual duties, the work for which they receive their salaries and emoluments. The reverend gentleman, after enlarging on the impropriety of bishops sitting as legislators, and pronouncing some strong condemnatory remarks on the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst, proceeded to say,—

These sentiments were uttered amid the approbation and the plaudits of his majesty's attorney-general. Not only so; but when the health of Lady Stratheden was toasted, Sir John stated it as one of her amiable employments, that she was daily engaged, amid other domestic duties, in teaching her children that "*the people were the source of all power*,"—one of those ominous sentiments which precede, if they do not instigate, revolutionary outbreaks. The Dissenting orator on this occasion is nothing more than a commonplace specimen of his fraternity, and alone proof of the intimacy subsisting between Radicalism and Dissent.

To make good our assertion that the Dissenters are set upon the destruction of the Church Establishment, we refer, *imprimis*, to the often-quoted sentiment of a Voluntary leader in London,—“That the overthrow of the English Church is a consummation devoutly to be sought after,” announced amid the presumptuous utterance, “That the Church of England had destroyed more souls than it had saved.” We next refer to a sermon, recently printed, by the Rev. John Seabree, and, for its amiable sentiments, popular among its own sect in no ordinary degree.

“So far as regards the Episcopal Church,” quoth this pious orator, “as a section of the Christian body, we have no wish to interfere with its internal concerns. They may create as many bishops, and build as many churches, as they please, provided always they will be so good as to support them themselves, without compelling us to pay for them. *But we do not hesitate to declare that we wish to pull down the Establishment. We long and sigh for its overthrow, and shall do all in our power to hasten the consummation. We contend for nothing more—we shall be satisfied with nothing less.*”

How true is the statement—“we contend for nothing more!” Owen and Howe of old, and the Churchmen of

the present day, more or less “contend for the faith once delivered to the saints;” but this enlightened worthy is determined, in conjunction with the rest of the Independents, to contend for no such obsolete matter as the *faith of the Gospel*, but for the more vital and absorbing achievement, the *destruction of the Established Church*.

We now invite the attention of our readers to a practical specimen of those “contentings” so piously commended in the sermon of Mr. Seabree. The specimen we are about to submit will prove not only the measures pursued by the Dissenters, but the company into which they introduce their sacred persons, when any aggression is to be made upon the character or the possessions of their hated neighbour the Church.

“CHURCH-RATE ABOLITION SOCIETY. —Wednesday, a meeting was held at the City of London Tavern for the purpose of establishing a society having for its object the abolition of Church-rates. On the platform we observed the following Dissenting ministers:—The Revs. T. Adkins, of Southampton; T. Adey, late of Ramsgate; T. Rook, of Feversham; W. Greene, of Walworth; T. Morell, of Coward College; J. B. Shenston; J. Burnett, of Camberwell; Dr. Styles, of Kennington; Dr. Cox, of Hackney; F. Moore; T. Lewis, of the Borough; J. Campbell, of the Tabernacle; J. Hunt, of Brixton; J. W. Palmer; Bathurst Woodman; J. Young, of Albion Chapel, Moorfields; J. Davis, of Christchurch, Surrey; W. Corn, of Whitechapel; J. Mason, of Mile-end, &c. Also, Major Sweatman, Mr. Conder, Mr. Hone, &c.

“Mr. C. Lushington, M.P., having been called to the chair, said, that they were met for the purpose of forming a society for the abolition and extinction of Church-rates, without compromise or commutation—an impost, unjust in principle, harsh, harassing, and oppressive in the mode of exaction, and considered as a burden on the consciences of those who, in defiance of religious scruples, are constrained to swell the arbitrary contribution. (Cheers.)”

Mr. Burnet, of Camberwell, followed Joseph Hume, and admitted that the Dissenters were determined “to give the land no rest.” Daniel Whittle Harvey, and the Rev. Mr. Adkins, a Dissenting minister at Southampton, next moved and seconded that Church-rates were unjust imposts

on Dissenters, and disgraceful to the Church. Of course, the mover and seconder, in the absence of argument and common sense, were the only proofs. Mr. Ewart, M.P., and Tom Duncombe, M.P., and a bevy of dissenting ecclesiastics, wound up the meeting by quoting doggerel lines in commendation of Lord Melbourne, and moving the formation of another focus of agitation and disaffection—*The Church-rate Abolition Society*.* These are pretty plain intimations of the intentions and objects of the Dissenters. These ministers of the Gospel profess to be the teachers of peace, while they stand forth before the world the fomenters of discord; to all appearance hating the church because, gaining daily accessions to her altars of devoted and faithful ministers, she begins to reclaim the sheep that had strayed from her fold, and in consequence empty the chapels of Dissenters. The Voluntaries of Britain have, in fact, begun to broach sentiments of a rankly Atheistic character: they hold in their creed the frightful position that there is no determining what is truth or what is error; and that, if there be any available criterion, it is the numbers that espouse or repudiate a tenet. One of the leading advocates and organs of the Dissenting interest has made the oracular assertion, that the clergy of the sister church of Scotland are not warranted in declaring that they are right in adhering to the Protestant faith, and that the Irish are wrong in cleaving to the Popish. "They assume," says the *London Courier*, that Presbyterians are in exclusive possession of Divine Truth, and that the Catholics hold 'soul-destroying errors.' The absurdity of this verdict is strikingly exemplified (by Scripture? no; by reason? no;) by

a computation which we lately noticed in the *Morning Chronicle*. In Ireland, there are Catholics nearly 7,000,000; in England and Wales, 1,000,000; in Scotland, 250,000; in all, 8,250,000. Of Presbyterians in Scotland, England, and Ireland, we make a large estimate, when we suppose the number to be 3,000,000. We should like to know on what principle of reason these 3,000,000 have the privilege of pronouncing their own interpretation of Scripture to be infallible, and the interpretations embraced by 8,250,000 to be destructive errors?" We do not enter on a refutation of this outrage on heaven and earth, that majorities determine truth and error; though we cannot help observing that the editors of the *Chronicle* and the *Courier* are each of them bound to become Hindoos, from being the one a Dissenter and the other probably a Papist, as the children of the East are decidedly the overwhelming majority. But we warn our Church friends that, when men holding sentiments so pregnant with infidelity as these enrol themselves in the armies that are storming the citadels of Zion, it becomes them to stand more resolutely than ever, to admit no pretexts, to concede no ground.

This is the second phalanx in the three denominations. It may be worth while to estimate their wealth, and numbers, and strength. We did not estimate the force of the Radical section, as any body may ascertain it by visiting the purloins of St. Giles and the Seven Dials, or any of the eastern portions of the most populous cities. But the Dissenters are not so obvious, nor their resources so accessible. We do not intend at present to examine the numerical amount of the Dissenters. If we exclude the seven millions of

* Nothing can be more groundless than the complaints of Dissenters about Church-rates. If it be the fact that the great mass of Dissenters is made up of the humble ranks, the proportion which they pay of Church-rate must be very small. The poor man would gain nothing by the successful operations of this new society. But suppose the rates swept away, what would be the result? If the churches be shut up for want of the necessary support, and the poor driven to the meeting-houses of Dissenters, they will there be severely taxed for seat-rents, necessary expenses, and the other accompaniments of the dissenting interest; and thereby, instead of being allowed to wait on public worship for the support of which nothing is demanded from the poor, he will have to enter the conventicle, where his note will be demanded on pain of excommunication every Sunday. But the Dissenters are thus arrayed, not for the sake of any exemption to be reaped by this repeal in the mean time, but to establish a principle which they may use as a lever for the overturning of the whole church. By the by, we expect that, before the next meeting of the Abolition Society, the Dissenters will renounce the fifteen or twenty thousand they obtain from the government every year, for shame and consistency's sake.

The Radicals, the Dissenters, and the Papists. [December,

Voluntaries, who are also Papists, in Ireland, and the Wesleyans, who are in their principles and practice attached to the Church Establishment, the real Voluntaries are not more than a tithe of the whole population. We prefer, in this place, ascertaining the relative amount of their contributions to the various charities of the country; and from these we maintain that one or

other of two inferences are deducible: either that Dissenters are very selfish and avaricious, which we do not desire to affirm, or very poor in their circumstances, which may be easily proved. We find the case of Brighton lying on our table; and the relative charitable contributions of Churchmen and Dissenters in that place to be as follow:

Sussex County Hospital.

Members of the Established Church, 7570*l.* 12*s.*; Dissenters, 299*l.* 8*s.*

Annual Subscribers.

Members of the Established Church, 1393*l.* 12*s.*; Dissenters, 190*l.* 1*s.*

Collections from Church Congregations, 2435*l.* 1*s.*; in Dissenting Chapels, 20*l.* Dispensary.

Established Church, 1613*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*; Dissenters, 139*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*

Orphan Asylum.

Established Church, 168*l.* 8*s.*; Dissenters, 17*l.* 8*s.*

At BRISTOL.—Infirmary.

Churchmen, 6314*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*; Dissenters, 999*l.* 15*s.*

Penitentiary.

Churchmen, 243*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Dissenters, 44*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Orphan Asylum.

Churchmen, 2274*l.*; Dissenters, 174*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*

EDINBURGH.

Gaelic School Society
Scottish Missionary Society
Edinburgh Bible Society
British and Foreign Auxiliary Society
Sabbath School Society
Sunday School Union
Infant School Society
Highland Missionary Society
Moravian Missions
City Mission
Strangers' Friend Society
Magdalen Asylum
House of Refuge
Destitute Sick
New Town Dispensary
Society for Clothing the Poor
Old Men's Society

Contributed by

Churchmen, 3128*l.*; Dissenters, 448*l.*

or Contributed by

Churchmen, 1980*l.*; Dissenters, 175*l.*

Thus, if, apart from their numbers, we take into consideration the sums that Churchmen and Dissenters contribute to the leading charities of their several localities, we must see that all the wealth is with the Church—the property at stake, and the interests to be upheld; and that poverty, capable of being bettered, but certainly not of being beggared in the upshot, is the chief patrimony of the Dissenters. There is little, therefore, to be apprehended from the schemes of Dissenters, if Churchmen will but present a bold and determined front. They have neither means nor men. They are but a section of a miserable and motley minority; incapable of extensive mischief of themselves; and formidable only when there adhere to them the

Democrats. the Radicals, and the other disaffected members of the empire. The orphans, the paupers, the diseased that belong to the various bodies of Dissenters, are taken up by the Church, maintained at her expense, and restored, benefited, to their families; and the return they make is the formation of Anti-Church-rate societies, or banded conspiracies to pull down the venerable edifice, under the wings of which they and their relatives were tended and taken care of.

Such is an analysis of the strength and the objects of the second of the three denominations arrayed against the church and the state; and, doubtless, however lusty their clamours may be, their energies are neither mighty nor many. Their projects are uncon-

stitutional, their weapons unscriptural, and their conduct to be truly deplored; but if Churchmen and Conservatives are firm and decided, no successful assault can be made on the political or ecclesiastical parts of our constitution by minorities so destitute of weight or of worth as the Radicals and the Dissenters.

We now enter on a new chapter, and beg to call the notice of our readers to those "fine pisantry," the PAPISTS. These cowed, mitred, and misguided worthies are *at present* in cordial union and co-operation with their active friends, the Radicals and the Dissenters, in order that they may be more successful in their destructive and unholy crusades. We do not blame the Papists for their opposition to every Christian and free institution; we do not find fault with their professed antipathy to the strongest bulwarks of the British glory, and their professed determination not to pause till the country once more (which God forfend) become a province of Holy Mother, and its laws and its institutions recast in the Vatican, and inspired by the principles of St. Peter's: this is nothing more than we anticipated. But we complain of two things. First, that Protestants should be so obstinate and inaccessible to reason, experience, and history, as to disbelieve these features of the papal character; and that popish senators should take oaths in their lips, and yet carry hatred in their hearts, and perjury in their practices; and that popish bishops in Ireland should profess peace, and call their Protestant neighbours "beloved," while they are preaching bloodshed from their altars, and preparing in their conclaves the materials of "exile, imprisonment, confiscation, and death." "Boys," cried father Burke, from his altar, on a late occasion, "the tottering fabric of *heresy* is falling, the Catholic church is rising in glory; Ireland shall be Catholic again." In a letter dated March 17, 1836, under the signature of W. O'Woolfrey, parish priest of Grace Dieu and Whitwich, in Leicestershire, the writer gives an account of a miraculous medal, which in his hands, and notwithstanding the light of the nineteenth century, was healing all sorts of diseases; it having been solemnly blessed by the Archbishop of Paris as "one of the miraculous medals of the blessed Mother of God." On this oc-

casione the priest adds, "Blessed be God, the spell is broken, and once more to Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, the ancient faith of their pious ancestors is freely proclaimed. Through these islands our divine religion is making a rapid progress; churches, chapels, convents, colleges, and schools, are rising up in such numbers and magnificence, as to make our enemies, *i.e.*, Protestants, quake for fear; and well may they fear, for the arm of the Lord is with us, and we defy them, in the name of God, to resist us. HERESY, already grown old, and tottering in its last stage, will soon be no more, and these kingdoms will again be faithful portions of the church; *i.e.*, the beast." These are the prognostications of the priests; and these gentlemen are not Antinomians, who calculate on ends without means, but doubletide-workers, who will not retire to a moment's respite till they have accomplished all they can, if not all they wish. The Irish Papists have, day after day, in their pulpits, in their periodical publications, and in their platform displays, denounced, in atrocious terms, the Protestant church, and avowed their firm determination to persevere in their present courses till the tiara is uppermost in Ireland first, and in England by-and-by. Is not their object, then, it may be asked, identical with that of their Dissenting allies? It is in *fact*, but not in *principle*. The Dissenters are opposed to the *tithes*, *rates*, and other parts of the ecclesiastical *temporalities*; whereas, the Papists are opposed to the *Protestantism*, the *papacy*, and the *truth*, that are embodied in the creeds and articles of the church. The former hate the church as an establishment, the latter as a ground and pillar of the truth. The Dissenters are uneasy under the presence of a powerful and independent rival, and anxious to lay their plebeian paws upon the loaves and the fishes, which keep up her dignity and her magnificence; but the Papists, feeling the Voluntary system borne out and backed by the terrors of purgatory, and the awe of a fearful superstition, much more lucrative than any endowment from the state, are very hatred at the light that shines from the altars of Protestantism, revealing, as it does, the falsity and imposition of the sources out of which they draw their nefarious profits; while they long to get rid of Luther,

that St. Peter may occupy his place; and to extinguish the torch of truth, that the blue-lights of superstition, which emanate from their most profitable discovery—purgatory—may blaze and multiply in its stead. Both parties, however, though for different reasons, are perfectly unanimous that “*delenda est ecclesia*,” and, merging their hearty hatred of each other, join, hand in hand, the Church-rate Abolition Society of England, the National Association of Ireland, and the Voluntary Confederacies of Scotland, and the Radical portions of all three, in one furious onset against the Church Establishments of Britain. To ascertain the *matériel* with which Popery prosecutes her plans, we have but to take up an Irish paper, and read it. For instance, a gentleman, on a late grand jury in Ireland, in the county of Tipperary, stated publicly, that, of the TWENTY-FOUR men constituting that jury, TWELVE had each been *shot at once*, FIVE or SIX *twice*. Mr. Trench, a near relative of Lord Ashtown, informed a friend in Liverpool, that a young man who was condemned to be executed for murder, in Ireland, declared to him that he had been hired to murder the unhappy gentleman for SIXPENCE and a GLASS OF WHISKY. We may mention another striking proof of the ferocious spirit of genuine Popery in all countries,—that one of these worthies, on returning from a Protestant meeting held some weeks ago in Glasgow, was seen emptying his pockets of brickbats, and heard exclaiming, “What was the use of putting us to this trouble, when we could not get at the *gas-cock*? I would have made mince-meat of some of them.” These are the materials the priests have to work on. Their own power and purposes, their cruelty and their disloyalty, may be seen in the following, amid daily proofs. “Several years ago, a Protestant female of great respectability, having married a Roman Catholic in very humble circumstances, the friends of the former contrived to send both to America, where they were fortunate enough to make a little money. With the means, the desire of seeing Old Ireland increased, and they returned, not many months ago, with a young family, to the Queen’s County. They began some public business, and met with considerable success. The husband indulged the wife, by permitting her to bring her children to church;

but this kind concession the husband’s reverend confessor soon discovered, and determined to punish. The circumstance was announced from the altar, though the parties were not named. A threat, however, accompanied the proclamation, that, should this domestic arrangement continue unaltered on the following Sunday, the public should know the delinquents. The poor man, unwilling to comply, tried every avenue to the priest’s clemency; but his reverence was obdurate. The menace was punctually carried into effect next Sabbath. And what was the result? *Before that day week, the wife of this unhappy man, and the mother of a young and helpless family, lay cold in her grave.* She was in an advanced state of pregnancy when the denunciation was fulminated. The shock killed her; and thus the breath of a professedly Christian minister blasted the woman and her unborn babe. So much for the feelings of the meekest of priesthood.”

One other illustration of the genius of these men, and we are done. At a Roman Catholic dinner, given to a Roman Catholic bishop in Cork, at which all the Irish titulars mustered, the first after dinner toast was given: “The Father of the Christian world, the representative of the majesty of God, the centre of peace and unity on earth, the great effectual promoter of religion and civilisation on earth,—THE POPE.” After this we had “THE KING, THE FIRST AND HIGHEST SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE.” How thoroughly do these toasts, in wine, when men generally let out their real opinions, demonstrate the *kindness* and the *loyalty* of the Popish priesthood in Ireland; and how neatly do the sentiments broached dove-tail with the tyranny that Radicals would wield, if they dare; and the hostility to the Church which Dissenters cherish, and make felt when they can. In the one toast there is the sympathy that Popery feels with Dissent, in regard to their common eyesore, the Church; and in the other there is sympathy felt with the Radicals in regard to the order and endurance of the crown and the coronet: and thus the three denominations are all agreed in the main destruction to be wrought. We have not time to shew the antipathy of the Church of Rome to liberty and prescriptive rights; her unabandoned persecuting princi-

ples, still embodied in her canons, taught in her conclaves, and explained in her practices; nor do we feel ourselves at liberty to enter on any theological discussion of her character. What we maintain, and are ready to prove, is, that, as one of the leading anti-constitutional parties, there is, in the growing powers and secret movements of this section, much to alarm the Conservatives and the Protestants of our country. We must crush the papal power in this empire, or succumb to it. Their plans are laid; their machinery is in the field; and they make no secret of the work they are after, or the contempt they can pour on oaths, on solemn promises, and sacred rights. "Let that frightful monster, the Protestant Church of Ireland, be no longer allowed to prey on the vitals of the state; let it be left no longer!" lately thundered forth the Rev. Mr. Fergus, a popish priest, from his altar. "Let me add," says the *Great O'Connell*, the political pope, "that, in the case of the Catholics, there is a feature of greater strength and distinctness. These tithes were instituted, these glebes were set apart, not by Protestants for Protestant worship, but by Catholics for Catholic worship. They were *ours*; we assigned them for *our* purposes—the purposes of the ten thousand. The force of law, or rather the law of force, has *unjustly* torn them from the Catholics, whose property they were, and given them to the two hundred Protestants, whose property they were not."

The Roman Catholic party is formidable from its numbers, but especially its organisation. Its ulterior objects are of a most desolating character and extent. "It goes [we quote from an able article in the *Times*] to abrogate the revolution, to unroof us of the Reformation, and to enthrone that ignominious and unnatural power of which the tendency is ever downwards, making dupes of the wise, slaves of the free, and shufflers of those who might be born honest."

These, then, are the three parties arrayed against the constitution of the land in all its extent. They have worked together for years; they still cling to each other, in the consciousness that in this unity there is strength to destroy and break down. A pause has taken place in the rate of their movements, at least since the Lords presented so resistless and manly a

front; and all the venom of the three — the jesuitry of the Papist, the hypocrisy of the Dissenter, and the desperate resolve of the Radical, are at this moment concocting in their secret alembic the future method of attack; and, in order not to be inoperative in some way, they are, meanwhile, distilling, through the *Chronicle*, and *Courier*, and *Globe*, the product of their ingenuity, that the populace may be more ripe for being ridden down rough-shod, by this most monstrous coalition. The union of the Dissenters with the Roman Catholics is by no means a novel occurrence in the history of England. Sir Walter Scott, in his life of Dean Swift, appends a note, in which he observes, "The Dissenters were at first disposed to make common cause with the Roman Catholics, in favour of the dissenting power claimed by James II.; and an address from one section of the Dissenters went so far as to praise the king for having "restored to God his empire over the conscience." On other occasions, it has been painfully exemplified, that dissent has been made the grave of Christian principle, and political partizanship the shroud of piety and truth. This unnatural state of things is but too obvious in the present courses of the Dissenters of this country. They are found to unite with the virulent Papist of Ireland, the Socinians and the Infidels of England, in order to break down the safeguards of a country's honour and integrity, and to have recourse to any means, however disreputable, if they can, but pave and shorten the way to their own aggrandisement. They are fearfully astray in their policy and their expectations. They will assuredly fail in their political designs, and succeed only in gathering around them as a party the merited odium of Christians and Christian patriots. Even if they should succeed, in conjunction with their present confederates, in overturning the Establishment, they will themselves be the next victims of Popery; they will merely have the privilege of Ulysses—that of being last devoured.

But our business is with the whole three denominations of antagonists. These parties, differing from each other in nine things, agree in the tenth—the disruption of the sacred ties that bind into one the separate interests of Britain—the dismemberment of its present moral and political provinces, and the

expediting of that open and desolate field on which they will fight the one with the other for party ascendancy. To resist and to break up the unhallowed confederacy, let the property, the talent, the piety of the country assemble, as of old, and be one head, one heart, and one hand; and when the enemies, in the pride of anticipated triumph, lift up the shout, "The Philistines be upon thee!" the giant, who was but asleep, will rise up refreshed, and with a vigour hitherto not put forth, because not presented with an exigency that demanded its exercise, he will scatter the Midianites, and all the armies of the aliens.

This paper is just a leaf of that book which is filling up every day; and if it contribute in any degree to awaken the energies of the Church and Conservatism to the perils with which they are, at present environed, or to shew to

the generations that will come after us what men can sacrifice under the baneful spirit of earthly party, and what they may, if they will open their eyes, anticipate as the reward of so uncalled-for dereliction of sacred principle, we shall have gained our reward. If Radicalism, Popery, and Dissent, are combined against us, let the Conservatives, Protestants, and Churchmen of Britain coalesce, and set their faces against them; and insubordination, superstition, and abandonment of principles being on the one side, while obedience to the powers that be, true religion, and adherence to righteousness, are enlisted on the other, it will, ere long, be proved that Heaven will not forsake the cause that is its own, nor suffer the land, so long distinguished by its national acknowledgment of Him, to perish under the protection of His shield, and amid the sunshine of His favour.

THE LAST OF THE LAIRDS.

[WHEN we gave a place, in our last Number, to an article under this title, we were ignorant that its details had reference to a highly respectable family, most of the members of which are now in existence. The moment we discovered the error we had committed, by giving insertion to such an article, we determined to withhold the Second Part, and to substitute, in its stead, an explanation to our readers.

That explanation has subsequently been required at our hands, by a gentleman on behalf of, and nearly connected with, the heads of the family aggrieved; and we have not hesitated to express to him, for their satisfaction, the deep regret which we feel in having, inadvertently, allowed our pages to be made the vehicle of an unwarrantable and wanton attack on the privacy of domestic life.

It is our duty to add, that, from the representations which have been made to us, we can have no doubt the statements in the article complained of are so distorted and exaggerated, as to render the whole account a most unjust one.]

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES TO OLIVER YORKE.

SIR,—You have made me very happy by the honours you have done me in your Nos. for January and February.

The present loathing of the public for poetry may, I think, be accounted for by the satiety resulting from the excess of false stimulants, applied for the *first quarter* of the century. Extravagance and monstrosity always tire; yet the mob always take extravagance for originality and genius, and chastity for want of power and strength.

The ornate style in poetry always ends in fatigue and sickness.

Poetry, consisting of a fable—if that fable be well designed, and the characters and sentiments have merit—cannot be denied to be *genuine*. Metrical compositions without these ingredients may, or may not, be poetry; but about these first there can be *no* doubt.

To constitute originality, it is not at all necessary to say what has never been said before; if it has never been said before, the chances are that it is false. The question of originality depends on whether what is produced comes from the internal fountain of the producer's mind, or is derived from *without*. Where there is truth, there *must* be concurrence; as in the case of two witnesses, who, each from his own observation, speak to the same facts.

Thoughts, which are *far-fetched*, are neither good nor necessarily original; but vulgar critics deem, that to be *recondite* is a proof of excellence.

I cannot admit that I am in any case an *echo* of other writers because I happen to be simple and not overstrained.

I am myself one of those who can feel no pleasure in poetry as an art—all must be the unsophisticated ebullition of nature. If the thoughts are not *first* thoughts, they always betray something of artifice. Nothing is good which does not call forth *immediate* echoes in the reader's bosom; and laboured thoughts never do this. By that deeply interesting article in *Fraser's Magazine*, the "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott," it appears that this mighty genius had the same theory; and practised it, too.

Nothing, perhaps, is more common, than for an enthusiast to persuade himself that he possesses powers which

the world will not concede to him. Yet he is often right; though the blight of cold reception never allows him to shew the extent of those powers.

Whatever genius there may have been in Coleridge, his poetry was too mystical, and too much inclined to a certain class of metaphysical thoughts. Byron struggled too much for what was recondite, extravagant, and overwrought: he often lashed himself into foam. The eye soon tires at excess of colouring.

True genius is rare, and true taste is almost as rare; cultivated and artificial talents are very common; and what is artificial itself, delights only in what is artificial.

It may be suspected, that every writer of verses will endeavour to make out a theory of poetry best suited to his own powers; and this may, probably, be laid to my charge. But this attempt will be vain, unless the theory be just. Mine is not a new one—it goes back even to Aristotle; and it is that by which poetry, in all subsequent ages and nations, has been finally tested. By this the Greek, and Roman, and Hebrew poetry, must be tried; by this, Dante, and Petrarch, and Tasso, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton.

As to difference of taste in the preference of one or other of its classes, that must be while mankind are born with such dissimilar dispositions and feelings. Some will prefer the grand, some the tender, and some the comic; the mob will like Ariosto better than Dante, or Petrarch, or Tasso.

In the whole body of poets in Johnson's *Lives*, I could spare all but eight.

Works written for temporary purposes, and made up of temporary opinions and arguments, scarcely deserve the name of literature.

Next to fable in poetry, is that which approaches to fable.

The most mischievous mistake in criticism is to hold that fantasticality and extravagance, or thoughts and language far-fetched, are proofs of genius; and that what is natural and true is tame, and deficient in originality. Positive novelty is almost always false. I doubt if any thing of moral observation, positively new, can be found in

Shakespeare himself. What none have thought before, can scarcely have a solid foundation: the man of genius brings out what others have thought before, but not been able to express.

Whatever depends on novelty for its charm, must necessarily lose its interest the moment the novelty is past.

Critical reviewers are now so numerous, and judgments so contradictory, that the reader will have no fixed opinions, unless principles of composition be clearly elucidated and precisely established. These will never be learned from, at least, one of the leading oracles: the *Edinburgh Review* has never preserved even a temporary consistency.

To hold a permanent place in literature, is a lot which can befall few authors; and it never was so difficult as now, when there are so numberless aspirants, and when all the temptations to the means of popular applause are so apt to lead us astray. The claps are sufficiently obvious, if we do not disdain to use them. The taste of the mob cannot fail to be bad, till corrected and superseded by powerful authority. A strong instance of this is the poetry of Collins, which during his life received no fame or notice. And it is quite certain that, for thirty years after their publication, Milton's *Juvenile Poems* were utterly neglected.

The Edinburgh Reviewers have always held, for political purposes, that the approbation of the mob is the true criterion of merit; and their exaltation of Crabbe's verses was always, not from literary taste, but to effect secret political aims; as, for instance, to disgust readers with the existing institutions of the country.

If a critic can take from a poet his originality, he takes every thing. It is essential, therefore, to put beyond doubt what constitutes originality. Yet one is astonished that there can be any question about it. The word itself can carry but one meaning: it is what is not borrowed, but comes from the fountain of the writer's own mind, whether others have or have not thought and said the same. But then, I admit that it must not be such thoughts and expressions as are so common as to have become stale; it must be something fresh, vigorous, and important.

To constitute originality, it is not necessary that all the ingredients should be original; this quality may belong

to unborrowed combination or unborrowed results. Now, it too often happens in Gray, that we can trace not only the ideas but the language to some predecessor. This is especially the case with the odes on Spring and on Eton College. Still, there is enough of force in the style, and novelty in the combination, to make him original, on a candid view.

The clear apprehension of these positions is of paramount importance. The attempt to be original by means of novelty, at the expense of truth, is destructive to permanent fame and pure composition.

Noble, or tender, or beautiful thoughts, will never lose their charm, however often repeated, provided they bear the marks of sincerity and inborn feeling in the writer. Of the beautiful stanza in Gray's *Elegy*, beginning

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,"

there is an exact counterpart in one of Horace's *Epodes*; yet is it the less delightful in Gray?

If, according to this theory, I am myself an echo of others, then I must succumb and throw down my pen.

I never write from memory, and still less by the aid of reference to books. I never take opinions or sentiments on trust from others, but only commit to paper my own unborrowed convictions. See, on the contrary, what Pitt is taxed with, in an article on English Eloquence in No. III. of the *British and Foreign Review*.

With regard to the charge of being an echo, perhaps it may only be intended to mean that I have no peculiar style of which I am at the head: this would only prove that I am not a mannerist. Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, Rogers, Bowles, are each at the head of a school; that is, they are mannerists. Now, to be a mannerist is no just ground of praise. It is true, that to set up a model is very different from following a model second-hand.

I think it is reported, that when some one said to Johnson that Burke wrote like Cicero, the doctor answered, "No, sir, he does not write like Cicero, or any one else: *he writes as well as he can.*" It never occurs to me to follow any model when I write; all I endeavour is to express my own thoughts in the language which best conveys

them : the nature of the thought will dictate the style. I hate *costume* !

He who has foregone almost all the common pleasures and ambitions of life for the sake of a particular species of reward, will infallibly grieve deeply if he misses that reward. He seeks to obtain the *uninfluenced* approbation of taste and judgment.* But it must be sincere ; if merely complimentary, it is a hollow toy.

However, it is a great defect to want the calm courage which can rely upon itself. The minds of others are so various and so capricious, that he who is at their mercy will be blown about by every wind, like a weathercock.

No fame is fixed upon ground which there will not be an attempt to shake : even after centuries, the deserts of the greatest authors are called in question. Every author, therefore, after having satisfied his own conscience, ought to keep his mind at rest. This, at least, is certain, that if he writes with fear and anxiety he cannot write well.

"Defend me," the censor will cry, "from all this morbid sensitiveness !"

He who becomes a candidate for literary praise is playing a desperate game, with all the chances against him. If we could know this at the outset of life, wisdom would restrain us from entering the lists. A quiet obscurity would then be deemed far preferable. But Young well shews, that "*love of fame is the universal passion*." Observe in what an insane way it worked even upon *Fieschi* ! See the poor idiots of fortune and rank venture their necks at steeple-races, that they may be *talked of* ! And yet the chases of the mind are called a foolish vanity !

A brain always at work, will never be quiet till it has reached the winning-post : spirits have set it in motion at the birth, and on it will go without the power to stop it. Such is the mystery of our nature, and reason will have no control over it.

If there be intellects endowed with acuteness of observation, and abundance of reflection and sentiment, ought they to rest content in silence and torpor ? Ought the seeds, which have the power of rich fructification, to remain sterile ? My brain is like a mill, which the stream moves day and night : its wheels never cease to circulate. When all the world is at rest, its rotation is still the same.

In illustration, I beg to make some

remarks on Pope, the result of more than fifty years—I may almost say sixty years—of thought on the subject.* I took a great interest in Jo. Warton's second volume of his essay of Pope, when it was published in 1782 ; and I have coolly re-examined my own opinions an hundred times since, that I might be sure I was not under the influence of prejudice. I do not think that Jo. Warton has made the most of his arguments. His taste was exquisite ; but I doubt if he was an original thinker.

I never saw the editions of Bowles or Roscoe.

If it be thought that the subject is stale, let it be recollected how very important the settlement of the principles it involves is to all poetical criticism. Till we are agreed on these principles, all judgments on poets will be capricious and uncertain. And I am willing to hope that my statement may contain something more durable than ephemeral criticism.

Nothing is excellent in literary composition but truth—truth in its enlarged sense. Truth will win her way at last ; and the way which she has won she will keep. In criticism, every thing of novelty or sharpness, which pleases for a moment, is soon found false.

There is scarce any thing original in Pope's *Essay on Criticism* ; and there are few things deep. The selection was skilful and just, considering the author's early age. But almost the whole is abstract and dry. There is no eloquence ; and it regards more the form and technicalities of composition, than the soul and the thoughts. The versification and language are good, on account of the terseness ; but not always as harmonious and polished as they have been supposed to be. Like the French school, all the author's attention, as far as regards the matter, is turned to the maxims of reason, and not of sentiment or imagination. The illustrations are moral ; scarcely ever picturesque.

There is no enthusiasm, no loftiness, no passion, no relation to the phantoms of fiction.

But even on appeal to the judgment, the execution is far from perfect. The positions are not always consistent with each other ; but sometimes positively contradictory.

This poem—if poem it may be called

—seems to have been first written in prose, and then laboriously worked into rhymed couplets; which appear to have been composed separately, and then strung together. The consequence is, that there is rarely any flow or natural association. As the detached fragments were composed at different times and in different humours, they became patches where the suture is apparent. They shine most when they are brought forward as extracted citations. They are often perfect in their way as single couplets. But they have in them literally no ingredients of poetry except the metre; and sometimes even in these the same rhymes recur two, three, and even four times in the same page. No didactic prose can be more barren and cold than the language.

On a few occasions of his life, Pope's feelings seem to have been highly excited; and then he wrote like a master-spirit. But he rarely rose beyond a state of good common-sense. The bent of his intellect was ratiocination. His poetical ornaments and picturesque illustrations are scantily supplied; and even then are often vague or trite. We can generally track him in the fields of his predecessors.

A great part of his composition was mechanical; but it was the composition of a very intense and skilful artist. All he did was the effect of deep study. He read with acuteness; he meditated judiciously and maturely; he made the thoughts of others his own, by amalgamating them with the fountains of his own mind. But still we almost always can discern the ingredients which were borrowed. He, appears never to derive the first impulse from his own internal movements.

He was not a dreamer; he had no involuntary inspirations. His thoughts came slowly and step by step, after long brooding upon them. His observations upon men and manners were discriminative and sagacious. He brought to them the lamp of knowledge acquired from books and conversation, with an inquisitive mind and a force of reason. The spleen and bitterness of his temper added to his intellectual sharpness.

Shut out by the natural feebleness of his frame, and his consequent ill health, from the common amusements of society, he had leisure to carry the culture of his mind to its highest point. Always at work, never gliding super-

ficially over any topic which presented itself to him, the fruits of his toil had always a solid value. But, because they were highly intellectual, it does not follow that they were truly poetical.

That Pope's mind was seldom in a poetical state, is proved by a long set of verses, consisting of more than seven hundred lines, in which there are so few poetical passages. It is of no avail to say that the precepts are just, and clearly and forcibly expressed. If the thought partakes not of the spirit of poetry, and if there are no illustrations, by which what in itself is dry is adorned with the halo of that inspiration, it cannot be poetry.

Let any one, after the perusal of that work, say whether he feels awakened into the magic of the elevated humour which the genuine muse always produces. He may be instructed, and his understanding may be improved; and he may be impressed with the conviction that the author is an enlightened and powerful teacher. But there is not only a want of imagery and sentiment; there is no grandeur of thought.

I am quite sure that the subject would have afforded a more imaginative mode of discussion, if the author's genius had inclined him to it. But his mind was by nature didactic and abstract. He could reason more readily than he could feel; and he could draw his thoughts from books, rather than from internal fountains.

The author might, by exhibiting the merits of our greatest poets—as Milton, Spenser, and Shakespeare—have introduced rich and magnificent pictures, and sublime thoughts. He might have explained how imagination works, and what are the proper creations which the Muse excites and demands. But in the fields of fable he never seems to have delighted. All the outline, all the facts, and even almost all the sentiments, of the story of Eloisa and Abelard, had been already told, and were borrowed by him. It is true that he gave them a deep colouring, because in that particular case he seems to have been under the impression of personal passion. Here, therefore, he is eloquent, and rises to genuine and noble poetry. But even here his imagery is not often very minute, and is scarcely ever original. He was not a nice observer of the scenery of nature: his epithets are general, such as an intimacy with

language, and a cultivated and ready memory, could supply. The commencement of Eloisa's epistle is solemn and grand; but it conveys no particular picture; it has none of that distinctness which Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton, might have taught him. But to return to the *Essay on Criticism*, the author ought to have shewn what purposes poetical fiction best answers, either of pleasure or instruction. When the author dwells, not on the matter, but only on the rules by which the arts of literary composition are to be managed, he escapes from all the nobler parts of his subject. And why does he escape? Because his skill is greater as an artist than an intellectual inventor. A clear apprehension, a retentive memory, and cool judgment, will, with industry, be able to gather and express all the rules which art in a succession of centuries has seen reason to establish; but to feel duly, and duly exemplify the bursts of past genius, requires other and loftier gifts. The age to which Pope was allotted was an age which, though called *Augustan*, was an age more of propriety than of genius—at least so far as regards poetry. It was copied from the feeble and flat model of French literature. I believe that at this time Milton and Spenser were little read, and less relished—that the grand regions of fiction were considered extravagant, and perhaps puerile—and that witty representations of casual life and temporary manners were alone regarded. Dryden was Pope's model, with the French Boileau; and of the ancients, Horace, in his satires and epistles. These were not archetypes to exalt a fancy naturally weak. They seemed made as if precisely to fit the inborn aptitudes of Pope's mind. He adopted them in his very boyhood, and never afterwards varied from them through the whole remainder of his life.

In the first fifty-three verses of the *Essay on Criticism*, there is not one line of poetry. Then follow six lines, which may be called in some degree poetical. There is something of force and spirit from line 68 to line 109. Again, from line 141 to line 160. Again, from line 181 to line 200. From line 215, beginning, "*A little learning*," down to line 232, has been

much praised—perhaps far more than it deserves.

We may here quote the poet's own lines, v. 239 :

"But on such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low—
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor
keep—
We cannot blame, indeed,—but we may
sleep."

Pope says, at line 297 :

"True wit* is nature to advantage
dress'd—
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
express'd;
Something whose truth convinced at sight
we find,
That gives us back the image of our
mind."

The next two lines have a strangely imperfect rhyme, "*light*" and "*wit*." In this page, after "*dress'd*" and "*express'd*," recurs "*express*" and "*dress*;" and again, "*express'd*" and "*dress'd*;" and again, "*best*" and "*dress'd*."

Eighty-two lines, from 384 to 465, appear to me flat truisms, expressed in the driest phraseology. Then come eight poetical lines :

"Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance
true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes
known
The opposing body's grossness, not its
own.
When first that sun too powerful beams
displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its
rays:
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its
way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the
day."

From line 494 to 525, is a passage which has something of elevation, sentiment, and eloquence. The praise of the ancient critics, beginning at v. 643, approaches to the tone of poetry, though it has nothing in the matter or thought much above commonplace. Then the praise of Erasmus, and the revival of learning with Leo X., beginning at v. 653, has an interesting warmth and flow of expression.

The egotism with which the essay closes is worthy of a better poem. I cannot agree with Dr. Croly, who pronounces this composition to be "one continued flow of keen thought and

"animated poetry." I should have supposed that even the most laudatory critic could not have gone further than to say that it had poetical patches. It does not seem to me that those patches are sufficiently numerous to redeem it as a poetical work. It is mischievous to confound or deteriorate the true ingredients of poetry. That which, however just as a position of reason, is a mere abstract verity, and is neither adorned by fable, nor imagery, nor sentiment, and is only conveyed in the plainest, even though not vulgar words, cannot be poetry. A flower of gold-thread, stuck sparingly here and there, will not make a web, of which nine parts in ten are of common yarn, a rich and costly texture—it will not turn "cloth of frieze" into "cloth of gold."

What has been taken to be poetry by the best authorities of all nations, from the time of Aristotle to this day, ought not to be, and cannot be, mistaken.

Dr. Johnson's praise of this poem appears to me not only extravagant, but utterly unfounded. He speaks, in addition to other merits—which, if true, would not be poetical merits—of its splendour of illustration; and says, that "if Pope had written nothing else, it would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition." Where is this splendour of illustration to be found? I have already said that I can rarely, if ever, trace it; indeed, for pages together, it has no illustrations at all. Johnson often expresses himself as if he thought that poetry was nothing more than dry moral precepts, clothed in smooth and correct versification. Johnson, indeed, confines the sort of excellence he insists upon to didactic composition; but he assuredly considers the didactic the most valuable class, whereas nothing but the predominance of a rich imagination can make it tolerable poetry.

Will any one be bold enough to call the following commencement of this essay poetry:

"'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our
sense.

Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes
amiss.

A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in
prose."

This may be called good sense; but what is there even of novelty of precept in it? It is the baldest of prose. The two next lines contain an *illustration*; but what an illustration!

"'Tis with our judgments, as our watches,
none
Go just alike; yet each believes his own."

The next illustration is at v. 22, from the lines and colourings of painting; but a very feeble one. The third illustration is at v. 39, from a *mule*, "which is neither horse nor ass." This may be called wit, but it is not poetry. Then comes a simile from the *equivocal insects in the Nile*. I have already noticed that some poetical lines occur at v. 54. Next comes, at v. 64, an allusion to the ambition of kings, who lose, instead of gaining, by their desire of aggrandisement. The praise of nature, at v. 69, is happily and elegantly expressed: there is in this passage something of the fervour of the Muse. But the illustration, at v. 83, from *man and wife*, and at v. 86, from "the winged courser," are poor and commonplace.

Some good metaphorical lines occur at v. 92. But the allusion to *modern "pothecaries,"* at 109, is low and miserable.

The encomium on Homer and Virgil, beginning at v. 123, is proper; but of no extraordinary merit either in thought or language. The following couplet is a specimen:

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just
esteem:
To copy nature is to copy them."

The next comparison is at v. 143, between music and poetry, which all must admit to be stale. The irregularities in the scenery of nature are brought to exemplify the next precept at v. 158.

At v. 175 comes a simile from the discretion of a *general commanding an army*.

At v. 181 begin twenty lines in a tone of just and poetical elevation.

At v. 225, the simile from *the Alps*, which Johnson pronounces to be "the most apt, the most proper, and the most sublime of any in English poetry," is proved by Dr. Warton to have been borrowed from Drummond of Hawthornden.

I have thus gone through a third of the poem, and this is surely a sufficient portion by which to judge the rest; it would tire the reader to pursue this dissection further.

As far as regards the matter, the author's purpose is to shew all the abuses of criticism, and all the instances of bad taste—and this he often does with great brevity and point; but that of which I complain is, that he does it in a prosaic way. As an instance of a cool and discriminative judgment in a very young author, it is, indeed, a subject of great admiration; but I think that it is the judgment of *selection*, not of *origination*. Treated in the way in which Pope has treated this subject, I think that it would have formed a better essay in prose than in rhyme: unless it be argued that verse assists the memory in retaining the rules. Even in this regard, it has had the effect of often cramping and demeaning the language. I suspect that his style would have been often richer if he had written in prose. The narrow space of a couplet often lops off parts, and disfigures the form. Pope had a mechanical mind, and seldom

“Snatch'd a grace beyond therreach of art.”

He could rarely be warmed into a height or a flow. His style—at least in this essay—is condensed and snappish. Many of the rules are so obvious and trite, that they do not seem worth the trouble of pressing into a couplet.

Another fault of the piece is this, that it is an essay, not on criticism, but on critics—on their characters, their prejudices, their passions, and their motives. It would have been far more interesting and instructive to have dwelt more on the subjects to be criticised. As the author's attention is principally confined to critics on poetry, he might have discussed all the various kinds of poetry,—the epic, the dramatic, the lyric, the elegiac, the didactic, the satiric. But his mind seems to have been earliest turned, not to the matter, but to the artificial manner of writing on it. Nature gave his intellect a spirit of examination, and a subtlety of distinction, which rather chose to probe and analyse, than be carried away by general admiration. This rarely attends youth, and still more rarely genius.

Such a faculty, however, was well suited to the taste of the age in which

this essay appeared. It was an age of cold correctness; on which account it has been falsely called classical.

It is astonishing that, after the lofty performances of Milton, in which the Muse had taken a more sublime flight than even before, the next generation should fall back into a strain and taste so creeping, flat, and dull. The epoch was not wanting in great men, of strong and brilliant talents in every public department. The age was stirring and adventurous. In prose, Addison was a model of elegance, grace, imagination, and sentiment; Marlborough was the splendid star of war; and Somers, St. John, and others, shone in the state and the senate. In poetry alone was a timid and chastised propriety. This was partly the effect of Dryden's predominant reputation; but still more of the peculiar character of Pope's mind. I do not believe that any effort could have enabled him to have been an author of imaginative invention. He drew all the materials of his thoughts from external observation. The *Essay on Criticism* proves that the character of his intellect was fixed as early as the age of twenty.

It seems to me that Nature intended Pope for an abstract moralist and an argumentative philosopher; and that mere accident made him a writer of verses, and addicted to the labour of hitching his thoughts into rhyme. Poetry has more to do with feelings than with reason; and with feelings excited by imagination. It is to change the order of things to attempt to raise poetical emotion by mere reasoning.

To begin to act on the offensive against literary censors at an age of youthful hope, was rather out of place. Pope appears to have already anticipated attack, and dreaded misapprehension. This is in consonance with what is recorded of the morbidness of his temper. But he who fears more than he hopes, will never do great things. The author, who nicely calculates all the chances against him, will be not only chained, but paralysed, in all his exertions.

If we admit the subject to be proper, and the precepts of the writer to be correct, are the illustrations as picturesque and poetical as they could have been made? I venture to say that the reverse is the case. If Pope's mind had supplied original images and spontaneous sentiments, they would

have not decorated, but enforced his positions, in a very different and much more attractive manner. Looking solely to the product of which he was in search, he regarded neither leaves nor blossom ; the dry fruit was all he cared for.

That Johnson, who had estimated the genius of Shakespeare with so much power and taste, should shew himself so blind to the ingredients of poetry in the case of Pope, is to me unaccountable. In Shakespeare, he had been conversant with rich and beautiful fable, and description, and sentiment. Almost all he found in Pope was "*dry as dust*." Let it be kept in mind that my consideration has been here confined to the *Essay on Criticism*. I may hereafter examine the other essays and poems, which I shall try by the same principles : perhaps they may stand the test better. But as Johnson has pronounced the *Essay on Criticism* a performance which the poet never afterwards excelled, it must not be complained that I have chosen his worst work, or one of his inferior works, to exercise my cavils upon. It will vainly be denied by the surly biographer, that the *Essay on Man* is in a much higher tone. But this severe and capricious censor was always guided in his literary decisions by collateral and adventitious motives. He took an offence at the doctrines and philosophy of the *Essay on Man* ; whereas his duty was to decide by its poetical execution. Till we have established clear and precise principles, by which the nature of poetry is defined and governed, all judgments upon it will be arbitrary and fantastical. It is like unfixed laws in civil affairs,—*misera est servitus ubi lex est vaga et incerta*.

There are some things which prove their essence by their very names, as well as by the general consent of mankind. Such is poetry—*creation* is its essence ; and if this be wanting, no other merits can entitle it to higher praise than such as belongs to an inferior quality. Unless, therefore, Pope can be shewn to deal in *creation*, Johnson cannot justify, by all his dogmatisms, the encomiums of supremacy which he has lavished upon him. He asks, with an absurd pertness, "If Pope is not a poet, who is ?" His analysis of the ingredients is not only far from exact, but exaggerated.

There are those censors whose taste

may incline them to think that if the ingredients of Pope's mind did not fit him to compose what I contend can alone make the purest and highest class of poetry, yet that they enabled him to execute something better. But this is a different question. The trial must be, not whether Pope's works are better than poetry, but to what rank they are entitled *as poetry* ? That Pope was a man of vast intellectual power, no one can doubt.

Moral couplets, containing observations upon actual life, such as exhibits itself to the common view of mankind, will be more to the taste of a large portion of readers than a display of the spiritual world, and of those dim regions which imagination delights to depict. Common minds can apprehend nothing but what their senses present to them,—what they can see, and hear, and touch, and smell. With whatever, therefore, assists them in forming opinions on these things, they are most pleased. There are couplets of Pope, which have been on every one's lips from the time that they were first published. Their conciseness, their clearness, their familiar language, meet the daily occurrences of social life. But whatever merits these characteristics may claim, they are not the merits of prime and excellent poetry. Correct views of human life, such as daily experience teaches to a sound and discerning understanding, are an inestimable acquisition ; but they may be acquired without genius, and comprehended without taste or feeling. All the necessities of life are within the reach of common capacities. We must not estimate the value of things by their vulgar usefulness, but by their grandeur and brilliance. Wisdom, as has been said on the highest authority, is the fruit of leisure, and not of necessary labour. We must not allow the scale of excellence to be confounded ; and put the arts highest, which are merely of popular acquisition.

Providence has ordained that the great body of the people should live by other means than by culture of mind ; but, nevertheless, the culture of mind must take the pre-eminence. The visionary wanders away from actual existences, and is never content with things as they are. But Pope's whole mind was employed upon the scenes passing before him : his delight was to detect and expose the follies of society ;

and he saw no shapes in the clouds of ideal goodness and ideal beauty. The understanding which is always intent upon the errors and the weaknesses of humanity, gets a habit of minute analysis which is unpropitious to grand conceptions.

But the general reader loves satire, and takes more pleasure in the exposure and ridicule of faults, than in the delineation of virtue and grandeur. Life is a warfare; and envy and hatred are almost universal passions. If we trust too much, and hope too much, we are lost. The characters of Villiers, Wharton, and others, in which Pope excelled, were drawn from careful and acute observation. If we are come into this life to think of no world but the present, then all this is best. But we might spare all these clever expositions, without much loss to the exaltation of our minds and hearts.

There is a dreadful laceration and depression of spirit in reading the follies and turpitudes of mankind in the contentions of busy life. If Pope believed in the pictures he drew—and no doubt he did believe—he must have been always sour, peevish, and unhappy.

In those days poets affected to be wits; and were sought at the tables of the great, when the difference of ranks was much greater than at present. They strove, therefore, to make themselves agreeable companions, and to be adepts in the manners of the world; instead of nursing, in solitude, noble fictions. In all their poetry, therefore, we find no romance, no fable; but familiar descriptions, and sharp and lively moralisms, aiming to be polished and piquant. Few of them rose above the class of mere versifiers. These were authors to whom Johnson was taught in his youth to look up, and whom his native taste and the structure of his mind led him to approve. Poetry was intended for lonely contemplation, where the noises of society and the ambitions of the world never enter. But St. John, Harley, Cobham, and Burlington, lived in the vortex of busy life, and were not likely to relish the wild and secluded dreams of imagination. Pope, therefore, in addition to his natural bent, had the incitement to write that which would best please his patrons.

These might be reasons why Pope's reputation should stand so high in his

life; but all such adventitious advantages have long since died away: he must now be tried by the pure and eternal principles of the most exalted poetry. But such a reputation, once gained, has too many persons interested in it to be lightly given up. It flatters the worldlings, and gratifies the wits. Probably, no one will arise who will be able to rival Pope in his own department; but numerous are those who can follow his track at a distance. For one who has the faculty of creation, hundreds have the faculty of observation. The gift of moral reasoning is very common; the gift of lofty sentiments is very rare.

The selfishness of mankind makes them love that intellectual sort of culture best which teaches them to be most skilful in estimating and choosing the course of daily life; and, by learning the characters of their fellow-beings, to know how to protect themselves against them—or, perhaps, to overreach them. What, therefore, only purifies and elevates the internal movements of the brain, and ameliorates the heart, they receive with comparative indifference. Thus, they call Pope's matter sterling ore.

If we take Pope's productions for a study of man in society, then we do well: he is sagacious, pointed, witty, elegant, harmonious, and often profound. Much may be learned from him; but more of outward manners than of psychological information. Perhaps his mind was more occupied with the labour and art of expressing thoughts in a striking way, than with the thoughts themselves. He was often content with taking the hints, both of opinion and of imagery and illustration, from others. He looked to books for the purpose of finding matter for his own compositions. He gathered suggestions and conversation; and must have learned much from those great statesmen, so widely engaged in public business, with whom he habitually associated. But it sometimes happens that the point of the language, or the decoration of the dress, covers a triteness of observation. It cannot be denied that the poet often deals in truisms.

Pope has in some of his poems gone quite as far as the perfection of art can go in the language of versification. Witness from v. 267 to v. 280, in the first epistle of the *Essay on Man*.

Pope's employment was to reason,

and to throw his arguments into couplets of verse; and he seems to have derived his opinions more from argument than from sentiment. I am myself convinced, that the latter is the better guide. It is by the heart and the imaginative power that the Muse must perform her magic: that the poet's best work is inspiration, and not art, cannot be doubted.

It is on this account that Pope often tires those readers who delight in Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton. The most admirable degree of technical skill falls far short of the force of nature. We look in poets for something superhuman: the more they are conversant with real life, the less reverence we have for them. We expect that their position should be in a spiritual world. Cold heads may preach as much as they will about what they call common-sense—a sober view of the dictates of experience; but it is a part of our better nature to aspire to more exalted regions. A sagacious moralist, an acute observer of life and the human character, is a wise and praiseworthy man; but he is not by those pretensions a great poet. We must not confound and miscall names, and still less essences. Such an one may be a poet also, but he is not a poet on those accounts; and the chances are that his deep attention, bent on terrestrial concerns, will withdraw him from the sublimer regions of the air. He must be very prejudiced and blind who will deny that this was often the case with Pope.

Johnson, to indulge his own humours, was resolved to confound one excellence with another; but he did it in defiance of his own better knowledge. He has shewn, on other occasions, that no one could analyse the ingredients of intellectual power more clearly than he. Discrimination was Johnson's most prominent faculty; but, unluckily, he had no sensibility, and a very imperfect fancy. He, therefore, chose to laud most that with which he was himself most gifted.

There is nothing which leads to so much error, and nothing so disgusting, as arbitrary and capricious criticism. Unless we can settle incontrovertible principles, and abide by them, every thing is open to lawless will; and the mind of the public is kept in a state of constant uncertainty, and all literary fame is at the mercy of the envious

and malignant. The ancients knew distinctly the rules of poetical composition, and thus fixed permanently the gradations of excellence—gradations to which all future ages have adhered, in the credit and fame given to their chief poets. No one has questioned the superiority of Homer and Virgil, or doubted the exact place due to Horace or Lucretius. Pope comes nearer to Horace—at least as a didactic and satirical, though not as a lyrical, author. In lyrics, I think we have no one who has much similitude to Horace. Sometimes Cowley comes nearest to him; on the other hand, Cowley has many distinct powers and merits from Horace: indeed Cowley, with some faults, is a most original, profound, and admirable writer; but yet better in prose than in verse. There is no author on whom Johnson's judgment is so ingenious and so just as on Cowley. Perhaps it will be observed that the biographer's "Life of Dryden" is still more excellent. But this last, though very able, is liable to the same suspicions of favourable prejudice as that of Pope. I consider Dryden superior to Pope, because he was more varied, and less mechanical; he has more of the vigour of intellect, and less of the artist.

In venturing these opinions on Pope, which a large portion of society, even of literary society, will deem hypercritical, I am aware of the attacks to which I shall expose myself. Late critics of reputation have taken a contrary side, and the mass of commentators will be against me; but I have the Wartons—great names—and Bowles with me.

Authoritics, however, signify but little. Do my criticisms stand upon the rock of reason; are they built upon experience; are they founded in the indelible character of the human heart? If they are, they will not be shaken, but will gradually make their way. Truth will always gain her pre-dominance at last; and sophistry and bad taste will be detected, and thrown aside. It will be found that those authors whose works have survived them half a century have deserved to live; and that time is always just in the distribution of fame. For a little while, fame is uncertain and capricious. A thousand adventitious circumstances operate during a writer's life: the writer's personal character

and influence, and the veering fashions of the moment; political and religious prejudices, and the dictation of some temporary leader of the public mind. But, at last, the ore is brought to the test; and all alloys will be detected, and thrown off, and leave only what is genuine. I have lived long enough to see many of those who were favourites of the public in my youth already cast into utter oblivion. Pope has preserved his reputation, because he was truly an eminent master in his own department.

He who has a decided literary genius will, I think, pursue the bent of nature independent of the fashions of his age; but he who is formed by the age will die with the age. This, indeed, is a matter of course; the interest falls with the cessation of its cause. What is prompted by external impulses can have no enduring strength. Dryden and Pope owed encouragement to the French school; but they would have written nearly the same quality of matter if they had lived in the time of Spenser and Tasso. Daniel was not taught his moral and metaphysical turn by Spenser, nor Drayton his topographical descriptions, nor Raleigh his abstraction of terse and solid moral axioms; each followed the native propensities of his own mental faculties. They whom the bounty of Heaven has not endowed with original gifts should never attempt the higher departments of literature.

Pope's industry must have been incessant; which, as his life was but one prolonged disease, was doubly praiseworthy. Even in company his mind seemed always bent upon his works, and for collecting the materials of the designs he had in hand. He was not, therefore, ready for conversation, nor easily led into the topics he heard started; but yet, when he seemed silent and abstracted, often gathered hints which had been supposed to pass over him unheeded.

But he who makes it his business to watch obliquities, and see what is absurd in human manners, has not much chance of enjoyment in society. The *seva indignatio* is a comfortless feeling. Pope could not, like other poets, delight himself in the fields, and the woods, and the grandeur of nature. His puny and valetudinary frame would not permit him. He sat at table, lifted, like a child, on a high chair,

peevish, snappish, and sarcastic,—jealous of notice, irascible at contradiction, and exacting ready and implicit obedience to his wants and humours. He had the glory of mental dominion; yet he seems never to have been placid.

Yet, what will not men do to be blazed to the world in immortal verse? Oxford and Bolingbroke bore his petulances, and submitted to the attentions which he exacted. This was an honourable part of the character of two powerful statesmen, whose figure in history is not a little equivocal. In these days, poets do not live at the tables of the great, unless we except the Anacreon of the age. But nobles are not as they used to be: the quality of the aristocracy is utterly changed; and their splendour and influence are gone. That society is happier for this change, it will be difficult to prove.

In this respect, as well as in the tone and colour of his genius, how very unlike was Milton to Pope! Milton lived apart, and had scarce any acquaintance with those who are called the great. Though he had for many years filled a state-office of importance, he tells us that he had little acquaintance with public men; and scarce knew his employer, the Protector Cromwell. He felt, no doubt, that his holy visions were disturbed by losing his precious time in the familiar intercourse with worldlings, and those who were engaged in the coarseness of the practical business of life. He performed his political duties alone, and then retreated to his own inspired solitude. We have not enough recorded of Spenser's life to know his habits; but, though he was familiar with Raleigh, and perhaps knew Sydney personally, he wrote the *Fairy Queen* in the savage loneliness of an Irish castle, amid hordes of barbarians. What reason have we to believe that Shakespeare ever associated much with rank and riches? I do not say that this was unpropitious to the turn of Pope's genius.

As solitude must be the lot of many, and of some of the most highly endowed, it is a great injury to moral wisdom to depreciate it, or to exalt the advantages of a familiar intercourse with the more bustling and more showy members of the active world. These sentiments may be seen best advocated in Cowley's beautiful and wise essays, and in Cowper's *Task*.

It is a vulgar opinion, that we can only obtain a knowledge of human beings by perpetual intercourse with the busy and practical part of mankind. But a sagacious imagination, and a watchful intimacy with the internal movements of men's hearts, will give more light than an acquaintance of a long earthly existence, with all that can be seen in the external characters of those who form the active movers in the business and strifes of the public stage.

Whoever spends much of his time in company, gets a habit of idle and wandering thought. The variety of statements, and variety of opinions, which he hears, confound his understanding: he is content to satisfy himself with false movements; and gets rid of the puzzle of one set of ideas by transferring himself into another. Retired contemplation keeps him in one track; and, if his conclusions are not always right, they are at least consistent.

The delineation of living manners, and the exposure of the vices of the age, are useful and instructive; but I suspect that they may be better done in prose than in verse. The Muse, who loves grandeur and beauty, shrinks from deformity and angry vindictiveness.

The sensibility to the magnificence, and extreme fairness and grace, of the face of nature, is a high virtue. As long as we wander in the free and fragrant air, under a clear but not burning sunshine, we have an inexpressible delight in the consciousness of existence. And this delight is goodness, and gratitude, and devotion. The poet whom nature has not gifted with this sensibility is of a mean order; and he who, himself endowed with this taste, can impart it to others, and raise in their bosoms a portion of his own enthusiasm, is a mighty magician, and a benefactor to mankind in their most exalted essence. To what extent Pope deserves this praise all nice discerners can estimate. He took more pleasure in the artificial habits of conventional society.

Johnson's joy was to move in the crowded streets of London, and rouse himself by the battle of varied conversation. His gloom and spleen could not endure the leisure and quiet of solitude. He admired most, therefore, whatever exercised the acuteness of the understanding. Of this exercise he

found ample materials in the writings of Pope.

Johnson has done more to confirm and authorise that love for the meaner departments of poetry, which the multitude naturally prefer, than any other critic. And this is one reason why his *Lives of the Poets* have held their place in the market. The mob live for the world, and care not for the connexions which rise above the world: the necessities of looking for daily means of subsistence leave them no leisure for idealisms. Moreover, the generality of minds are matter-of-fact minds. But poets are to draw pictures of mankind rather as they ought to be than as they are.

After all, Pope is not exact—he very commonly deals in exaggerations; his characters are frequently overdrawn, for the purpose of effect. Many of them are delineations of temporary manners; and these lose all interest when fashions change. Nothing is of permanent value but that which belongs to our general nature. Milton's subjects were too high for the petty peculiarities of society, time, and country; and to these Shakespeare, in his dramas, paid little attention. His portraits are from man in his universal forms and feelings; whether an ancient Roman, or a Plantagenet and Tudor hero or courtier.

The perusal of Pope's works does not make one happy. We do not love to brood upon the errors, and passions, and ridiculous vanities of our fallen condition. Beings of grand and generous scope wish to wander away into regions of fiction, which are of a more congenial character. We would be taken out of ourselves, and our terrestrial bondage.

In this consists the moral wisdom of the highest class of poets; and it is a spiritual and heaven-ascending wisdom. Were it necessary for all to live in the degrading strife of vulgar business, it would be otherwise: for there petty watchfulness, mean craft, and flagitious deception, as well as hard-heartedness, are necessary; and whoever lifts his eyes from the ground is sure to fall into a pit, laid for him by avarice, envy, or malice.

But Providence has permitted society to form itself, in the course of time, into gradations, of which the chief positions are places of dignity and independent leisure. Among these ought to be found the lights of genius and

philosophy. Had life no ornaments, did imagination give no ideal colours to it, it would be too dreary and dull to be endured.

What is reason, unless it has materials to act upon? and the best of these materials are supplied by imagination and sentiment. This, however, will not be conceded by the common-sense commentators.

I have already said something upon Gray in this epistle, and would wish to conclude it by saying a little more.

As the quantity of Gray's compositions is so small, it may seem that he cannot afford matter for much criticism; but this, I think, is not the case. Whatever he has written is all essence. It has not the copiousness and richness of fable, nor enters much into the regions of imagination; but is almost entirely moral and descriptive. This may be attributed to the age in which the author lived, which was an age of tameness and elegant propriety. Timidity was among Gray's defects; and he did not like to run the hazard of going beyond the fashion or spirit of the day. Gray's topics are all important, and go to the human heart in its soberest and best moments. They are delivered with a concise and mellow vigour, and never load the memory; they are never extravagant or fantastic, but have always a philosophic and religious truth; they have the calm and contemplative melancholy of patient wisdom.

It is true that, in the highest rank of poetry, there is something too warm and enthusiastic for chastised and experimental philosophy; therefore I may be forgiven for saying that Gray never reached that highest rank. But I do not believe that he is the less popular on that account. The great mass of mankind are unfitted by their occupations, their selfish interests, and, perhaps, by their inborn nature, for enjoyments of pure idealism. It may be said that the poet's two great odes rise into the regions of fiction; but if it be fiction, it is historic or illustrative fiction. They are too much laboured,—too mechanical and artist-like. In the "Progress of Poesy" there is no natural association of ideas; they are patched together so abruptly that we cannot easily follow them, and are obliged to exercise our recollection, and to consult notes. Every where

splendid passages occur, but they do not form parts of one stream.

Gray's habits of composition were not suited to that sort of poetry which at once blazes upon the imagination. He wrote slowly, and pruned, and corrected, and polished. In the fatigue of toilsome workmanship the freshness and energy of the ideas evaporate.

No one knows historically what were Shakespeare's habits of composition; but I cannot doubt but he struck off his thoughts, sentiments, and descriptions at once; and never, when once committed to paper, or conceived, attempted to alter them: and hence it is that they strike the reader's intellect, or bosom, or fancy, instantaneously. The best words are those which rise consentaneously with the idea; words which are forced into their places are comprehended with pain.

Gray was a man of a powerful native genius, but whom a technical education had somewhat damped and lowered. His erudition weighed down his inborn fire. He chose, sometimes, rather to rely upon his memory than on the stores which the rich original fountain of his intellect would have supplied; and he placed before him models when he should have drawn from invention. He would have been more happy if he had trusted more to himself; his spirits would have been higher, and he would have found more enjoyment in literary occupation. To do only what others have done gratifies us but feebly: to know all that has been already taught is not satisfactory; because, if we cannot form opinions of our own, how shall we know what master is most to be relied on. In this case our ideas can never be fixed, except by a servile reliance on authority chosen by accident.

The fashion of the age has taken up a contempt for poetry. It is a bad symptom of the moral mind of the people, who thus prove themselves to have become sensual and gross.

It is the democratic spirit,—the ascendancy gained by low-born and uneducated people,—the brawl of factious politics,—the intriguing activity of desperate adventurers,—the general distress among the higher classes,—the vast and Jewish influence of the Stock Exchange,—which have effected this downfall of the loftier pleasures of the mind. The public, therefore, feel no interest but in matters of fact; and

those such only as have a temporary attraction or use. They read scarce any thing but newspapers, or vulgar pamphlets on the factious politics of the day, except the trash under the name of novels, furnished to females by the circulating libraries, which obtain no favour unless they are corrupt, extravagant, or an outrage to all good taste.

I do not entirely admire the cold decency of Gray's own age; its fearful and philosophic propriety never soared "*extra flammantia mania mundi*." Gray's desponding melancholy was a morbid disease: his causes of unhappiness were reflections on the past; for the present he had no ground of complaint. His boyhood had been miserable, in consequence of his father's cruelty and extravagance. In his manhood he was in a state of easy independence, living amid the luxury of literature, free from all family cares and all worldly vexations, or the consuming passions of ambition and rivalry,—innocent, virtuous, peaceful, susceptible to the highest degree of all the beauties and all the grandeurs of nature,—apprehensive, erudite, contemplative, profound, accurate, and ready in memory,—with a just scorn of all the gauds and all the fooleries of the world,—a lover of all arts, and exquisitely skilful in them. To him life ought to have been a Paradise, but for his spleen and melancholy.

His most perfect poem is, by universal consent, his *Elegy*. This is, in its own class, unimitated and inimitable. But let us precisely discriminate of what kind its merits are. They are not those of imagination and fiction; they are all drawn from observation and experience,—from the scenery of nature open to the eyes, and from the internal movements of the heart. A large portion of the sentiments may be found scattered about in other poets; but never in the same natural and happy combination, nor expressed with the same lucidness and harmony. But the concurrence of those sentiments with those of preceding writers does not prove that they were borrowed. It appears to me that they rose unprompted in Gray's own mind; but that when so risen the poet's rich memory sometimes recalled to him similar thoughts in others, and that he occasionally aided his expression by

them. I confine these particular remarks to the *Elegy*. I do not think that this was the process in most of his other compositions.

There is an entire unity in the *Elegy*: all the parts are harmonious and inseparable parts of one whole; the complete outline must have flashed upon the poet at once. Some one propitious evening of contemplation and unbroken preponderance, or, rather, utter dominion of rich but melancholy inspiration, must have stamped the whole at one impression. Nature spoke from the fulness of a noble and sensitive, but moral and philosophic, heart and intellect. No composition of warm and picturesque poetry can be found in which, like this, there is not a single strained thought, not one extravagant image, not one affected feeling, not one forced and over-coloured expression. The elateness and grace of every part has the last degree of finish. There is nothing at which the most frigid advocate for sober truths can cavil. Yet this is combined with the most brilliant glow of poetical tints.

Scarcely any fine poetry is elsewhere to be found which does not sometimes overstep the modesty of nature. Overwrought descriptions occur in our best poets,—not, indeed, frequently, because whatever is overwrought is very faulty, and the poet who deals much in it must be of an inferior class.

I cannot find a single image in Gray's poems which every observer of nature may not behold without the smallest light of imagination; not that every observer does behold it, because too many are dull and purblind. But Gray's beauty consists not merely in the image presented by its most picturesque features, but by the sentiment he teaches the reader to associate with it. Those sentiments are always just, affecting, and instructive: there is no innocent, contemplative, and feeling bosom which they do not deeply touch; none but would be ashamed to own the chords of their heart too hard for them. Had the ideas here reflected been somewhat more visionary and immaterial, they could not have been palpable to the common herd of mankind. I am not sure that the very highest minds are always fitted for the most exalted kinds of poetry. They, then, are willing to rest upon the solid

earth,—to rely on moral experience, and to be content with the objects which their senses present to them.

Gray had no enthusiasm, unless the splendid patches of language in the two great odes be called enthusiasm. His imagination was always under the control of his reason; he had a sober judgment, and a conscientious love of calm reflection. His philosophic mind never allowed itself to be led away by glittering and delusive lights. But this was rather a check to his genius than an aid to it; it restrained him from entering on those regions of possibility where a poet's chief magic lies.

Invention is the mighty and divine charm; all copies from reality are comparatively flat. In the ode on Eton College, which consists of moral thoughts, there is nothing which is not sufficiently obvious. The poetry, therefore, must consist in the language; and in what does this lie? Mainly in the personification of abstract ideas,—such as, “Ambition this shall tempt to rise.” In those there is nothing very new; but the picturesqueness is given by the epithets: there is not much metaphor, nor is it recondite and unexpected. If there is fancy in the delineation of the figures and the grouping, there is no invention.

I think there is little in Gray of “the dim-discovered tracts of mind” of which Collins speaks in one of his odes. He is never metaphysical, and never obscure; but his want of that enthusiasm of which I have spoken rarely allows him to reach the highest point of eloquence. Those bursts by which a blaze of new light is thrown rarely occur.

What are the descriptions and what the moral instructions conveyed by this “Ode on Eton College?” That the scenes where we have passed our childish days have a peculiar charm for us,—that they remind us of the joys of that careless age, and revive those pleasures in us,—that we wish to bring back pictures of those various amusements which then occupied our hours of play,—that at that time our spirits were lively and our sleep light,—and that we then had no presages of the evils which attend our future life; but that it is necessary to warn the young where misfortunes lie in ambush for them; and many of these he enumerates, as the fury passions,—anger, fever, shame, love, jealousy, envy, care, de-

spondence, and sorrow. That ambition shall delude them to rise, only to bring a more disastrous fall,—that falsehood and unkindness shall mock their tears, and remorse shall sting them, and madness shall torture them,—that in old age all sorts of diseases shall pain and consume them. That not only the feeling shall suffer for the miseries of others, but the hard-hearted for their own,—that all mankind are equally born to trouble. The poet then ends with a recall of his advice to caution youth, by giving this foreknowledge; and exclaims that it is better to enjoy our ignorance as long as we can.

Now, certainly, all these doctrines have nothing of discovery or novelty in them. The discriminative language by which each separate passion is characterised is the attraction on which this ode must rely; if it be not in its plaintive and sentimental tone, which, perhaps, is the more striking spell of the two. I think that Collins would have made these figures of the passions and the fiends of evil more distinct and spiritualised beings, and would have put them more into action. I doubt whether Gray ever brought forth the whole of his true and inborn strength: he always wrote under trammels; the ghosts of his Etonian models, of his classical predecessors, always stood frowning before him: he never could get out of his mind the rules of art.

It yet will be asked, What more could have been done than has been done? A lyric, it will be said, is too short to allow space enough for a fable: it was not so with the romantic poets; the compositions of the troubadours were almost always narrative. Even the modern ode of Collins “on the Passions” is a fable; Gray's own ode, “The Bards,” is a fable; Dryden's “Alexander's Feast” is a fable; T. Warton's “Grave of King Arthur” is a fable.

Gray's rich, cultivated, and enlarged mind dealt in generalisations; and, though he loved imagery, was always more intellectual than material in its taste and tendencies. He always infused a great mixture of the didactic into his compositions. He never wrote in a fictitious character; his odes on “Spring,” “Eton College,” and “Adversity,” and his “Elegy,” are all in the same individual tone,

feeling, and state of mind; and are evidently the undisguised outpourings of the same afflicted heart.

In a state of sorrow and mental depression we are not much inclined to invent. Gray did not make much use of similes in description; in which regard Cowper has now and then exhibited a happy power, as in this noble passage from the book of the *Task* ("the Winter Morning Walk"):

" 'Tis morning, and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending fires the horizon; while the clouds,
That curved away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze
Seen through the leafless wood."

This sort of simile has the merit of being somewhat Miltonic. But Cowper sometimes lowers the tone of his poetry too much by imagery a little too familiar,—a fault which mars the verses of Goldsmith and Crabbe; and which, whatever some critics may pretend, is a decided defect of taste, if not of genius.

We can always imagine ideal perfections capable of being reached by

genius, which, in fact, not one in centuries has attained. This may lead to a severity of criticism which many will blame. It will, probably, be observed, that all which can be said about Gray has been often said already; yet, as he is a model of composition, the public mind ought to be kept upon him. My own taste would rather have inclined me to wish he had been less artificial. Life is not long enough, and affairs are too multiplied, to allow of too much nicety and minute labour. We should not waste our time on superfluous pains. It may be said to have been only an innocent amusement; but amusements which exhaust time are not innocent. We came into the world for effective and not fruitless work. It is said, "*qui cito dat bis dat.*" It is the same with work,—"*qui cito facit bis facit.*" Almost all who have written well have written much, and quickly.

Gray had an affectation of despising authorship. It was a petty and unmagnanimous affectation. I cannot admit it to have been a mistaken humility in himself. He did not want self-opinion, nor reliance on his own knowledge or talent. He was not easily pleased with others, and certainly was not dazzled by admiration.

MR. GRANT'S "GREAT METROPOLIS."*

MR. GRANT, the perpetrator of this book, is infinitely complimentary to us, and we are grateful accordingly. "FRASER'S contributors," he says, "are numerous and talented. They are a little literary republic of themselves. I am satisfied there is no other periodical whose contributors are better acquainted with each other, or who are more united in principle and purpose. They are quite a harmonious body; it would do Robert Owen's heart good to see them; they all play into each other's hands, and all feel a personal interest in the fortunes of the Magazine. They are a happy brotherhood, living in a world of their own, and pitying, and despising, and abusing every one who lives 'in the world we call ours;' viz. the world which is beyond the confines of their

snug little planet. I can have no personal inducement to speak favourably of the literary colony who love and worship 'REGINA,' and bask in the sunshine of her smiles. My last two works were somewhat roughly handled by 'her majesty,' and, possibly, this one may fare still worse. There will be no harm though it should; but—there is no use in denying it—FRASER'S contributors are a set of choice spirits, learned, clever, and witty."

What can we do in return for this extravagant eulogy, unless render back such compliment as is in our poor power to bestow? Mr. Grant's book fare ill at our hands! Impossible! We intend to praise him in the highest degree, and in a style which the most fastidious follower of Mima, Zumala-

* The Great Metropolis. By the author of "Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons. 2 vols. small 8vo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

carregui, Lord Palmerston, or Jack Scroggins, could not consider savage. As is our custom, we draw it mild.

Why should we not? Mr. Grant has occasioned us an immensity of fun. His book is like Lady Blessington's, "a Book of Beauty." In every page there is that which serves to divert, to amuse, and to instruct. To divert, because there is something irresistibly laughable in the pretension to knowledge which does not exist; to amuse, because there is much to please in the blundering assumption of an acquaintance with secrets at which the author could never even guess; and to instruct, because the exhibition of human folly is a thing which must lead us to think upon the fallen situation of all human intellect, never rendered so pregnant with moral as when the exhibitor revels in the dream-land of self-satisfaction.

Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, says, — for Mr. Grant's sake we do not quote the Greek, — "What first, what last, what middle, shall we relate?" and the same idea comes over our minds in reading *The Great Metropolis*. We for several years belonged to a club in Field Lane, Holborn, of which, what Horace would call the *conditio vivendi*, was, that each gentleman belonging to the club should, after paying the preliminary sum of twopence ("tuppence," as Feargus O'Connor calls it), prod into the pot with a three-pronged harpoon for a chance of the contents. One evening we fished up a turkey, another time we speared the fragment of a haggis. A purloined partridge from the poultry shop opposite sometimes rested upon our prong; at less fortunate moments our lot might be no more than a particle of purchased potato. In a similar manner now, we dip into the literary pot, and, behold, what sticks to our harpoon is a metropolitan goose! which goose we now proceed to place on our dissecting-table.

Mr. Grant's first volume contains seven chapters, headed severally, 1. General Characteristics; 2. The Theatres; 3. The Clubs; 4. The Gaming Houses; 5. Metropolitan Society — the Higher Classes; 6. The Middle Classes; 7. The Lower Classes. His second volume contains eight chapters on the following subjects: — 1. The Newspaper Press — Morning Papers; 2. Evening Papers; 3. Weekly Papers;

4. General Remarks; 5. Parliamentary Reporting; 6. Periodical Literature — The Quarterly Reviews; 7. The Mouth-lies; 8. Weekly Journals. We will take these in order.

His first chapter is on the "General Characteristics of the Great Metropolis." He gives us, in it, the information that it is of "amazing extent," and that the best way to go from Hyde Park Corner to Poplar is "through Oxford Street, Holborn, Newgate Street, Cornhill," &c. &c.! which, to those who consult our friend Fraser's admirable map of London, will appear somewhat astonishing. He then quotes the census of 1831, and tells us, that nearly 2,000,000 people live in houses "almost all of a dark brown colour. The only exceptions are the churches, which are built of Portland and other stone." From this we learn, that all the houses, excepting churches, have very dirty faces. We next learn, that Regent Street is covered with "a certain cement," and that "most of the public buildings are chiefly formed of granite," — the only "public buildings" in London "formed of granite" being Waterloo and the New London Bridges! He kindly throws out advice, and shews how we may escape a crack on the scone for impertinence, by hinting, that we "have hardly ever to push any one aside" when walking the streets, which, he informs us, are "crowded with cabriolets, hackney coaches, &c. &c." He calculates that 100,000 persons *per diem* pass along Cheapside, whilst "one may, for example, enter Gower Street, and look nearly a mile before him without seeing above three or four individuals." Can this be the case, when we recollect that the illustrious university of *Stinkomallce* is at the end of it! He has ascertained, by experiment doubtless, that "you may, if you please, walk on all-fours in the public streets, without any one staying to bestow a look upon you;" and that there are no robberies or outrages in London, which is (consequently, we suppose) "the healthiest metropolis in the world." He gives the fiat of his approval to all districts west of Leicester Square, being deemed "*fashionable*;" meaning thereby, we presume, Oxenden Street, Coventry Court, and the rural retreats situated between Wardour Street and Regent Street! He has, moreover, counted up his countrymen, and tells

us that there are 130,000 Scotchmen in London—"Ma conscience!" as the Baillie said. We are informed, that cabs and cabmen become "dispirited from sheer exhaustion," and that you may bawl at the top of your lungs to a friend walking arm in arm with you, without the slightest chance of being heard. After this, Mr. Grant concludes his preliminary chapter with a bit of sentimentality. He stations himself on the top of St. Pauls ("480 feet above the general level of the metropolis"), and becomes in idea one who,

"A king, sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;"—

and Mr. Grant weeps with XERXES!

Chapter II. is on "the Theatres;" which, he says, it would be "an unpardonable omission to pass over in silence:" accordingly, we have a *few words* stretching over *only eighty-four* pages! The first piece of information that meets us is, that there is "many a hungry belly and ragged back among the host of the unwashed in the upper galleries of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, &c. &c." Not having had the same opportunities of ascertaining this fact, we cannot gainsay it, but it seems rather a libel upon "the gods." After noticing Miss Helen Faucit, Miss F. Kemble, and Mr. Denvil, he introduces us to the King's Theatre. Here we find "Lord John Russell relieved from the toils of office, and disposed to enjoy the pleasures of the opera," wishing to go into the country, and therefore making a bargain with Mr. Sains to take his box off his hands, as he knows "too much the value of money to pay for what he cannot occupy!" We then "go in full dress" to the King's Theatre on a drawing-room day, which we find is "absolutely dazzling to behold." Next comes a little bit of puritanism directed against the ballet, and Grant Thorburn's opinion is quoted, he being represented to have said, that, "sooner than consent to make such an exhibition of themselves, the American women would encounter death in any of its forms." We respect our friend Grant Thorburn, or "Lawrie Todd," too much to say any thing as to his qualinations for giving an opinion on such a subject; but we may remark, that Mlle. Celeste has been in America some years, where she has cleared upwards of 50,000 dollars, and

that the Yankees will not part with her.

After a description of the manner in which an adventurer can manœuvre himself into the lesseeship of the Opera House, for which, doubtless, Messrs. Ebers, Laporte, and others, will feel very grateful, we have one of the most impudent caricatures of what happens in high life, that was ever *conceived by vulgarity, and penned by ignorance*. But, as we shall have to expose this "random reporter" in detail when we come to his description of what he is pleased to designate "the Higher Classes," we will let the thong rest awhile on this point,—and, besides, we said we would draw it mild! Mr. Grant's "recollections" of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden are indeed "random." It is clear that he has never been *behind the scenes*; and the affectation of knowledge of the entries in the treasurer's book will amuse our good friend, William Dunn, not a little, as well as the information that "the theatre could *not be got let* as it used to be!" But we meet with an opinion which proves that this writer is as good a recorder of fact as he is an expositor of human nature. "It is now beginning to be considered a species of vulgarity of which no lady or gentleman of refined taste should be guilty, to be present during the representation of any of Shakespeare's plays." It is clear that Mr. Grant, in wishing to avoid this "vulgarity," and to be considered "a gentleman of refined taste," has never gone near either Drury Lane or Covent Garden this season, or he would know that Shakespeare—but how should he know any thing about Shakespeare? Yet it is evident, that he thinks himself the wearer of the bard of Avon's mantle—nay, we would wager that Mr. Grant himself has perpetrated a play, for listen to his monody over his own fate: "And if there be a latent Shakespeare of the present day, one of surpassing dramatic genius, he is inevitably destined to remain *concealed* so long as the existing false dramatic taste prevails." Poor Mr. Grant! But if we have any interest with Bun— and we have a little—we will ask him to rummage the "condemned cell," as the cupboard in the manager's room is called, and draw forth thy hidden glory into light.

We cannot trace this unfortunate writer through all his theatrical blun-

derings—his knowledge of the dressing-rooms of *prima-donnas*; his experience of the fact that there is now a half-price at the Haymarket; his conviction that Arnold really did lose money at the Lyceum; his King's Place reminiscences of the "excellent local situation" of Braham's theatre; his praise of the fair widow's "fortunate choice of pieces" at the Olympic; his opinion that battles, &c. are as well done at Astley's, as in Hyde Park or at Waterloo; and his intimate acquaintance with the neighbourhood of the Victoria, the Surrey, and the Pavilion theatres: nay, we must perforce pass by his episode relative to the "damning" of *The Fortune of War* at Covent Garden theatre, of the effectors of which it is probable he can exclaim, "*pars magna fui*." It is all very immensely fine;—our readers may take our word for this, for we have actually read through it. But he has been guilty of one great omission. In his notice of the theatres of "the great metropolis," he has never mentioned the glory of "*Bartlemy*"—RICHARDSON'S! [alas! that great manager has yielded to his fate!] Perhaps he desires to forget the education-home of early years; if so, he is very ungrateful, for it is no secret that Mr. Grant used to be a splendid tumbler, and perfectly unrivalled at grinning matches; and, in spite of the apparent ingratitude of his book, it gives us pleasure to learn that he has mounted a crape for the memory of his defunct master.

We now come to "the Clubs," where, it would seem, Mr. Grant has picked up a quantity of information from the waiters and porters, for it is very clear that he never got beyond the vestibule of any one of them. The value of this information is great; for instance, he tells us that *White's* club is *Whig*; and that "the grand qualification for the Carlton is," as this elegant writer expresses himself, "the having the entrance-money, 10*l.* 10*s.*, in your pocket, a good coat on your back, and your being known to be a person who will go the whole hog in conversation." We regret to say, that in consequence of that unreasonable and aristocratic demand of a clean coat, Mr. Grant has no chance of ever being elected a member.

*We cannot sufficiently admire the industry with which this "random" writer has prised into the pecuniary af-

fairs of the different clubs; nor can we adequately extol his impudence in publishing them, unless we say that it and his ignorance are co-ordinately measureless. He asserts that the Carlton club subscribed 20,000*l.* toward the last contest for Middlesex; coupling with it the assertion, that the members did this, but would not pay their poor tradesmen.

"To give," says Mr. Grant, "500*l.* to serve a party purpose, while poor tradesmen, almost with tears in their eyes, appeal to them time after time, without effect, for the payment of a bill of a few pounds, is quite compatible with Tory notions of honesty: so it is, I regret to add, in too many instances with those of the Whigs." This is dealing with equal justice indeed! But what of the Radicals? Why, Mr. Grant forgets *his own* report of a case before the Kingsgate Street Court of Requests, where the following strong definition was given by a defendant of the three parties. "You see there's three ways of paying. There's your reg'lar Tory, he says at once, '*I wont pay*,' slap. Then there's your dirty, sneaking, snivelling Whig, he '*promises for to pay*;' and then there's your *hout and hout* Radical, he says—'*Vy, I did pay*.'"

•Proceeding, we have a long eulogy upon the "Reform Club," or "Hole in the Wall," which is evidently a pet of Mr. Grant's. He is "the fond ally" of the Dukes of Sussex, Grafton, Bedford, &c. &c., and "all the members of Lord Melbourne's administration!" We learn the very interesting fact, that, "occasionally are seen at dinner in it the Duke of Cleveland, the Earl of Essex, and other distinguished noblemen;" and that "the Tail" get their food at about one shilling a head "during the sitting of Parliament."

But, in the midst of this panegyric, comes the fatal case of Cornelius O'Brien, member for Clare. After having been tolerably robbed, this gentleman, who, for his sins, is destined to be one of "the Tail," thought it full time to become restive, and sundry ragmen, crockery-ware factors, tobacco-pipe makers, spittoon dealers, pewter-spoon moulders, porter-pot twistlers, shag and pig's-tail duffers, gin-spinners, tripe-sellers, and others of the principal merchants who supplied the ordinary necessities, and the prime luxuries of the club, have come down on the un-

fortunate Cornelius, as being one of the few solvent men of the concern. As he resists this with a spirit worthy of the mother of the Gracchi, or the father of alchemy, the details are highly interesting, and we recommend them to the attention of Mr. Grant for the next edition of his work, if, now that the age of miracles is generally considered to have passed, so marvellous an event happens to take place.

The scene at the Literary Union, "which," Dr. Wade says, "was the richest 'flare-up' he ever witnessed," is described, with a minuteness that might have led us to suppose that Mr. Grant must have been a supernumerary flunky on the occasion, if it was not false from first to last. "The Oxford and Cambridge Club" gives him an opportunity of having a fling at the universities, asserting, that "many persons go to them stirks, and come out asses." Nature, evidently, saved Mr. Grant the necessity of going to college. "The universities cannot put brains into the heads of the brainless, nor make scholars of those whom fate has made dunces." Again, we see the reason why he did not go there. With regard to "The Oriental Club," he eagerly remarks, that, "as the cost of snuff averages so little, possibly most of the members are in the habit of carrying boxes of their own." Of "The Junior United Service Club," he remarks, that, "among the trustees there are no gentlemen of *any great distinction*;" and he then gives their names; viz. Admiral Sir J. P. Beresford, bart., Gen. Sir John Elley, Gen. Sir James Cockburn, Col. Sir Archibald Christie, Lieut.-Col. Nelthorpe (not 'Althorpe,' as he calls him), and Lieut.-Col. Mills! Very undistinguished, truly!

Next arrives a page of impertinence against an individual member of this club, whom he designates as "the dog of war," for which the said "Dog" will, most probably, give him a specimen of his power of teeth. The "well-known colonel," the "Dr. —," and the "little lean gentleman," will also, doubtless, shew their *gratitude* for the notice taken of them by this pot-companion of their own waiters. Mr. Grant says, that the conversation at this club is all professional, and that he "would not wish his greatest enemy, provided he did not belong to either of the services, to sit and listen to it." If he "did not belong to either of the

services," how could he belong to the club? The birth abortive of the "Westminster" is soon recorded, and then we have Mr. Grant's general ideas, which are evolved in a wretched attempt at being funny. He defends clubs from the objections of the ladies, by saying, that they are such *Xantippes*, that the men must run from them somewhere; i. e. to these "benevolent asylums, without the unpopularity of the name!" We hope he does not speak from home-experience of the matrimonial state; for, we fear, that he will have no such an asylum to fly to as those which he describes, after the information of his friends, the knights of the shoulder-knot.

We do not mean to tomahawk chapter IV. on "The Gaming Houses," because it is evidently written with the praiseworthy and informer-like intention to expose their pernicious tendency. But even this chapter is full of errors and misrepresentations. He describes Crockford's in a true George Robins style. "The bottoms of the chairs are stuffed with down, and the carpenter-part of the work is of that unique description," which is indescribable. We learn that "Crockford's cook is the celebrated Mr. Oude, (who is he? Ude we know well, but the illustrious Mr. Grant confounds him with the king of Oude, whose regal title graces a piquant sauce,) with a salary of *a thousand guineas per annum*, and with an assistant at *five hundred*," but that he never "superintends the culinary process unless *solicited*" by the "Duke of Argyll, or some other distinguished member," and then he condescends! We are next informed, that "the Marquess of Hertford has, from first to last, in the course of his life, won upwards of 1,500,000*l.*" To which piece of veracity is added the very gentlemanly remark,—"how it has been spent is pretty generally known to the public. He now plays but seldom; hardly ever, unless when a pigeon is to be plucked!" We leave this insinuation just as we find it, merely remarking, that a Whig nobleman of high class is at present somewhat under a cloud as to the art of card-packing; that a "rising statesman" is acquainted with the Alp-climbing name of Auldjo; that Lords Teynham and Audley, Lord Sefton, and Mr. Ruthven, are liberal Whigs; adding to all, that every word of the above, relating to Lord Hertford, is untrue. The following passage is

recommended to the attention of Mr. T. Duncombe and Count D'Orsay. "It did seem to be surprising that such persons as a well-known metropolitan M.P., and a certain foreign Count, equally celebrated for the 'prodigiousness' of his whiskers, and his gallantry towards a countess of great personal attractions, and distinguished literary reputation, but without, proverbially without, a farthing in the world—it did, I say, seem surprising to me, how such persons could, night after night, be playing at Crockford's for thousands." As to Mr. Duncombe, we are no admirers of his politics, and will never cease to attack them; but, in spite of our own personal quarrels with him, we must not leave him to be insulted by such a grub as this; and, as to Count D'Orsay, he is liked by every body who has the good fortune to know him. The allusion to the countess—we know not why we should not write her distinguished name—the Countess of Blessington—is an unnecessary piece of mean scandal, uncalled-for, and unmanly, gathered from the merest cesspools of filth. With these exceptions, this chapter is likely to produce a good effect; and, indeed, it is the only one in the two volumes that can induce us to take one *tail* off our literary cat, and withhold a stripe, or nine.

We now arrive at those chapters in which Mr. Grant attempts to describe the three classes of metropolitan society, and we feel bound to give him credit for a vast deal of ingenuity, and philosophical observation. Indeed, we are not aware that any writer on the statistics of morality—we coin a phrase, to shew our admiration of our author,—ever exhibited so much acumen, philanthropy, and practical discrimination,—so much of what we may term microscopical industry, rendered the more admirable by his prefatory declaration, that, "in his anxiety to procure correct information on the various subjects he has treated, the author has, in several instances, visited places, and mixed with classes of men before unknown to him."

To make our readers fully aware of Mr. Grant's great merits, we will give a rapid analysis of his views of society, with one or two examples of his very apt and correct method of illustrating them.

"No one," says our moralist, "has ever had an opportunity of studying

human character, as exemplified in the conduct of the higher classes of this country, but must have been struck with their *want of regard to the truth*." Now Mr. Grant has had the "opportunity of studying" all this; he has "mixed with classes of men before *unknown to him*," and therefore has, by dint of a few half-crowns judiciously administered to "my lady's" footman, or "my lord's" valet, been "*struck*" with divers practices of "the higher." Their "*want of regard to the truth*" he illustrates in a manner that proves that, at least, he has got as far as the porter's chair in the hall, for he mentions with honour the practice of instructing the servant to say "*not at home*!" Three pages of virtuous sensibility are given upon this horrible system of lying; and he quotes Dr. Johnson as saying that "a man who would tell a lie would pick a pocket," which is unfortunate, as Dr. Johnson never said any thing of the sort. Next comes the charge that "the *insincerity* of the upper classes is one of the most prominent traits in their character;" and to prove this we have a long string of vulgarisms imputed to the female members of the aristocracy, such as that Miss Harley calls Miss Jerningham "my dear," and gives her a "vigorous kiss;" and when her back is turned, calls her "a horrid creature," "a detestable wretch," &c. &c. Then we have a Miss Grantley meeting a Miss Vernon "at the *soirée* at the Colosseum" (Braham must dismiss Mr. Grant from being a *reporter* there any longer) most affectionately, and immediately afterwards saying, "the odious reptile! she is always crossing my path. I would as soon encounter a tiger as meet her. I abhor the very thought of the vulgar wretch." (!) Then comes a sermon against the mothers who "are as guilty as their daughters;" and next a most delicious illustration of his knowledge of the insincerity of the "male members of the aristocracy." But we must quote the passage.

"Lord Mandon puts a personal construction on some expression which has been made use of by the Marquess of Alvey. He appoints a friend. The latter does the same. A hostile meeting takes place. *But before they attempt to hurry each other into eternity, they shake hands.* (!) A person unacquainted with the ways of the aristocratic world would suppose [but Mr.

Grant, being "acquainted," &c. &c. does not suppose it!), on seeing them embracing each other before firing with mortal intent, that they were two friends who were about to part for some time. They fire a first and a second time; on both occasions they providentially miss: the seconds' interfere, and determine that each of the parties has vindicated his honour. Of course, they then quit the field. But do they do so in the way you would expect of persons who, but a moment before, had been deliberately, and in cold blood, meditating each other's murder? No: instead of demeaning themselves towards each other as deadly enemies, they shake hands [again?] with the greatest apparent cordiality, and evince the warmest apparent interest in each other's welfare." (!)

We have lately been rubbing up our *fiat* knowledge under the able tutorship of Samuel Evans, alias "Young Dutch Sam." We read the above passage to Sam, and asked him what he thought of it. "Think," said Sam, "why, hah, hah, hah!" Sam could not speak for laughing. We are in the same condition; we cannot write for the tremendous guffaws that burst from us.—There! the last explosion has broken a tumbler-glass of whisky-punch at our elbow, so we must perforce be steady. Gentlemen shake hands before blazing away at one another? Do they? It is new.

Mr. Grant next asserts, that, "as respects the higher classes, their hourly conduct is but a living exemplification of the most profligate principles;" then, his moral thermometer getting up, that their "criminality" does not stop at "seduction," which he had just said was "the *only* business of their lives," but "rises yet higher in the scale of social and moral enormity." Then comes an illustration: "A noble and learned lord, whose name meets one's eye in almost every newspaper, is said to have lately paid the immense sum of 10,000*l.* to get the proceedings stayed which were commenced against him for *crim. con.* with a lady who used to figure prominently in all the movements of the fashionable world." We do not affect to be ignorant as to who the "noble and learned lord" is whom this poor thing endeavours to damage by insinuation, wanting the courage to speak out, because we have become accustomed to the practices of the party

to which the *Yelper* belongs, viz. to run down their dreaded foe by the meanest whisperings, and the most false imputations. The noble and learned lord (noble by his own exertions, having received his patent as the reward of his learning) can well afford to pass by these carplings—the lion heeds not the asthmatic bark of many curs,—but we will not allow the pack so much license as to keep silent when we see them emerging from their congenial dung-heap, to scatter their slimy poison through society. This Mr. Grant, for instance, has the audacity to pollute the public ear by publishing such infamous falsehoods as the following:—"Virtue is laughed to scorn amongst the aristocracy."—"Would you be a favourite in the fashionable world,—would you be a hero in the aristocratic circles,—you must go through a previous course of moral and social profligacy. The greater the number and enormity of the injuries you have inflicted on society, always provided you take care not to render yourself amenable to the criminal jurisprudence of your country, the more popular you are sure to be among the higher classes of London." But we cannot debase our ink by quoting more of such proofs of "the correct information" possessed by this wretched penny-a-liner as to the morality of a class of which he knows as little as the scavenger who sweeps their crossings.

The pages devoted to the "social condition" of the higher classes are equally contemptible: those to their "notions of dignity" are meant to be vastly witty. Poor fellow! Then comes this question: "Are there not numerous instances on record, in which dukes, earls, lords, and others, have married actresses and other females whose virtue every one knew to have long previously taken to itself wings and fled away?"

Lamentable scribbler! Does he mean to say this of the Countess of Craven (Miss Brunton), of the Countess of Derby (Miss Farnen), of Lady Becher (Miss O'Neill), of Lady Thurlow (Miss Bolton), of Mrs. Bradshaw (Miss M. Tree), of Mrs. Butler (Miss Kemble), and of many others whom we could name?

The remarks on the House of Lords we pass by altogether; they are precisely such as we should expect from this writer, and we pray Heaven to avert from that illustrious body the

heavy damnation of Mr. Grant's praises. But, reader, it is time you should have a laugh again. You shall have one. Here are passages in which the habitual conversation of the "higher classes" is thus most *correctly* (for Mr. Grant "has mixed with classes before unknown to him") dramatised. "What savage is that with a face like a *boiled lobster*?" inquired Lady Mortimer at Almacks!" "My dear marchioness, who is that *she-bear* with blowsy hair and her face like *pickled cabbage*?" "Oh, I can't endure the sight of that mountain of humanity, that *beetle-squasher*, Lord Henry Manning." "Look at that *laughing hyena*, that piece of vulgarity, Miss Tomkins." "Did you ever see such a brute as that Lord Brandon is?" "I could dig that horrid woman's eyes out." "Who is that sow of a woman?" &c. &c.!!

We are informed that "Mr. Bulwer says, that three-fourths of the estates of the aristocracy are mortgaged to Jews." We do not profess to know so much about the tribe of Israel as Mr. Bulwer, and, therefore, cannot contradict him; it may be that that hon. gentleman has reasons for what he says,—that his *qualifications* for judging of such matters are equal to those which enable him (*pro hac vice*) to sit for Lincoln. After this we meet with divers reflections upon matrimony, which would lead us to imagine that Mr. Grant is the hymeneal agent who so perseveringly advertises, to "bring young people together;" and then the question by way of winding up:—"I have thus endeavoured to portray aristocratic character. Behold the picture! Is it like? Those who have seen most of high life [how much has Mr. Grant seen?], and studied the upper classes of society most attentively, will, I doubt not, bear testimony to its fidelity." We know not which is the most admirable, the utter impudence of the interrogatory, or the hopeless self-sufficiency of the answer. We will, however, tell this person what we think of the aristocracy of this country.

The aristocracy of England is a body of which England may be proud. It is adorned by the names of those who shed a lustre on bye-gone ages, its glory is sustained by the accession to its ranks of those whose triumphs in the battle-field, in intellectual supremacy, or in successful exertion in aiding the prosperity of the empire, have

achieved greatness. As a body, the aristocracy of England is high-minded, without being haughty, and courteous without aping humility. There is not a charitable effort made ~~but~~ the aristocracy is always the first and readiest to answer the appeal—no danger can threaten the country but the aristocracy is ready to send forth its youth and its hopes to the contest. Its blood has been poured out like water in England's trial-fields, and in peace it has fostered commercial enterprise, and, by employing, given life to the finer arts. Although peremptory in the line which marks its class, it offers no insurmountable barrier to merit—a Brougham or a Copley are the peers of a Howard or a Percy. We will not affect to say that we are so conversant with the domestic manners of the aristocracy as the author of *The Great Metropolis* desires to be considered; but we are bold to assert, that a more recklessly untrue picture than his never was given of them. As far as our personal knowledge goes (and, without boasting, we may say we have some) compared with the aristocracy of any other country, that of England is pre-eminently moral and virtuous. It is not because some individuals are exceptions that a superficial scribbler, merely to make a book, should traduce the whole; partly, to parade what he deems his own cleverness, and partly to indulge in that rabid political feeling which leads a man to envy and hate all above himself: we say, that these exceptions cannot deprive the aristocracy of England of the proud name, of being the first body in the world.

Of "the Middle Classes" Mr. Grant contrives to say a few words of praise—a few grains of Scotch barley in a bowl of sour soup! But the whole tenour of this chapter is similar to all the others; the ignorance displayed being less pardonable, as, from his own description of himself, Mr. Grant belongs to this class, which, therefore, was not "before unknown to him."

We said Mr. Grant had given a description of himself;—he tells us, that "the greatest error committed by the middle classes is, that of aspiring at being received into the circles of the upper classes;" and then proceeds to adduce an instance. *Ecce!*

"I know an instance—and let it be observed I am only speaking the sober truth—of two gentlemen whose ambi-

tion to be considered among the great, ~~pro~~foundly contrasts with their pecuniary circumstances. They are now living, and have been for two years, in one furnished apartment on a second floor. There is no room for two beds in the apartment, and, consequently, one of them is obliged to sleep on the sofa. This they do alternately, or, if he who has the good fortune to possess the bed on a particular night, has occasion to rise earlier in the morning than his friend, the latter considers the circumstance *quite a windfall*; he leaps *at once from the sofa and takes possession of the vacant bed.* (!) But the most ludicrous part of the business is, the way in which they manage their joint stock of linen. Every one has heard of Falstaff's ragged regiment, who only had three shirts, and these all tattered and torn, among them [is this in Shakespeare? look again, Mr. Grant], although one hundred and fifty in number. My two heroes were not quite so badly off, for they have four tolerably good shirts between them. By an arrangement which I cannot properly describe [*decent man!*], they always contrive to have one of the shirts ready for any emergency, and whichever of them happens to need it first is entitled to it. In the article of eating and drinking, when at their own expense, they are obliged to be remarkably moderate. They vegetate on next to nothing, and yet they are in the habit of dining out and mixing with persons moving, if not in strictly aristocratic society, in a sphere which approximates to it." In this case it is clear, that "the author has visited places, and mixed with classes of men before," now, and to continue, well known "to him!"

• Mr. Grant's acquaintances seem to be rather sorrily off; for he tells us he knows families who "rent houses at 120*l.* per annum—respectable houses being as necessary in their case as apparel—where they will have nothing deserving the name of a dinner for eight or ten days consecutively; (!) nothing, indeed, but a cup of coffee with a slice of bread in the morning, and a pint of beer with a dry crust in the afternoon." This living, he informs us, does not suit "delicate young females," for whom he evinces much consideration! After this he is facetious. We find him in "lodgings in Bishopsgate Street," deluding himself into a belief that he was to breakfast

"at the west end of Oxford Street" with Mrs. Sale and Misses *Pipkinse*—we beg pardon—Warrenton, and a detail is given of his being "stupified" at finding "none of them out of bed" at nine in the morning. Mr. Grant was obliged to spend threepence at a saloup and coffee-stall.

The chapter on the lower classes is a tissue of vulgarity and slang, written in evident self-satisfaction and *gusto*. But even here his knowledge fails him. He quotes the lines of the poetical conveyancer who fancied his neighbour's goods; and he quotes them wrong. He gives them thus: "A Yorkshireman, who was committed a few weeks since to one of our prisons for felony, made it his first work, on being locked up, to write on the walls, in the best orthography he could command, the following couplet:

"He who prigs wot's not his own,
Is sure to coom to a prizzun."

He moreover explains (how kind!) that the word "prigs" means "steals," and the word "prizzun" means "prison." But, as we before said, Mr. Grant has forgotten the story. The poet was no Yorkshireman, but a "small boy," of convenient pocket height; and the lines he wrote were much superior to Mr. Grant's, viz.:

"Him as prigs vot isn't his'n,
Ven he's koteded must cum to pris'."

In conclusion, we are told that the lower classes call *The Morning Chronicle* "the Chron." *The Satirist* "the Sat." and a cabriolet "a cab." Nay, further, that a waterman calls "Bo sa," for "Boat, sir?" and that butchers say, "Buy, buy!"—and so ends the first volume.

As for Volume II. we shall make but short work of it. The "great metropolis," in the eyes of Mr. Grant, consists of theatres, and newspapers, with slight episodes on all other matters. There are, perhaps, some things worthy of notice in London, besides what is going on behind the scenes, or in that awful apartment known by the name of editor's room; but we do not blame Mr. Grant for not dilating upon them. What can we talk of but of what we know? Into the society of a lady or gentleman the poor fellow had no chance of intruding: of Lords or Commons he had but random recollections, and how random! of what he saw in

their Houses of Parliament, while "taking his turn" in the gallery: of the decent middle classe she is equally ignorant, as appears from the pathetic tale already alluded to of his wandering in a snowy morning from Bishopsgate Street to the Tyburn end of Oxford Road, prudently preferring a soaking to the skin to the dangerous experiment of calling a cab, in quest of a breakfast at nine o'clock, promised him by some young ladies the evening before; and his indignant remonstrances on being informed by the servant maid that they had not left their room, at that outrageous hour, when the drenched barbarian, still redolent, not of the sweet south, but of the unfragrant north, presented himself to the offended optics of the astonished domestic, who must have naturally taken him for an escape from the hulks. Even of the lower classes of London he knows nothing, except by his conjecture that they must resemble the people with whom he congregated in familiar friendship when at home. What his acquaintance with the theatres is, we have already discussed; but surely we thought he may know something of the newspapers.

Charitable was the thought, but erroneous. Even of them, though they are to him of such vital importance that he gives to them alone half the space of his whole budget of observations on the whole metropolis, he is profoundly ignorant. He really knows nothing of the actually governing powers of the newspapers. He is, we admit, profoundly acquainted with the prices expected by the reporters, and especially by the reporters of low degree, but here his information ends. He finds out, with respect to the *Times*, that Captain Stirling "does not go to the office;" that in the *Examiner*, Mr. Albany Fonblanque "does not go to the office;" that in the *Morning Post*, Mr. Mackworth Praed "does not go to the office;" that in the *Morning Herald*, Mr. Sydney Taylor "does not go to the office;" and so forth. He is "not prepared to state" fifty things about the most ordinary matters of routine in the newspaper press. He "understands" that Mr. Theodore Hook writes for *John Bull*, of the history of which he is wholly

ignorant. He finds out that Dr. Maginn is one of the four regular editors of the *Age*. He assures us that Mr. Fonblanque writes for the *Morning Chronicle*. He knows that, when the *Chronicle* declared that the *Standard* was an obscure paper, which could not live, the *Standard* was in danger of being given up for want of advertisements. He believes that John Murray lost 15,000*l.* by the *Representative*, which lived only half-a-year. He is sure that the Carlton Club, the wealth of which appears in his eyes unbounded, bought the *Times* for 100,000*l.* He tells us that the *Foreign Review* was started by a son of Lord Gillies, (who has no son), and by Mr. James Fraser, author of the *Travels in Persia*, confounding him with Mr. Wm. Fraser, no relative whatever. He is certain that Lockhart wrote an article upon Hogg's *Memoir of Sir Walter Scott* in our own Magazine, of which Lockhart knew nothing till he saw it in print. He informs us that, after William Gifford ceased to be editor of the *Quarterly*, he was succeeded by Dr. Southey, who never edited the Review in his life, being quite ignorant, at the same time, of the fact, that the present Mr. Justice Coleridge was editor for some numbers. He repeats, with infinite credulity, the trash stories of Mr. O'D—— and Dick Martin, and the noble Lord and the gigantic Irishman of *John Bull*, both being untrue. He calls Giffard, Gifford; Banks, Bankes; Quin, M'Quinn; Dios Santos, De Santez. In short, he bungles and blunders in every thing, great and small, even in the very trade to which he happens to be attached, in the character of flunky.

These things are trifles, our readers will observe, and we agree with them. We think the whole book stuff of the most trifling kind; but, what shall we say of a literary man, or one who professes to be so, devoting a whole volume to the petty details of newspapers and magazines, utterly ignorant of what is going on in their internal management all the while, and never dropping a hint of the existence of any other species of literature in "The Great Metropolis?"

We hand him over to the indignation of Mr. E. L. Bulwer.

OUR queer-looking little friend, with his usual "aids to reflection" before him, is so well known to the play-going world of London, that it is scarcely necessary to describe him. All who go to the Adelphi (and who does not go there?) have his face by heart—much better, indeed, than his colleague, and our much-esteemed and admired friend, Jack Reeve, has his parts. His odd countenance,—his quaint manner,—his whimsical gestures,—his indescribably droll voice, have made so deep an impression on theatrical London, that we may safely hold ourselves excused from further dilating upon the merits or the peculiarities of Buckstone the actor.

We introduce to our readers Buckstone the *author*—and, we may well call him, the Scribe of England. He is almost as indefatigable as his French contemporary; and, in the handling of his characters, quite as original. It is true, that he sometimes takes the liberty of borrowing from our neighbours, but we believe that no class of play-writers in the whole world is absolved from the sin of plagiarism. As literature extends, and becomes what we may learnedly call, cosmopolitical—it is good to use a hard word now and then, upon occasion—every nation takes a liberty with the general stock, no matter where it may happen to be deposited. Scribe himself, with all his fertility, is well understood to draw upon the resources of aspiring playwrights of obscure degree, who furnish him with the raw material of many a *vaudeville*, which he touches up with a few flourishes of his own, and sends forward with his name, unscrupulously, as his own production, not unfrequently to the infinite indignation of the illustrious unknown. Buckstone has original merit enough to enable him to bear with no weightier accusation than that he is, at the shortest notice, able to nationalise and admirably adapt for the English theatre the last favourite of the Parisian stage. If we were to imitate our sensitive friends on the other side of the Channel, who make histrionic affairs matters of prime importance, we should remind them that English works, whether in prose or verse, have long been the staple sources for their plays, operas, and ballets. We refer only to the literature of our own times—and it will be enough to mention the *Lady of the Lake*, *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, the *White Lady of Avenel*, *I Puritani*, the *Siege of Corinth*, and the endless succession of *Giaours*, *Childe Harolds*, *Laras*, *Corsairs*, and so forth, which have *romanticised* French taste, and, we admit, have prepared the way for the still *stronger* scenes and characters which now adorn their stage.

Those who are curious as to the history and genealogy of Buckstone, with all anecdotes, bibliographical and historical, which are worthy of meeting the public eye, will find them duly recorded in some of those ingenious repertoires of dramatic information supplied by Turnour, or other successors of Oxberry. B. has chosen his peculiar department in his profession, and that department he fills in a manner not to be surpassed. Long practice in dramatic composition enables him, on the spur of the moment, to improvise a scene while actually on the stage, when the influence of the jolly god renders Reeve reckless of what is set down for him, and Jack commences composing, *ad libitum*, according to the dictates of his flowing fancies. If, as we have been assured, Buckstone is so deaf that he cannot distinctly hear what is said on the stage, this faculty of divining the vagaries of Reeve, and playing up to them, without pause or hesitation, is very remarkable. He is, generally, a favourite with his brother actors; but, as may be expected, has been engaged in controversies with his brother play-writers, who seem to be the most irritable even of our irritable tribe. These comical controversies always turn on the one point, viz., which of the rival authors first stole the farce from France? He who steals the broom ready-made, usually considers himself as the superior artist to him who only steals it twig by twig. In these important conflicts the theatrical world has universally conceded the victory to Buckstone, crowning him in consequence with a wreath of the finest gingerbread gold.

We do not think that he is any relation of Fowell Buxton; but he has shewn that he considers the oppressed sable son of Afric as "a man and a brother"—actor—by writing a piece for Jim Crow. The good-humour which this excites, and the popular feeling of good-nature towards the blacks which it calls forth, must confer more benefits on the "niggers" than the dubious results of the long-winded barmy harangues of the saintly brewer.



W. G. Green, 1848

THE ACT OF 'VICTORY'

A SONG OF SOLITUDE.

ON the banks of the Dee, 'neath an old oak tree,
 A Poet musing lay :
 The sun was bright,—“O river of light !”
 The Poet was heard to say,
 “Thou dost rejoice, and thy merry voice
 Hath driven my care away.”

Thou dost rejoice, and thy merry voice
 Is as a pleasant song,
 That speaks of a strand, a favoured land,
 Where man in *Truth* is strong ;
 Where brother with brother doth aid each other
 To banish *wo* and *wrong*.

Thy merry voice makes me rejoice,—
 How ravishing the air !
 An inward pleasure beats to thy measure —
 My heart forgets despair :
 For thy merry voice, that doth rejoice,
 Hath found its echo there.

I am a child of the high hills wild,—
 I was cradled in the storm :
 Whilst my nurse told tales of our ancient vales,
 The blood of my heart did warm ;
 And I closed my eyes, in glad surprise,
 To gaze on many a form.

On warrior dight in armour bright,
 The theme of bardic lay ;
 On beauteous dame, whose smile was fame,
 The envy of the day —
 For whose beauty bright full many a knight
 Did fall in bloody fray.

I am a child of the high hills wild,
 And I have loved their lore .
 By lonely haſt, and waterfall,
 And ruins which were of yore,
 I have gathered story of ancient glory,
 And men who are no more.

With every brook and hidden nook
 Within this blessed land,
 I have communed till my harp was tuned,
 As by a Druid's hand ;
 And the scenes endeared which then appeared ;
 Seemed called by wizard's wand.

But, river of light, on thy pathway bright,
 Thine is a nobler song,—
 For it speaks of a strand, a favoured land,
 Where man in *Truth* is strong ;
 Where brother with brother doth aid each other
 To banish *wo* and *wrong*.”

THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SERJEANT CHATTERTON.

IN passing through the crowded streets of this great metropolis, as the long rows of glittering windows seemed to *look down* upon me in endless succession, and the thousands of green and yellow doors were opening and shutting many times a-day, to let out or in, husbands, wives, brothers, lovers; how often have I said to myself, "If we could but know half of what passes within these brick-and-mortar walls, if it were only in one single street or square, with what strange adventures, what ludicrous mishaps, what romantic histories, should we be familiar?" Every family has its own peculiar story to relate, either of its present self, or its shrouded ancestors; its wonderful escapes, or remarkable love passages—its renowned grandfather, or exquisitely lovely and extolled great-aunt. Could we but knock down the fronts of a few houses, just to gaze upon their goings-on within, our romance-writers might then draw indeed from *life-models*,—a fault which has been gravely charged upon "*The Monthly Nurse*." May this be the greatest they can allege against her *Simple Recollections*!

Behold yon good-looking mansion, substantial, and of bold aspect amongst its' neighbours, in ——— Square. It is now inhabited by one of the great law-officers belonging to the court of chancery. Of him I have nothing to say—I know him not; but, when his predecessor, a chancery barrister also, lived there, I was located with him and his lady some time; but, as matters did not go on there precisely *in the usual way*, I took care to note down precisely all that happened, and mean to copy it from my note-book. The good, kind man who was the master of that house I so often pass and repass (now tenanted by one who knows me not), is gone to render up his account at the supreme Chancery Court of Heaven; and I believe there are very few can shew a fairer schedule, although he had peculiarities and oddities enough in his composition to distribute amongst a hundred, and then each would have had their average share.

What shall I call this kind? departed gentleman? *Names* are sacred things,

and must not be trifled with, even though what I have to narrate of him would never call up a blush upon the cheek of one of his relations; yet these would perhaps be indignant that *their* name should be uttered by profane lips, *their* family secrets promulgated for the entertainment of that gaping, grinning monster, "the public." I do admit that *names* should ever be held sacred; therefore I shall call the deceased gentleman to whom I allude by that of Serjeant Chatterton.

I had been attending the lady of a physician professionally, who resided in Russell Square, when her intimate friend, Mrs. Serjeant Chatterton, came to visit her, and dandle the baby. After many visits there, and studying my character and abilities, she intimated to me that she should be happy to engage my services in the same way for the month of April following. I looked rather surprised, I suppose, for she added, with a good-humoured smile, and an air of confidence; "It is, I own, rather astonishing but there is no accounting for these things. I have been married exactly twenty-one years, and have never had a child, nor even a hope of one, until now. The serjeant and myself have long ceased even to think about it, although we fretted a little about it at first (for one likes to be like other people, you know); but now, at forty-five, I am commencing the maternal character—who can say when I shall stop? but I like your manners and attentions; Mrs. Griffiths; and if I have a dozen, you shall attend me with them all."

Mrs. Serjeant Chatterton was of a jocose, free, agreeable disposition, and I could not have the slightest objection to fall in with her wishes. I therefore engaged myself to go to her (it may seem strange) on the *first of April* following, as she told me she should like to have me in the house a few days previous to the exact time she should absolutely want me, that we might get better acquainted, and I could assist her, if I liked, in some worsted-work—a drawing-room carpet she had been about for several years, and which ~~was~~ to be "quite magnificent." She told me that she set every body to work

that visited her, or there would have been but little chance of her getting her Persian-pattern carpet finished in her life-time.

"You will have other occupations soon, madam," said I; "you will forget your carpet when you have a child to look upon."

"Oh, I don't know that, Mrs. Griffiths," replied the lady; "I have been so accustomed to one, that I do think it will be a formidable rival to the other. Not so the serjeant: I do verily think that his joy will turn his head." I went, therefore, to — Square according to promise, on the day appointed.

I thought it was quite true what his lady had said of him. Serjeant Chatterton could hardly contain himself for delight that he was going to be honoured with the name of father. He could talk of nothing else; and I found he had made these fond yearnings of his the subject of conversation out of doors, as well as at home. He was many years the senior of his lady, was very diminutive in stature, had a very scarlet complexion, and, altogether, was of a very droll aspect. He could not stand in one place a minute at a time, was constantly rubbing his hands together when sitting or standing, and gave one the best idea that one could have of what must remain a mere idea ever, *the principle of perpetual motion*. The little lawyer was however no fool, though full of foolish tricks; his understanding was acute, he fully understood his profession, and no one could do more justice to a client, or serve him more honourably, than Serjeant Chatterton. He was a great favourite, too, amongst his legal brethren, even for his eccentricities; but they quizzed him very often, without his perceiving it, and it was a most delicious treat he afforded now to these laughing, long-robed gentlemen, when he whispered to each, confidentially in the ear, "that Mrs. Serjeant Chatterton was, *after all*, likely to make him a papa." The news flew round like wild-fire.

Nothing travels so fast as a good joke. The steam-road railways are nothing compared to the mode that these sportive imps, the offspring of good master Puck, transport themselves from one person and place to another. Even the learned chancellor himself, then sitting, could not restrain a certain twinkle of the eye, and small convul-

sion of the lip, as he heard some sly insinuation made from brothers C— or P— (then the wits of the court of chancery), on "the unexpected joys that awaited on their honourable friend who had just spoken;"—"they were not surprised that such new, such despaired-of honours, should have caused their learned friend a little confusion of ideas, so as to make him forgetful of such or such obvious arguments." The motley crowd on the benches behind could not understand these allusions at all—they could make nothing of "the unexpected joys" and "honours" of the little barrister; they could only gape and wonder; and the attorneys' clerks would whisper outside, and suppose, "that there would soon be a moving about of the chief pieces in the game of chancery, and Serjeant Chatterton would be pushed up higher in the scramble."

Whether to keep up the joke, or that he really liked the man, can now never be known; but the distinguished lord himself who was seated on the wool-sack, chose to intimate to Serjeant Chatterton, that he would stand sponsor to his expected child, whether boy or girl; and if it should be the former, "he hoped it would have the abilities and honourable standing of its father." What "a note of preparation" did this promise sound! The house had like to have been turned out of windows, had not Mrs. Chatterton been more of a philosopher than her mercurial husband, for she sat, calm and still, with her basket of coloured worsteds by her side, working on at the everlasting carpet, her only fears seeming to be, whether these said worsteds were *died in grain*, and her apprehension whether she could perfectly match the crimsons, and the yellows, as she had not quite enough of them by her to finish the carpet. She took the thing easy; and it was well she did.

"Well, Bessy," said the little orator to Mrs. Chatterton, a day or two after I was her guest, "I think you sit too much over those eternal balls of colours; don't you think so, Mrs. Griffiths? Stooping, stooping for ever! It must be very bad for her and for— Have you been out airing to-day, Bessy?"

"Yes, I have, Philip," answered the lady, "and I have had some visitors, too. Mrs. Griffiths, will you have the kindness to shew the serjeant the two

beautiful robes and caps the ladies of his two friends, C— and P—, have brought me as a present? They came together, in high good-humour, and were very kind, although they joked me a little on my tardiness in giving you, Philip, a future ‘lord chancellor,’ as they pleased to say. Indeed, Chatterton, you talk too much about it amongst your friends; it is all very well to be pleased, but if we *should* be disappointed after all, it would be not so very agreeable to you, for C— and P— are both sad, noisy, joking fellows over their wine, and you will have a sad life of it. You will never hear the last of it!”

Serjeant Chatterton put down the superb-worked baby’s cap he held in his hand, as his more composed lady spoke on the matter. “*Disappointed!* Bessy! why, what can you mean? Mr. Griffiths! have you any notion—?”

Mrs. Chatterton smiled brightly on the discomfited little pleader. “There you go again, Philip,” said she; “all hope, or all despair, in a single moment. Upon my word, you take it too much to heart?”

“How can you say so, my dear Bessy? Is it a *small* thing to transmit my name to posterity? to have a lovely little being looking up to me with its sunny eyes and silken hair, and calling me father? to hear the joyous voice of infancy in my house whenever I enter it? to hear you, my love, recounting to me all the little sayings and the roguish tricks of our child? to have him sitting between my knees, or *here*, close to my heart?”

The eloquent serjeant had infected the expecting mother with part of his own enthusiasm: her eyes filled with tears of anticipation; she put by her worsteds, and laid her hand affectionately on her husband’s, whilst I slipped out of the room.

The professional aid of a very celebrated accoucheur was bespoke for the trying hour, but he was not the gentleman who had formerly attended the family as medical practitioner. I one day asked Mrs. Chatterton “why Mr. B— was discarded?” as I knew him to be extremely clever, though rather too abrupt to ladies in his manner of speech—something of the Abernethy school, with nearly as much talent, and quite as good a heart, as that most respected surgeon.

“Oh! as for Mr. B—,” replied

Mrs. Chatterton, “he is an obstinate fool, and I am happy to get rid of him. He does all he can to provoke and annoy his patients. He loves to contradict every body, and that is very tiresome, you know, especially when we require composure. What do you think, Mrs. Griffiths, he had the hardihood to say to me the last time I saw him? ‘That he did not believe I was more with child than *his walking-stick*, and that he would stake his professional skill upon it that it would turn out so, against all the opinions of the world.’”

“And what does your new medical adviser say, madam?” I exclaimed, as my own doubts on this important affair strengthened, by hearing the opinion of so good an authority as Mr. B—.

“Say!” replied Mrs. Chatterton, “why, that I am the best judge myself on the matter, and that there can be no doubt upon it.” She looked up from her work as she spoke, full in my face, and, reading there something that she did not like, she added, rather petulantly for so sweet-tempered a woman, “Is there any thing so *very* extraordinary that a woman of forty-five should have a child?”

I did not risk an opinion, as I might have drawn down upon my own head the same fate as the offending Mr. B— so I had nothing to do for it but to affirm, that I had often attended ladies at that age so circumstanced, and quietly to await the result. There was one comfort, however, in the delay, for delay there was at any rate, for the rich carpet was getting rapidly on. I had learnt, under her tuition, how to shade the flowers, and take off the pattern. I found a certain charm in the work myself, and a certain degree of triumph as I completed an entire square, and saw the glowing roses and peonies grow into being beneath my needle.

Time seemed to stand still with this tranquil lady; she was too contented to wonder much or calculate finely. We rode out every day, hunted up all the worsted shops in London for needles and cruels, and finished so much, that Mrs. Chatterton wished to have all that was done properly measured; as, when she had worked a border for the whole, she thought there might be enough for the two drawing-rooms, but she did not exactly know—it had been in hand these seven years, and it was all put away in a closet in one of the spare rooms, as she finished it. She hoped

the moths had not eaten up her work — perhaps I would have the goodness to see to it a little for her, that is, with the assistance of the housemaids.

Fortunately, all was right in this quarter: carefully wrapped up in russiasheeting, reposed the luxuriant baskets of flowers, and the intermediate arabesque pattern. We counted over the squares, and found that only a couple more were wanted. "I hope we shall finish the carpet, Mrs. Griffiths, before I am confined," said the lady, "it will look so well at the christening; and the lord chancellor, and all the law-officers, will of course be here. Which of the two child's robes do you think is the most elegant for that occasion? I think I must take the cap of one lady, and the robe of another, or there may be some offence."

Nothing wears out the health and spirits so much as constant expectancy. The good, clever, but fidgety little serjeant, looked pale, jaded, and feverish. April passed over, and the two first weeks in May, but matters remained just as they were; all my doubts were over, but it was not my place to impart my unpleasant *certainty* to either the lady or the gentleman. I saw plainly enough that the politic medical visitor *would not* do so, what was to be done? I had another engagement in a very high quarter indeed, for July, and before that time I thought it very probable that they would find it out themselves.

In the meantime the poor little serjeant was half teased to death by those wicked wags of the law, who are always shewing their white teeth, and elevating their saucy eyebrows; but not one of them had a notion that the thing was likely to end in smoke—if they had! The serjeant himself, shrewd and calculating, became most nervously uneasy at this unaccountable procrastination, and, like a brave man, was determined to know the worst at once.

"What is your opinion of this affair, Mrs. Griffiths?" said he, getting me into his own study, and giving me a chair. "Come, speak out at once, for I can gain nothing satisfactory from that jesuit of a doctor. I can bear any thing but suspense. Is it possible that Mrs. Chatterton has deceived herself after all? but pray speak in a low voice, for I see by your looks what is coming. Let not the servants overhear us."

"I have known such things before, sir," said I, with much caution, since it

was a life or death thing, I thought, to the poor man; for he frightened me by the intensity of his looks, and the nervous twitchings in his face and hands. "I much fear sir," I continued, "for Mrs. Chatterton is rather corpulent, and she sits a great deal; uses very little exercise, and she may be mistaken; nay, I have very little doubt that such is the case."

Poor Serjeant Chatterton gazed upon me a minute or two without uttering a single word; I thought at first he was insensible or in a fit, but it was no such thing, his mind was labouring with its heavy burden, and was endeavouring to find out some method to lessen the peculiar mortification and ridicule he was likely to endure. Some strange project—some scheme was being argued within his mind—and thus at length he broke out. He spoke with much vehemence and gesticulation.

"My dear Mrs. Griffiths! you are the only person in the world that can save me; without your assistance never can I face the court again, never endure the raillery of that wild set,—will you stand my friend in this accursed business; no harm can possibly come of it in any way to any person, and we can manage it excellently well. I know we can, you are so clever a woman. Nothing will ever be suspected; but we must be quick about it."

I wanted of course to be enlightened, for my first thought was, that the disappointment had really turned his brain; for I remembered his lady had told me, in the first instance, that "his head was then nearly turned," and now I suppose, thought I, it is turned back again, and so hastily, that it is as much out of the due perpendicular this way, as it was then that way; but I wronged him, he was perfectly sane, perfectly clear-headed, and had all his wits about him. Thus he continued.

"Unfortunately this cursed blunder of my poor dear Bessy, Mrs. Griffiths, has taken wind; every body expects she will give me a child immediately, in my old age; even the very highest in my calling know of it and are looking out every day for information of its arrival." He paused, and I ventured to say, "That the expectations of others ought not to be of much consequence to him; that he was not bound to ——" He would not hear me to the end.

"But I am bound," said the agitated serjeant, jumping up and rapidly pacing the room; "I am bound by every law of self-preservation, not to make a fool of myself, and be for the rest of my life a standing joke to all those mad spirits, who are almost too much for me at present; but, should they learn —"

"How can you prevent it, sir?" said I, "if there is no child."

"There are thousands of children in the world," interrupted the poor little man; "children who are nearly destitute, starving, whose parents would be most grateful to get their little one into a snug berth like this house, and every comfort in the world."

I was too much astonished to reply; thus he went on, gathering strength of argument as he proceeded, strength of determination also.

"I have been childless many years. I have indulged myself, too freely I believe, in the delicious hope of having offspring of my own and of my beloved wife, crawling about me, and creeping into my very bosom; it has pleased God, you tell me, to annihilate this bright vision. Childless I am ordained to continue. Well, be it so; but surely the prattle of an infant's voice, though it be not my own, I may be permitted to hear. If I am not to have a son or a daughter, let me *adopt* one, and I will provide for it as if it were my own. Mrs. Griffiths, can you find me this child?"

I hesitated, and then observed; "That there could be little difficulty in his accomplishing his desire; that he could choose one out himself at some public institution, or his lady might, in her daily rides, fix upon some little innocent to her own fancy."

"I see you do not understand me—I must be more explicit. I forget that you do not, cannot know how awkwardly I am placed. It is requisite, madam, when I adopt this little creature into my own family, that the world, all my friends, my servants, every body, should believe it to be my own in reality. This is the only method to prevent the tide of irony and ridicule that must flow in upon and overwhelm me were my disappointment publicly known. And why should it be known at all? If there is an infant in the house, and we are snug about it, cannot we have the gay christening after all, and who is there that would suspect

such a thing, especially after the publicity I have given to it. Say not a word against my scheme; it is a very innocent one. Procure me some strong, pretty, healthy child, illegitimate if you can do no better; purchase the poor little wretch from its drooping mother, and I will never forsake it; but the child must never be claimed, remember that. The parents must never know *who* has got it, or I shall be pestered to death every way, and the secret will transpire. You must bring it privately into Mrs. Chatterton's apartment, and we must all keep up the farce as well as we can. Once get it safely and quietly into her room, and all the rest will be easy enough—I will give her her cue."

I was not quite so sanguine, nor did I enter into the plot quite so readily as the contriver of it wished. I said, "I must have time to weigh it over, to talk about it with his lady, to judge of its propriety as well as its practicability;" but I promised to let him know the result of my deliberations by the next morning. I was not allowed these hours for coolly debating it over with myself. Mrs. Chatterton was taught by her husband to assail me with tears and entreaties: "She should so like her dear Philip to be obliged—to see him with a rosy child on his knee that all the world would believe was hers!" she mentioned too "the elegant worked robes; who could wear them, and those beautiful caps too, besides all the rest of the infant-wardrobe, if there was no child? Besides, was not her carpet nearly finished, and what should she have then to amuse her? Then, who would be wronged?" she asked; "the serjeant had made his money himself; he had no nephews or nieces, and, surely, he had a right to give his property to any one he chose." In short, they vanquished my scruples, as I saw no violation of principle in the strange scheme, only, that I had a natural dislike to plots and schemes of any kind, and nothing but the fear that the agitated little serjeant might have a stroke of palsy, if I subjected him by my refusal to

"The world's dread laugh,
Which scarce the stern philosopher can
scorn,"

won from me the reluctant consent, that I would set my wits to work, in order that I might discover the proper

objects, willing to enter into our plans, and, for the sake of money, and a hope of future comfort to their child, might consent to abandon it for ever; give up these sacred rights so dear even to the poorest of our species, and never look upon the face of their own offspring, or know aught of its destiny on earth. It was a difficult task.

After thinking the affair over a hundred ways, I recollected that there was a young housemaid in a family where I had lately been, who was evidently in the way to become a mother clandestinely, and most probably had been made so very lately. She had denied her situation to every one when accused of it, and had left the family in disgrace. I will endeavour to see this poor creature, I thought, and prevail on her to dispose of her infant, for what can she do for it herself? and she knows I would propose nothing that would tend to the injury either of herself or her unfortunate babe. I made inquiries of those newsmongers in humble life, the laundresses, or rather that one who had served the family, and found out that poor Rose Humphreys had just lain in, and was in a state of great misery; that the father of her child had totally deserted her, and could not be prevailed on even to see her, after her hour of suffering was over, or to welcome the little being he had been the means of ushering into this turbulent world. The good laundress had been her only friend during this trial, and had got her so far through it, that she had consented to seek a place of wet-nurse when she was strong enough to rise, and to put her own little girl out at some cheap place to nurse. In the mean time the kind woman visited her daily, took her comfortable food, and tended both herself and her babe. I went off straight to her, and found the poor young creature with a face as pale as death, in a wretched lodging, with few comforts about her; but she had her baby on her arm, and was gazing on its little features as I entered. Oh, how changed since last I saw her!

"Well, Rose," said I, seating myself by her side, "I am sorry to see you thus;—let me look on your child—it is a very lovely one."

"Oh, Mrs. Griffiths! how kind this is of you," sobbed out the youthful mother. "I have been so deceived—he promised me marriage, indeed he did, and now"—here she cried dread-

fully—"he has not even been to see me;—he has broken my heart, I believe. See how altered I am!—I never shall get over it."

She was altered, indeed! her bloom was gone, her flesh wasted; she was the wreck of the fine, healthy young woman I had formerly seen, when she was housemaid at Col. Phipps's at Kensington, where I had first seen her.

"What do you mean to do, my poor girl, now?" said I, much affected—"have you no relations that would take you in for a few weeks, until you get up your strength? that would nurse you, and be kind to you? Have you no parents?"

"Yes, I have a father," meekly replied the sorrower, "but he would spurn me from his door, if he saw me thus; and, perhaps, he would *curse* this poor innocent thing, for the fault of its mother.—No, no, I cannot seek my father; he was always stern; he used to chide me for dressing so fine;—what would he do now?"

"He would comfort and assist you, my poor girl," I replied, "or he is not a man.—Who would crush the bruised reed? Rose, shall I write to your father for you?"

"Not for thousands, Mrs. Griffiths: let me face the cruel, hard-thinking world, the altered looks of all who have known me in happier days, even the open scorn of *him*,—the unfeeling father of this poor baby, but I cannot behold my own father now,—it would kill me outright. He would call me 'a disgrace,' 'a blot upon his humble name,' he would spurn me from his door. He is a religious man, and would feel the shame of having such a daughter. My father, Mrs. Griffiths, is a *meetinger*, and there is much pride among them; that I know well enough. Father would not let me go to meeting with him when I went down to see him last year, because my bonnet had a smart London cut, and my sleeves were of the fashionable size; all the *meetingers* have a sort of Quaker bonnet, and tight sleeves."

"What do you then propose doing, Rose? You are not strong enough yet to return to service, even if any thing could be done with the baby. Now, I know a worthy lady, who has no child of her own, a real lady, who keeps a carriage, and has a fine house: I think I could get her to take your child off

your hands, so that she should never trouble you more."

"As for the *trouble*," murmured the poor girl, kissing the sleeping child,—
"Bless her little innocent heart, there is nothing I would not do for her, and it would be no *trouble* neither. But would this lady suffer me sometimes to come and see the dear little soul? to take her in my arms, and kiss her sweet *softee*?"

"No, Rose," said I, "you must not be deceived: your child will be made a lady of; dressed in fine clothes, and have a fine education, *but you must not see her any more*. She must belong wholly to this lady; and if you consent to this, I have a hundred guineas to present you with. You can then take a neat comfortable apartment, and have every thing about you to do you good, and when you are able you can get another service, and your present disgrace will never be known;—your father, Rose, will know nothing of it."

"What! sell my innocent child for ever!" frantically cried out the young mother. "Consent never to behold it more! No, Mrs. Griffiths; come what will,—shame, disgrace, poverty, starvation, *death*, I will endure all, but I cannot part from my child."

There is no eloquence like that which comes direct from the heart. Nature does all things well, and certainly teaches elocution better than all the masters of that art put together.

Poor Rose Humphreys kissed and fondled her baby for some time; her tears streamed fast upon its unconscious features. What could I do, who sat beside her? why, I gave a *witch's blessing*, that is, a blessing spoken backwards, to the heartless being who had abandoned mother and child, at such a moment, to their fate; it was an atrocious act, abhorrent to the first principles of Nature: no savage yet was ever guilty of such desertion.

"Well," said I, "then no more must be said about it; but take this trifle, Rose, for a few comforts, and I will see you again."

I then rose to leave her. Much had passed within the bosom of this unfortunate young creature, whilst she thus tenderly embraced her infant. She had been thinking of its advantages more than her own feelings; of the slender means she had of providing for it. There had been a mighty conflict in

her heart between disinterested and selfish love.

"Stay a moment, one moment, Mrs. Griffiths, I beseech you," she murmured out: "you tell me my child would be fed, and clothed, and educated like a lady: what can I do for it? and if I should die, as I believe I shall soon, very soon, they will send it to the workhouse. I ought not to hesitate,—I will not,—but you are kind, considerate. If I trust my baby to your care, will you promise me that you will see me sometimes, and tell me of its welfare? how it grows? who it is like?—will you promise me this?"

"I will solemnly promise you, unhappy creature, and more; for your sake will I watch over the safety of your child myself: should it be neglected, it shall be restored to you; should it be dying, you shall see it. I can promise you no more."

"When will you take her from me?" was the next question.

"Immediately."

Again there was a burst of feeling, and I went out to order in some wine and nutritious food for the almost fainting mother. I also got a boy to take a note for me to Mrs. Chatterton's, which I wrote at the shop where I bought the things, giving her the preconcerted signal, *that I had succeeded*, that she might begin her part of our scheme, which the serjeant would be sure to instruct her well in. I left all this part of the business to their own ingenuity.

I said every thing I could to comfort and console poor Rose; I even promised I would see her the following day, if only for a moment; staid with her till the dusk of the evening, when, administering to the child a plentiful, but safe dose of syrup of poppies (a thing, by the bye, that I never use on ordinary occasions), I counted out the hundred guineas in gold and bank-notes, then handed them to her, and took in exchange the sleeping child, advising her to tell the laundress that some unexpected friend had come in, and promised to provide for it, taking it with them.

"Do not shew all your money, Rose," I added, "it might excite suspicion; but when you are able, put all you are allowed of it (thirty pounds) into a savings'-bank, and be careful of the rest."

I had put on purposely a large, full, most ample black silk cloak, under the

folds of which I could well conceal the child, and towards dusk, that time when all sorts of strange things are perpetrated, I took a hackney-chariot, and got the coachman to knock at the door in —— Square. It was opened in a moment.

"Oh, Mrs. Griffiths!" exclaimed the old footman, nearly as great an oddity as his master, "I am so glad you are come; there has been such an inquiry for you! such a bustle! such a confusion! The serjeant is so angry that you went out to-day; he says it was so very inconsiderate of you. Why, our madam is really taken ill at last, you must know; and you are so much wanted.

"Well done acting," thought I; "they are all playing their parts bravely, it seems; I must not forget my own." So I jumped out of the coach, ordering the footman to pay the coachman, and hurried up the stairs, where the first thing I saw was the little serjeant, his face as red again as usual, and his features working with high excitement. He pretended to be very angry with me, and almost pushed me into his lady's room; at the same time his hand gave me a significant pressure, as much as to say, "Courage! nothing can go on better than we do at present."

Mrs. Chatterton was seated in a large easy chair, in a white wrapper; several servants were in the room bustling and standing in each other's way; they had made a fire, and all the preparations they could think of. Mrs. Chatterton gave me a glance that had nearly upset my gravity; it was such a compound of admonition, inquiry, pretended pain, and real anxiety, all mixed together, that I thought, I must have laughed outright; but as I was not allowed to do this, I thought it the best way to begin to scold.

"What a confusion is here!" I cried; "enough to make a lady out of her mind! what a noise too!" though I made the most myself. "Come, come, I must clear the room; I will have every thing quiet here;" and I turned them all out, and locked the door.

In a moment I shewed Mrs. Chatterton the soft tranquil features of the little innocent, who slept a "*charmed sleep*," and acted, therefore, its part in this drama as well as any of us. I undressed it wholly, and wrapping up all its little apparel, locked it away in my own carpet bag. I then enveloped the

child in a woollen mantle, and put it into the bed. Why should I describe all that followed? By the time the medical man came, he was assured by me, "that his assistance was not *now* wanted; that every thing was right." I shewed him the face of the child, as it lay on my lap, dressed in its new clothing, and he was content just to take a peep at it, and to receive the ten guineas that was handed to him by Serjeant Chatterton, when he descended the stairs, wishing him joy of "his beautiful little daughter." After some time, one or two of the head female servants were admitted, just to see the baby for a minute; but I hurried them off, saying, "that it was my way not to allow a word to be spoken more than necessary at *such a time*."

"How quick you have all been about it!" murmured out the fat cook to me on the staircase. "Well, I never saw any thing like it! all over in a minute."

"Don't stand *wondering* there, Mrs. Cook," said I, "but make haste, and get plenty of gruel, *grut* gruel, remember, and I shall want a chicken boiled down immediately for broth — no onions in it, nor spice. Where is the brandy?"

By dint of lecturing the servants, and making a great fuss, we got through amazingly well. I gave them no time to think. But when the serjeant was summoned up stairs "to look at his lady and child," the whimsical look he put on was irresistible: I could contain myself no longer; — it was fortunate that all the maids were out of hearing.

How much is there in association of ideas! Serjeant Chatterton no sooner looked upon the child, the one that was now to be considered as his own, than he loved it tenderly, everlastingly: his long pent up paternal affections overflowed through his eyes. "If ever I forsake thee, tender innocent," he cried, "may I be abandoned by my God." Religiously did he keep his vow.

Of course nothing could do better than we did in Mrs. Chatterton's apartment. We had no fever, no want of sleep, but the child pined for its natural food, and the servants were ordered to make inquiries for a wet-nurse, "as Mrs. Chatterton did not intend to nurse her child herself." So well was that lady, it did not seem extraordinary that I should step out a few minutes on

the following evening, to see poor Rose, according to my promise.

I did not anticipate finding her in such a state: between her agony at parting from her infant, and wretchedness at being abandoned by her lover, she was nearly delirious. When she saw me, she almost screamed with high excitement. What had she suffered since we parted!

"*Why*, take back, take back your money, I beseech you," raved the unhappy girl. "I thought I had strength to endure it; but no, no, I must have my child—give me my child! Oh, Mrs. Griffiths! that wicked laundress says I have murdered my own dear, beloved baby! She would not believe a word I told her about my friend's coming to take her away; she threatened even that she would send for an officer, and make me tell what I had done with it. Indeed, indeed, I must have my precious child again."

I tried to soothe and comfort her; told her that I would soon set things to rights with the laundress respecting her suspicions, by owning that I had myself removed the infant, and asked her if she thought she had command over herself enough, could I get her the situation of wet-nurse to her own infant, never to betray that she was its mother? "Rose!" I said, "you know not what mischief you would do, if a single word escaped you at any time to disclose this secret. Can you be satisfied to have your child ever in your own arms? to dress it? to feed it at your own bosom, and not to say to any created being, '*This child is mine?*' Can you be trusted?"

"Oh, yes! let me but have her in my arms again, and I promise that nothing shall draw the secret from me." As she said this, the laundress entered the room. The worthy woman was much rejoiced to have her suspicions removed by myself, for she knew me too well to imagine for a moment that I would screen so bad an action as a mother's destroying her own offspring. I then asked her if she thought Rose strong enough to be removed in a coach to undertake the office I proposed. We all concurred in thinking, that the sooner she was taken from her own bitter thoughts the better. We, therefore, dressed her, gave her a cordial, and, wrapping her well up, put her into a hackney-coach, and I accompanied her to — Square."

"I have brought a nurse, Gregory, for madam's little one," said I; and I hurried with her up stairs to that room appointed for the nursery. In another minute, after due admonition to the half-frantic mother, to feign that calmness she did not feel, or she would lose that pleasure she anticipated, I had the supreme satisfaction, of placing the famished infant at the maternal bosom, and seeing it imbibe that food nature had provided for it.

It was not necessary to mention to the sergeant or his lady that I had brought home the child's parent to be its nurse; I knew the human heart too well to awaken a jealousy in either of them that might have checked the growth of that tenderness I saw was springing up fast in the breasts of each. They both owed me so much in this business, that they asked no questions about my management, too happy that our scheme had succeeded so well, that it had not been suspected for a scheme at all—able generals were we all; and poor Rose was, I think, the happiest of the whole party, and what with good living, and the delight of having the company of her babe, got up her health better than I should have expected; but the blow had been given.

And now comes the catastrophe. The gorgeous christening of our little heroine, a heroine, indeed, if I were to tell you all about her that I know, but that must be put off for another time.

"Bessy, my love! what shall we call our little foundling?" said the sergeant, as I was sitting by them, with this same foundling on my lap.

"Bless me, Philip!" interposed the lady; "how can you be so indiscreet, to call her by such an epithet? Suppose one of the servants had heard you, you would have blown all our beautiful scheme to pieces in a breath."

"I shall never call her by that name, Bessy, when she has a right to another; but have you thought of a name? I should not like her to be called yours; it is having too much of a thing."

"What do you think, Philip, of your mother's name, Alice?"

"No; it sounds like dirty vermin. No; let us look at her, Mrs. Griffiths; what name does she *look* like?"

I smiled, and said, "I thought she looked like an Edith, or an Ellen; but *why*, I could not even attempt to explain."

"Edith!" repeated the sergeant;

"why, that is a Saxon name, high-sounding, and patrician; I think the lord chancellor would not be ashamed of that name for his little daughter."

"Shall we add PLANTAGENET to it, Philip!" sportively inquired Mrs. Chatterton; "but, seriously, I have no objection to the name of Edith—it is in my own family."

"Then, Edith it shall be;" and this momentous argument was finished; but then the dinner!—the elegant christening dinner! who should be invited to meet their illustrious guest? All these matters had to be discussed, and such preparations were made, as seemed quite to perplex and mystify poor Rose.

She told me she felt very extraordinary sensations about it altogether: such a parade and fuss to be made about *her* child! She doubted, sometimes, whether it could be so or not; but never when the little creature was pressed close to her maternal bosom, *then she felt it was, indeed, her own.*

Serjeant and Mrs. Chatterton considered themselves much my debtor in the whole of this business, and they found out a very delicate way of expressing their sense of it, one the most likely to please the person "they delighted to honour." We have all our proud feelings, our weak sides. It is impossible for any human being to be a hero or a heroine for ever. Who would like to be placed on a pedestal all his life, even though it were in the highest niche in the temple of honour. Self-esteem, positive knowledge of our own rectitude, and high, independent principles, will not always suffice to produce content. The walk in life I had assumed, was undertaken with the noblest sensations the mind (that is, my own mind) was capable of, a determination to eat the bread of independence; yet, in spite of these high-flown, virtuous impulses, often have I been wounded to the quick by the necessary distinctions my vocation caused between myself and that rank of society in which I was born, and to which I felt that I still belonged. Grateful to me, therefore, was it, when Mrs. Chatterton told me, "that the Serjeant and herself insisted that I should make one of the christening-party, and be introduced to them as a guest. We know full well," she added, "that this will not be the first time you have associated with the great and the noble.

Any other method to express to you our gratitude, we think, would fall short of this."

I owned that I was gratified; but I hinted, that some of the ladies, especially Mrs. C.—and P.—, would recognise me, they having spoken much to me when they brought the present of the baby-linen to Mrs. Chatterton.

"It is of no use making any objections, Mrs. Griffiths; we have thought over every thing: you have stood by us in our hour of need, and, from henceforth, we consider you one of our choicest friends."

This truly noble determination was accompanied with a present of a full quantity of superb Genoese velvet (a rich pompadour colour,) to make me a new dress for the occasion, and a blonde cap and pelerine that a countess might have worn.

It was arranged that Rose, the agitated Rose, was to bring in the future god-daughter of the lord chancellor into the drawing-room at the proper time. It was made most splendid, by the new carpet, which had been finished through the assistance of all the maids, and one or two hired women. It looked very handsome, indeed, and had its full proportion of praise with Miss Edith, which afforded nearly as much delight to Mrs. Chatterton, perhaps more so, as one was her own production, the other certainly was not.

About an hour before the excellent dinner was served, some of the company arrived, the noble sponsors, and a long train of barristers, &c. Indeed it was quite a legal feast. All the courts seemed assembled in those spacious rooms, and all were vying with each other who should most turn the head of Serjeant Chatterton, who was so nervous, so excited, so rosy-tinted in complexion, so agitated in every limb and muscle, that he seemed as if he had been afflicted with that dance attributed to good St. Vitus, which he learned, and never could leave off, they say, by walking over so many burning ploughshares, without a singe even to his great toe.

There sat, close to Mrs. Chatterton, and attired quite as splendidly as herself, "the monthly nurse," who only stipulated that she should be introduced to no one, as she informed that kind-hearted lady, her hostess, her real name was not Griffiths; and she had no wish to impose her assumed one in general

society, as it had been so taken, not for the purpose of deception, but to avoid giving offence to those who were not noble enough to value an honourable relative for her intrinsic qualities, but only in proportion to the style in which she lived, and as she received the smiles or frowns of that capricious, blind goddess, Fortune; and ought *she* to be the arbitress of how a relation should be treated? This is one of the ~~giving~~ sins of England. Although herself stigmatised as a "*nation of shopkeepers*," yet how disdainfully do the propertied classes turn their heads aside, with pseudo aristocratic pride, from the virtuous and the industrious, if they happen to be engaged in trade, or in mechanical pursuits; but surely my own head must be turned, to preach in this manner — perhaps with sitting at table with a lord chancellor, and taking wine with an attorney-general.

"And was such the case, Mrs. Griffiths?" methinks I hear one of my readers inquire. Even so; there was something in my mien, and the colour of my eyes and hair, that put that distinguished baronet in mind of a *very old friend*: he looked, and looked again, there was no bow of recognition; he thought he must be mistaken, yet the idea haunted him all the dinner perpetually, so he resolved to send his servant round, who waited behind his chair, to ask the lady opposite to drink wine with him. Of course the honour was accepted, a bow passed on either side, but still no smile that told of former acquaintance, was exchanged. "It is very odd," thought the legal baronet; "I am sure she would not *cut* me; and yet, though it is so many years since I saw her, not a long time after her marriage with —, poor fellow! I am sure it is the same, but I'll ask Chatterton to-morrow; and, in the mean time, if she does not *choose to know me*, why, I can't help it." The question was asked on the morrow, but the serjeant had been schooled by myself, and at length convinced the kind inquirer, that the lady was altogether a stranger to him, and so nothing more came of it.

I am not writing a romance, or I have plenty of materials, that could be finely spun out, and wove into a thin, fashionable texture,—materials flowing from this family circumstance alone; but my business is not here to *carry out* my story beyond the time that I

gave up my situation as "monthly nurse" in the family of Serjeant Chatterton. Yes, in one thing alone I will do so, and that is regarding poor Rose, who never recovered the havoc that had been made with her constitution during the time of her unfortunate accouchement. She fell into a decline, and was removed, after some months, to her father's, who, in witnessing the illness of his child, felt more tenderness for her than ever he had done before, and shewed her every attention in his power, especially as he had not the slightest idea of her imprudence. She lived not more than a twelvemonth after the transaction I have spoken of, dying in a most serene state of mind, and trusting to the merits of the Saviour for pardon and for future happiness. She wrote me a letter about a week previous to her death, containing some directions, that have reference to her then infant; but, as I have a discretionary power to use them or not, according to circumstances, the letter still remains sealed up in my writing-desk, and perhaps may be consigned to the flames before my death.

I have nothing more to add, except that Rose never divulged to any one how closely she was related to her seeming foster-child, whilst she remained in — Square, nor was it ever suspected by the servants, or indeed by the world in general. The worthy serjeant also kept his word, for he amply provided for his adopted child, and enjoyed several years of her infantine society, and the pride of being considered the father of so lovely a little being as the fairy Edith. Mrs. Chatterton, also, though not half so enthusiastic as her partner, still fondly loved her "pretty daughter," though she often could not refrain a smile, when she was assured by flattering friends, who, perhaps, believed in part what they asserted, "that the beautiful and graceful Edith was the exact counterpart of what must have been her mother at the same age."

The excellent husband and wife now repose together in one vault side by side, and the adopted Edith inherited their name and fortune until she, too, became a wife, retaining the latter for her dowry, though exchanging the former for that of the worthy man whom she was calculated to make as happy as herself.

CRICHTON.*

WE looked for the appearance of this long-announced and much talked-of work with something more of curiosity than is usual with us, at our advanced period of literary life. And for the following reasons: In the first place, it appeared to us that the "Admirable Crichton's" scanty history could not be turned to effective account, or it would long since have been handled by some one or other; and, in the next place, with all respect for the author of "Rookwood," judging him by his past performances we were not of opinion that, if the thing was to be done, he was precisely the man to do it. With the reluctance natural to those who are forced to resign pre-conceived notions "on compulsion," we are bound to confess, that in both surmises we were wrong. For, in the volumes before us, we have the history of *Crichton*, scanty as it is, made subservient to most striking effects, both as regards the hero himself, and the ever-interesting period in which he flourished: and this we find done by the writer, whose aptitude for the work we had doubted—the author of "Rookwood." Yet, in justice to our discrimination, we may observe, that wiser heads than ours (if any such there be) might have miscalculated quite as much in this matter. We, and other readers, who had scampered away to York with this author, at a rate from the effect of which we have scarcely yet recovered; who, under his guidance, had sermonised and solemnised in sepulchral vaults and feudal towers; and, furthermore, played truant in gipsy-haunts and way-side taverns; we were not unnaturally at a loss to conjecture what such a vivid and rattling narrator could possibly make out of the character and excellences of *Crichton*, "admirable" as the young Scotchman is, on all hands, admitted to have been.

Well, our misgivings were, as we have intimated, all wrong! And, indeed, it is odd that men of our gravity and experience should have forgotten the great truth, that what a man *will* do he *can*—or, in other words,—that a clever fellow is "up to every thing," a very profound reflection, to be ~~found~~, if we mistake not, in the works of Goëthe, or some other German gentleman. So much for our preface—now a word on the author's.

After dedicating the history of his "admirable" hero, to one no less "admirable," though of "softer nature"—Lady Blessington—the writer, in a preface of some length, and distinguished by great modesty and good taste, *as regards himself*, (we shall have to question his taste where he speaks of others), enters into a critical examination of the accounts hitherto given of the life of Crichton; and he shews that the "admirable" Scot was "scotched," it may be,—but certainly "not killed," on the 5th of July, 1583,—for that on the 4th of November, 1584, the said Crichton composed an Epicidion on the Cardinal Borromeo. This poem is here printed, for the first time, with a translation, for which we cannot find space. However, it affords conclusive evidence, on the hitherto disputed point, as to whether Crichton died in 1583—in which year Aldus poured forth a most pathetic lamentation on the supposed death of his friend. But Crichton was probably not the first, as he certainly has not ~~proved~~ the last, estimable person pronounced dead before his time. Among other names, well known to Englishmen, we may mention Sir James Scarlett (now, happily, Lord Abinger, and so may he long continue!) and a Mr. John Robinson,† whose singular case has been commemorated in verse. A month after his lament for Borromeo, Crichton addressed a congratulatory ode to

* Crichton. By the Author of "Rookwood." 3 vols. Macrone.

† The interview between this gentleman and his mistaken wife, who had married a second time, supposing him to be dead, is thus graphically given by the poet:—

She—"Somebody com'd to me and said,
As somebody else had somewhere read
In some newspaper as low you vas dead!"

He—"I aint been dead at all—says Jack Robinson!"

Gaspar Visconti, on his induction to the see of Milan. This poem we extract as an evidence that Crichton, like Chateaubriand, understood the full force of the sentiment,—“*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*” Of the deceased Borromeo, the bard had thus mourned in November:

“Within his chosen tomb calm may he sleep!

“*Divinified*, aloft, his spirit soars!”

While Virtue’s loss irreparable, deep,
With reverential grief the Muse de-
plores.”

“In the following month he congratulates Visconti in a strain which, in the English dress, is highly creditable to Ainsworth’s powers as a translator. The stanzas would, however, occupy too much of our space. We must, therefore, be content with a reference to them. Beyond this poem, we are told all is obscurity, as regards the intellectual career of the “*Admirable Crichton*.” It is well observed by the writer, that nothing can be more absurd than the carpings of certain persons who have sought “to shake the celebrity of Crichton, by assailing the few poetical pieces which he has left us, and by measuring the grasp of his intellect by this unfair standard.” On this point our author very truly remarks:

“It is not, however, from what remains to us of his writings—but from the effect produced upon his contemporaries (and *such* contemporaries), that we can form a just estimate of the extent of Crichton’s powers. By them he was esteemed a miracle of learning—*divinum plane juvenem*; and we have an instance in our own time of a great poet and philosopher, whose published works scarcely bear out the wondrous reputation he enjoyed for colloquial ability. The idolised friend of Aldus Manutius, of Lorenzo Massa, Giovanni Donati, and Sperone Speroni, amongst the most accomplished scholars of their age; the antagonist of the redoubted Arcangelus Mercenarius and Giacomo Mazzoni, (whose memory was so remarkable that he could recite entire books of Dante, Ariosto, Virgil, and Lucretius, and who had sounded all the depths of philosophy)—could not have been other than a very extraordinary person; and we may come to the conclusion respecting him, arrived at by Dr. Johnson, that ‘whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestable authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.’”

Mr. Ainsworth thinks it necessary to apologise (with how little reason will be seen, when we come to the work itself) for having avoided that obvious and exclusive delineation of Crichton, which is suggested by the mere mention of his name—*i. e.*—his scholastic eminence. Had the author been writing a book for the edification or instruction of the learned world,—had he, for instance, set to work for the sole purpose of pleasing those “sage grave men,” the members of the Maitland Club,—then, indeed, he might have indulged misgivings, had his work been deficient in “*Dry-as-dust*” distinction. But forasmuch as Ainsworth has written for the “reading world”—a very different set from the “learned” world—as, at all events, his book will be thumbed by light readers among the males, and fingered by fair skimmers among those whose

“Eyes

Rain influence and adjudge the prize”—

he has acted like a man of taste in bringing into strong light the more courtly and universally captivating features of his hero’s character. Ainsworth gives us an amusing idea of the harmonious combination of opposites which might make a Crichton, in the following passage. As most of our readers possess some knowledge of the three living *distinguis*—each eminent in his own peculiar way—they may make a hero out of these materials, satisfactory to their “mind’s eye.”

“Crichton, I take it, was something between *le beau* D’Orsay, and the Abbé de Prout; or, perhaps, a nearer approach to his universal attainments might be found in the person of his distinguished countryman—Professor Wilson—the modern Admirable Scot!”

Nay, we *must* have them all three lumped together. Fancy the stalwart frame and mental energy of the Professor, the teeming lore and playful fancy of the Padre, and the irresistible grace of the “observed of all observers,” blended into one Crichton; and then pronounce, must he *not* have been the “Admirable?” This were

“A combination and a form, indeed,

To give the world assurance of a man.”

We said that we should have to question the author’s taste when speaking of others—or, rather, of one other—in this preface. To set the matter

"fair and above board," we extract the passage which to us appears objectionable. It occurs in a note; and perhaps the better way will be to give the portion of text to which the note has reference. This is the following:

"In allusion to the *folles amours* of Crichton, as here recorded, I shall take leave to say a few words. 'It is at all times,' observes Mr. Forster, the able biographer of Strafford, 'a delicate matter to touch upon this portion of men's histories, partly from the nature of the subject, and partly from a kind of soreness which the community feel upon it, owing to the inconsistencies between their opinions and practices, and to certain strange perplexities at the heart of those inconsistencies which it remains for some bolder and more philosophical generation to discuss.'"

We have nothing to object to this passage. It seems to us a piece of palpable nonsense, very worthy of Dominie Sampson, or any other simple-souled bookworm, to whom falling in love must ever prove a suicidal plunge. But if such be the nature of the text, what shall we say of the note? Here it is. The author is speaking of the Mr. Forster from whom he has quoted:

"Great things have been achieved by this youthful historian; but still greater may be expected from him. His portraiture of Strafford is a masterly performance. The sterner lineaments of Sir John Eliot are severely and faithfully presented, but appear by the side of their companion, from a certain coldness in the colouring, like a painting of Holbein, next to one by Vandyke. But there is no mistaking the truth of the likeness. Mr. Forster is a subtle analyser of character—a profound and philosophical thinker; and will take nothing for granted. His style is eloquent, energetic, and convincing. It is a high privilege to enjoy the friendship of one whose name is an earnest of some remembrance by posterity. This privilege I can boast. And I may assert, with Charles Nodier, who, speaking of Dumas, thus puts forth his claim to immortality: 'La Fontaine avait un ami qui s'appelait Gâche, Rousseau, un ami qui s'appelait Bâche, et Voltaire un ami qui s'appelait Thiriot, si Voltaire avait un ami. Gâche, Bâche et Thiriot ne mourront jamais dans la mémoire des hommes, ni moi non plus: je suis l'ami de Forster.'"

Oh, for my uncle Toby's forty-captain power of whistling "Lillibullero!" "I am immortal," says Rookwood, "for I am the friend of Gâche-Bâche Forster!" Well, Rookwood, "*Who's your friend?*" We don't, in *pavé* parlance, say, "Who are you?" for that we know well enough; but, in the name of all that's funny, again we ask, "*Who's your friend?*" Here have we been living on town a considerable time, "man and boy," and must plead guilty to the gross ignorance of classing your dispenser of immortality with the celebrated men of whom one has never heard! Really, this will not do. Fraserian though you have the good fortune to be, yet on that very account this puffery must be denounced. Unless Mr. Forster, whoever he is, can snuff up incense of a more general character than this isolated notice, vainly will he inflate his nostrils. And being on this subject, we must, in candour and justice, reprehend a passage in the body of our author's work, though eulogistic of one whom it is impossible to speak of in terms of too great approval and encouragement. At p. 278 of vol. i., the author, after an animated delineation of the personal charms of Marguerite de Valois, has the following passage:

"We feel how imperfect is this description. *Maclise, upon whom the mantle of Vandyke has fallen, and who alone could do justice to her beauty, shall paint her for you.*"

We repeat that this is a style of comment studiously to be eschewed. It is reprehensible when employed with reference to the obscure, as in the first instance just quoted: it is peculiarly so in the second, because there the delicacy of true genius does, or ought to recoil from it. Very different is the case, in which a direct and manly estimate is made of powers as yet undeveloped or undistinguished. The opinion may then be questionable as to its justice, but not as to its sincerity. But such language as that last cited is generally hollow in spirit, as it unquestionably is hackneyed in form. It is at all times at the service of any one who may think fit to employ it, and has thus the air of empty compliment. Rightly considered, however, it is no compliment at all. Maclise stands in no need of any other "mantle" than that of his own genius; and, in wearing this manfully and gracefully,

he may well dispense with comparisons, however "odorous," which have before been instituted between men immeasurably his inferiors and the mighty masters now no more.—We now proceed to Crichton.

The narrative opens with a very lively description of the gabyhood of Paris in 1579; from which it appears that the students of *la grande ville* were then pretty much the same as they are now—as fond of *emutes*, and as intensely convinced of the wisdom of youth and the contemptible appearance of gray hairs. The unruly rout is hit off with spirit in the following brief extract :

"Notwithstanding its shabby appearance in detail, the general effect of this scholastic mob was striking and picturesque. The thick moustaches and clipped and pointed beards with which the lips and chins of most of them were decorated gave to their physiognomies a manly and determined air, fully borne out by their unrestrained carriage and deportment.

"To a man, almost all were armed with a tough vine-wood bludgeon, called in their language the *estoc volant*, tipped and shod with steel; a weapon fully understood by them, and rendered, by their dexterity in the use of it, formidable to their adversaries. Not a few carried at their girdles the short rapier, so celebrated in their duels and brawls, or concealed within their bosom a poniard or two-edged knife.

"The scholars of Paris have ever been a turbulent and ungovernable race; and at the period of which this narrative treats, and, indeed, long antecedently, were little better than a licensed horde of robbers, consisting of a pack of idle and wayward youth drafted from all parts of Europe, as well as from the remotest provinces of their own nation. There was little in common between the mass of students and their brethren excepting the fellowship resulting from the universal licence in which all indulged. Hence their thousand combats among themselves—combats almost invariably attended with fatal consequences—and which the heads of the university found it impossible to check.

"Their own scanty resources, eked out by what little they could derive from beggary or robbery, formed their chief subsistence; for many of them were positive mendicants, and were so denominated; and, being possessed of a sanctuary within their own quarters, to which they could at convenience retire, they submitted to the constraint of no laws, ex-

cept those enforced within the jurisdiction of the University, and hesitated at no means of enriching themselves at the expense of their neighbours. Hence the frequent warfare waged between them and the monks of St. Germain de Pré, whose monastic domains adjoined their territories, and whose meadows were the constant *champ clos* of their skirmishes; according to Duluare—*presque toujours un théâtre de tumulte, de galanterie, de combats, de duels, de débâches, et de sédition*. Hence their sanguinary conflicts with the good citizens of Paris, to whom they were wholly obnoxious, and who occasionally paid their aggressions with interest."

These youngsters are clamorous for admission to a disputation going forward in the great hall of the college, in which Crichton is engaged. Unable to effect an entrance, they console themselves by getting up a disputation among themselves,—the most prominent brawlers being a Scotchman named Ogilvy, a Spaniard, and a Sorbonist—the Scotchman, of course, sticking fiercely for the honour of the land "he's left behind him." But we must leave the students and their squabbles, to introduce Crichton himself to the reader. He is thus brought on the scene, after the close of the debate:—

"Crichton—for the reader will no doubt have surmised that he was the 'load-star of all eyes'—possessed an exterior so striking, and a manner so eminently prepossessing, that his mere appearance seemed to act like a spell on the beholders. The strongest sympathy was instantly and universally excited in his favour. Youth is ever interesting; but youth so richly graced as Crichton's could not fail to produce an extraordinary impression. At the sight of him the whole aspect of things was changed. Enthusiasm, amounting almost to devotion, usurped the place of animosity, and all vindictive feelings resulting from wounded pride, or other petty annoyances, were obliterated or forgotten. Even discomfiture wore the aspect of victory.

"But in the demeanour of the victor no external sign of self-elation was perceptible. He might not be insensible to the distinction of his achievement, but he plumed himself not upon it; or, rather, with the modesty ever inherent in true greatness, appeared to underrate his own success. His cheek was slightly flushed, and a smile of tempered satisfaction played upon his countenance as he

acknowledged the stunning applauses of the concourse before him. No traces of over-exertion or excitement were visible in his features or deportment. He would seem, to judge from his composed and collected manner, to have quitted a debate in which he had taken no further part than that of an auditor. His brow was unclouded, his look serene, his step buoyant; and, as his bright eye wandered over the multitude, there was not an individual upon whom his gaze momentarily rested but felt his heart leap within his breast.

"The countenance of Crichton was one that Phidias might have portrayed, so nearly did its elevated and ennobled character of beauty approach to the ideal standard of perfection erected by the great Athenian sculptor. Chiselled like those of some ancient head of the Delphic God, the features were wrought with the utmost fineness and precision—the contour of the face was classical and harmonious—the *mens divini* breathed from every lineament—the lips were firm, full, and fraught with sensibility, yet giving token of the most dauntless resolution—the chin was proudly curved—the nose Grecian—the nostril thin and haughty as that of an unbroken barb of the desert—the brow was ample and majestic, shaded by dark brown hair, disposed in thick ringlets after the manner of the antique. There was a brilliancy of colour and a sparkling freshness in Crichton's complexion, the more surprising, as the pallid hue and debilitated look of the toil-worn student might more naturally be expected in his features than the rosy bloom of health. In compliance with the fashion of the day, a slight moustache feathered his upper lip, and a short, pointed beard clothed his chin, and added to the grave manliness of his aspect."

He is presented with a token of the respect of the university from the hands of the rector, accompanied by a purse, the contents of which he casts among the scholars; and, after a scramble, a scuffle takes place, in which an attempt is made on Crichton's life by the Spaniard,—though in the crowd Ogilvie is mistaken for the assassin. A sort of general *mêlée* follows upon this, which is, after some hard blows, settled by a bull-dog, belonging to an Englishman named Blount; and a party of archers arriving to the rescue, the scholars are dispersed. In the scene just spoken of, a very important personage, the Geloso, is introduced, who turns out to be one of that class of diuinites, a lovely girl disguised in male

attire, and exercises very considerable influence on the progress of the narrative. But we must not anticipate. Suffice it here to say, that the Geloso received the blow aimed by the Spaniard at Crichton; and that Crichton placed his unknown protector under the care of Ruggieri, the astrologer, a creature of Queen Catherine of Medicis. At the opening of book the second we are introduced to this celebrated character, and others of the gay, intriguing, and heartless court of Henry III. Ainsworth sketches the principal personages of this period, so rich in recollections, with a free, vigorous, and, at the same time, graceful hand. We shall transfer a few specimens to our pages,—for, often as the same persons have, in one way or other, been handled, it will be found that our author has invested them with the charm of novelty. We will begin with Catherine de Medicis, she being the all-informing soul of the strangely assorted circle in which she moved. After a passing notice of the Queen Louise de Lorraine—the pious *amiable* (a word importing then, as it mostly does now, the absence of personal charms, or mental fervour,) Catherine is thus described:—

"The position which Louise de Vaudemont should have occupied was assumed by the Queen Mother, who amply supplied whatever might be wanting in her daughter-in-law. In her hands her sons were mere puppets; they filled thrones, while she wielded their sceptres. Hers was truly what it has been described—'a soul of bronze or of iron.' Subtle, secret, Machiavelian—she the Prince of the plotting Florentine was her constant study—her power worked in the dark: none could detect her movements till they were disclosed by their results. Inheriting many of the nobler qualities of the Medicis, her hatred was implacable as that of the Borgias; and, like that dread race, her schemes were not suffered to be restrained by any ties of affinity. Rumeur attributed to her agency the mysterious removal of her two elder sons from the path of the third, who was unquestionably her favourite; and she was afterwards accused of being accessory to the sudden death of another, the Duke d'Alençon, who perished at Chateau-Thierry, from smelling a bouquet of poisoned flowers.

"The court of Catherine de Medicis, in effect that of her son, numbered three hundred of the loveliest and most illustrious damsels of the land.

* * *

"Surrounded by this fair phalanx, Catherine felt herself irresistible. As in the case of the unfortunate Demoiselle de Limeuil, she only punished their indiscretions when concealment was impossible. An accurate judge of human nature, she knew that the most inflexible bosom was no-proof against female blandishment, and armed with this '*petite bande des dames de la cour*,' as they were called, she made use of their agency to counteract the plans of her enemies, and by their unsuspected influence, which extended over all the court, became acquainted with the most guarded secrets of all parties. The profound dissimulation which enveloped her conduct has left the character of Catherine a problem which the historian would in vain attempt to solve; and equally futile would be his endeavours to trace to their hidden sources the springs of all her actions. Blindly superstitious, bigoted, yet sceptical, and, if her enemies are at all to be believed, addicted to the idolatrous worship of false gods; proud, yet never guilty of meanness; a fond wife—an Italian woman, yet exhibiting no jealousy of an inconstant husband; a tender mother, yet accused of sacrificing three of her sons to her ambitious views; a rigid observer of etiquette, yet not unfrequently overlooking its neglect; fiery and vindictive, yet never roused to betray her emotions by any gesture of impatience, but veiling her indignation under a mask of calmness, her supposititious character and actions were a perpetual contradiction to each other. The best description of her is, perhaps, contained in the following satirical epitaph which appeared soon after her demise:

La Reine qui cy gît fut un diable et un ange,
Toute pleine de blâme, et pleine de louange,
Elle soutint l'Etat et l'Etat mit à bas,
Elle fit maints accords, et pas moins de débats,
Elle enfanta trois Rois, et trois guerres civiles,
Fit bâtir des Châteaux, et ruiner des villes;
Fit bien de bonnes loix, et de mauvais edits,
Souhaite-lui, passant, Enfer et Paradis.

"Catherine's, however, was a genius of a high order. No portion of her time was left unoccupied. She was a lover of letters, and of men of letters—

Pour ne dégénérer de ses premiers ayeux
Soigneuse a fait chercher les livres les plus vieux
Hebreux, Grecs, et Latins, traduits et à traduire—

a cultivator of the arts, and the most perfect horsewoman of her time. To her the ladies are indebted for the introduction of the pommel in the saddle (female equitation being, up to that period, conducted *à la planchette*); a mode which, according to Brantôme, she introduced for the better display of her unequalled symmetry of person.

"If Catherine was a paradox, not less so was her son, Henri III., whose youth held forth a brilliant promise not destined to be realised in his riper years. The victor of Jarnac and Montcontour—the envy of the warlike youth of his time—the idol of those whose swords had been fleshed in many battles—the chosen monarch of Poland—a well-judging statesman—a fluent and felicitous orator, endowed with courage, natural grace, a fine person, universally accomplished in all the exercises of the tiltyard, the manege, and the hall-of-arms—this chivalrous and courageous prince, as soon as he ascended the throne of France, sank into a voluptuous lethargy, from which, except upon extraordinary occasions, he was never afterwards aroused: his powers of mind—his resolution—his courage, moral and physical, faded beneath the enervating life of sensuality in which he indulged."

A little further on he is brought before us in the following striking delineation:—

"One amongst their number was treated with marked deference and respect by the others; and it would appear that it was for his amusement that all these witticisms were uttered, as, whenever a successful hit was made, he bestowed upon it his applause. He was a man of middle height, slender figure, and had a slight stoop in the shoulders. His countenance was charged with an undemable but sinister expression, something between a sneer and a smile. His features were not handsome, the nose being heavy and clubbed, and the lips coarse and thick; but his complexion was remarkable for its delicacy and freshness of tint; neither were his eyes deficient in lustre, though their glances were shifting, suspicious, and equivocal. He wore short moustaches curled upwards from the lips, and a beard *à la royale* tufted his chin. From either ear depended long pearl drops, adding to his effeminate appearance; while, in lieu of plumes, his black toquet, placed upon the summit of his head, and so adjusted as not to disturb the arrangement of his well-curled hair, was adorned with a brilliant aigrette of many-coloured gems. Around his neck he wore a superb necklace of pearls, together with a chain of

medallions intermingled with ciphers, from which was suspended the lesser order of the Saint-Esprit, radiant with diamonds of inestimable value. In fact, the jewels flaming from his belt, the buckles, and the various fastenings of his magnificent attire, were almost beyond computation. On the one hand, this girdle sustained a pouch filled with small silver flacons of perfume, together with a sword with rich hilt and velvet scabbard; and on the other, a chaplet of death's heads, which, ever mindful of a vow to that effect, he constantly carried about his person, and which indicated the strange mixture of religion or hypocrisy that, together with depravity, went to the composition of the wearer's character. Adorned with the grand order of the Saint-Esprit, and edged with silver lace, his chestnut-coloured velvet mantle, cut in the extremity of the mode, was a full inch shorter than that of his companions. His ruff was of ampler circumference, and enjoyed the happiest and most becoming *don de la rotonde*. Fitting as close to the figure as loops and buttons could make it, his exquisitely worked and slashed pourpoint sat to a miracle; nor less studied was the appointment of the balloon-like *hauts de chausses*, swelling over his reins, and which, together with the doublet, were of yellow satin.

"Far be it from us to attempt to portray the exuberant splendour of his sleeve; the nice investiture of the graceful limb, with the hose of purple silk, or the sharp point of the satin shoe. No part of his attire was left unstudied; and the *élégant* of the nineteenth century may aspire in vain to emulate the finished decorative taste of the royal exquisite of the sixteenth."

But enough of political queens and kings. Come we now to the Queen of Beauty herself, *Venus de Valois*. Here Rookwood evidently waxes warm; and as he writes *con amore*, we are bound to treat his canons of Cupid legislation with respect. Yet in some cases, as in the first parenthesis, we may be permitted a doubt. "The eyes of a lovely woman" are certainly as lovely lights as any man need be bewildered by; but that they are "always what he looks on first," will depend in a great measure on the incident of his *meeting* or *overtaking* the said "lovely woman." Probably the writer meant to say, that the eyes of a lovely woman are what a man always *ought* to look at first. In that case, we agree with him. It has happened even to our "noble selves" to have erred wofully by dis-

regarding this sound maxim. For instance, we once—only once—were captivated, as every man of taste might—*may, must be*—by a most faultless form. Following the bent of a chivalrous inclination, we hastened onward—overtook—and passed the symmetrical nymph. With that skilful touch of *stratagem* by which a gentleman always escapes impertinence, we obtained a look at the countenance; and, lo! this sister of the Graces had only the advantage of Cupid by *one eye*! Our feelings may be "much more easily conceived than described" at this awful discovery. Now, had we followed Ainsworth's advice, and taken nothing for granted in the way of loveliness till we had seen the eyes (!), we should have escaped the intense disappointment just described. The next parenthesis—that in which the author says that the *ampleur des poudres charmes* of Marguerite de Valois (in plain English, the plumpness of her majesty) would have been no fault with him—this parenthesis speaks the sentiment of our inmost soul. Agreeing with Lord Byron when he says,

"I hate a dumpy woman,"

we still more cordially agree with Tom Moore, in that scarcely quotable passage in which, after having, in his peculiar way, paid his compliments to flesh, he adds,

"I never was partial to *bonnes*."

In another point, before quoting, we must express our cordial concurrence with the writer. It is—but the reader must discover it for himself. We shall not disturb the typography of the original. The particular passage is morally italicised. Here follows the entire quotation.

"Marguerite's eyes—the eyes of a lovely woman are what we always look at first—were large and dark, liquid, impassioned, voluptuous, with the fire of France and the tenderness of Italy in their beams. An anchorite could scarce have resisted their witchery. And then her features! How shall we give you a notion of their fascination? It was not their majesty—yet they were majestic as those of her mother—(grace, in fact, is more majestic than majesty's self, and Marguerite was eminently graceful)—it was not their regularity, yet they were regular as the severest judgment might exact—it was not their tint, though Marguerite's skin was dazzlingly

fair; but it was that expression which resides not in form, but which, emanating from the soul, imparts, like the sun to the landscape, light, life, and loveliness. This it was that constituted the charm of Marguerite's features.

"The Queen of Navarre's figure was full and faditless; or, if it had a fault (which, however, would have been none with us), it might be deemed, by those who think *embonpoint* incompatible with beauty, a little too redundant. But, then, if you complained of the Hebe-like proportion of her swelling shoulders, surely the slender waist from which those shoulders sprang would content you. The *cestrus* of Venus would have spanned that waist—and *did* span it, for aught we know: Marguerite's fascination, indeed, would almost warrant such a conclusion. Her throat was rounded, and whiter than drifted snow: '*Jamais n'en fut veue*,' says her historian, '*une si belle, ny si blanche, si pleine, ny si charnue*.' Her hands—the true Medicis hand—(Ronsard did well to liken them to the fingers of the young Aurora—rose-dyed, dew-steeped)—were the snowiest and smallest ever beheld; and we need scarcely inform the discriminating reader what sort of feet are sure to accompany such hands—nor of what sort of beauties such tiny feet give unerring evidence. Marguerite's feet, therefore, we need scarcely say, were those of a fairy, and the ankles that sustained them fine and fairy-like as the feet.

"Of her attire, which was gorgeous as her beauty, we dare scarcely hazard a description—we shrink beneath the perilous weight of its magnificence. Brilliantly flamed like stars, thick set amidst her dusky tresses. Besprent with pearls, her stomacher resembled a silvery coat of mail. Cloth of gold constituted her dress, the fashion of which was peculiar to herself; for it was remarked of her that she never appeared in the same garb twice, and that the costume in which she was seen the last was that in which she appeared to the greatest advantage. Be this as it may, upon the present occasion she had studied to please; and she who pleased without study, could scarce fail to charm when it was her aim to do so. Around her fair throat hung a necklace of cameos; while in one hand, *mignonnement engantelé*, as Rabelais hath it, she held a kerchief fringed with golden lace, and in the other a fan of no inconsiderable power of expansion."

This charming person falls, tumbles, plunges, or whatever else you will, into love with Crichton—who, as "the course of true love," &c. &c.—falls in love on his own account in a totally

different quarter. And to afford the reader an opportunity of estimating the discrimination of the "admirable" lady-lover. We give the author's picture of Esclairmonde.

"Alas! how inadequate are mere words to convey a notion of the beauty we would wish to portray. The creation of the poet's fancy fades in the evanescent colouring he is compelled to employ. The pen cannot trace what the pencil is enabled so vividly to depict: it cannot accurately define the exquisite contour of the face, neither can it supply the breathing hues of the cheek—the kindling lustre of the eye—the dewy gloss of the lip—or the sheen of the hair—be it black as the raven's wing, or glowing as a sunbeam, or fleecy as a summer cloud. The imagination alone can furnish these details; and to the reader's imagination we would gladly intrust the portraiture of Esclairmonde, venturing, however, to offer a few further hints for his guidance.

"Imagine, then, features moulded in the most harmonious form of beauty, and chiselled with a taste, at once softened and severe. The eyes are of a dark, deep blue, swimming with a chastened tenderness. An inexpressible charm reigns about the lips; and a slight dimple, in which a thousand Cupids might bask, softly indents the smooth and rounded chin. Raised from the brow, so as completely to display its snowy expanse, the rich auburn hair is gathered in plaits at the top of the head—crisped with light curls at the sides—ornamented with a string of pearls, and secured at the back, with a knot of ribands; a style of head-dress introduced by the unfortunate Mary Stuart, from whom it derived its name, and then universally adopted in the French court. The swan-like throat is encircled by a flat collar of starched muslin, edged with pointed lace. Rich purple velvet of Florence constitutes the material of the dress—the long and sharp bodice of which attracted Henri's attention to the slender shape and distinctly-defined bosom of the lovely demoiselle."

This fair creature, introduced at court under the auspices of Catherine de Medicis, inspires the voluptuous Henri with a sort of *grande passion*. And his majesty is not a little mortified to find that the "admirable" Crichton, has already taken possession of the maiden's heart. He adopts a mode of ridding himself of the rivalry, rather roguish than royal. He confers the order of the Saint Esprit on Crichton, and when the Scot, over-

whelmed by the blandishments of his courtly master, is profuse of grateful expressions, Henri leads him thus adroitly into his snare.

"We may, anon, take you at your word, and require a service at your hands."

"You have but to name it, sire, and if —"

"Nay, we may ask too much," replied Henri, with a gracious smile.

"Ask my life — 'tis yours, sire."

"We may ask more."

"Your majesty can ask nothing that I will not attempt."

"Nothing you will refuse."

"Nothing — by my sword I swear it!"

"Enough — we are well content."

As Henri spoke, a half-stifled sob was heard proceeding from some one near him. The sound reached Crichton's ears, and bent, he knew not why, like a presage of ill upon his heart. He half repented of his vow; but it was too late to recall it.

"Henri could scarce conceal his exultation."

This sob proceeded from the Lady Esclairmonde, who had been unobserved by Crichton. Henri loses no time in following up this advantage, his first step being to shake Esclairmonde's confidence in the constancy of her lover. For this purpose he leads her to the spot where Crichton and Marguerite de Valois are sitting down the saloon,

"Like two companion barks on Cydnus wave,"

and afterwards to the oratory. Here a most dramatic scene is enacted in the presence of Esclairmonde and the king, they having stolen unperceived into the oratory. Henri, on coming forward, claims the fulfilment of Crichton's recent vow that he would refuse nothing to the king. His majesty requires him to resign the hand of Esclairmonde. He does so, in an agony of despair, while Marguerite looks him with threats and reproaches. But fearful as is the rage of a jealous woman, and a Medicis — Crichton has provoked an enemy still more formidable — Catherine, the queen-mother, whose schemes he has partly discovered and deranged by effecting an entry into Ruggieri's tower. This hazardous exploit he had performed to liberate the Geloso, entrusted by him, as we have seen, to the care of Ruggieri. He is unable to effect the maiden's

rescue; but he brings away a treasonable scroll, prepared by the astrologer. This he deciphers before Henri and the assembled court. Ruggieri is condemned to the stake, in spite of the entreaties of Queen Catherine, when a personage, deeply concerned in the plot, makes his appearance. This mysterious figure is the Mask — and is known to Crichton as being in pursuit of the Venetian maiden confined in Ruggieri's tower. He challenges Crichton to a combat *à outrance*, on the result of which the astrologer's fate is to depend. The challenge is accepted. But Catherine de Medicis proposes a more quiet mode of putting Crichton to sleep eternally, and she fixes on the Queen of Navarre to administer the potion. For this purpose she entered the oratory. The younger of the two queens, who but a short time before had begged of Henri to let her slake her furious jealousy in her lover's blood, recoils from the murderous task assigned to her by Catherine. But in vain.

"Scarcely another moment elapsed when Catherine de Medicis and the Queen of Navarre issued from the oratory. The features of the latter were pale as death, and their expression utterly unlike that which they habitually wore. Catherine was unmoved, majestic, terrible.

"Must this, indeed, be so, mother?" asked Marguerite, shudderingly.

"It must," replied Catherine, peremptorily. "Henri will, no doubt, as he is wont, carouse till dawn. By that time the draught will have done its duty. But if he survive, Maurevert and his band, which will await his coming forth from the Louvre, will complete the work. Shrink not from the task. Our honour is at stake."

The two queens separated. Catherine rejoined her attendants, and took the direction of the hall of entrance. Marguerite, almost mechanically, returned to the grand saloon.

As Catherine pursued her course, she perceived a masked figure single itself from the crowd at her approach. Its stature was that of Crichton's challenger — its plumes like those he wore — its sable cloak the same. Catherine paused — the figure paused likewise.

"'Tis he!" mentally exclaimed the queen-mother; and she despatched one of her pages to bid the mask to her presence."

Merely Catherine makes a cardinal blunder. This mask is no other than

" On the day succeeding the events we have related, and about two hours before noon, the interior of the Falcon (a small but greatly frequented cabaret in the Rue Pelican, to which we have before alluded, and which was famed alike for the excellence of its wines and the charms of its hostess) presented a scene of much

"For a second no change was observed. The wine then suddenly hissed

bustle and animation. The tables were covered with viands; the benches with guests: the former consisting of every variety of refection, liquid and solid, proper to a substantial Parisian breakfast of the sixteenth century, from the well-smoked ham of Bayonne, and savory sausage of Bologna, to the mild *potage de levrier*, and unctuous *soupe de prime*; the latter exhibiting every shade of character, from the roystering student (your scholars have always been great tavern hunters) and sottish clerk of the Basoche to the buff-jerkined musqueteer and strapping sergeant of the Swiss Guard. The walls resounded with the mingled clatter of the trencher, the flagon, and the dice-box—with the shouts of laughter and vociferations of the company, and with the rapid responses of the servitors. The air reeked with the fumes of tobacco, or, as it was then called, *herbe à la Reine*, pimento, and garlic. Pots of hydromel, hippocras, and claret, served to allay the thirst which the salt meats we have mentioned (*compulsaires de beuvettes*, according to the Rabelaisian synonyme) very naturally provoked; and many a deep draught was that morning drained to the health of Dame Fredegonde, the presiding divinity of the Falcon.

"When we said that the wines of Dame Fredegonde were generally approved, we merely repeated the opinion of every member of the University of Paris, whose pockets were not utterly exhausted of the necessary *métal ferruginé*,—and when we averred that her charms were the universal theme of admiration, we reiterated the sentiments of every jolly lansquenet, or Gascon captain of D'Epernon's '*Quarante Cinq*,' whose pike had at any time been deposited at her threshold, or whose spurs jingled upon her hearth.

"Attracted by the report of her comeliness, half the drinking world of Paris flocked to the Falcon. It was the haunt of all lovers of good cheer, and a buxom hostess.

Ah! comme on entrain

Boire à son cabaret.

"Some women there are who look old in their youth, and grow young again as they advance in life; and of these was Dame Fredegonde. Like her wine, she improved by keeping. At eighteen she did not appear so young, or so inviting as at eight-and-thirty. Her person might be somewhat enlarged,—What of that? Many of her admirers thought her very *embonpoint* an improvement. Her sleek black tresses, gathered in a knot at the back of her head—her smooth brow, which set care and time, and their furrows at defiance—her soft dimpled chin, her dark laughing eyes—and her teeth, white as a casket of pearls, left nothing

to be desired. You could hardly distinguish between the ring of your silver real upon her board and the laughter with which she received it. She might have sat to Béranger for his portrait of Madame Grégoire, so well do his racy lines describe her:—

'Je crois voir encor

Son gros rire aller jusqu' aux larmes,

Et vous sa croix d'or

L'ampleur de ses pudiques charmes.'

"To sum up her perfections in a word—she was a widow. As Dame Fredegonde, notwithstanding her plumpness, had a very small waist, and particularly neat ankles, she wore an extremely tight boddice, and an extremely short vertugadin; and as she was more than suspected of favouring the persecuted Huguenot party, she endeavoured to remove the impression by wearing at her girdle a long rosary of beads, terminated by the white double cross of the League.

"Among her guests, upon the morning in question, Dame Fredegonde numbered the Sorbonist, the Bernardin, the disciples of Harcourt and Montaigu, and one or two more of the brawling and disputatious fraternity, whose companionship we have for some time abandoned. These students were regaling themselves upon a Gargantuan gammon of ham and a flask of malvoisie. At some distance from this party sat Blount, together with his faithful attendant Druid, who, with his enormous paws placed upon his master's knees, and his nose familiarly thrust upon the board, received no small portion of the huge chine of beef destined for the Englishman's repast. Next to Blount appeared Ogilvy, and next to the Scot, but as far removed from his propinquity as the limits of the bench would permit, sat a youth whose features were concealed from view by a broad hat, and who seemed, from his general restlessness and impatience of manner, to be ill at ease in the society in which attendant, rather than his own free choice, must have thrown him.

"We shall pass over the remainder of the company, and come at once to a man-at-arms of very prepossessing exterior, who had established himself in close juxtaposition with our buxom hostess, with whom he seemed to be upon terms of sufficiently good understanding. There was nothing very remarkable in the costume of this hero. He had a stout buff jerkin, a coarse brown serge cloak, a pointed felt hat with a single green feather, a long estoc by his side, and great spurs in his yellow boots. But there was an ease and grace in his deportment, a fire in his eye, and a tone in his voice that seemed scarcely to belong to the mere

common soldier, whose garb he wore. His limbs were well-proportioned—his figure was tall and manly—his complexion ruddy and sunburnt—his bearing easy and unrestrained, and his look that of one more accustomed to command than to serve. He had immense moustaches—a pointed beard—a large nose slightly hooked, and eyes of a very amorous expression; and, taken altogether, he had the air of a person born for conquest, whether of the fair sex or of kingdoms. His way of making love was of that hearty, straightforward kind which seems to carry all before it. Assured of success, he was, as a matter of course, assuredly successful. Dame Fredegonde found him perfectly irresistible. Her last

lover, the strapping Swiss sergeant, who saw himself thus suddenly supplanted, was half frantic with jealousy, and twisting his fingers in the long black beard that descended to his belt, appeared to meditate with his falchion the destruction of his fortunate rival."

This, we need hardly say, is Henri of Navarre, who enters heartily into the spirit of the scene; and, in compliance with the request of the scholars, his masquerading majesty sings the following song, to their infinite gratification, and to the equally great horror of the two personages who make their appearance at its close:—

"THE CHRONICLE OF GARGANTUA,

Showing how he took away the Great Bells of Notre Dame.

Grandgousier was a toper boon, as Rabelais will tell ye,
Who, once upon a time, got drunk with his old wife Gargamelly:
Right royally the bout began (no queen was more punctilious
Than Gargamelle) on chitterlings, botargos, godebillios!*
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

They licked their lips, they cut their quips—a flask then each selected;
And with good Greek, as satin sleek, their gullets they humected.
Rang stave and jest, the flask they pressed—but ere away the wine went,
Occurred most unexpectedly Queen Gargamelle's confinement!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

No sooner was Gargantua born, than from his infant throttle,
Arose a most melodious cry to his nurse to bring the bottle!
Whereat Grandgousier much rejoiced—as it seemed, unto his thinking,
A certain sign of a humour fine for most immoderate drinking!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

Gargantua shot up, like a tower some city looking over!
His full-moon visage in the clouds, leagues off, ye might discover!
His gracious person he arrayed—I do not mean to laugh at ye—
With a suit of clothes, and great trunk hose, of a thousand ells of taffaty!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

Around his waist Gargantua braced a belt of silk bespangled;
And from his hat, as a platter flat, a long blue feather dangled;
And down his hip, like the mast of ship, a rapier huge descended,
With a dagger keen, stuck his sash between, all for ornament intended!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

So learned did Gargantua grow, that he talked like one whose turn is
For logic, with a sophister, hight Tubal Holofernes.
In Latin, too, he lessons took from a tutor old and seedy,
Who taught the 'Quid Est' and the 'Pars'—one Jobelin de Bridé!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

A monstrous mare Gargantua rode—a black Numidian courser—
A beast so droll, of filly or foal, was never seen before, sir!
Great elephants looked small as ants by her side—her hoofs were cloven—
Her tail was like the spire at Langes—her mane like goat-beards woven!
Sing, Carimari, carimara! golyndy, golyndy!

Upon this mare Gargantua rode until he came to Paris,
Which from Utopia's capital, as we all know, rather far is:

* "Gaudebillaux sont grasses trippes de coiriaux. Coiriaux sont beufz engressez à la criche, et près guimaulx. Prés guimaulx sont qui portent herbe deux foyes l'an."

The thundering bells of Notre Dame he took from out the steeple ;
 And he hung them round his great mare's neck in the sight of all the people !
 Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golynolo !

Now, what Gargantua did beside, I shall pass by without notice,
 As well as the absurd harangue of that wiseacre Janotus ;
 But the legend tells that the thundering bells Bragmardo brought away, sir,
 And that in the towers of Notre Dame they are swinging to this day, sir !
 Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golynolo !

Now the great deeds of Gargantua — how his father's foes he followed —
 How pilgrims six, with their staves and scrips, in a lettuce leaf he swallowed —
 How he got blind drunk with a worthy monk, Friar Johnny of the Funnels —
 And made huge cheer, till the wine and beer flew about his camp in funnels —
 Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golynolo !

How he took to wife, to cheer his life, fat Budebec the moper,
 And by her begat a lusty brat, Pantagruel the toper —
 And did other things, as the story sings, too long to find a place here, —
 Are they not writ, with matchless wit, by Alcofribas Nasier ? *
 Sing, Carimari, carimara ! golynolo, golyuolo !”

The king determines on breaking a lance with Crichton, in spite of the remonstrances of Rosni and the Preacher. While he is on his way, a conversation occurs between Catherine de Medicis and Crichton, in the pavilion of the latter. Her Majesty comes to solicit his co-operation in her plot against Henri III., and holds out the tempting lure of the baton of a marshal of France, and the far higher prize, of the Princess of Condé's hand. The service which Catherine claims as an equivalent is the murder of her son Henri, and the elevation of his younger brother to the throne. To this proposal Crichton replies :—

“ Think you I am an assassin, madame, that you propose to me a deed from which even the ruthless bravo of your native Italy would shrink as a last.”

“ If we propose a deed dark and terrible, we offer a proportionate reward,” returned Catherine. “ Stay !” continued she, drawing from her escarcelle a small roll of parchment, to which a broad seal was appended, — “ here is your appointment.”

“ It bears date to-morrow.”

“ It will be ratified to night, monseigneur,” rejoined the queen, placing the document upon a table which stood beside them. “ Behold the royal signet, — behold your title as marshal of France ! Your answer ?”

“ Is this,” replied Crichton, suddenly drawing his poniard, and striking through the parchment in the exact spot where his name appeared, all trace of which it effectually obliterated.”

There appears but little chance of

effecting an arrangement here. But Catherine clings to her scheme. She says to the conscientious Scot :—

“ One word more ere we part. In Henri you have a rival ; he loves the Princess Esclairmonde.”

“ I know it, madame—”

“ To night she is his, or yours—”

“ His she shall never be.”

“ Then you consent—”

“ At this moment the loud blast of a bugle was heard sounding from the further end of the tilt-yard.

“ A knightly challenge !” exclaimed Crichton, listening for a repetition of the notes.

“ That challenge is from Henri of Navarre,” rejoined Catherine.

“ Henri of Navarre !” repeated Crichton, in astonishment ; he, then, is the leader whom fate hath delivered into your hands.”

“ He is,” replied Catherine ; “ but we waste time—your answer ?”

“ Shall be given at the jousts.”

Crichton hurries to the lists, having first promised to guard the queen's secret till the time of their appointed meeting.

We have not room for further extract, nor can we unravel the events with which the third volume is crowded, having already run to greater length than we were aware of. Those, therefore, who wish to follow the “ Admirable Crichton ” through his remaining feats of love and chivalry, till his final illustration of the profound doctrine preached by Mr. Thomas Moore,

“ All that's bright must fade,
 The brightest still the fleetest,”—

“ The anagram of François Rabelais.”

those who wish for information on these points, we must refer to the volumes themselves. We cannot incur the risk of a prosecution for piracy by printing the work entire. The samples we have given will suffice to show the quality.

There are many lyrics scattered through the volume, all sustaining the author's acknowledged reputation as a song-writer. In the work before us there are none of those mystic lays

which puzzled the uninitiated in *Rookwood* as much as they delighted the knowing ones. In *Crichton* the songs are all intelligible to "chiefs and ladies bright;" and should the dramatisers-general of the Adelphi bring the court of Henri on the stage, as represented in *Crichton*, we expect to have those songs set to "exquisite music." We here extract one or two of the pieces, beginning with one interesting to all mankind.

The Thirty Requisites.

"Thirty points of perfection each judge understands,
The standard of feminine beauty demands.
Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know
That the skin, hands, and teeth, should be pearly as snow.
Three black:—and our standard departure forbids
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly-fringed lids.
Three red:—and the lover of comeliness seeks
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.
Three long:—and of this you, no doubt, are aware?
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.
Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears—
Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.
Three large:—and remember, this rule, as to size,
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.
Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste—
Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.
Three round:—and in this I see infinite charms—
Rounded fulness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.
Three fine:—and can aught the enchantment eclipse,
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?
Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—
Small head, nose, and bosom compact in its mould.
Now, the dame who comprises attractions like these,
Will need not the cestus of Venus to please:
While he who has met with an union so rare,
Has had better luck than has fallen to my share."

"Anacreontic.

I.

When Bacchus' gift assails my brain,
Care flies, and all her gloomy train;
My pulses thrum, my youth returns,
With its old foe my bosom burns;
Before my kindling vision rise
A thousand glorious fantasies!
Sudden my empty coffers swell
With riches inconsumable;
And mightier treasures round me spring
Than Cræsus owned, or Phrygia's king.

II.

Naught seek I in that frenzied hour,
Save love's intoxicating power;

An arm to guide me in the dance,
An eye to thrill me with its glance,
A lip impassioned words to breathe,
A hand my temples to enwreath:
Rank, honour, wealth, and worldly weal,
Scornful, I crush beneath my heel.

III.

Then fill the chalice till it shine
Bright as a gem incarnadine!
Fill!—till its fumes have freed me wholly
From the black phantom, Melancholy!
Better inebriate 'tis to lie,
And dying live, than living die!"

"Yusef and Zorayda.

Through the Vega of Granada, where the silver Darro glides—
From his tower within the Alpuxar—swift—swift Prince Yusef rides
To her who holds his heart in thrall—a captive Christian maid—
On wings of fear and doubt he flies, of sore mischance afraid,
For, ah! full well doth Yusef know with what relentless ire
His love for one of adverse faith is noted by his sire:
'Zorayda mine!' he cries aloud—on—on his courser strains—
'Zorayda mine!—thine Yusef comes!'—the Alhambra walls he gains.

Through the marble Court of Lions — to the stately Tocador —
 To Lindaraxa's bower he goes — the queen he stands before ;
 Her maidens round his mother group — but not a word she speaks.
 In vain amid that lovely throng one lovelier form he seeks ;
 In vain he tries mid orient eyes orbs darker far to meet ;
 No form so light, no eyes so bright, as hers his vision greet.
 ' Zorayda mine — Zorayda mine ! — ah, whither art thou fled ?'
 A low, low wail returns his cry — a wail as for the dead.

No answer made his mother, but her hand gave to her son —
 To the garden of the Generalif together are they gone ;
 Where gushing fountains cool the air — where scents the citron pale,
 Where nightingales in concert fond rehearse their love-lorn tale,
 Where roses link'd with myrtles make green woof against the sky,
 Half hidden by their verdant screen a sepulchre doth lie :
 ' Zorayda mine — Zorayda mine ! — ah, wherefore art thou flown
 To gather flowers in Yemen's bowers, while I am left alone !'

Upon the ground kneels Yusef — his heart is like to break ;
 In vain the queen would comfort him — no comfort will he take.
 His blinded gaze he turns upon that sculptured marble fair,
 Embossed with gems, and glistening with coloured pebbles rare ;
 Red stones of Ind — black, vermeil, green, their mingled hues combine,
 With jacinth, sapphire, amethyst, and diamond of the purest shine,
 ' Zorayda mine — Zorayda mine ! — thus ran sad Yusef's cry ;
 ' Zorayda mine, within this tomb, ah, sweet one ! dost thou lie ?'

Upon that costly sepulchre two radiant forms are seen,
 In sparkling alabaster carved, like crystal in its sheen :
 The one as Yusef fashioned, a golden crescent bears ;
 The other, as Zorayda wrought, a silver crosslet wears.
 And ever as soft Zephyr sighs, the pair his breath obey,
 And meet within each other's arms, like infants in their play.
 ' Zorayda fair — Zorayda fair !' — thus golden letters tell —
 ' A Christian maid lies buried here — by Moslem loved too well !'

Three times those golden letters with grief sad Yusef reads —
 To tears and frantic agony a fearful calm succeeds :
 ' Ah, wo is me ! Zorayda mine — ah, would the self-same blow,
 That laid thee 'neath this mocking tomb, had laid thy lover low !'
 Two faithful hearts, like ours, in vain stern death may strive to sever —
 A moment more, the pang is o'er — the grave unites us ever !
 Zorayda mine — Zorayda mine ! — this dagger sets me free !
 Zorayda mine — look down — look down — thus — thus I come to thee !'

' Hold ! Yusef, hold !' a voice exclaims — ' thy loved Zorayda lives !
 Thy constancy is well approved — thy sire his son forgives.
 Thine ardent passion doubting long, thy truth I thus have tried :
 Behold her whom thy faith hath won — receive her as thy bride !'
 In Yusef's arms — to Yusef's heart Zorayda close is press'd —
 Half stifled by a flood of joy, these words escape his breast :
 ' Zorayda mine — Zorayda mine ! — ah, doubly dear thou art !
 Uninterrupted bless be ours, whom death has fail'd to part !'

We have been informed that, since our review has been in type, some alteration has been made in the preface. This, if it be so, matters nothing.

Every thing we said was conscientious and, as we believe, just,—a style writing not to be altered without better cause than any which now occurs to us.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

No. IX.

JOANNA BAILLIE TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Had my new dramas, which have been noticed in such an indulgent and friendly manner in your Magazine for the month of February, gone to a second edition, it was my intention to have prefixed to the tragedy of *Romero* the following observations, in the form of an advertisement. But as I may probably deem it inexpedient to publish another edition, and more desirable to let the work remain for a time out of print entirely, I take the liberty to request a place for them in the next Number of your valuable publication. I shall by this means ensure a more extensive and earlier attention to the subject; and, by granting it, you will greatly oblige,

Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. BAILLIE.

ON THE CHARACTER OF ROMERO.

When any reasonable and specific fault is found with a work, and by a very friendly and able critic, it behoves the author to consider well how far it may really deserve the censure laid upon it, and also how far it may be vindicated from that censure. The *Quarterly Review* for January last, so discriminating in the observations, and liberal in the praises bestowed upon the new dramas, &c. says, regarding the first play, *Romero*,

"The passion of jealousy may co-exist with the noblest qualities of our nature; but a jealous disposition—and such seems that of *Romero*—is something mean and degrading: it is almost impossible to make it assume that dignity which is necessary to great tragic interest."

I am not presumptuous enough to suppose that I can altogether vindicate *Romero*; but, in simply laying before the reader my own intentions in delineating this character, something very near a vindication may, perhaps, be found. I have endeavoured to represent him as a man fastidiously delicate in every thing connected with the affections of the heart. This is shewn by his former concealed attachment to a lady, which was only discovered after her death—by his being so distressed at the idea of Zorada's love having passed from him to another, that he at first thinks the further personal criminality scarcely worth considering—by his not enduring, when that criminality is, from circumstances, made to appear probable or presumptive, even in his aggravated agony, to have her name coupled with any gross epithet. This, it appears to me, is a jealousy dealing particularly with the affections of the heart, not being afraid or suspicious of more ignoble wrongs; and therefore a jealousy which (as its frailty, indeed) might belong to a noble nature. Does not a lover, whether man or woman, feel pleased with tokens of this refined jealousy in the object beloved, and receive it as a proof of the value set upon the hidden treasure of the heart? The idea of its arising from an over anxiety to retain unimpaired and exclusively what is held so precious, does not *degrade* the character of the lover, though it may give cause to fear much for his future happiness. The tragedy of *Othello* is a work of so much genius and interest, that it seems to be established as a pattern for the passion of jealousy to all succeeding writers, without considering what was the real design of our immortal bard when he wrote the play. He had no design, I truly believe, but to represent to his audience the story of the Moor of Venice, instigated to murder his wife by the falsehoods of a diabolical villain: and, as it appears to me, revenge against her for the grossest infidelity is more manifested through the whole of the piece than what is termed jealousy. Shakespeare does all that he, probably, intended to do with exquisite understanding of nature, and with unrivalled beauty and force of expression; but had no idea that he was thereby to fascinate men's minds so much as to bind them over to follow his

steps for ever on the subject connected with the story of his play. He goaded his hero to the fatal catastrophe by the machinations of a villain, whose falsehoods he never, or but very slightly, at any time distrusts; and, with such strong faith in Iago, he does conceive that his wife has been grossly false, and, in his rage, calls her by the vile name he believes her to deserve. But must every man, to be entitled to our sympathy when jealous, have his jealousy fastened upon him from without, by the evil agency of another? I thought not; and was not aware that, in representing this passion as suspicious and watchful over small indications of change in the affections of a beloved object, I should make it unworthy of human sympathy.

Romero is likewise charged with taking up one cause of suspicion, as soon as another has been proved to be unfounded; which has been considered as breaking the unity of action, as well as testifying too strongly the natively suspicious character of the man. The circumstance of Zorada's unhappy father and Romero's oath I considered as the continuous story of the piece; the love-matters of Don Maurice and Beatrice only as auxiliaries to it. And when the causes of Zorada's altered behaviour to him can no longer be accounted for by a supposed love for Maurice, and new circumstances arise, fitted naturally to create suspicion, and to bring the former unaccountable ones fresh to his mind, the story, as I apprehended the matter, proceeds without being broken. We sympathise with suspicion, as with all other emotions, according to its object. To suspect that another would circumvent, or endeavour to deprive you of your gold or worldly wealth, would not readily come into a noble mind; but a fear lest the affections of the heart may be estranged from us, and a suspicious watchfulness for indications of this misfortune, may be weak, indeed, but cannot be called mean. We sympathise with the anger of Achilles for the loss of his beautiful captive; but had a herd of heeves been taken from him with equal injustice, we should be less susceptible on his behalf.

In the usual courtesy of writing, I ought to say that I produce this attempted vindication of *Romero* with diffidence: but I do not; contrariwise, I do it with considerable confidence. It is, however, a confidence that is more than equalled by that which I feel in the natural disposition of my friendly critic. He will not, I am certain, continue to think me in the wrong, for want of a good hearty inclination to think me in the right: and I trust that many of my readers will receive this attempt to defend the character with similar candour and indulgence. •

Hampst: 7.

DECEMBER SONNETS.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Whereon our Saviour's birth is celebrate,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

MARCELLUS APUD HAMLETUM

I

'Such is the opinion of the Dane, Marcellus,
Watching on guard in front of Elsinore
Ghost, fairy, witch of legendary lore,
I never yet have seen. But with good fellows
Oft have I raised that spirit whose presence mellow,
And frightens not, the blades who all night long
Wait till the bird of dawning sings the song
That tells "Bright Phœbus comes, and daylight yellows,"
When he (as Henry the Eighth on sounding lyre
Counselled from long experience, wise and right)
Who with his neighbour's wife had passed the night
Would find it rather prudent to retire,
Because the hunt was up, and hound and horn
With jocund clamour waked St Stephen's morn

II

And merry Christmas soon comes round again
What have we done since Christmas last? God knows!
So does the Devil,—for the world still goes
Rolling about in the old-fashioned strain
But, Palmerston, what next? The Queen of Spain
You've dished, and Molly Portugal is done—
Thanks to your lordship Nesselrode makes fun
Of your bright mis-ives urged by Durham's brain
Belgium is still unsettled King Philippe
Tumbles his tongue demurely in his wine,
And Autun's good ex-bishop says "Catshrow,
Oft have I witnessed, but such silly sheep
As Cupid never" Meanwhile, welcome back,
In turkey-time, from Ham, Prince Polignat!

Cuttriss, ~~Paris~~, Covent-Garden

[I forget the day of the month, but it must be coming on for December]
M O'D

ANNOTATIONS

Epigraphe, l. 2, *celebrate*] vulgo, *celebrated*. (Orig. meo periculo metri causa. Forma participialis satis nota. Ix notulis MSS peris me —C J. f.)

L. 6. No *fairy* takes, no *witch* hath power to *harm* Lege, "No *bailiff* takes, no *wit* hath power to *harm* Satis poetis notum quod bene est notum in loco vulgo dicto "quod." Mandata, Anglice, "writs" currere (ut aiunt) haud posse die Nativitatis. Ad hoc Shakspearus, in procuratoris officina altus, planissime alludit. Nota in loco commentatorum cæcitas. Ex MSS ~~Paris~~ manis.—S. P.

L. 9. *Cantiuncula prima*, as Henry the Eighth, &c.] allusio ad cantilenam regis Henrici octavi beatissimæ memoriæ, quæ incipit

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,—
It soon will be the day,
And he who's in bed with another man's wife,
It is time he were away.

Probatum est. Datum ædibus Crockfordianis, auctoribus quamplurimis.

A. D'O.

INDEX TO VOL. XIV.

- Affectation, Male and Female ; by Bombardinio, 441
- Anglo-Norman Poetry, 55
- Anniversary of the Death of Felicia Hemans, lines on the, 67
- Archæographia. The Exodi of the Jews and Greeks, 461
- Aristophanes' Possums, 285
- Association, British. Bristol meeting, 588
- Athens ; a letter from thence to Oliver Yorke, 349
- August Sonnets, 256
- Bacchanalia Memorabilia, by Nimrod, No. IV. ; Drinking Experiences continued, 273
- Baillie, Joanna ; her Letter to the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, 748
- Belfast Voluntary Doctor and his Friends ; their unmerciful flagellation, 630
- Berkeley Castle, by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, review of, 242
- Bight of Benin ; M'Namara Russell's Lark there ; by Ensign O'Donoghue, 474
- Birth of the Painter Raffaele ; an Italian tradition, 500
- Bombardinio on Manners, Fashions, and Things in General. Affectation, Male and Female, 441
- Books on my Table ; by Morgan Rattler. Of Hamlet, 1
- Bristol Meeting of the British Association, 582
- British Association. Bristol meeting, 582
- Brydges, Sir Egerton, on Wrexall's Posthumous Memoirs, 596—his Letter to Oliver Yorke, 695
- Buckstone, John Baldwin ; literary sketch of, 720
- Chapman, M. J. ; his Hebrew Idyls. No. XII., Judith, 18
- Chateaubriand, Vicomte de, a conversation with, upon English literature, 662
- Chatterton, Serjeant, 722
- Church Establishments ; their principle, 131
- Coleridge ; his last Portrait, painted by Moses Haughton, 179
- Conciliatory System, and Ireland, 259
- Conservatism in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 458
- Cowley ; his Familiar Letters, with Notices of his Life, and Sketches of some of his Friends and Contemporaries, 234
- Couper's Works, by Southey ; review of, 69
- Crickton, review of, 758
- Crocket, Helen ; a tale, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 425
- Death of Felicia Hemans ; lines on the anniversary of the, 67
- December Sonnets, 750
- Dissecters, Radicals, and Papists, 681
- Drinking Experiences, by Nimrod, 273
- Dunbar, the Heiress of ; a Legend, 618
- English Literature, a conversation upon, 662
- Epistles to the Literati, No. IX. Baillie to the Editor, 748
- Establishments, the Principle of Church, 131
- Ettrick Shepherd's Last Tale, Helen Crockett ; with an Introduction by Oliver Yorke, 425
- Exodi of the Jews and Greeks, 461

- Familiar Letters of Cowley, with Notices of his Life, and Sketches of some of his Friends and Contemporaries, 234
 Family, a most Talented, 104, 150
 Fashions, Manners, and Things in General. Affection, Male and Female; by Bombardinio, 441
 Flagellation, of a Voluntary Doctor and his Friends at Belfast, 625
 Foreign Grave, 183
 For the present Instant, 123—the Ministers, *ibid*—the People, 126
 Gallery of Literary Characters: Sergeant Talfourd, 68—Sir John Soane, 202—Sheridan Knowles, 272—Lord Lyndhurst, 457—Edmund Lodge, 595—John Baldwin Buckstone, 720
 Galt, John; the Statesman, by him, 657
 Gardiner, Capt.; review of his *Narrative of a Journey to the Zulu Country*, 332
 General Harcourt, 531
 ——— *Resolutions* of the past Session, and Prospects of the next, 373
 Grant's Great Metropolis, a review of, 710
 Grave of the Minstrel, 505
 ———, the Foreign, 183
 Great Metropolis, review of, 710
 Greeks and Jews; their Exodi, 461
 Hamlet; the Books on my Table, by Morgan Rattler, 1
 Harcourt, General, 531
 Haughton, Moses; his Portrait of Coleridge, 179
 Hebrew Idyls, by M. J. Chapman; No. XII., Judith, 18
 Heiress of Dunbar, *as* Legend, 618
 Helen Crocket, a Tale, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 425
 Hemans, Felicia; lines on the anniversary of her death, 67
 History of the Irish Insurrection of 1803, 546
 Hogg, James; Helen Crocket, a tale, by him, *ibid*
 Horace, the Songs of. Ode I., to Mæcenas, 92—Ode II., 93—Ode III., to the Ship bearing Virgil to Greece, 96—Ode IV., 97—Ode V., Pyrrha's Inconstancy, 98—Ode VI., 99—Ode VII., to Munachius Plancus, 100—Ode VIII., 101—Ode IX., 102—Ode X., "Green grow the rushes, O!" 103—Ode X., Hymn to Mercury, 207—Ode XI., ad Leuconoe, 209—Ode XII., a Prayer for Augustus, *ibid*.—Ode XIII., the Poet's Jealousy, 211—Ode XIV., to the Vessel of the State; an allegory, 212—Ode XV., the Seagod's warning to Pæris, 213—Ode XVI., the Satirist's Recantation, 214—Ode XVII., an Invitation to Horace's Villa, 215—Ode XVIII., *ibid*.—Ode XIX., "Eveline's Fall," 217—Ode XIX., de Glycera, 364—Ode XX., "Pot-duck" with Horace, *ibid*.—Ode XXI., to the Rising Generation of Rome, 365—Ode XXII., ad Aristum Fuscum, 366—Ode XXIII., a Remonstrance to Chloë the Bashful, 367—Ode XXIV., to Virgil: a Consolatory Address, 368—Ode XXV., "Tis the last rose of summer," 369—Ode XXVI., Friendship and Poetry the best antidotes to Sorrow, 370—Ode XXVII., a Banquet Scene: toast and sentiment, 371—Ode XXVIII., "When Bibò went down," 372—Ode XXIX., the Sage turned Soldier, 491—Ode XXX., the dedication of Glycera's Chapel, 492—Ode XXXI., the dedication of Apollo's Temple, 493—Ode XXXII., an occasional prelude of the Poet to his Songs, 494—Ode XXXIII., ad Albium Tibullum, *ibid*.—Ode XXXIV., the Poet's Conversion, 495—Ode XXXV., an Address to Fortune, *ibid*.—Ode XXXVI., a Welcome to Numida, 497—Ode XXXVII., the Defeat of Cleopatra; a joyful ballad, *ibid*.—Ode XXXVIII., directions for Supper, 499—Lib. II., Ode I., to Pollio on his meditated History, 648—Lib. II., Ode II., Thoughts on Bullion and the Currency, 650—Lib. II., Ode III., a Homily on Death, 651—Lib. II., Ode IV., Classical Love Matches, 652—Lib. II., Ode V., Cupid a Gambler, 653—Lib. II., Ode VI., the Attractions of Tibur and Tarentum, 654—Lib. II., Ode VII., a Fellow-soldier welcomed from Exile, 655—Lib. II., Ode VIII., the Rogueries of Barinè, 656
 House of Peers, 248
 Idyls, Hebrew, by M. J. Chapman; No. XII., Judith, 18
 Instant, for the present, 123—the Ministers, *ibid*—the People, 126
 Ion, by Sergeant Talfourd, review of, 218
 Ireland and the Conciliatory System, 259
 ———; *its Evils traced to their source*. By the Rev. J. R. Page, review of, 259
 ———, more Justice to, 45
 Irish Insurrection of 1803, Secret History of the, 546
 I was bred in a Cot, 499
 Jew of York, 298
 Jews and Greeks; their Exodi, 461
 Journal of a Tour in Ireland, review of, 259
 Judith, by M. J. Chapman, 18
 "Justice to Ireland," 45
 Knowles, Sheridan; literary sketch of, 272
 Lairds, Last of the, 568, 694
 Lark in the Bight of Benin, by Ensign O'Donoghue, 474

- Last of the Lauds, Part I., 568—Last of the Lauds (Part II.), 694
 — Portrait of Coleridge, 179
 Letter from Athens to Oliver Yorke, 349
 Letters of Cowley, with Notices of his Life, and Sketches of some of his Friends and Contemporaries, 234
 Letter the Second from Cambridge to Oliver Yorke. Pluck Examination Questions, 117—Postscript, 180
 Lines on Peel Castle, and its ancient Cathedral, Isle of Man, 544
 — the Anniversary of the Death of Felicia Hemans, May 16, 1836, 67
 Literati, Epistles to the, Baillie to the Editor, 748
 Lodge, Edmund, literary sketch of, 595
 Lyndhurst, Lord, literary sketch of, 487

 M'Namara Russell's Lark in the Bight of Benin, by Ensign O'Donoghue, 47
 Mammon, a fragment, 247
 Manners, Fashions, and Things in General. Affectation, Male and Female, by Bombardino, 441
 Meeting at Bristol of the British Association, 582
 Memorabilia Bacchanalia, by Nimrod, No. IV., Drinking Experiences continued, 273
 Metropolis, the Great, 710
 Milton, translation of, by Chateaubriand, 665
 Ministers, the, 125
 Ministry, the, 251
 Minstrel's Grave, 505
 Month, Notes of the, 218—the House of Peers, *ibid.*—the Ministry, 251
 Monthly Nurse, her Remembrances, 398—General Harcourt, 531—Sergeant Chatterton, 722
 More "Justice to Ireland," 45
 Morgan Rittler the Books on my Table Of Hamlet, 1
 Most Talented Family, 104, 450

 Narrative of a Journey to the Zulu Country, by Capt. Gardiner, review of, 332
 New Ode on the Passions. With variations, 43
 Nimrod, his Memorabilia Bacchanalia, No. IV., Drinking Experiences continued, 273
 Notes of the Month, 218—the House of Peers, *ibid.*—the Ministry, 251
 November Sonnets, 640
 Nurse, Monthly, her Remembrances, 398—General Harcourt, 531—Sergeant Chatterton, 722

 October Sonnet, by Sir Morgan O'Donoghue, 514
 Ode on the Passions. A new one, with variations, 43
 O'Doherty, Sir Morgan, his Sonnets on the 1st of August, 256—on the 1st of October, 514—on November, 610
 O'Donoghue, Ensign Sandhurst College and Woolwich Academy, by him, 168—his tale, M'Namara Russell's Lark in the Bight of Benin, 474
 O'Hanlon and his Wife, 184

 Page, Rev. J. R., review of *Ireland, its Evils traced to their source*, by him, 259
 Palmerston Policy, 506
 Papists, Dissenters, and Radicals, 681
 Paris, Oliver Yorke at, 662
 Passions, New Ode on the. With variations, 43
 Past Session, Results of the, and Prospects of the next, 373
 Peel Castle and its ancient Cathedral, Isle of Man, lines on, 544
 Peers of England, by Shara, 271
 —, the House of, 248
 People, the, 126
 Physical Theory of another Life, review of, 407
 Pluck Examination Questions, 117, 180
 Poetry, Anglo-Norman, 55
 — Hebrew Idyls, No. XII., Judith, 18—New Ode on the Passions, 43—Lines on the Anniversary of the Death of Felicia Hemans, May 16, 1836, 67—The Songs of Horace. Decade I., 87—Decade II., 203—Decade III., 360—Decade IV., 484—Decade V., 611—"Thank God, we have Peers!" 167—the Last Portrait of Coleridge, 179—the Foreign Grave, 183—Mammon, a fragment, 247—Two Sonnets on the 1st of August, 256—the Peers of England, 271—the Possums of Aristophanes, 285—"As bred in a Cot, 499—the Birth of the Painter Raffaele, 500—the Minstrel's Grave, 505—October Sonnets, 514—Lines on Peel Castle and its ancient Cathedral, Isle of Man, 514—the Heiress of Dunbar, 618—the Flower of Malhamdale, 633—their's a Dark Hour coming, *ibid.*—a Bumper with Me, 634—the Rayless Night, 634—the Vows thou hast spoken, *ibid.*—My Country, *ibid.*—the Church of our Fathers, *ibid.*—the Isles ye Awake, 635—the King in a bumper, *ibid.*—November Sonnets, 640—A Song of Solitude, 721—December Sonnets, 750
 Policy of Palmerston, 506
 Political more "justice to Ireland," 45
 —for the present instant, 123—the ministers, *ibid.*—the people, 126—on the principle of church establishments, 131—"Thank God, we have Peers!" 167—Sandhurst College and Woolwich Academy, 168—Notes of the Month, 248—the House of Peers, *ibid.*—the Ministry, 251—Two Sonnets on the First of August, 256—Ireland and the Conciliatory System, 259—the Peers of England, 271—the

- Possums of Aristophanes, 285—Scottish Universities, 315—General Results of the past Session, and Prospects of the next, 373—the Statesman, 393—Conservatism in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 458—I was bred in a Cot, 499—Palmerston's Policy, 506—the State and Prospects of Whiggism, 515—Secret History of the Irish Insurrection of 1803, 546—Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs, by Sir Egerton Brydges, 596—Unmerciful Flagellation of a Voluntary Doctor and his Friends at Belfast, 625—November Sonnets, 640—Radicals, Dissenters, and Papists, 681
 Portrait, the last, of Coleridge, 179
 Possums of Aristophanes, 285
 Posthumous Memoirs of Wraxall, by Sir Egerton Brydges, 596
 Postscript to the Second Letter from Cambridge on Plucking, 180
 Present instant, for the, 123—the Ministers, *ibid.*—the People, 126
 Principle of Church Establishments, 131
 Prospects of the next Session, 373—Whiggism, 515
 Prout Papers: the Songs of Horace; Decade I., 87—Decade II., 203—Decade III., 360—Decade IV., 484—Decade V., 641—*Vide* Horace
 Provost of Bruges, review of, 229
 Questions, Pluck Examination, 117, 180
 Radicals, Dissenters, and Papists, 681
 Raffaele; his Birth. An Italian tradition, 509
 Rattler, Morgan: the Books on my Table—of Hamlet, 1
 Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse, 398—General Harcourt, 531—Serjeant Chatterton, 722
 Results of the past Session, and Prospects of the next, 373
 Revenant, *le*, 50
 Reviews—*Essais Historique sur les Bardes et Anglo-Normands*, &c., par M. l'Abbé de la Rue, 55—Tristan: *Recueil de ce qui reste des Poemes*, &c., *ibid.*—Charlemagne's Travels to Constantinople and Jerusalem, *ibid.*—Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland by Henry II., *ibid.*—*The Works of William Couper*, edited by Southey, 69—*Ion*; a tragedy, by T. N. Talfourd, 218—the Provost of Bruges; a tragedy, 229—*Berkeley Castle*, by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, 242—*Journal of a Tour in Ireland, 1835*, 509—*Ireland; its evils traced to their source*, by the Rev. J. R. Page, *ibid.*—*Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country*, by Capt. A. F. Gardiner, 332—the Statesman, 393—*Physical Theory of another Life*, 407—a *Compendium of Principles in Philosophy and Divinity*, by John Vizard, 445—*Metaphysical Inquiry into the Method, Objects, and Result, of Ancient and Modern Philosophy*, by J. P. Cary, 424—Hector Fieramosca; or, *The Challenge of Barletta*, 455—Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs, 596—the Voluntaries in Belfast, 625—Songs and Lyrical Poems, by Robert Story, 631—the Great Metropolis, 710—Crichton, 733
 Russell's Lark in the Bight of Benin, by Ensign O'Donoghue, 474
 Sandhurst College and Woolwich Academy, by Ensign O'Donoghue, 168
 Scottish Universities, 315
 Second Letter from Cambridge to Oliver Yorke. Pluck Examination Questions, 117—Postscript, 180
 Secret History of the Irish Insurrection of 1803, 546
 Serjeant Chatterton, 722
 Session, results of the past; and prospects of the next, 373
 Soane, Sir John: literary sketch of, 202
 Song of Solitude, 721
 Songs of Horace; Decade I., 87—Decade II., 203—Decade III., 360—Decade IV., 484—Decade V., 641—*Vide* Horace
 Sonnets on the First of August, 256—for October, 514—for November, 640—for December, 750
 Southey's *Life of Cowper*, 69
 Spear-head, the, 636
 State and Prospects of Whiggism, 515
 Statesman, the, by John Galt, 657
 Statesman, the; review of, 393
 Story's Songs and Lyrical Poems; review of, 631
 System of Conciliation and Ireland, 259
 Table, Books on my, by Morgan Rattler—of Hamlet, 1
 Talented Family, 104, 150
 Tales and Narratives: *Le Revenant*, 30—a most Talented Family, 104, 150—O'Hanlon and his Wife, 184—*Memorabilia Bacchanalia*, by Nimrod. No. IV.; Drinking Experiences continued, 273—the Jew of York, 298—the Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse, 398—No. II., General Harcourt, 531—No. III., Serjeant Chatterton, 722—Helen Crocket, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 430—Bombardinio on Manners, Fashions, and Things in general: Affection—Male and Female, 441—M'Namara Russell's Lark in the Bight of Benin, by Ensign O'Donoghue, 474—the Birth of the painter Raffaele; an Italian tradition, 500—Secret History of the Irish Insurrection of 1803, 546—the Last of the Lairds, 568, 694—the Heiress of Dunbar, 618—the Statesman, 657

- Talfourd, Mr. Sergeant; literary sketch of, 68—review of his tragedy, *Ion*, 218
- Taylor's Physical Theory of another Life, 407
- "Thank God, we have Peers!" 167
- Things in General, Manners and Fashions. Affectation—Male and Female, by Bombardinio, 441
- Universities of Scotland, 315
- Unmerciful Flagellation of a Voluntary Doctor and his Friends at Belfast, 625
- Voluntary Doctor and his Friends at Belfast; their unmerciful flagellation, 625
- West Riding of Yorkshire; Conservatism there, 458
- Whiggism, its state and prospects, 515
- Woolwich Academy and Sandhurst College, by Ensign O'Donoghue, 168
- Wrexall's Posthumous Memoirs, by Sir Egerton Brydges, 596
- Yorke, Oliver; second letter to him from Cambridge. Pluck Examination Questions, 117 — Postscript, 180 — letter from Athens to him, 349 — his introduction to the Shepherd's last tale, Helen Crocket, 425 — at Paris; a conversation with Chateaubriand, 662 — letter from Sir Egerton Brydges to him, 695
- Yorkshire; Conservatism in the West Riding, 458
- York, the Jew of, 298
- Zoolu Country; Capt. Gardiner's Journey there, 332

END OF VOL. XIV.

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